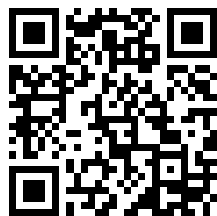
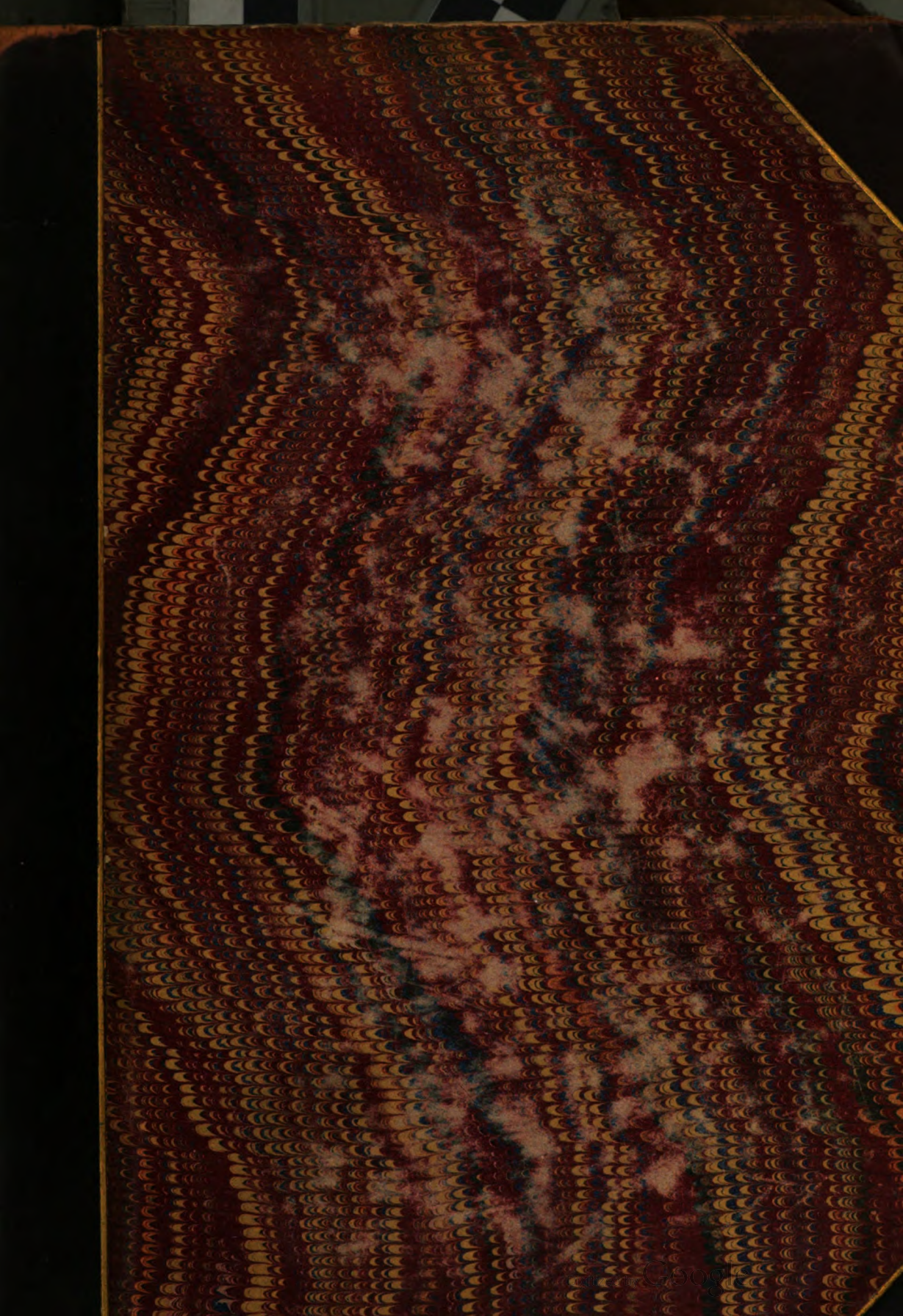

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<http://books.google.com>





The Library of



Class 050

Book 0nl



ONCE A WEEK

1868

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS

JULY TO DECEMBER

UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

LONDON:
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO.
11, BOUVERIE STREET.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO THE
ATON
YEAR

CONTENTS.

Owing to a mistake as to the time when Victor Hugo's novel would be published, together with the desire of the Publishers to make its issue coincident with that of the new Volume of *Once a Week* for 1869, the paging of the first and second Numbers of the present year was allowed to run on in continuation of the previous Volume. The error has been condoned by adding the Numbers for January 2 and 9 to the previous Volume, and by thus commencing Volume III. with the 3rd No. (55) of 1869.

	Page		Page
LOVE THE AVENGER. ^{Complete.} Chapters I to LXI By		SUSSEX OXEN GOING HOME. Drawn by	
the Author of ALL FOR GREED . I, 19, 41, 59, 81,		B. BRADLEY	110
99, 121, 139, 161, 179, 201, 219, 241, 259,		THE MISSING CROWN	111
281, 303, 325, 343, 365, 387, 409, 431, 453,		MY FIRST PARISHIONER	113
475, 497.		AN ELECTION OF IDIOTS	128
POPULAR SONGS	10	THE ECLIPSE. Drawn by FREDERICK ELTZE .	131
SKETCHES TAKEN AT THE SEASIDE. Drawn		FERNS.	131
by FREDERICK ELTZE	11	MILTON, OR NOT MILTON!	134
DEATH AND THE DOCTOR	12	THE CRITICAL TEMPER	146
THE FISHERMEN OF BOULOGNE	14	A TOWN COUSIN IN A FIX. Drawn by	
TABLE TALK. Illustrated . 16, 38, 56, 78, 97,		H. PATERSON	150
118, 136, 158, 176, 198, 216, 238, 256, 278,		FOUL PLAY	151
300, 322, 340, 362, 384, 406, 428, 450, 472,		THE WOODS AND THE WEATHER . . .	155
494, 515, 538, 560, 582.		IMPOSSIBLE	158
AGUE-CHEEK ADORED	27	RUDDERLESS	167
THE HOUR OF ABSINTHE	29	NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE. Drawn	
FOUND OUT. Drawn by H. PATERSON . . .	31	by FREDERICK ELTZE	171
CHOLERA	33	ANGLOPHOBIA	173
THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 17, 1868 .	37	STRANGE FOOD	187
THE FIRST BLOW OF THE SEVEN YEARS'		PARLIAMENTARY SEATS. Drawn by F. ELTZE .	190
WAR	49	IMAGINARY LOVE	191
AT WIMBLEDON. Drawn by FREDERICK ELTZE	51	I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN	193
MUNICH AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE . . .	53	A PLEA FOR AN OLD HEARTH	206
DYSPEPTIC	67	ON A CERTAIN CURIOUS CUSTOM . . .	209
THE STORM SIGNAL. Drawn by E. DUNCAN .	70	COAST SCENERY. Drawn by F. ELTZE . .	211
TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER	71	THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES . . .	211
DINNER-TABLE ART	73	BODILY REPAIRS	226
ELECTIONEERING	90	LEFT IN THE LURCH. Drawn by H. PATERSON	230
COMING EVENTS. Drawn by FREDERICK ELTZE	91	FRENCH OYSTER NURSERIES	231
ON SHANTIES	92	OUR RACE WITH THE MABEL	235
LITTLE WHITE-THORN	93	UNINTENTIONAL LYING	248
FEMALE FREEMASONRY	105		

	Page		Page
THE FAIRY LADDER	250	THE FEMININE FRANCHISE, AND HOW TO	
INCIDENTS DURING THE LATE CAB STRIKE.		EXERCISE IT. <i>Drawn by F. ELTZE</i> . . .	419
<i>Drawn by FREDERICK ELTZE</i>	251	A TRANSIT OF MERCURY	426
THE STORY OF A NOSEGAY	252	A BREAKFAST AT BARTMOUTH	438
WRONGED, AND HATED FOR IT	266	THE CHARCOAL BURNERS. <i>Drawn by H. A.</i>	
THE PIC-NIC. <i>Drawn by F. W. LAWSON</i> . . .	270	HARPER	442
DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD . 271, 315, 377, 423,		OLD JOKES AND NEW ONES	446
465, 509.		A LIFT ON THE WAY. <i>Drawn by B. BRADLEY</i>	464
WEATHER INFLUENCES	274	THE VOICE OF A PLAY-GOER	468
THE PANCAKE	277	DR. TYNDALL'S LAST DISCOVERY	470
LORD BYRON IN VENICE	287	THE BOSTON SLEIGH	481
SALMON FISHING IN NORTH WALES.		BACK	484
<i>Drawn by S. L. FILDES</i>	292	PLOUGHING. <i>Drawn by C. O. MURRAY</i> . . .	486
BO-PEEP IN AUSTRALIA	293	WEST-HIGHLAND SMUGGLERS	487
THE DEAD CID	295	FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH	492
CLEOPATRA IN A STRIKING ATTITUDE . . .	297	NOTES ON PARROTS	502
AMO	310	A SONG OF AGINCOURT	504
PROVINCIAL JOURNALISM	310	MY FIRST ESSAY AT FICTION	505
THE BLACKBERRY GATHERERS. <i>Drawn by</i>		A FROSTY MORNING. <i>Drawn by HENRY</i>	
H. PATERSON	314	WOODS	508
LULA'S CHOICE	318	PLENTY OF MONEY	512
THE GRAND GIFT	330	A TALE OF THE BUSH	519
A TALKING CANARY	332	MY LADY	528
THE GOLD-HERB	334	SNAPDRAGON. <i>Drawn by F. W. LAWSON</i> . .	530
WHY SHOULD WE NOT VOTE? <i>Drawn by</i>		WOMEN'S FACES	531
FREDERICK ELTZE	335	LA RUE DE JERUSALEM	533
THE DEPTH OF THE CHANNEL	339	MY LOVERS TWAIN	537
MR. ADAMS AND MR. REVERDY JOHNSON . .	348	AFTER CHAMOIS	546
THE FOX-HOUNDS. <i>Drawn by B. BRADLEY</i> . .	354	SONG	550
TALES FROM THE FJELD . . . 355, 380, 541		"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR"	550
SOLDIERS' WIVES	358	BUYING THE MISTLETOE IN COVENT GAR-	
NOTES ON SPAIN	361	DEN. <i>Drawn by S. L. FILDES</i>	552
TEMPER	371	NOTES ON TAILS	553
THE CARLSMARK CURATE AND HIS BEES . .	373	THE SCILLY ISLES: THEIR ORIGIN	556
SELLING RUSHES. <i>Drawn by W. LUCAS</i> . . .	376	CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI	559
ON GOING OUT	393	VICTOR HUGO AT HOME. <i>Illustrated</i> . . .	563
DAPHNE. <i>Drawn by S. L. FILDES</i>	398	MODERN PASSION	570
FIGHTING THE ENEMY IN HOLLAND. 399, 443,		FOX-HUNTING IN SPAIN. <i>Illustrated</i> . . .	575
460.		AMERICAN ORATORY	575
CHAFF	402	JOHNNY MACRAW	580
CHARADES	405	A NEW STAR	581
NAVAL SIGNALS	416		

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 27.

July 4, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

✕
By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER I.—ALONE IN LIFE.

ALMOST in the middle of that wind-swept plain which lies between Blois and Chartres, and dooms to unsightly monotony the central Provinces of France, stands a small village called St. Martin. Within memory of not even the oldest inhabitant, it had been a hamlet, and its present village-state was an evidently transitory one. It was creeping slowly but steadily on to become a town. That would depend upon the precise spots chosen as stations for the railway line, when a certain branch, anxiously waited for, should be completed. For the moment, St. Martin was a village, and, as is usual in even the richest French districts, it was neither a picturesque nor a clean one.

As far as it went, the little place was possessed of all its requisites. It had a mayor with his belongings, a curé, a schoolmaster, a *Garde Champêtre*, and a post-mistress. It could want nothing more, and was certain of being well and sufficiently administered.

The five or six hundred individuals composing the population of St. Martin inhabited a collection of stray tenements, irregularly dotted about the straight line of road which led from Blois to Tours, and which, looked at from a balloon, would have seemed a mere patch on the broad, flat garment of the plain. On the right-hand side, as you came from Blois, stood the church, a small edifice, terribly out of repair, with its traditional porch, beneath which the peasants congregate on rainy Sundays, and its traditionally crooked spire, bent, as the said peasants believe, by the inexorable north-west winds. On either side of, and opposite to, the church, extended what was called the Street, and, when what the street regarded as its shops

came to an end, it led forth towards the open fields, over a bridge, beside which lay the pond, where washerwomen were for ever at work, and merged at length, about a mile further on, into the high-road from Tours to Chartres.

Flat, flat, dreary, bare, uninteresting. That is the traveller's impression as he crosses these monotonous plains, whereon a bush is a prominent feature, and a group of trees what French people call an event. Uninteresting? Yes, to you who pass on and go your way; but to those whose way it is to abide here, full of interest, life-stirring and terrible as any that ever formed the ground-work of historic dramas.

Nearly opposite the little dilapidated church, with its dumb clock, whose rusty hands eternally pointed to half-past three, and whose rusty, arrow-shaped weather-cock never swerved from N.N.W., stood a shop with barred door and closed shutters. Upon a broad stripe of dirty white, which extended all round the habitation, was inscribed in big, black letters the following legend:—

WIDOW RAYNAL, GROCER AND VINTNER.

The shop formed the corner of the street, inasmuch as, whilst one side of it opened upon the street, the other had its windows upon a small, open space, terminating in a narrow, muddy lane, and the door of the shop itself formed the apex of the uncouth triangle, blunted and flattened by two uneven door-steps of grey stone. Just across the open space we have mentioned (some twenty or thirty yards square) rose a building three stories high, with a smart balcony to its first-floor—a hotel, forsooth! not an inn, or an ale-house, or anything so rustic or unimportant—but a hotel with a bran new sign, on which was blazoned forth, in gold upon bright blue, nothing less than the words, *L'Hôtel de l'Europe*.

Europe! Nothing less, it seemed, would suit the magniloquence of this village hostelry, very empty and forlorn to all appearance in the

present, but prescient,—who knows?—with yet dormant greatness in a dim railway-to-be-developed future. At all events, the Hôtel de l'Europe looked down crushingly upon its opposite neighbour, the closed shop, very much as a newly made peeress might upon a humble school-fellow, destined to be dropped. Between the two, upon the square space intervening, were to be seen a couple of odd vehicles resting on their shafts; one the half-drag, half-fourgon like equipage of a commercial traveller, the sole lodger in Europe's hotel; the other, the lumbering, tumble-down conveyance, destined for the transport of travellers to and from Blois, the master of the European resting-place exercising the right of furnishing the relays to the coach, which still, in default of a local railroad, served as about the only means of conveyance between two or three provincial towns.

Yes; the flaunting house of cheer might well look down upon the gloomy house over the way, with its sealed entrances; for behind those closed-up channels of light and life there had passed a miserable series of woful scenes, which would only have been a shade more woful still, had the poor, hard-striving, utterly helpless, and, at last, despairing Widow Raynal, Grocer and Vintner, lived to witness them.

The Widow Raynal had not always been alone and a widow. Her history was that of many of the women of her class, and none the less sorrowful for that.

Some thirty years ago, Claude Raynal, the son of the land-steward of a wealthy proprietor near Chartres, started in life with what was called a good education, very little money, but the protection of his father's employer; and this very protection ruined him. Though his school-gains amounted to what might be deemed little enough, Claude proved, for his particular character, to have too much education and too little money. He was always thinking of enjoyment without labour, and grew to be so convinced that mere protection could and ought to secure for him all he desired, that when protection either could or would not do what he expected, he regarded himself as an injured man. In the beginning protection acted in his favour, and helped him to his first lift in life, by placing him as unpaid clerk in the *Receveur-particuliers* office; but Claude disliked work and no pay, and refusing the work which was to lead to pay, the pay never came, and protection refused to help him who did not choose to help himself. Well, Claude Raynal tried many things, always with the

same object in view—of obtaining more than he paid for—the most marked feature in the dishonesty of our age—and one day, when he was somewhere about five-and-twenty, his father announced to him that he had found a wife for him. The girl was the only child of a well-to-do peasant near Blois, was well brought up, not pretty, and would at her father's death inherit sundry strips and morsels of land—*du bien!* as the people of that class in France call it.

They married and went to live with the peasant father near Blois. They had two or three children, and, in course of time, the two fathers both died, and Claude Raynal and his wife came into the enjoyment of whatever they were to be possessed of. The bits of land ruined them utterly, as land in such conditions ruins many thousands of petty proprietors in France. Claude fancied he had some aptitude for agriculture, and not having land enough to test these aptitudes upon, he borrowed money to buy a bit or two more, and a very short time saw him beggared of almost everything he possessed. When the irretrievable ruin had set in, then, as invariably happens in such cases, began the martyrdom of the wife. This endured fifteen years, the one great marvel being how the poor wretched woman contrived to keep all their heads above water for such a long lapse of time. But she did so. Some little resources were left to her, and when she had once seen clearly into her husband's nature, she thought herself justified in concealing them from him. To these she added the produce of her own hard labour, and now and then persuaded Claude into accepting odd jobs, which, by dint of entreaty, and the esteem people had for her industry, she obtained for him. But this was rare. Claude Raynal looked upon his wife as especially appointed by Providence to take care of him. She occupied the place Protection refused to fill in his early days, and upon her he persistently, ruthlessly, leant until the day when it pleased the Almighty to remove him from this earth. Luckily, about two years before the period at which our story opens, Claude Raynal died, and—his wife regretted him!

Yes! Claude had been weak, lazy, ungrateful, useless—he had deliberately drained to the very dregs every resource which his help-mate had to dispose of, and had never thanked her; he had made her entire existence one long succession of various and unceasing toil, whilst he indulged in all the debauchery he could practise without falling under the clutch

of the law; he had come across the path of this poor, striving, honest, woman, and doomed her to incurable misery, and the only child that was left them—a girl—to total destitution. All this, and even more, had Claude Raynal done, but he had been the means of raising this woman's self-esteem to the highest point it could attain in so humble a sphere as hers, and she was tender of him for the superiority he gave her. People in this position know nothing of moral or mental processes, but dimly feel results. Claude's unenlightened, struggling wife had no consciousness of what was passing within her, but she strove and suffered for her wretched husband with a brave *maternal* tenderness; and when he lay dead before her—dead, at last, from drunkenness—she felt that the chief cause of her great worth, of her womanly worth, had departed, and she grieved.

Besides all this, too, the man's illness had cost money, for it had lasted long after repeated attacks of *delirium tremens* had enfeebled him; and his burial, which the widow resolved should be a decent one, cost something more, and her own strength momentarily shattered, was insufficient for the increased work demanded of it, and so the widow Raynal had to sell the last of her small belongings, a cottage with its kitchen-garden, a source till now of gain.

When all was settled a small sum remained; it was very small, but it would vanish if not utilized. And accordingly the Widow Raynal decided upon purchasing the goodwill of the grocer's business belonging to the corner shop we have described in the village of St. Martin. To do this, she had to borrow five hundred francs, her own meagre resources not sufficing, so she began her new business with her future profits already, to a certain degree, pledged. However, the old activity re-awoke, and, at the end of a year, the widow was straining through her hardships and had paid half her debt.

She had added to her grocery, and odds-and-ends trade (all things generally from woollen stuffs, writing-paper, and fireworks down to marbles) a manner of wineshop, and in a side room there were two or three tables at which the wine of the country could be drunk, pipes smoked, and the *Siècle* read.

But one day, the progress of our age asserted itself, and the house with a balcony, and three stories, and a bright blue sign, rose up over the way, and the Hôtel de l'Europe overwhelmed the miserable drinking-shop opposite. The Hôtel de l'Europe opened a *café*

where absinthe was to be had, and wherein a counter of shining zinc mirrored itself in a glass with a gold frame, and the days of the wine-shop were numbered.

The widow struggled still, for it was in her nature to do her utmost: but she struggled feebly, for, in the first place, the flesh was not equal to the will, and, in the next, she knew herself vanquished. The spirit of the time had beaten her, and she despaired without knowing why. She stared stupidly at the big house rising up before her, was ignorant of its connection with railways and progress, but bowed down before the grandeur of the zinc counter. That, she knew, she could not resist.

A month before our tale opens, the Widow Raynal had died.

By the side of the woman, whose life had been one long sacrifice, stood a girl of seventeen, utterly unknowing what the immediate future of life would be to her.

Madeleine Raynal was familiar with hardship. From the time she could receive impression the difficulty of living had impressed itself upon her. All the children born before her had died; she alone remained, healthy as far as mere health went, not active, and not possessed of any attraction—a tall, pale girl, with a muddy skin, on which the fair hair made no contrast, and what the other mothers of the place called an unpleasant look about the eyes. Her own mother loved her dearly.

Not at first, however, for, when she was born, trouble already sat at the hearth of the Raynals, and the wife's energies were absorbed in taking charge of her husband. He was really her child; and to her he deferred and submitted. With all his faults, he never, even when stupid with drink, had spoken to his wife an angry word; and, for this, she requited him: mourning inwardly for his loss—mourning too all the more that she did not dare let her grief appear. She would have been sneered at, and blamed—this, she knew.

But when the grown-up infant was gone, the mother turned to the girl; and though there was no sentimentality between them—(there never is among such poor hard workers as these)—they clung to each other closely as human creatures do upon a raft after a shipwreck.

Life was a shipwreck to them, and a day lived through was a gain.

Madeleine was brought up as best she could be; sent to the *salle d'asile* from the age of two to that of seven, and to the communal school till she was fourteen. She could read,

write, sew, and cast up accounts tolerably, but she was decreed to be a dull child, and so, indeed, she looked ; and she was never anybody's pet or favourite. The Sisters never petted her, nor M. le Curé either, nor any of the ladies in the châteaux roundabout ; and Madeleine grew up an unnoticed, uninteresting girl.

The Widow Raynal was beginning to think of what she could do with her daughter, when she died—died suddenly ; inasmuch as long years of toil and a few months of despair had annihilated all power of resistance, when disease came in the form of bilious fever, she was at once struck down.

At her mother's death Madeleine learnt what it is to be destitute. She had only known privation hitherto, and though cold and hunger had approached her more than once, she did not know what it was to shiver and be without one log of wood or even warm ashes for the foot-pan, or to crave and be without one crust to still the craving. This it was which she learnt when the Widow Raynal died.

As the half-yearly rent for the shop had been over-due more than a month, the proprietor took his precedence of other creditors, and seized. As the poor wooden coffin, borne on one man's shoulder, was carried out of the shop, the bailiff walked into it, and took possession of all it contained, except one bed.

When Madeleine came home from seeing her mother's remains put into the common grave of paupers, she found the men of law at their grim work ; which was soon ended, there was so little to seize. The proprietor was not a bad man, and he said the girl might stay a few days. She tried to do so ; and, for two days, continued to eat the small remains of food she could find. She thought that grief for her mother's loss possessed her ; so it did till the animal wants came. But the cold (it was a sharp November) pinched her, and hunger gnawed at her, and the darkness and solitude frightened her, and, on the fourth day, she ran out, leaving the door open behind her, and, darting over the threshold of a neighbouring dwelling (the little sabot-maker's shop by the church across the road), she caught at the figure of a woman who was bending over a pot upon the fire, and, joining her hands, exclaimed, "Oh, Madame Perrot !" and burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing.

The sabot-maker's mother, a widow also, and also very poor, took the unfortunate girl to her heart, warmed her, fed her, soothed her ; and, with a charity which rarely fails women of the poorer classes in France, pre-

vented Madeleine Raynal from being crushed out of reason or life by the overwhelming sense of utter loneliness.

CHAPTER II.—THE APPEAL.

A MONTH went by, and the keen winds of the plains made the frosts of December more biting. Madeleine Raynal had been warmed and fed, and there was a low straw chair by the side of the fire in the sabot-maker's abode where the girl might be seen, day after day, cowering over the carefully covered embers. She did nothing ; but, her terror and her physical wants allayed, she seemed to accept naturally the fact of support given to her by another almost as poor as herself. All the dullness of her nature had returned to her, and the truest mode of describing her parasite existence would be to say that she hung about. Those who remembered Claude Raynal, shrugged their shoulders contemptuously, and opined that the father's lazy, dependent character was fast coming out in the girl. Poor Madame Perrot said nothing, uttered no reproach, went on dividing her humble cheer with her guest, and sought vainly to find some employment by which Madeleine might earn her livelihood. She found nothing.

But there was in the sabot-maker's dwelling some one who looked grudgingly on the portion of existence which was subtracted from the little household by Madeleine, and this was the sabot-maker himself. Denis Perrot was ten years older than Madeleine, and had once or twice, as a boy, taken notice of her ; nay, almost taken her part against others, and the consequence had been a kindlier feeling between these two than had perhaps existed between anyone else and the uninteresting child of the unlucky Raynals. But Denis had met with an accident to his hip, in the early autumn ; an abscess had ensued, he had had to take to his bed, and, for the last three weeks, had been incapable of any work at all. Nothing in the domain of sentiment, no childish memories, had they been ever so strong, could endure against the animal selfishness of the sick workman. As he lay in his bed, in the small room on the ground-floor, which was kitchen, shop, bed-room, everything, you might see him casting glances of fierce envy at Madeleine, as she took from his mother her bowlful of the soup, into which it cost so dear to put even pork, let alone a bone of beef with any flesh upon it. The doctor had said that the invalid's strength must be kept up, and

here was this stranger sapping this strength by her unconscientious appetite. She was devouring what was to be the marrow of his bones. He hated her: one day he told her so. They were alone; and the hard words and bitter reproaches that issued suddenly from the lair, on which she thought Denis was sleeping, stung Madeleine to the quick, and roused whatever was dormant in her sluggish nature. Perhaps some spark of her mother's energy lay under the ashes after all.

"You have no right to stay here," said, at last, the sick man, in a querulous tone. "You are eating my mother's substance; you should go away."

"Go where?" retorted Madeleine.

"I'm sure I can't tell," was the reply; "but somewhere—anywhere. You ought to do something."

"Do what?" asked the girl.

"Well, I'll tell you what," and Denis raised himself on his elbow with a sudden inspiration; "go up to the château yonder. This very morning, the gardener, Jean Louis, was down here about his sabots, and told how the ladies have as good as lost their maid, who has got the typhus fever. They're going up to Paris next week; go and get 'em to take you as their maid. Go! that would be a rare fine thing."

The girl had risen to her feet, and was standing looking intently into the fire.

"A chambermaid?" she repeated, gloomily. "A servant?—a drudge!"

"Yes," growled the sabot-maker; "you'd rather beg than work; rather eat my food than work for your own!"

There was a suppressed savageness in his tone that overawed Madeleine.

"I will go and try, Denis," said she, submissively; and she put on her shawl and her sabots, and went her way to the château.

The Château de Clavreuil was about a mile off, in a straight line. You went down the road from Blois to Tours, crossing the road from Tours to Chartres, and, on the other side, at the end of a long, straight, lime avenue, stood a massive building, in the style of Louis XIII., the habitation of the Comte René de Clavreuil, one of the four or five large land-owners of the province, who lived there with his wife and only daughter during seven or eight months of the year.

It was past three when Madeleine set out on her errand; it would take her nearly an hour to get to Clavreuil, so she had to make haste, for the day was a lowering one, with dark clouds upon the horizon, and night falls early in December.

She walked quick, and reached the house before the clocks struck four. With some little trouble she obtained admittance to the countess's presence, and began to recount the sad story of her life, and her mother's trials, before asking for anything definite; for it became apparent, even to her dull perceptions, that there was a terrible gulf between her own wretchedly clad person and the meanest domestic of this well-appointed household. She felt she must first interest her hearers; she tried to do so,—and failed.

Madame de Clavreuil's reputation for charity stood firm and lofty in the neighbourhood of St. Martin. There was no school, no asylum, no refuge, no foundation of any kind, within twenty miles, that did not count her among its patronesses. She was active and large-handed, and still fair to look upon, and all good Christians blessed her.

In the room into which Madeleine Raynal was shown everything breathed comfort and peaceful happiness. There was warmth and the perfume of sweet flowers, and pure women; and no goodlier sight could be well imagined than Madame de Clavreuil bending over her embroidery frame, on which glowed a magnificent priestly stole, and her young daughter Claire, who was reading aloud to her the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

When Madeleine entered, the countess looked up from her embroidery, her daughter laid down her book upon the table. Both ladies looked at the unattractive, meanly-dressed girl, and she felt that all courage, and nearly all coherence of thought had departed from her. She told her story lamely.

"Why did M. le Curé never speak to me of your mother, my poor child?" inquired Madame de Clavreuil, with a gentleness of tone and look that ought to have encouraged the petitioner, but did not do so.

"We scarcely knew him," was the reply; "he never came to us."

"You should have gone to him," rejoined the lady.

"Mother had no time. It was all work at home. There were days when she was up at two o'clock in the morning, and there were nights when she never got to bed at all."

"And Sundays when you never went to church," interposed Madame de Clavreuil, not severely, but as though it pained her to say it.

The girl hung her head.

"Madame la Comtesse," murmured she, "let alone the work, mother had not always clothes in which she could go to mass. She had been better off, and was ashamed."

Madame de Clavreuil shook her head.

"Ashamed!" she echoed, with a sigh—"ashamed to go to the house of God! I am afraid, Madeleine, that what has been said to me more than once was too true; that your poor mother relied too much upon herself, and not enough upon the only support that avails. It is a grievous fault; but we will hope it is forgiven her. She died, having received all the sacraments, did she not?"

"All," answered Madeleine; adding naively, "M. le Curé said all was quite in order; but I never saw him again since the funeral."

"You have lived since then at Mother Perrot's," observed the countess; "M. le Curé could not go there. Denis Perrot is a noted scoffer, and his mother performs few or none of her religious duties."

"I was dying of want, and had not a crust to eat when Mother Perrot took me in," objected Madeleine; "if she had not given me food, I must have starved in the street."

A casual spectator who should have witnessed this interview between Madame de Clavreuil and Madeleine Raynal would have been inclined to suppose that the dauntless energy and self-reliance of the poor dead widow had left to her child an inheritance of distrust. She was evidently distrusted because her mother had committed the impiety of over-trust in herself. All this time Claire de Clavreuil never took her eyes from Madeleine's face, but gazed at her with an intent and curious gaze.

After a short pause in the conversation:—

"What can I do to help you?" said the countess, compassionately; "what was it you came to ask of me?"

Madeleine stared in amazement for the original object of her visit had been driven momentarily out of her head, and the consciousness of her fearful needs brought it back to her with a shock. She blushed, and then turned pale, and, clasping her hands together,

"Oh, Madame la Comtesse," stammered she, "take me into your service."

Madame de Clavreuil put away her embroidery frame, and turned her chair half round, so as fully to front the supplicant.

"Take you into my service?" she said, kindly; "but, my poor girl, what can you do?"

At this question, Madeleine revived as at the contact of a vague hope.

"What can I do?" she repeated, almost briskly; "I can read and write well, and do anything in the way of work. Oh! madame,"

she continued, emboldened, and coming nearer to the countess, "take me as your maid in place of Mademoiselle Céleste, who is so ill."

The difficulty was surmounted, the worst was done; she had made the request, and now she would struggle hard to obtain it. Madame de Clavreuil's first impression had been evidently one of blank surprise, and she instantly repressed it. It was succeeded by a look of pain and pity.

"The place of lady's maid in Paris (and we shall be there next week) requires experience, which you have not," observed she, gently; "it would be impossible for you to fulfil its duties."

At the word impossible, the whole sense of her destitute position rushed back upon Madeleine, and lent her an energy which was not in her every-day nature.

"Oh! madame," she cried, desperately, "try me. I can do more than you think, and I must starve if you do not take me."

Madame de Clavreuil made an imperceptible sign to her daughter, who left the room.

"Madeleine," said she, rising, and coming close to the petitioner, "your inexperience and incapacity are not the real reasons for my being unable to give you a situation in my house. The real reason is—" she hesitated—"the real reason is, that it would be giving a bad example."

The girl fixed her eyes upon her in speechless bewilderment.

"My poor child," continued Madame de Clavreuil, with real compassion, and taking the girl's hand in hers, "you and your unfortunate mother have never set a good example. I do not accuse you of unbelief—God forbid!—but you never showed any piety; you have not been well-noted in your classes, my poor Madeleine. I do not speak of laziness, doggedness, hardness of disposition; those are human defects—but you have shown no love for our divine religion. You have set a bad example, Madeleine; it was remarked that you passed through your first communion with indifference, and for two years you have not been to confession. My poor girl, if I took you into my house I should be flying in the face of my duty, and doing an injustice. I have a daughter; my maid attends upon her. I could not allow——"

"Madame la Comtesse," burst forth the girl, with sudden fire, "no one living can say any harm of me."

"In a certain sense, none, Madeleine," was the reply; "but I should be rewarding a manifest neglect of religious duties if I engaged

you in my service. I have, moreover, already promised Celeste's place to Justine Vaud."

"To Justine Vaud!" ejaculated Madeleine—"to the daughter of the carpenter, who has been saving money all his life?"

"And who is a model of piety," rejoined Madame de Clavreuil. "But, my dear child, I will come to your aid also, though in another way. Go home, be patient, offer up your sufferings to our Lord, go to the Sisters, go to M. le Curé; I will see them all to-morrow on your behalf, and be convinced that it is never too late to mend. Return to God with true fervour, and you may yet set a good example to those around you."

Madeleine wept and knelt and implored, but all in vain, and when she left Madame de Clavreuil's presence, she did so without hating her, for she knew Madame de Clavreuil was sincere.

If no harm were done in the world save by the evil-minded seeking to do evil, we poor mortals should have less to complain of than we fancy; but our chiefest miseries spring from the mistakes of the common-minded seeking to do good. Madame de Clavreuil had the kindest heart in the world, which she was for ever striving to put down; she had a second-rate intellect, and had blindly accepted whatever had been taught her, clinging to whatever she deemed her duty with determination. It broke her heart to wound anyone, but she had had narrow precepts early instilled into her, and she followed them narrowly. When Madeleine had left her she simply sat down and wept for pity, and said to herself: "Oh! how hard it is to do right!" and the reason why Madeleine did not curse her in her heart was, that upon even her dull sense, it was borne in that the Countess suffered whilst doing what she believed her duty.

In a passage leading towards the door, which opened on the steps descending into the stable-yard, a tall, slight figure brushed by, a light touch was laid on Madeleine's arm, and a silvery voice said:—

"My poor, poor, girl—take this," and a small silver medal was put into her hand.

She looked up, and met the sweet, sympathising, pure glance of Claire de Clavreuil.

"I have nothing else," said Claire, "but promise me to wear this always, and to pray fervently to the Blessed Virgin. She will help you."

The look was a dull, stupid one, with which Madeleine Raynal stared first at the medal and then at its giver, and before she could thank the latter she was gone.

When Madeleine reached the stable-yard it was raining. She put her old grey shawl over her head, and went towards the gate opening on the road.

As she passed before an open door, she perceived two young men standing at it. They were in riding costume, rather bespattered with mud, and were apparently but just arrived. Why she stood still, when she came close to them, she did not herself know.

"Who are you?" said one of the two; "where do you come from? Do you want anyone here?"

She came closer, and drew her shawl tighter over her head, "I am the Widow Raynal's daughter from St. Martin," she replied, "and I am starving."

"Starving!" echoed he who had already spoken, but not in a particularly kind tone; however, he put his hand into his pocket, and holding out a five-franc piece, "take that, then," he added, "though I confess I never exactly know what people mean when they talk of starving—nobody ever actually *starves*."

"Yes, they do!" retorted Madeleine, and, as she came nearer, the light of the lamp over the stable-door fell upon her face.

She left the yard slowly, lingeringly, and before she had done so, she overheard the following dialogue between the two young men.

"Good God! what a strange face," said one.

"Strangely ugly," said the other.

"Strangely, curiously beautiful!" replied the first.

"That's what comes of being a painter," observed his friend. "You painters see what you call beauty in what is positively hideous."

"I see beauty when it is only latent," was the rejoinder. "Look at the form of that girl's mouth and nose and brow; look at the line of the eyebrows; it reminds one of the Medusa; how I should like to study that head! You, Olivier, only see the muddy, insignificant colouring; but feed the girl well, and you would soon see how she'd come out. She's only hungry."

"Br-r-r!" responded he who had been called Olivier. "I have no taste whatever for a hungry heroine. I tell you it is only you artists who see beauty in your dreams, and distribute it to those who have no trace of it in themselves. Besides, how can a woman be otherwise than ugly unless she is dressed: a sloppy, ragged, draggle-tailed girl with a dirty shawl over her head is not a woman. Bah! my dear Henri, it may be hard and unchristian, and all that sort of thing, but the poor are always ugly."

CHAPTER III.—OUT ON THE ROAD.

IT was almost dark when Madeleine got back to the high road. She crossed it, and struck into the causeway leading straight to St. Martin before she distinctly perceived how hard it had been raining.

Like all such roads in France this said causeway between Tours and Blois was perfectly well kept; but still a heavy shower did disturb its exquisite propriety, and leave long lines of water in its ruts, however shallow these might be.

The night was coming on, wet and gusty, such as the nights so often are in early winter, in the milder provinces of France. A truly miserable night.

As yet it was but just beginning to unfold its mantle, for it was not much over five o'clock, but the foreshadowings of night were gloomy. Large masses of black clouds drifted across the sky like rent draperies of a funeral pall, whilst towards the horizon there lingered on pale streaks of dying day, that were indeed ghastly. The wind moaned and whistled, not having yet risen into fury, and swept sadly over the earth with that peculiar tone it takes when sweeping over bare plains, where there are no trees. The rain did not fall down straight from above, but seemed, as if it were blown about by handfuls, and thrown at the passer-by, man or beast, fitfully. Ever and anon, out struggled a beam of the scarcely risen moon, like a mute appeal against the terrible clouds that were bent upon flinging their sables over its light.

A dismal evening truly, and a dismal form was that which toiled on upon the road; the form of that sloppy, draggle-tailed girl, with a dirty shawl over her head!

Yes! Madeleine was all that. Before she had striven half her way back she was wet through, and the wretched garments she had on clung to her limbs. Her shawl was dirty, old, torn in some places, patched in others, and as its unsightly folds fastened clammily upon her cheek and brow, they fixed the long tresses of hair, deranged by the wind, in her mouth, or in her eyes, and she was forced with one hand to dash them away, while with the other she must keep a tight hold upon her clothes, so as not to have them torn away by the gusts which were gradually increasing in strength. Her shoes were worn, and had holes in them, and the water got into them, and at each step, she heard her feet go plash.

This outcast girl did not do what perhaps

you or I might do, but what in her position no one ever does; she did not indulge in any abstract or philosophical reflections, or go from the known to the unknown, cursing society and the high-born or wealthy as the causes of her suffering. She simply felt the physical ills that assailed her, felt deadly cold, and miserably wet and worn out from struggling against the wind, but she did not connect society or any established order of things with her misery. Like men in battle, who only realise what goes on immediately round themselves, Madeleine Raynal, in this her battle of life, saw no further than the individual beings near to her, who had wounded or were threatening her.

She did not hate Madame de Clavreuil perhaps, because, as I have said, she felt her truth; or, perhaps, because she had lost all memory of her refusal of aid in the sense of a deeper wound more recently dealt.

She hated the man she had heard called Olivier, and she shuddered with terror when she thought of Denis Perrot.

Madame de Clavreuil had told her to go home. But where was her home? She had none. She had the five-franc piece in her hand that had been given her in the stable-yard at the Château; but after that had fed her for three or four days, say a week, where should she go then? She did not dare think of going back to Mother Perrot's, or of again touching with her longing lips the food which was destined to restore strength and the power of earning his bread to Denis. She was afraid of the man; afraid he would murder her; and, in the midst of all her trouble, of her hunger, and cold, and utter desolation, she did not think of suicide, nor even of death. On the contrary, strange as it may seem, she thought of life, dimly, involuntarily, if you will, but her instincts, all, set lifewards, not deathwards.

She had heard all that had been said of her in the stable-yard, and the woman in her had been awakened as well as humbled to the dust. She was like a savage to whom, on a desert island, a genius should give the Koh-i-noor, with the knowledge of its worth. Her possession of a treasure had been revealed to her; but what to do with it? She hated the man who had said she was ugly; but the man who had said she might be beautiful had troubled her far more. He who pronounced her ugly did not provoke her rancour, *because* he called her so, for she did not believe him, (she believed the other, who said she could achieve beauty)—she hated him because he

denied to her the means whereby the beauty could be achieved. He doomed her to ugliness from her needs, and therein he spoke Truth, and the truth only has power to impress profoundly. He had said that a sloppy, draggle-tailed girl, with a dirty shawl round her head, was not a woman, and she felt that to be true, and that she was that girl. The other had said she was only hungry; it was true, she was hungry. He had said her beauty would be apparent if she were properly fed! who was there to feed her?

I say again, we none of us rebel against Truth. We deny it to be the truth. But Madeleine could not deny. The belief she accorded to the man who had affirmed her capacity of beauty was a matter of Faith and Instinct, for she had hardly ever seen her own face in a glass, and her mind had never been turned towards the notion of her own outward semblance. Her life had been too hard and too unsocial for that. But the truth she recognised as palpable was, the cold, the hunger, the misery, the poverty, that denied to her the possibility of ever being otherwise than unsightly.

"The poor are always ugly."

Madeleine thought that sounded like a death-knell, but she felt it sounded true, she hated him who had thus passed sentence upon her, and she recognised that she was utterly helpless and hopeless.

As she crossed the bridge she heard a dull beating noise, and saw, by the light of a lantern on the edge of the pond, a solitary woman finishing her washing. Another hard worker, completing her task out in this dreary evening! well! if the work gave her wherewith to live, she was happy; but Madeleine, who had no work? what was to become of her?

That was the question she asked herself as she sank down upon the stone steps of the corner shop where she had lived with her mother, and let her wet, weary head lean back upon the closed door.

"What will become of me?"

The reader knows the situation of the shop, bearing still the inscription of the Widow Raynal's tenancy and trade upon its front; but a few words are yet required to describe certain details of the near neighbourhood. Opening in front to the road, the shop, as has been already stated, had its windows round the corner, upon a muddy lane. This lane was bordered to the right by a few very poor cottages, whilst on the left the hedge, by which it was bounded, enclosed the outlying portions of the property of the Baron de Sauveterre.

The estate was a goodly one; and well kept, and skirting the entire village of St. Martin to the back, spread out to a considerable distance in the direction of Blois. St. Martin had in reality but three neighbours; the family of Clavreuil, right in front, the Marquise de Beauvoisin and her son Olivier, about two miles to the west; and behind—Sauveterre.

The owner and inhabitant of this last-named château, was a very rich, very selfish, very dissolute old man. His hospitality was splendid, his cook a genius, his stable admirably mounted, and the pleasures his welcome offered were accepted on all hands without respect or esteem being ever given in requital by his guests, or claimed by him. A few days ago, it was said that the noisy visitors who had filled the house for several weeks had all departed, and the baron himself was supposed to have left Sauveterre for Paris.

Just as Madeleine Raynal laid her head back against the shop-door, and avoiding to look over the way at the light in Mother Perrot's window, behind which might be glowering the sick sabot-maker in angry mood, saw only the dense darkness of the terrible future; just as the utter helplessness of her position seemed to be literally crushing her, the hoarse tones of the wheezy old church clock struck six, and one second after might be heard in the distance the ringing of a bell.

Madeleine listened, raised her head, and seemed to be recalled to action by some sudden inspiration or hope.

The bell rang on. It was the bell at the Château de Sauveterre. Six o'clock. It was the dressing bell; dinner was invariably served at half-past six. But if dinner was thus heralded in, the master of the house was still there. Twenty minutes stout walking would bring anyone from St. Martin to the back entrance, and among the domestics the widow Raynal had counted friends.

Madeleine rose to her feet, shivering to her very bones with cold, stiff with wet.

"If I were to try the Baron?" murmured a voice within her.

About an hour and a half later, when the widow Raynal's daughter stood, shrinking and shuddering, in the vestibule of the Château de Sauveterre, her old, grey shawl thrown back from her head, her hair brushed back from her temples, and the fever hue of want, excitement, and dread mantling her cheek and kindling her eye, a sudden blaze of light nearly blinded her. A door opened wide, and from the dining-room streamed forth the radiance of lamps, and steamed forth the rich odours of

viands and wines. The meal was ended, voices were heard in pleasant talk, and on the threshold of the door, the hungry girl had a vision of two old men, pausing for a moment in their converse ere they crossed the hall. They seemed to her enframed, as it were, in splendour, as their two figures stood out upon the background of gorgeousness and comfort that was supplied by the illuminated dining-chamber.

POPULAR SONGS.

MOST nations have their essentially national tunes, better perhaps described by the German word *Volkslieder*, or songs of the people: appertaining to the people, and producing an effect on them such as no other music, however superior it may be in grandeur or beauty of conception, can produce.

Have the English national music of a similar character? "I know many of your English *Volkslieder*," said a German professor of music to me, "here is one." And he showed me a copy of *Long, long ago*, translated into German. "Oh, that is not a people's song," I answered. The professor looked disconcerted, and I fell to musing as to what our national music might be.

God save the Queen, and *Rule Britannia*, these two were the only ones that I could call to mind as actually belonging to the people in the sense my friend meant; and of these two, perhaps, scarce one person in a hundred, indeed I may say in five hundred, knows the words of the latter, and possibly not more than one in twenty the tune. But then the English are not a nation with a genius for music; music is not with us a necessity, as it is with the Germans. "You English do not understand music; you think lightly of our best composers. I know the style that suits you. I never knew an English lady who did not sing *When the Swallows homeward fly*, and as for the *Standard Bearer*, you hold that to be magnificent, but it is not music," and the professor shrugged his shoulders. "Handel understood you," he went on, "and sometimes pandered to your tastes. Behold how like is *See the Conquering Hero comes*, to *Rule Britannia*. I had not thought of it before, but now the similarity struck me. "Ah," continued the professor, "music goes with races. The Germans and the Italians are greatest in music, and it is curious to notice how many of the greatest singers and musicians you will find to be of Jewish extraction, if you investigate carefully."

After this conversation I fell into meditations upon the subject of our popular music, what it was, and wherein it differed from that of other nations. The professor had told me of how he had sung Irish melodies to an Irishman who happened to be at his house, until at last, said my friend, "he threw himself on the ground and wept." Yes, the Irish have their people's music as old as Carolan. Have we any such? No; with the exception of our national anthem there is no music that will correspond with it. Popular music in England is not the music of the people, but an ever-changing current of sensational song which, so long as it deluges the land as it does at the present time, will do much towards preventing the improvement of musical taste in England. There have been tirades innumerable against fast novels, fast dress, fast conversation, fast men, and fast women, but fast music has been allowed to remain in tolerable tranquillity. And yet it is doing its part in degenerating the age. Fast words and jingling music, it is difficult to say which is the poorer. But if there is only a chorus, or a ridiculous refrain, the thing is a perfect success. What can be more senseless than

Slap-bang, here we are again,
Jolly, jolly dogs are we.

And yet, at one time, it was as the *Vox populi*, and was heard everywhere, until, I believe, the author himself was ashamed of the popularity that it had attained. Later, we have been saluted at every corner with the equally senseless

Oh, no, no, not for Joe,
Not if he knows it,
Not for Joseph.

Yet such songs are becoming, in a great measure, the national music of the English; and, as long as they are in the ascendant, must produce a depraved taste;—for they are not a foundation upon which anything great or solid can be raised. There is an utterly vulgar spirit pervading them, nothing elevating, seldom even anything truly humorous; most of them are vapid and pointless; dependent simply upon some slang phrase or expression deftly introduced to catch the ear. The only merit they possess is, that their day is soon over, and they are forgotten. There is nothing vital in them, nothing to take hold of the heart; no sentiment, no pathos, no humour, no patriotic touch; nothing to give them the ever-renewed link with by-gone days that the old Jacobite songs, with their sharp hits, hold even to the present day amongst the Scotch. I do not stand up for the revival of drinking-

Sketches taken at the Seaside.



Wonderful Crab
size of life caught by
Miss Roseycoe
whilst rowing



Jones had to
danger which

For the Aquarium



An Awful Boy



The old lady who will always sit d



Rather destroys
the Poetry



It's so delightful with the
Umbrella shutting out the world
But



The Ancient Mariner



very Herout of course was delightful & Then had to carry her Mother which was very delightful

1st Boy Oh aint this jolly
 2nd Boy I should rather think it was



songs as a branch of musical development, but the whole of the trash promulgated now-a-days is not worth the fine old *Down among the Deadmen*, and half-a-dozen others, with whose very names the present fast generation is unacquainted.

Mr. Mayhew gives us a wild, lawless, reckless, unrefined idea of the German students; yet, take their songs, and it will be found that, despite their Bacchanalian tendencies, there is in them a touch of sentiment, refinement, poetry, high feeling, that the convivial songs patronised at Oxford and Cambridge lack. Take one of their most popular ones that is sung universally, and that raises a spark, half envy, half pleasure, in the hearts of the Philisters, *Free is the Bursch*. The sentiments are not bad, and the song has been a popular one for many years. Or take another specimen, with the sentiment of which some readers may be familiar through the verses of the late Mr. Thackeray :—

Wine doth rejoice the heart of man,
And so God gave us wine.
Up ! let the jest and glass go round
To make our life divine.
Who drinketh deep, right well doth he.
Let glasses ring,
And gaily sing—
As Luther sang, sing we,—
" Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long "—
And no such fools are we.

Love elevates the heart of man
To noble deeds below ;
Soothes all his cares, and o'er his path
A radiant light doth throw.
Alas ! for him whom love moves not.
So drink and kiss,
Nor in your bliss
Be Luther's words forgot,—
" Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long "—
And such fools we are not.

And when the day of toil is o'er,
What sweeter rest need we,
Than with our trusty friends to join
In songs of harmony ?
Then let us rest right merrily !
Let glasses clink,
And as we drink,
As Luther sang, sing we,—
" Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long "—
And no such fools are we.

Bacchanalian, certainly, for I have chosen one of the most convivial ones ; yet it is classic, poetical, and refined, in comparison with such compositions as *Champagne Charlie*, *Not for Joe*, *Polly Perkins*, *The Perfect Cure*, *Billy Barlow*, and a host of others of the same class.

But the Germans are more stolid than the English ; they have not the same turn for the comic—for the humorous. Perhaps not in the same way, but I question if there is not just as much humour as the comic song writers can boast of in the following song, written by Mühler, now Cultus Minister at Berlin, when he was a student, and brought up against him by the German papers when he was appointed to that position. It is called *Happy Delusions*, and is sung to the tune of *La Cracovienne* :—

Straight from the tavern I just have come out,
What upon earth has the street been about ?
Jumbled together are left side and right ;
Street ! 'tis beyond a doubt thou art quite tight.
La la la la la, &c.

What an odd face the moon's making up there !
One eye is closed, and one opes in wild stare.
Moon, thou art drunk, nay, the truth don't deny ;
Shame on thee ! thou should'st know better, old boy.
La la la la la, &c.

The lamps are unsteady, they reel and they flash,
Here and there, everywhere, in a manner most rash ;
They cannot stand upright, 'tis most clear to me
Exceedingly drunk all these lamp-posts must be.
La la la la la, &c.

All is in tumult with things great and small,
I am the only one sober of all.
Dare I go on ? No, the risk is too great,
Better return to the inn ere too late.
La la la la la, &c.

I do not bring this forward as a model to be copied, but merely to show that even this will contrast favourably with our songs of a similar character. Despite the subject, there is not that element of vulgarity in it that is to be found in our popular comic songs.

Our popular comic songs ! that may be called our Volkslieder, since they are continually on our people's lips. For have we any songs of the people that may be properly so called ; that have for years and years touched them to the core, and so grown to them as to be familiar in their hearts as household words. It seems to me that the people's songs of other countries have a refining, inspiring effect, awakening strong emotions and yearnings ; whilst our popular music has a lowering tendency, which is, to say the least of it, demoralising to pure musical taste.

The songs I have given from the German are perhaps more of student-songs than actual Volkslieder ; they are nevertheless popular, and are sung by the people. But the people have their songs political, satirical, patriotic, convivial, their songs in honour of their celebrated men, their Rhine songs, their love songs, their farewell songs and romances, with

words by their best poets. One that has now passed into a pathetic ballad was primarily of political significance. It is too well known to everyone to need a version here. I mean the *Hostess's Daughter*,

There came o'er the Rhine brave gallants three,
They entered the nearest hostelry—

It was written by Uhland when there was a conference (in 1817, I think) regarding the suppression of the free press in Germany. The hostess's daughter was the free press; the three gallants stand for the princes, the aristocracy, and the people. Take the speech of the third gallant, and it will be seen that Uhland knew the hearts of his countrymen.

The third drew tenderly back the veil
And kissed the dead lips cold and pale.

Now and for ever have I loved thee,
Thee shall I love through eternity.

And the verses sown politically have flourished since as a Volkslied; they still touch the heart through sentiment, for the idea in which the true meaning is veiled is beautiful for ever and ever. Such songs alone live.

But it would be endless to go through the German Volkslieder, though I cannot help mentioning two others, *Muss ich denn*, and the *Hero-song* in honour of their *alter tapfer Degen*, Blucher. If German hearts and hands be as strong as the voices that enthusiastically sing the latter one, their land will be kept free from Napoleonic encroachments. It was written by Arndt in 1814, and has thus far been immortal. As for *Muss ich denn*, it is known to everyone throughout Germany. All are alike touched by it, not that there is in it anything especially striking; simple words to a plaintive tune; but it has been a household song from childhood, its associations are many, it tells of the vineyards and of happy days. To age it speaks of its past love-time, to youth it whispers of the golden present, and the old song floats melodiously from every Wirthshaus, and is sung wherever there are singers gathered together.

Must I go, must I go, so far away,

And from my treasure part?

When I come, when I come, back to the town,

I will come to thee, sweetheart.

If with thee for aye I cannot stay,

Yet my joy is still in thee.

When I come, when I come, back to the town,

I will come, my love, to thee.

Why dost weep, why dost weep, that I leave thee now,

As if 'twere our last farewell?

Though there be, though there be, maidens ever so fair,

Yet my heart still with thee shall dwell.

Fear not when another face is near

That thine shall forgotten be,

Though there be, though there be, maidens ever so fair,
I'll be true, sweetheart, to thee.

O next year, O next year, in the fair vintage time,

Again my love I will see,

Am I then, am I then, thy heart's darling still,

Then shall our wedding be.

But one short year and free am I

To live for thee and me.

Am I then, am I then, thy heart's darling still,

Then shall our wedding be.

But who would care for such a song in England? Perhaps the few who might care to hear *Auld Lang Syne*. However, I am not advocating the merits of the song, but simply eulogising the effects that it appears to me such Volkslieder produce. They tend to elevate, to soften, to humanize. And there must be some intrinsic worth in them, or they would not have lived so long, whilst our ephemeral popular songs last but for a brief season, and then become obsolete.

I believe that our essentially popular songs lower the public taste, inasmuch as they serve to carry out the idea that fastness is spirit, facetiousness humour, and a collection of crochets and quavers jingly strung together, music. And as long as their deafening buzz prevails, I doubt whether the claims of good music will ever be successfully pleaded with the English people.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

ONCE on a time there was a lad, who had lived as a servant a long time with a man of the North Country. This man was a master at ale-brewing; it was so out-of-the-way good the like of it was not to be found. So, when the lad was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of yule-ale. Well! he got it, and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if anyone were coming with whom he might have a drink, that the ale might diminish, and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

"Good-day," said the man.

"Good-day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"I'm looking after some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink as well with me as with anyone else?" said the man. "I have fared

both far and wide and I am both tired and thirsty."

"Well! why shouldn't I?" said the lad; "but tell me, whence do you come, and what sort of man are you?"

"I am 'Our Lord,' and come from Heaven," said the man.

"Thee will I not drink with," said the lad; "for thou makest such distinction between persons here in the world, and sharest rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No! with thee I will not drink," and as he said this he trotted off with his keg again.

So, when he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again; he thought he never could carry it any longer unless some one came with whom he might drink, and so diminish the ale in the keg. Yes! he met an ugly scrawny man who came along fast and furious.

"Good-day," said the man.

"Good-day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh! I'm looking for some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with any one else?" said the man; "I have fared both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty."

"Well! why not?" said the lad; "but who are you, and whence do you come?"

"Who am I? I am the De'il, and I come from Hell; that's where I come from," said the man.

"No!" said the lad; "thou only pinest and plaguest poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness a-stir, they always say it is thy fault. Thee I will not drink with."

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale-keg on his back, till he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look round again if any one were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dry and lean 'twas a wonder his bones hung together.

"Good-day," said the man.

"Good-day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find some one to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry."

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man.

"Yes; why not?" said the lad. "But what sort of man are you?"

"They call me Death," said the man.

"The very man for my money," said the lad. "Thee I am glad to drink with," and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. "Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor."

So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was diminished, and the keg grew light.

At last, Death said, "I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return." But after he had thought a while, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sate by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death.

Well, the lad soon grew famous, and was called in far and near, and he helped many to health again, who had been given over. When he came in and saw how Death sate by the sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling was never wrong. He got both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was called in to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he cared either to ask or have if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess's room, there sate Death at her pillow; but as he sate he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt herself better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he *must* save her, if it cost land and realm. So he looked at Death, and while he sate there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed, the doctor gave her the draught, and her life was saved.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shan't help you much," said Death; "your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the lad, "what must be, must be; but you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first."

Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read; but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to AMEN; but then it was just too late, and Death had him.

THE FISHERMEN OF BOULOGNE.

FEW continental towns are more frequented by Englishmen than Boulogne on-the-Sea: so called to distinguish it from Boulogne near Paris. Some are attracted by the new trade which has grown up with England since the passing of the International treaty; some by the magnificent sands stretching for many miles, the delight of children, nurses, and riding-masters; some by the comparative cheapness of things good for big and little people, alike, as compared with the prices extorted at an English watering-place; a few, perhaps, by the security which the town affords from arrest for debts incurred in England; while tens of thousands annually make Boulogne their Dyrachium or Brundisium, as the case may be, in going to or returning from the Continent.

Boulogne may be said to consist of three towns. The first, nearest the sea, is the fishermen's quarter; a long wide street runs through it, from which steep alleys diverge towards the water-side. The second is the Lower Town, in the valley of the Liane, a stream of small dimensions, which, in its course for thousands of years, has gradually scooped out the port and driving the soil into the sea, has formed a sand-bank, called the Bar of the Harbour. Here are the custom-house, the warehouses of the merchants, the residences of the English visitors, and the half Anglicised shops. Beyond and above this town, crowning a picturesque hill,

stands the Upper Town, enclosed in grim mediæval walls, presenting to this day the same appearance as when Henry VIII. hammered them with his cannon, and the sovereign Counts of Bouillon paced their ramparts. Here is a crypt that dates from the ninth century, and fragments of Roman work are not far off, on which a Cæsar might have gazed. Here are old-fashioned mansions, still frequented by ancient French families, who live an almost conventual life, and have few or no dealings with the Samaritans below. Here are two or three respectable hotels, but they never appear to be doing any business. The shop-fronts might belong to the period of Colbert, and one would think that some of the stocks of goods had been laid in about the same time.

But the principal interest of Boulogne centres, after all, in the fishing people. Among them we find remarkable groups of customs, which seem to have their roots deep in the early history of mankind. The historical traditions, and what have been called myths of observation of the fishers, their superstitions, their costume, all are strange and peculiar. They are not the product of our own times, but rather the relics of a ruder mental condition, habits and practices belonging to an earlier state of society.

The fishermen and their families inhabit a quarter of their own. It is called *La Beurrière*, and occupies a steep eminence fronting the sea, so that the mothers and sweethearts of the fishermen can descry their husbands' and lovers' boats while yet far away. They are a deeply religious people. Our Lady of Boulogne is their patroness and friend, and her image came over the sea against wind and tide hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Perhaps this is a Christian adaptation of the myth that Aphrodite sprang from the foam of the ocean—for we know how often the early missionaries gave a Christian turn to superstitious notions which they could not eradicate. When a south-west gale begins to blow, and the wind howls on the rocky coast about Cape Grisnez, the fisherwoman kneels to Our Lady's image over her bed, and prays for the preservation of those at sea. At certain seasons of the year, they make a pilgrimage to a chapel dedicated to JESUS UNDER THE SCOURGE, carrying with them the model of a boat, and a number of small candles, as an offering for the well-being of the absent. The boat is hung up to the roof of the chapel, and prayers are devoutly said. Here we have a relic of the Greek and Roman custom of presenting votive oblations, such as every Athenian sailor practised. He propitiated

the Nereids, nymphs of the sea, with offerings of milk and oil, as these beautiful spirits had the power of ruffling or calming the waters at their will.

At Landrethun, fourteen miles off, stands a circle of stones, somewhat like those in Cumberland called Long Meg and her Daughters, and the druidical ring near Great Rollright, in Oxfordshire. The fisherman calls these, *la danse des noces*. Tradition relates, that on the spot where the circle stands, a wedding party were dancing, when a priest came by, carrying the Host to a dying person. They refused to do homage to the Sacrament and were instantly turned, father, mother, and children, all into stone. The fisherman crosses himself as he passes the spot, and shudders if it be nightfall. So he kneels down on the deck and prays to the distant Calvary, as his boat dances over the bar at the entrance of the harbour, that he may take a great multitude of fishes—a parable and example worth the imitation of the fishers of men.

The fishing people's costume is very peculiar. The women wear black and white striped woollen petticoats, with a shorter scarlet one over, both displaying a neat ankle encased in violet coloured stockings of worsted, which they knit themselves. You may see them by scores sitting on the pier rails with their fish baskets on their shoulders, plying their needles, while they wait for the return of the boats from sea. They show great ingenuity in the management of their sabots, or wooden shoes, and set an example of rare neatness to many a slatternly English housemaid. Their head-dress dates from immemorial antiquity. It is like an old-fashioned night-cap with a large stiff, flapping frill surrounding the face. This cap, with a smart silk apron, their earrings, and the chain round their necks with the portrait of their husbands attached, constitutes the gala dress of the married women. These earrings are golden ornaments of a peculiar shape and are called *wheat-ears*; probably a refinement upon the rings and bones thrust by savages through the cartilage of the nose, and the wooden plugs as big as table-spoons, put through slits in the under-lip.

The dress of the men consists of a knitted worsted jerkin, close fitting to the skin; loose short trousers that appear to be made of tarred linen; immense boots, well oiled and greased, reaching above their knees, and a *bonnet rouge*, which may have had a Phrygian origin.

The furniture of their houses, is, like themselves, exceptional. Of course they have the central pendule or clock, with two china vases

filled with artificial flowers, on the chimney piece of their chief, and as it often happens, only room. No true wife of a *matelot* would consider herself properly married without the possession of these ornaments. In the corner stands a large press, or armoire, containing the bride's trousseau; which is not considered complete unless it includes six dozen chemises for herself and six dozen shirts for her husband, upon which her thrifty hands have been engaged probably for many years before her marriage. The bed is a marvellous structure, often composed of four or five mattresses piled one on the other, so that the nose of the sleeper almost touches the ceiling. It is presumed that the sailor fancies he reposes more comfortably when his bed on shore is as narrow as the bunker of a fishing-boat. Not long ago, a fisherman broke some of his limbs, and his wife, a huge muscular Christian, used to hoist him into bed, as a miller might hoist a sack of flour on the top of a waggon-load. They are generally a temperate and frugal people. It is very seldom that a fisherman is found begging, either for himself or his family; he would lose caste among his people were he to do so. Their love of the drama is traditional; they prefer comedies in which all the good are rewarded in the long run, and all the scoundrels come to grief. Their idea of judicial punishment is that great criminals ought to be tortured. They consider the guillotine far too lenient an instrument of execution. When Leduc drowned his helpless little children in the port of Boulogne, they freely expressed the opinion that if they could catch him, they would fasten him up in a barrel full of spikes, and roll it up and down the cliffs at the mouth of the harbour.

Celtic of origin, they have all the scruples about the purity of women which marked this ancient race. The women have no mercy for the frail of their sex. Even if the young man who has dishonoured a fisherman's daughter, afterwards marries her, they show their contempt for the bride by a *charivari*, the noise of which is scarcely interrupted by the solemnities of church worship, or the gravity of the mayor's court. It were well if among the peasant villagers of England similar wholesome feelings were entertained. We should hear less of the sad and scarcely blamed impurity which scandalises so many families and causes so much infanticide.

The fishermen form an ancient society and guild of themselves, the origin of which, probably, dates as far back as the sovereign counts of Boulogne. Every year they celebrate a feast

on their patron saint's day. One of the chief men presents to the guild a large cake in the form of a ring. This is placed upon a sort of tray with long handles, carried by several young men, who vie with each other to bear part of the precious burden. Young girls, clad in white, hold long white ribbons attached to the tray. Before it goes a band of music, consisting chiefly of fishermen amateurs. The women are, on this day, dressed in the brightest colours, and the men wear their best clothes. The procession marches to the church, where the cake is duly blessed by the officiating priest. Is this a relic of the old Agape, or love-feast of the primitive church, still practised in England by the Moravians and Methodists? After hearing mass, in the singing of which they heartily join, the procession goes to some public gardens, where the cake is cut into small pieces; only one large portion being reserved for that distinguished member of the guild who is expected to provide the cake next year. The festival closes with wild dancing, in which the muscular powers of both sexes are far more exhibited than their graces. The men attack each other with rude jibes and repartee, sometimes accompanied by a good-humoured cuff. Is all this a distant echo of the Roman Saturnalia? To stamp the feet as loudly as possible on the floor, and to whirl their partners from one end of the room to the other, till they are giddy and faint, is an indispensable feature of the entertainment. If an unlucky tradesman or member of some rival community wanders into the room, woe betide him! "Out with him! out with him!" is their cry, in their peculiar patois, the shibboleths of which only the initiated can understand.

Such are some of the peculiar characteristics of this hardy race; taller than the generality of Frenchmen, noble, muscular animals, standing midway between their Morinian forefathers—sea-dogs like themselves—and the accomplished *petit-mâtres* of Paris. Theirs is a hard, rough life, spent in fishing in all weathers, from the coast of Norway to Cherbourg, often up to their knees in salt water, and drenched to the skin.

The English gourmet, as he plays with his red mullet—that delicious woodcock of the ocean—for which the fishing-grounds of Boulogne are famous, little thinks of the people who have braved the storm to procure him the precious dainty. Perhaps such an one may read these pages, and not enjoy his morsel the less, because he has learned something about The Boulogne Fisherman.

TABLE TALK.

EVENING coats and morning trowsers. This is the German style for a royal breakfast party: but what do the Germans know about dress? On the Continent the women dress well and the men dress badly. In feminine attire the French set the fashion for all Europe. In masculine attire the English lead the way. And there is a very good reason why we should not adopt the ugly German fashion which has just been established at court. The ordinary evening coat, which has come to be established throughout Christendom, is not a beautiful dress, and there is even something ridiculous in the ostentatious purpose of its tails. Now this curiously shaped coat is endurable only when worn with black trowsers. Against the black of the trowsers the peculiarity of its lines escapes notice. We forget how its skirt is limited to two remarkable tails, which draw attention to the portion of the body they obtrusively conceal. The coat becomes at once ridiculous when worn with light-coloured morning trowsers. I admire and love the Germans—but I can't say that I think much of their sense of humour; and I shudder as I think of English gentlemen crowding upon lawns at half-past four o'clock to chat with English ladies, and wriggling the wretched tails of their coats as they pass in and out from group to group.

PROFESSED spiritualists pretend that their *stances* are often the means of leading Deists to Christianity. They do not, perhaps, remember that Voltaire wrote, "Satan, c'est le Christianisme: pas de Satan pas de Christianisme." Yet he was scarcely a missionary of the true faith.

AN Irish Dominican preacher, wishing to place the *meanness* of Judas in the clearest light before his audience, suggested to them that, from long familiarity with the Gospel narrative, they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the future apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded them, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds that he even *kept the bag*."

"THE devil is not so black as he is painted." This proverb might now be appropriately divided by punctuation and addition, thus, "The devil is not so black; as he is painted by Madame R——."

THE strength of numbers was strikingly exemplified a few weeks ago in the stoppage of a train by a swarm of caterpillars. It was in America, on the Orleans line, one part of which traverses a thick wood. The larvæ came forth from this retreat in such numbers that they completely covered the rails. By-and-by a train came along, and, like a car of Juggernaut, crushed the poor grubs by hundreds. The consequence was that the engine wheels became coated with a slimy unguent, they lost their *bite*, and spun round on the rails instead of along them; the train aftergliding over a short distance came to a stand-still. Does not this accident point to a means of stopping trains rapidly when necessity arises? I think it does; and would accordingly suggest, for the consideration of engineers, the application of vessels of oil to locomotives, with means whereby the driver could at will turn a jet of the fluid on to the tires of the wheels, or on to the metals just in front of the engine, so as to destroy the *grip* upon which the tractive power of the engine depends, and arrest, or help to arrest, its onward motion; thereby repeating the effect produced by the caterpillars.

THERE are two comets wandering about our skies, and a third is expected. Of those now present, one is an old friend: it was discovered by Brorsen in 1856, and revisits us at intervals of about 5½ years; it is, however, too faint to be seen without a good telescope. The other was discovered on the 13th of June last, simultaneously at Marseilles, and at Carlsruhe. At the time of writing it is just visible to the naked eye, so perhaps it may become a conspicuous object by the time the public sees this note in print. The third wanderer, that which is expected, is an old and a famous one, for it was from its motions, found to be retarded at each successive apparition, that Encke inferred the existence of a resisting medium in space. It also is a very insignificant body, only to be seen under the most favourable circumstances, optical and celestial. With three comets in the heavens there is plenty of food for the superstitious: perhaps the astrologers will ascribe the recent hot weather and the deaths of princes—Theodore the bad, and Michael the good—to their appearance.

I DO not often trouble you with reading my own poetry to you, but I shall do so now. I wrote a song the other day, for music, and it was greatly praised by composer and publisher.

The latter was then good enough to add, "But we like nonsense quite as well, don't we, Mr. Mozart-Mendelssohn?" or whatever the composer's name was. "You shall have nonsense next time," said I, in a rage; and I sent them this. It is being set, and will be the song of the next season. It is called, *I Love her for her Smile*.

I love her for the beaming smile
That on her brow she wears,
For worldly hearts will oft beguile,
Like poppies 'mid the tares.
The summer air is sweet of hue
In souls devoid of guile,
And I will keep my promise true,
I love her for her smile.

Let others idly woo the maid
That hath no smile to beam,
For wandering love is oft afraid,
Like roses near a stream.
The softest eye is ever blest
With fond and artless wile,
And this shall be my proud behest,
I love her for her smile.

I DO not know when I heard this Irish epigram, or to whom it refers. It was a sort of epitaph on a physician:—

He never killed his patients, because he never got any,
So Trinity College gave him the Professorship of Botany.

I LIKE the turbulent Bishop Atterbury. I do not exactly know when

Triumphed Atterbury's softer hour,
but I don't think that it was when he wrote this delightful line, which I came upon the other day. Addressing a fellow-Jacobite, he says, "It is a melancholy truth that the King and his son are reconciled."

HOW beautiful is that saying of Madame E. de Girardin: Fidelity is a luxury—for it is time lost.

FIDELITY, says another French author, is a virtue for which, when dead, the mourning you wear is yellow.

ONE in a thousand of the *facetiæ* collected by the provincial sub-editors is usually good. I think that this, which I saw somewhere last week, is worth remembering. Perhaps it's old, but I never saw it before, and if you wait until you are quite sure that you have got a new thing, you are not a person for table talk. It is an epitaph on a husband and wife, and a holy text is added. "*Their warfare is accomplished.*"

WE laugh—that is, we don't laugh—at the Music Hall songs, but we read their titles with the quintessence of contempt. But were the songs of our respected sires so much better? Is *Not for Joseph* much greater trash than this, which, in its time, was in everybody's mouth?

There was a hackney-coachman rare,
Jarvey, Jarvey, here I am, your honour,
Crikey, how he used to swear!
Tamaroo.

How he'd swear, and how he'd drive,
Number 365!
With a rum tum tiddy iddy high gee wo.

YOU all seem depressed, and I cannot wonder at it. The sad tidings came upon us so unexpectedly. I own that the writer in the *Athenæum* did his best to break it gradually, reserving for the end of his article the announcement, "This is the worst bit of Shakspeare news we have had to report for many a day." But, though the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, it bites keenly. To think that in a volume printed, in 1842, for the Shakspeare Society, from some old papers found in Somerset House, there should have been introduced what the experts deem a fabrication, and that the discovery of this crime and sacrilege should have left it as uncertain as before whether the list of plays is chronologically correct, is truly afflicting, and the thought, added to the heat of the weather, is enough to take away one's appetite. Would it not be well to have a national fast and humiliation, or would it be enough if all the editors of Shakspeare met, in penitential paper sheets (say those on which *Much Ado about Nothing* is printed) and went to some Wailing Place, like that at Jerusalem, and mourned? It is scarcely safe to trust oneself with the expression of what one feels at not being morally certain that *Measure for Measure* preceded the *Comedy of Errors*. But, courage, friends, and drink. We may be happy yet.

THE biographers of Lord Brougham have done at least justice to his exertions for that respectable client, Queen Caroline. His devotion to her cause was perhaps a little in excess of his devotion to her person. He did not want her to come over, and he expressed that wish pretty plainly, adding in a letter, "to say nothing of the infernal personal annoyance of having such a devil to plague me for six months." This should be inserted as a footnote at the end of the famous thirteen-times written peroration.

A DRIVER from one of the Windsor hotels used a word the other day which may be acceptable now that any effort for the church is to be reprehended. He pulled up near the chapel in the Park, and having allowed me time to gaze at the same with becoming reverence, he said, "George the Fourth was the instigation of this chapel's being built."

WHAT is the whitebait: a distinct fish, or the young of some larger member of the great piscine family? The question has long been a moot one with both epicures and naturalists. The most acceptable opinion has been that it is a separate species: the fishermen have upheld this view to maintain the high character of the delicacy—which might have been jeopardized had the fish been suspected of a mean origin, and the gastronomes have favoured the notion. But Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, lately told the Zoological Society that, in the course of a research into the distinctions between various members of the herring tribe, the conclusion had been forced upon him that the whitebait is nothing more nor less than the fry of that fish. The identity is absolute: the two have exactly the same number of vertebræ and scales, and perfectly similar arrangements of fins and teeth; a combination of coincidences unparalleled in ichthyology. A strong proof in favour of Dr. Gunther's view is the fact that a whitebait in roe has never been discovered; albeit, as diners on the Thames well know, they are often large enough to be in maturity, if they attain to this state at any size less than that of a sprat.

NOTICE.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bowverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 28.

July 11, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER IV.—ALONE IN THE WORLD.

IT WOULD be difficult to find throughout France a family more respected than the Clavreuil's. They were equally respected in the Province and in Paris. There must really have been nothing to say of them, for no one said anything. As far as birth went they were probably irreproachable; for the public voice never declared that one of their recent forefathers had been a lacquey, or a hackney-coachman. Their wealth, too, must have been honestly got, for no envious associate ever asserted that they had stolen it, offering to give proofs of his assertions; and the conduct of both husband and wife was apparently excellent, for no friend, however intimate, or of either sex, ventured to hint that what he or she knew was sufficient to cause every door to be closed in the face of the pair. In the absence of all assertion, hint, or surmise to the contrary, it grew to be an established fact that nothing could be more thoroughly, absolutely respectable than M. and Madame de Clavreuil.

This is a thing sufficiently uncommon in France to be noteworthy.

The Comte René de Clavreuil was of an ancient and distinguished, if not exactly illustrious, family; which may be almost exclusively held to imply that his ancestors had formerly fought in the service of the king by sea and land. M. de Clavreuil had no fortune whatever; so that his sister (they were alone, himself and Mademoiselle Clémentine) had been altogether without a dowry, and he had married a great heiress, Mademoiselle de Lancour, of equally good birth with himself.

Ten or twelve years after this marriage, and when the sole child born of it was about eight or nine years of age, it occurred to a bachelor cousin of M. de Clavreuil's, who, by the

thousand chances attendant upon the subdivision of landed property in France, had become possessed of the family estate, to leave these paternal acres to the man who had achieved wealth sufficient to do them honour. At the death, therefore, of his cousin, René de Clavreuil was raised even more in his own esteem than in that of others; for he was possessed of territorial fortune in his own right, and became his wife's equal, which is always a pleasant feeling for a gentleman—and Count René de Clavreuil was a gentleman. He was decidedly not brilliant, or in any way clever; never had said a good thing in all his life, and was slow at appreciating those said by others; but he was not deficient in judgment or sense; was upright, just, and what people who dread superiority of every kind delight in denominating rightminded. M. de Clavreuil's was one of those negative, non-conducting natures, that may become the centre of the most portentous events without ever foreseeing them, or ever fathoming their meaning even after they have taken place.

Madame de Clavreuil, Count René's wife, was, as we have said, a woman whom all good Christians blessed. Her chief misfortune in life was the having had for a father the brilliantly gifted, notorious, and anything but orthodox Vicomte de Lancour. It was not that against the purity of M. de Lancour's honour any breath had been ever breathed, or that any human creature lived who could say he had ever done an actual wrong. No; but his life had been one of laxity with regard to religious forms and ceremonies. Thought to be of immense promise in the last years of Louis XVIII., the young Vicomte was, with one accord, thrown into the shade during the disastrous reign of Charles X. The natural consequence was, that he played a political part under Louis Philippe, and shone forth lustreously in the firmament of the monarchy of July. His wife belonged to the purest Faubourg St. Germain, and refused ever to be presented at the usurper's court. His daughter was brought up to believe that to pray for

her misguided father was the limit to which tolerance could be allowed to stretch; and when, shortly after the Revolution of February, Re-action, as it is termed, deliberately set in, Marie de Lancour, then Comtesse de Clavreuil, grew accustomed to hear her father spoken of by those she daily lived with, as a man whose example was so lamentable that his name should not be mentioned unguardedly before young people. Herein lay, then, the misfortune of Madame de Clavreuil's life: she was brought up in fear and trembling, and the narrowest prejudice and most senseless resistance to all natural feelings and tendencies were imposed upon her authoritatively as a duty. Yes, a duty; for of what derelictions and weaknesses, of what sins, nay, even crimes, might not the daughter and the grandchild of the too-famous M. de Lancour be naturally guilty? So that Madame de Clavreuil, whom nature had made a thorough woman—fond, kind, indulgent, sweet and fair in soul as in face—had been, by the manner of her education, transformed into a species of terrified sentinel, her whole nature compelled into inferiority by drill, determined to die at her post, but for ever on the watch for the cry of *qui vive* which was to call her into the fullness of her repressive activity.

Between this thoroughly well-intentioned pair—the father so upright, the mother so resolved at all costs to do her duty—was brought up Claire de Clavreuil, an only child, a wealthy heiress,—a prize to be competed for by all comers, and, oftener than one likes to register, won and worn by the unworthy.

Poor Claire! two months had just passed since we last saw her seated by her mother's side in the drawing-room at Clavreuil, reading the *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, and the plan of her life's drama was laid out. Things were settled; Claire was to be married, after Lent, to the Marquis de Beauvoisin, a young man of great name and exceeding great fortune—the Olivier who has been mentioned in a previous chapter as encountered by Madeleine, whom he pronounced ugly.

Was this, then, what is styled a marriage of convenience? a marriage in which the fitness of two fortunes, two social positions, two estates, in short, is solely taken into consideration? No! you will be gravely told in France that such marriages no longer exist. Neither do they under the repulsive tyrannical form they used, some seventy or eighty years ago, to assume.

There is no shutting up in convents now—days of recalcitrant girls; no violence, no

arbitrary rule, no cruelty, against which to appeal to God and man; but the end reached is pretty much the same. Men and women are bound together who neither love, nor know, nor care to know, each other. They are placed between *ennui* (if not misery) and wrong, and condemned to be obscurely heroic. This is the reason why those who in France do their duty are mostly so joyless. Virtue among French people wears always a severe aspect, and they who practise it (an immense mass) are never cheerful.

Well, the friends of Claire de Clavreuil would tell you she had chosen her future lord; it was quite true that before the Marquise de Beauvoisin's proposals, on her son's part, had been assented to, Claire was consulted, as they were pleased to term it, by her parents. But, had the girl thus consulted been so educated as to make the consultation aught save a mockery? Had not Claire been taught, since her early childhood, that to love was a sin, and that, after obedience to God, blind obedience to all superiors—parents, of course, standing foremost—was the one saving virtue. How was it to enter into this gentle-natured, well-trained young girl's brain that she could possibly venture to have a personal and independent opinion about the man presented to her by her parents? When they said: "See what a mate for you we have chosen!" adding, for form's sake, "Will you accept him?" where in the name of logic and common sense was she to find the courage wherewith to say No? When the momentous question was put to her, Claire said Yes, as it was natural she should do.

Visit succeeded visit at the Hotel de Beauvoisin and at the Hôtel de Clavreuil, and the two mothers were esteemed happy among women, and much homage was done at their respective shrines, for, socially, much was expected of them. Besides, they were held to have set a good example, and they were successful.

"Are you really to have that wonderful set of diamonds and rubies, Claire?" asked of Mlle. Clavreuil, a young girl, who had come with her mother to felicitate. She happened to be the only unmarried woman in the room, which was full of busy-looking, inquisitive matrons, so she monopolized Claire. "Are you really going to have them?" she repeated, in a whisper.

"You must ask mamma," replied Mlle. de Clavreuil, with a smile, and an imperceptible shake of the head. "I know but little of these arrangements; I leave all to her."

"Leave all to her, my dear Claire!" retorted

the other ; "leave all to her ! Yes, of course one leaves all to one's mother as long as one is only a girl ; but, Heaven be praised ! one does not leave her one's diamonds when one is married ! Why, all Paris is talking of them ! They say the necklace alone, with the three rows of brilliants, is worth 400,000 francs !"

"Indeed !" answered Claire, with the same smile as before.

"Now, do not put on that air of indifference !" urged her friend, impatiently, "or I shall believe you to be a hypocrite. No woman can possibly be indifferent to such jewels ; and if you let them slip, it will only be said that my cousin Olivier thought the price too high !" (Claire winced). "Don't allow that to be hinted at, above all things ! Let your mother manage anything else you choose, but take care of the diamonds yourself ; that is far too important a matter ! They say, you know, that Olivier is in love with you ; so seize your opportunity—tell him you want the diamonds ; you'll get them now, my dear, and you won't get them later."

Claire winced again, and blushed scarlet, and her wise young friend would have added much more excellent advice, had she not been summoned from the other end of the room by her mother. She did not, however, depart, before she had, in her loquacity, found means of confiding to Claire that she had discovered, through her mother's maid, that a marriage was being negotiated for herself.

"They think I know nothing," she found time to say, "but I know all that goes on ; the only difficulty is about 150,000 francs more to my dowry, which papa doesn't want to give down ; but," she added, with profound sagacity, "that will be settled, because papa will not lose such a name and position for the sake of 150,000 francs ; and, on the other hand, there are deficiencies, too : age, health, &c. : so that I have no fear at all ; it is quite sure to be settled !" and, with that pleasant assurance, and the injunction not to utter a word, she embraced Claire, and skipped off.

Claire stood musingly at a table, turning over the leaves of a book, whose pages, it was evident, said nothing to her.

One lively old lady alone remained, and, from under the lace *ruches* of her bonnet and the dainty curls of her powdered grey hair, you heard here and there words escape which showed how deep an interest she took in the welfare of the young bride.

"Well," she murmured, as she took leave of Madame de Clavreuil, "I am glad to think there is so much inclination in the case. They

are both so handsome, so young, it would seem a pity if there were not just a little bit of love between them." And the old lady (such a pleasant, pretty old lady as she was) went her way.

The mother and daughter were alone. Before resuming her habitual seat by the fire, Madame de Clavreuil went up to the young girl, who was still standing at the table, with a vacant gaze fixed upon an open book.

"My darling !" said a soft voice, and a soft maternal kiss was imprinted on the glowing cheek of Claire.

"Mother," replied the latter, eagerly, "I wish I might speak to you openly—quite openly."

Madame de Clavreuil fondly stroked the thick tresses of her child's fair hair.

"Do so, my sweet one," she rejoined ; and the two sat down before the fire ; the girl looking with an intentness at the mother, that the mother did not at first notice.

"Marriage is a solemn, a holy thing, mother," began Claire, with a sort of timid hurry. "Is it not ?"

The countess bowed her assent, and laid her hand on the hand of the girl so tenderly, that she seemed to invite her utmost confidence.

"Mother," added Claire, "does one marry to have diamonds and rubies, and to hear of nothing, save barter and traffic, when one is on the eve of such a change ? Is it right that these should be the thoughts of a Christian woman ?"

"My treasure," said Madame de Clavreuil, with increasing fondness, "you must not lay too much stress on these details. I trace the influence of Elise de Freteval in all this ; but Elise has been brought up to think too constantly of her establishment in life. She is no guide for you—"

"Oh, mother !" interrupted Claire, with sudden energy ; "if I am to marry, let me forego these rubies and diamonds : let some good be done with the money."

"My own dear precious child," exclaimed the mother, drawing her daughter's head towards her, and warmly kissing her, while tears gathered in her eyes.

But Madame de Clavreuil had not heard the first words : "If I am to marry," and Claire inferred from her tenderness more than was meant.

"We can talk it over with the Abbé Gendrin," continued the Countess, "and perhaps some portion of the sum may go to found some institution. With the wealth you will have to dispose of, so much good can be done."

Claire was silent. She had, evidently, more

to say, but was troubled how to say it. Never had she seen her mother so fond, so encouraging.

After a pause—

"Does it seem to you quite right," she recommenced, "that this great step should be taken, this long, life-engagement contracted so"—she hesitated—"so lightly?"

"Lightly! Claire!" echoed Madame de Clavreuil, with undisguised astonishment. "Lightly! What do you mean?"

"I mean, mother," answered the girl, in a lower tone, "without any affection on either side."

"Affection comes later," observed the Countess.

"But if it never comes?" suggested Claire.

"Dearest," responded the mother, less warmly, though still kindly, "these are questions which it does not befit a young girl to discuss."

"But if the girl's happiness be destroyed?" urged Claire; "if her heart be broken? if—"

"Claire!" exclaimed Madame de Clavreuil, hardly believing what she heard. "Claire!"

But the girl was now clearly carried beyond her usual timid reserve by a purpose. She pressed forwards, seized both her mother's hands, and, with every sign of uncontrollable agitation—

"Mother!" she pleaded; "let me once speak to you from my heart—once, before all is over, and irretrievable. Mother! must I marry M. de Beauvoisin?"

Madame de Clavreuil sprang from her seat, and stared with amazement at the child she seemed to know no longer. Had the voice woke no echo in her own heart? Was she struggling, or was she only frightened?

At first, her surprise found no utterance. She stood mute before the sudden revelation of things she had never guessed. Perhaps Claire argued favourably of this silence, for, pressing forward with growing energy, brow and cheek burning, eyes flashing, and quivering lips—

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried; "do not put me from you! Think that I am your own, only child; think how young I am, and how hard it is to forego all happiness. Help me, mother! Listen, and let me tell—"

Madame de Clavreuil started back, and, holding her daughter at arm's length—

"What is all this absurdity?" she demanded, sternly. "Are you raving? What is this folly? Probably the result of those abominable English novels, which Mrs. Griffiths ought

never to have permitted you to read. Let me never hear again words of this kind. Happiness, indeed! Happiness consists in doing your duty; and the one duty of a girl is obedience to her parents."

In speaking as she did, Madame de Clavreuil was simply following the teaching she had received. Her heart would have prompted her to listen, but she dared not.

Claire felt her case was hopeless. She released her hold upon her mother's hand. The flush subsided upon her face, the lips closed, and she gazed at her mother more in wonder than in reproach. For a moment she seemed trying to fathom the cause wherefore she was thus repulsed. And then the gaze was lowered, the sweet head drooped upon the breast, and Claire glided noiselessly from her mother's presence.

Madame de Clavreuil fled to her own room, locked the door, cast herself upon the Prie-Dieu, burst into an agony of sobs and tears, and, clasping her hands, murmured bitterly—

"Oh, Father in Heaven! when will my weak nature find it easy to do what is right?"

Meanwhile, she was doing what was wrong.

CHAPTER V.—A REAL WOMAN.

IT has been mentioned that M. de Clavreuil had a sister. Her history was one not wholly without a parallel, but not common in France.

Clémentine de Clavreuil had no dowry. She was beautiful; but the consciousness of her superiority of birth and inferiority of fortune had given to her beauty a certain austere air, and to her whole bearing an excess of dignity, which is often, among French women, the consequence of a position such as hers.

At seven-and-twenty she was still unmarried, as was also her brother, who was her elder by two or three years. Clémentine came to the persuasion that she hindered her brother's establishment, and that she was regarded as a drag upon him. She accepted the hand of a strange husband for a girl so nobly born. She married a certain M. Beaudouin, a ship-owner of Bordeaux, thirty years older than herself, very ugly and mean-looking, enormously rich, and the best hearted and most honest of men.

Madame Beaudouin esteemed, honoured, revered, her humbly born partner in life, and when he spoke of her, which was rare, for the subject seemed too holy to be commonly handled, his vulgar face was illumined by an internal light that ennobled it.

Poor M. Beaudouin ! his was really an ignoble semblance. He was short, and he shuffled along as he walked. His features were ungainly, his complexion of a fierce red, and his hair, which stood bolt upright, and which no brush could flatten, was so snowy, that, at a little distance, all you discerned of this man was a patch of white and a patch of scarlet. It was ugliness unqualified, aggressive.

But the soul within was a gentle one, and that his wife thoroughly knew, or she would never have married him. He lived five years, during which he was wont to say solemnly, he had known Paradise upon this earth. He died, leaving everything he possessed to his widow, with power to leave it at her death to whomsoever she chose. He had no relations nearer than cousins three or four times removed, whom he scarcely knew, and who were all rich.

Madame Beaudouin was, therefore, at thirty-two, one of the most enviable prizes in Paris. Rich to a quite unusual degree (people talked of two or three hundred thousand francs a year), and beautiful exceedingly. But Madame Beaudouin was not to be wooed, for it was rumoured that Madame Beaudouin was won.

What was believed at M. Beaudouin's death was this :—

Among the very large circle of guests to whom the hospitality of M. and Madame Beaudouin was always freely extended, one was especially remarked. Raymond de Varades was a captain upon Lamoricière's staff, an African, a young man whose exploits were in every mouth, and whose fame filled all Algerian bulletins. But the purity of his character was as famous as his courage, and all men held up Raymond as an example.

His admiration for Madame Beaudouin was undisguised. Why should he descend to hide such sweet pure worship? It could but honour him and her. But a day came when the fair, serenely still countenance of Clémentine beamed with such a divine brightness, that the merest looker-on felt her to be transfigured. That day Raymond de Varades returned to Algeria, although he had still two months more leave at his disposal. The glorious light burned on, and waned not, upon Clémentine's lovely face—the light as of a sun that, once risen, would never set. She walked amongst men, wrapt as it were in a serene ecstacy, and her purity as much as her loveliness compelled their homage.

There were no petty subterfuges, no mean concealments, the love shone forth in all its grandeur, shielded only by the glory of its own innocence. No envious breath ever dimmed

the fair fame of these severed lovers, but they lived on unsullied in the world, which against a really sublime Truth never rebels.

For two entire years M. de Varades never returned to Europe, and then M. Beaudouin died. It was rumoured that on his death-bed he had told his wife how he had watched her loyal guardianship of his honour, and how his last moments would be rendered happier if he felt sure of her marrying M. de Varades.

However this might be, Raymond did return to Paris a couple of months after M. Beaudouin's death, and remained there a few weeks, during which time he was a constant visitor at the Clavreuil's. Madame Beaudouin then decided that the proper mark of respect due to her deceased husband was, that M. de Varades should return to his post, and only revisit Paris when the full term of her mourning should have expired. Her slightest wish was to him a law, and he did return to Algeria. When the second year should be complete, he was to take a *congé* of a year; and when the third year after M. Beaudouin's death had expired, Clémentine was to become Madame de Varades. What was time, what was distance to them? she argued, in the strength of her purity, and of her love! Sure of her heart's Infinite, she counted on the Infinite in time; and, losing sight of the lesser chances of existence, walked on recklessly in her passionate faith.

The same godlike ardour seemed to inspire Raymond; for during eighteen months the record of his deeds of impossible daring filled all newspapers. And then there was a silence of some days, and a small telegram appeared in the *Moniteur*, dated Blidah, in which it was stated that the Commandant de Varades had been killed by a fall from his horse. It was very short—only two lines; but it was enough, as had been the pebble over which, in the implacable irony of fate, Raymond's horse had stumbled, on the steep path descending into a mountain defile.

M. de Varades was absorbed in the inward contemplation of his future happiness, when he was hurled several feet in advance over his faithful Arabian's head, and he had passed into eternity before awakening from his dream. He neither spoke nor breathed more.

All was over.

There is a mystery which the world never fathoms in all feelings which the world esteems excessive, that is, which go beyond its ken. Madame Beaudouin did not seem to suffer in the particular way in which the common run of men and women suffer. For some time

after Raymond's death, she lived absolutely alone, seeing no living creature, neither brother nor sister-in-law, nor any of those who were her nearest in affection or blood. And then, when people saw her again, there was no perceptible change in her, they thought. She was, perhaps, a shade paler, and more silent than before, and subject to fits of abstraction, during which a faint reflection of the divine light which had once illumined her, and was now extinguished, seemed again to pass over her features.

The vulgar, who believe in one set form of mourning, never guess at the holy illusions of insupportable grief; never understand that excess of love—and pure love—admits of no separation, and really does vanquish death. Where love rises so high, and where the oneness it creates is so absolute, what do you know of its secrets or of its consolations? Look on yon widow, and try to penetrate the cause of her long and placid endurance of life—of the ordinary life of those around her. The cause lies therein, that there has been no severance of the two Infinities: Love has been the victor over Death: the beloved one may be dead—yes; but gone from her—no.

And thus Clémentine lived on, and no one ever grew to be nearer to her. Probably hers was that solitude where one is least alone; it is certain that, although she mixed with her kindred, she never more partook of their life, or divided hers with them. Fourteen years passed over and brought no change. A seal seemed set on Madame Beaudouin's whole being, which forbade any other impress being made; she was, to all appearance, what she ever had been, and nor time nor emotion seemed to touch her.

This premised, Madame Beaudouin's activity had apparently but one mainspring—benevolence, the charity which ministers to all needs, and supplies the moral as the material wants. All suffering turned to her, and was allayed. And yet few out of those whom she helped and consoled felt thoroughly at home with her. She was, as it were, something angelic, not familiar.

"Is that woman, after all, thoroughly insensible?" asked once a young member of the Jockey Club of his neighbour; "impervious to all impressions? without any nervous system at all?"

The man he asked it of was the notorious Marquis de Moranges, the last Mousquetaire, the hardest liver going, the man of whom, when he was under thirty, old Talleyrand, a week before his death, had said,—

"C'est un grand viveur que M. de Moranges."

This man turned round, and, surveying his youthful neighbour, half in pity, half in scorn—

"Don't trouble yourself about Madame Beaudouin," observed he; adding, with involuntary warmth, "if a real, true woman ever existed, there she is. But bah! mon cher, with that you have nothing to do—nor I either."

CHAPTER VI.—OUT IN THE SUN.

CLAIRE was her aunt's god-daughter, and tenderly attached to each other were aunt and niece. Perhaps Madame de Clavreuil might have feared the memory of her sister-in-law's romantic past, had it not been, first, that Clémentine's outward manner of taking that past had been decided by the world to be utterly unromantic; and, secondly, that worldly prudence forbade any apprehensions directed towards a relative who had an enormous fortune to leave.

Some persons affirmed that this was the only sign of calculation ever shown by Madame Beaudouin, and said that, in order to ensure to herself the frequent companionship of her niece, she was in the habit of keeping perpetually before her brother's eyes the power she had of leaving her fortune as she listed.

It was no wonder that Madame Beaudouin loved her niece, for a lovelier specimen of womankind than Claire has rarely graced our earth. Two circumstances had rescued Mlle. de Clavreuil from the narrowing influences of her education. One was the unceasing contact of Aunt Clémentine; and the other, the admirable good sense and kindness of her governess, Mrs. Griffiths. This lady was an English gentlewoman of reduced means; thoroughly English and thoroughly a gentlewoman; true, honest, of unswerving devotion to the Right, but gentle, meek, and tender, and who, though a Protestant, and used to social habits so different, had found means to bring up this Catholic French girl so irreproachably, and to do her own duty by her pupil, and her employers, so perfectly, that, whilst Claire rewarded her with a love sincere and deep, the whole Clavreuil family regarded her with unlimited respect.

Mrs. Griffiths had formed Claire's mind and edified her character on large and solid bases, and Mlle. de Clavreuil was not only, at eighteen, an accomplished, highly educated girl, she was a straightforward, noble, duty-loving lady, who knew Truth's value, and was, what those of her sex too rarely are, safe.

But what had made Claire a woman was the contact of her aunt, and the intense curiosity her aunt's history inspired in her. How she knew anything at all about it was a marvel, for her mother naturally, even in her own thoughts, never referred to it; Mrs. Griffiths was too conscientious to hint at a subject that her pupil's parents wished unspoken of; and Claire had never, in her whole life, been ten minutes alone with her own or the Countess's maid. Yet still she knew, and knew correctly, the whole outline of the tale, had pondered over it constantly, and eagerly longed to know its intimate details.

When Madame de Clavreuil, in obedience to what she deemed her duty, had so peremptorily stopped all approach to a compromising confidence on her daughter's part, Claire instantly made up her mind to appeal to Madame Beaudouin.

Breakfast was no sooner over the next morning, than Claire sallied forth with Mrs. Griffiths, and was left by the latter at the door of her aunt's boudoir. These visits to Aunt Clémentine were of such frequent occurrence, that no note was taken of them, and it was usual for the governess to leave her pupil with Madame Beaudouin, while she herself thus obtained the freedom of her own movements for a couple of hours or so.

Aunt Clémentine was seated at a low table writing, when her niece entered the room.

Everything in that room bore witness to the refined tastes of its inhabitant. There was not one atom of gilding in it, except what lay upon the frames of choice pictures; nor a single spot of gaudy colouring, incapacitating the eye for seizing the soft harmonies of the whole. The walls were of carved wood, white, or pale grey, upon a grey of a deeper shade, disposed in panels; the style was that of Louis XVI., but the genuine Louis XVI. of 1780, not what is palmed off upon the ignorant under that name. The draperies and hangings were of old Beauvais tapestry, bordered by broad bands of that deep brown-red called garnet-coloured in France. Wherever the eye rested, there was something beautiful or rare to look upon:—China, bronzes, enamels, marqueterie tables, vases, flowers—but all in their proper place—not one there where the other ought to have been. All was fitting, nothing stiff; all told of homeliness and every-day life, without a trace of untidiness.

And how fair was she still who presided over the place. At forty-seven you would have given her fifteen or twenty years less than her age. She had the fine outlines of the Clavreuil

face, famed for its classic beauty; but the lustre of the eye, the light of the smile, the transparency of the delicate, smooth complexion, seemed to come from some mysterious source, and savoured as it were of immortality. Her dress, of a very pale fawn-coloured poplin, was at once severe and picturesque, the upper part fitting with exquisite precision, the lower flowing into rich swelling draperies, as in a Venetian picture. Over the glossy waves of her chestnut hair lay a *fauchon* of old point-lace, meeting under the chin, and encircling the sweet face of the wearer with a most graceful setting.

It calmed you, in spite of yourself, to look upon Aunt Clémentine, and the serenity of her whole being seemed as though it might calm almost any inward storm.

But ere she had released her niece from the embrace in which she, on her entrance, enfolded her, Madame Beaudouin saw that all was not right with Claire.

She resumed her own seat quietly, looking with tender earnestness at her niece, who at first bent down to caress a greyhound who was sleeping before the fire, and then drew a low stool upon the hearth-rug, and seated herself at Madame Beaudouin's feet. The latter stooped towards her niece, and untied her bonnet and put it away upon a chair.

"You are not likely to have visitors, aunt, are you?" asked Mlle. de Clavreuil.

"I never receive any one, as you know, till after four," was the reply.

"I have so much to say," added Claire, hurriedly.

Madame Beaudouin put her arms round the girl's neck, and kissed her forehead.

"Aunt," resumed Claire, in a low and almost whispering tone; "you must promise to listen to every word I have to say."

"My darling," replied Madame Beaudouin, fondly; "you know that the thought of you and your welfare is what chiefly attaches me to life; but you know, also, what my principles are as to any interference between parents and children—"

"Aunt!" interrupted Claire, raising her sweet head and looking Madame Beaudouin fixedly in the face. "I know all you are going to say, and I know all you have been to me always; we have both of us done our duty—you have never interfered, and I have never rebelled; but now, a moment is come when you must interfere;" Madame Beaudouin's air was a very grave one, but she remained silent.

"Yes, aunt," added Claire; "I have come

to you, in order that you may repeat to my father what I am going to say to you. I am not asking connivance from you, aunt, I am asking help; but help openly given. I see what you would object; you think my mother ought first to have been applied to, aunt dear. I have tried that, and it failed. My mother either does not, or will not understand."

Madame Beaudouin sighed, and looked away into the flame-pictures of the fire. Claire put out her two hands, took her aunt's in hers, and earnestly gazing at her, "Do you think," she asked, "that what my father and mother are doing with me is right, or honest, or Christian? It does not make it better to tell me that every other girl is treated in the same way. So much the worse. If I am to marry M. de Beauvoisin, feeling towards him as I do, I should have been differently brought up. In that case you have done me harm, and Mrs. Griffiths has done me harm, for you have both of you taught me to be true, to be upright, to be honest; but if I am to be all that, I cannot marry M. de Beauvoisin."

"My Claire," interposed her aunt, "you should, at all events, have been at once frank with your parents. This marriage has been negotiated," (Madame Beaudouin hesitated slightly as she pronounced this word) "talked of for at least three months, and it is only now, when all is settled, that you object. Your parents would have a right to say you have deceived them."

"To that accusation I can only answer that I did not know the man," rejoined Mlle. de Clavreuil. "I did not rebel at the first notion of marriage, because it seems to be the common fate; but since I have known M. de Beauvoisin, I feel I ought not to marry him. I am acting dishonestly, if I do not say to him that I neither like nor esteem him; and if I marry him after I have said that, what will our union be?"

"What is your great objection to Olivier?" demanded, gently, Madame de Beaudouin.

"Everything," retorted her niece, decisively. "He has neither intelligence nor heart; the only things he honours I despise; what I (and you) reverence is to him a dead letter; and the superiority which people press upon me as conclusive, makes me blush with shame, for it is only the superiority of his fortune. Does it satisfy you, Aunt Clementine, that I should be sold?"

Madame Beaudouin evaded the glance that accompanied these words.

"Claire," said she, "that view is a wrong one, for you are very rich; and, with the

addition of my fortune one day, you will be nearly as rich as Olivier."

The girl looked scrutinizingly at her aunt, almost doubtingly.

"You must not desert me," she continued, with singular energy. "You know your hold on my father. You must come to my aid, and prevent this marriage." And lowering her voice, and fathoming the very depth of her aunt's soul with her eyes, "You dare not refuse me," she murmured.

There was no perceptible change in Madame Beaudouin's fair and tranquil face; but, putting her hand on Claire's mouth—

"Hush," said she, as she felt what a memory was stirred; and then, after a pause of a few seconds, "My child," she continued, "the love of one human being for another is the holiest thing on earth. The mere absence of love is only a negation. In our time, and in our world, there is so little deep or true feeling, that perhaps it is scarcely justifiable to renounce a marriage because you fancy you do not *yet* like the husband proposed. In your case, darling, it is merely a question of dislike;" she saw something in her niece which made her add, "is it not?"

Claire's lips quivered, and tears gathered in her eyes. She no longer looked steadily at her aunt—her glance wavered.

"My own sweet child," whispered, softly and pityingly, her aunt.

Claire glided from the stool on which she was sitting, and, putting her arms round her aunt's waist, knelt down, burying her face in Madame Beaudouin's lap.

In the close embrace expression was confused, and it was in answer to an almost inaudible question that the words—

"*My cousin Victor!*" dropped from Mlle. de Clavreuil's lips.

Her position prevented her from perceiving the darkness of the shadow which fell over Madame Beaudouin's countenance.

At the end of a moment or two—

"Darling," said the latter, "it would be next to impossible to persuade your father to consent. You know the dread, the horror everyone in your family has of your mother's father, and of the name of Lancour, and all the glory won by Victor's father goes for nothing with them."

"I know it all," said Claire, raising her head, "and I know how unjust, and foolish, and wrong it all is; for one day in London (when papa took us to the Exhibition) I fell upon M.s history of this century in France, and found out what other people think of my grandfather, and what a noble

citizen he was, and what a patriotic minister ; and as to Victor's father, the General, he was a hero."

"But all that will not prevent the determined refusal to consent. General de Lancour, your mother's brother, was extravagant, and spent largely. Victor's fortune is small."

"So much the better," retorted Claire, radiantly. "I am rich ; and, as you say, aunt dear," added she, with *naïve* selfishness, "your fortune makes of me a great heiress ; that is why you have a right to interfere—that is why all depends on you, aunt dearest ;" she added, beseechingly, "let me owe the happiness of my life to you. What makes you look so sad and so severe ? am I so very guilty ?"

"Sweet darling child !" said her aunt, "I must know all ; has Victor himself had a part in this dream ? Are you agreed together ? You must tell me all, Claire."

The girl hung her head, and bashfully recounted the few nothings which to her pure sense seemed as evidences of love : a hand she once thought he had pressed, a flower he had given and she had treasured, a word, a look—a girlish dream, fondly interpreted.

"And that is all ?" gravely asked Aunt Clémentine.

Claire turned pale.

"All ?" echoed she, in a frightened accent, "does it seem to you so little ?"

"Thank God ! My Claire," said Madame Beaudouin, solemnly, and with eyes full of tears, "it is nothing !"

Mlle. de Clavreuil sprang to her feet, and with a resentful air and tone—

"Aunt," she cried, "you have not kept faith with me, you are in league with my father and mother, and plotting my misery with them ; but my mind is made up : I will not marry M. de Beauvoisin, whatever scandal may ensue."

"Oh ! Claire ! My darling, listen !" replied Madame Beaudouin, with mournful earnestness, "your cousin Victor cannot marry—cannot love you. He is fettered by one of those chains—"

"Some infamous creature, whom he despises already !" burst forth Claire, tossing her head proudly. "One of those incidents in a man's life which his wife cannot even condescend to hear of !"

"Alas, alas !" resumed Madame Beaudouin ; "a lady like yourself, Claire—a young and beautiful woman—misguided, weak, and, at last, guilty ! She left her husband, and has been, for three years, in all but name, your cousin Victor's wife—he cannot abandon her."

"And he loves her ?" repeated slowly Mlle. de Clavreuil, who, except that she was of an ashy paleness, seemed to have recovered her usual dignity of demeanour. "She probably was married as my mother wishes me to marry ;" this was somewhat bitterly said. "So Victor loves her ?"

"I firmly believe he does," replied, sadly, Madame Beaudouin ; "and, although the knowledge wounds you now, my child, be merciful, and think that to the unfortunate who has paid for Victor's love with all she possessed, with her whole self recklessly, his love is the one only compensation."

Claire walked to the window and looked out. It was one of those soft, mild, violet-bringing days of February, that are not uncommon in Paris. The sun shone brightly, and the sky was evenly blue.

The windows of Madame Beaudouin's room (the house stood in the Avenue Gabriel) commanded a view straight across into the Champs Elysées. There were carriages passing to and fro, and horsemen, and loungers on foot, and the whole scene wore that peculiar air of gaiety that the first smile of early unexpected spring imparts. The sun was everywhere : on the broad spaces of the great thoroughfare out of doors, on a Claude Lorrain upon the wall of the apartment, on the broad leaves of the plants in the *jardinière*, and on the red-brown arabesques of the grey carpet.

Claire stood full in the broad, bright ray, when she went to the window ; and, in the warm, balmy atmosphere of that room, in which everything told of wealth and comfort, and in the golden radiance which wrapt her round as she stepped into it, Mlle. de Clavreuil, I assure you, felt as desolate as did the sloppy, draggle-tailed girl whom we have seen struggling along, one rainy night, on the road between Clavreuil and St. Martin.

That evening, Claire announced to her mother that her resistance was at an end, and that she was ready to marry the Marquis de Beauvoisin ; but she would answer no questions, and returned her mother's embrace somewhat coldly.

AGUECHEEK ADORED.

"I WAS adored once, too," protests poor Sir Andrew, emulous of being all, or nearly all, that Sir Toby Belch was, or had been, and of doing all, or nearly all, that Sir Toby had done, or could do. Maria, praised by one

knight as a good wench, by the other as a beagle, true-bred, is claimed by the latter, Sir Toby, as "one that adores me." "I was adored once, too," exclaims his fatuous admirer and constant boon-fellow. Even an Aguecheek can boast of his conquests. Many of his make, indeed, believe themselves the craze of the sex. But even a hair has its shadow, as Publius Syrus puts it—"vel capillus habet umbram suam"—and even an Aguecheek may for once in his life have been adored.

If you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, at Sydney Smith's suggestion, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz. Dr. Maginn had some reason for feeling quite sure that, as long as the noble race of the Bottoms continues to exist, they will never be unattended by the plausible criticism of a Peter Quince. What age, for instance, to adopt his illustration, but has its performer making pretensions to the omnifarious abilities of Bottom the Weaver, and just as surely some Peter Quince sticking to him with the tenacity of a leech, ever ready to swear that *he*, Bottom, "is the only man in Athens; that his appearance spreads an universal joy, his occultation involves the world in dramatical eclipse; that his performance of the lover can only be surpassed by his performance of the tyrant; and that it must puzzle an impartial public to decide whether nature and art, genius and study, designed him for a heroine couchant, or a rampant lion."

La Bruyère, in his definition of *sots* and *fats*, after explaining *un sot* to be one who has not even wit enough to be *fat*, pronounces a *fat* to be one whom the witless take for a man of parts, and admire, if not adore, accordingly. *Un fat est celui que les sots croient un homme de mérite.* Not but that the most fatuous of fools may find his worshipper. There is a story told in Moore's Diary, of Lord Wycombe attaching himself to a Colonel Neale, merely on account of his extraordinary ignorance; recognising a positive phenomenon in a man who had lived so long without learning anything; so his lordship delighted in persuading the colonel that he was clever, and seems to have succeeded in convincing Aguecheek that he was adored. Dr. Boyd professes to have known a man, holding an important situation for which he was grossly unfit, who was perfectly self-satisfied and complacent under circumstances which would have crushed many men, because

he was kept up by two or three flatterers who frequently assured him that he was a most eminent and useful personage.

Poor as he was, we are told of the father of Goldsmith's Man in Black, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The true pleasure of life, Mr. Thackeray avers, is to live with your inferiors, be the cock of your village, the queen of your coterie. With a shilling's worth of tea and muffins you can get as much adulation and respect as many great people cannot purchase with the longest of long purses. That little brisk old lady, Aunt Honeyman, in *The Newcomes*, has a maid-servant who "adores" her—no Indian begum rolling in wealth, no countess, mistress of castles and town-houses, ever having had such a faithful toady as Hannah Hicks is to Miss Honeyman. And then, Hannah, in her turn, and in her degree, is adored too. "Under Hannah was a young lady from the workhouse, who called Hannah, 'Mrs. Hicks, mum,' and who bowed with as much awe before that domestic, as Hannah did before Miss Honeyman." That preternaturally stupid personage, if not organic idiot, Jack Bunsby, has his one adorer in Captain Cuttle, to whom he is a Sir Oracle, of sagacity unquestionable and penetration unlimited. So shallow-pated a young gent as Mr. Guppy has his sole adorer in Smallweed junior, the object of whose passion is to become a Guppy; he dresses as that gentleman (by whom he is patronised), talks at him, walks at him, founds himself entirely on him. So with Mr. Brown, in the story of *Violet*, as regards Signor Spada: at least the former thinks so. "His only fault," complacently observes the Englishman, "is that he will copy me. I often say to him, 'My dear Spada, my style does not suit your Italian physiognomy.' But he is invulnerable, and will persist in dressing after me, and speaking my—my—my style—ways, you know, peculiar to me. All people have their style, I believe, and it becomes ridiculous when another person endeavours to—to—but Spada is a very good fellow." Mr. Carlyle enforces with unction this comfortable fact, that no known head was ever so wooden, (Bunsby's, for example) but that there might be other heads to which it were a genius, and Friar Bacon's Oracle.

So, he goes on to show, that of no given book, not even of a fashionable novel, can you predicate with certainty that its vacuity is absolute; that there are not other vacuities which shall partially replenish themselves

therefrom, and esteem it a *plenum*. That the very stupidest have their Boswells,—the adage is somewhat musty.—“I never yet knew an author that had not his admirers,” testifies Joseph Addison; but the point of his sarcasm is lost on a later generation by his citing Bunyan as well as Quarles as having passed through several editions, and pleasing as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson. So a latter-day critic of a latter-day bard expatiates on the truism, that to whatever bathos of platitudes, of mock heroics, or stilted sentiment, the mind of man has proved itself capable of descending, there is always, it would appear, a lower depth of inanity and drivel to be opened, and a brain of the appropriate calibre ready, and eager for the plunge into it. And the psychological fact is illustrated by what naturalists tell us of the wonderful links of gradation and interdependence which exist in the realm of animal life. “From one end of the scale of organised being to the other, there runs a diminishing series of creatures, smaller and weaker forms perpetually hanging on to and drawing their sustenance from those a degree superior to themselves. We can never get to the last step in this descent of parasitic growth. Even what seem to the eye at first sight infinitesimally mean, petty, and insignificant, prove themselves competent to engender or to sustain a further brood of proportions, it may be, microscopically minute :”—

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

So, to pursue the Carlylese philosophy of the question, though there is *a* greatest fool, as a superlative in every kind; and *the* most foolish man on earth is now indubitably living and breathing; yet who shall make sure of having found him? “Can any one confidently say to himself that he has conversed with the identical, individual, stupidest man now extant in London? No one. Deep as we dive in the Profound there is ever a new depth opens.” The dullest blockhead, who is notorious among his acquaintances for stupidity and folly, has been said to be pretty sure of appearing to his *placens* (and easily pleased) *uxor* an archangel in the house. For the absurdest of asses may, he is positively assured, make sure of one worshipper, if he can only make up his mind to marry judiciously, and with a view to winning this special advantage. All through society, in the same sort of way, are we shown poor creatures who, “without a single merit or point of worth,” are stuck on to lofty pedestals by creatures sometimes really poorer than

themselves, but who more often, as some contend, fancy an inferiority that is purely imaginary. Be that as it may, time, as it advances, rather serves to authenticate than to invalidate the import of Boileau's lines, which, by the way, De Quincey has wrongly attributed to La Fontaine :—

—Ainsi qu'en sots auteurs,
Notre siècle est fertile en sots admirateurs ;
Et pour finir enfin par un trait de satire,
Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

THE HOUR OF ABSINTHE.

EVERYONE on visiting Paris for the first time must have observed the gathering which daily takes place on the Boulevards between the hours of four and six. The cafés, which have been comparatively deserted during the early part of the day, then become crowded to excess. The poet and the artist may be seen descending Montmartre, the *coquette* the Rue Blanche, the *crevé* turns out of the Rue Laffitte, and the *boursier* out of the Rue Vivienne. Actors install themselves at the Café de Suède, military men at the Helder, financiers at the Café Cardinal, journalists at Brébant or Mulhouse, dandies at the Café Riche, or Tortoni's, and the *boulevardier*, for whom Paris commences at the corner of the Rue Scribe and ends at the Faubourg Montmartre, goes gossiping from café to café. What is called the hour of absinthe is as necessary to a Parisian as his wine or his cigar. He goes on to the Boulevards at this hour of the day just as an Englishman would go to his club, for he knows that he will meet a certain number of acquaintances, either installed under the awning of a café, or lounging in the neighbourhood of one of the passages, who will give him the latest gossip of the court, or the last scandal of the demi-monde.

Basking in the sun on the Boulevard Montmartre, and touching the scene of Hortense Schneider's most brilliant successes, is a café frequented for the most part by actors and dramatic authors. Daily between the hours of four and six the same men lift their hats to the same *dame de comptoir*, and seat themselves in the same corner, on the same chair, as they occupied the day previous. On passing through the doorway, the jingle of dominoes, the billiard balls striking together, and the triumphal cries of the man with a good hand at piquet, greet one's ears, whilst up in a corner there is sure to be some excited Frenchman laying down the law at the pitch of his

voice. Here, seated before one of the marble tables, and in ordinary costume, rolling a cigarette, and sipping his glass of *absinthe panachée*, one may observe at his ease the young tenor who on the previous evening had caused many a fair spectator to wipe tears from her eyes while listening to his warblings, or the low comedian in Offenbach's latest buffoonery, whose jokes and witticisms had kept his audience in fits of laughter, made old ladies feel unpleasantly warm and cross, and disturbed the rouged cheeks of more than one of the many beauties who adorned the house. Here is Léonce of the *Athénée*, with his glass eye, Grenier with his prominent nose, Hamburger, who has the credit of half the *jeux de mots* that are continually flying about Paris, Dupuis, and some three or four others, from the *Variétés*, David from the Opera, the brothers Lionnet, Hervé, Offenbach's only rival, and a host of others too numerous to mention. Thérèse, too, the Diva of the Faubourg Poissonnière, and the Patti of the people, as journalists delighted in terming her, in the days when all Paris flocked to hear this screeching wonder, has even deigned to sip an absinthe here before dinner, and although the Schneider, that renowned Grand Duchess of Gerolstein whose praise has been sung in every quarter of the globe, could not condescend to enter a café like this, the *habitués* will tell us that from time to time they have been gratified with the sight of her barouche standing before the *Variétés*; and some will even go so far as to say that when the rehearsal was over she was seen to leave the theatre by the principal entrance, escorted to her carriage by the director. An Englishman—a major in the army on sick leave from India—who has never been able to get any further than Paris on his journey home, also frequents this café. He adores everything French, and considers the idle life of a Parisian with nothing to do to be perfect bliss. He passes the larger portion of his time sauntering up and down the Boulevards, and in and out of the principal cafés, smoking his *Londres* and talking in that affected tone of voice which is characteristic of what is called the heavy swell. But who is this man with the square shoulders who shuffles along like the Jewish money-lender of sensation plays? He is the *chef de clique* in three of the principal Parisian theatres, which, of course, gives him a sort of standing in the theatrical world. He knows everyone, and is known to everyone; and as he has always a certain number of tickets at his disposal, besides some fifty pair of hands for gentlemen of the theatrical profes-

sion, his society is sought after by everyone. He goes to his café as regularly as clock-work, takes his glass of absinthe or bitters, and smokes his cigar; he has his letters addressed there, and answers them, transacts business, and gives appointments—in a word, the café which he honours with his patronage is made to answer the purpose of an office, with hours from four to six.

Let us make our way through this crowd of idlers and cross the Boulevard to Tortoni's. It was here that Isabelle the flowergirl of the Jockey Club first made her appearance to the Parisian dandy. She was patronised by *ces dames*, and fondled by *ces messieurs*, and before a couple of years were over she had her *entrée* to the Jockey Club. All that portion of elegant Parisians who delight in drinking champagne till an early hour in the morning, remember the child who, standing at the top of the staircase, offered them a bouquet in exchange for a *petit louis*. Since then the child has become a woman, and has planted rosebuds in the button-holes of everything that is noble in the land; but she may still be seen in the cabinets of the *Café Anglais*, Tortoni, and the *Maison Dorée*, exchanging her roses and camellias for the napoleons of tipsy young France. Tortoni's may be considered as the café of the French dandy. He lives near it, perhaps in an *entre-sol* in the Rue Laffitte, surrounded by all those luxuries which are necessary to his indolent life. He generally rises as the clock of the church of Notre Dame de Lorette is striking mid-day, and after a careful toilette, saunters down to Tortoni's to take a *curaçoa* and bitters before breakfast, and at the hour of absinthe, after the fashionable promenade in the Wood, he will be found either in one of the rooms or lounging on a couple of chairs outside, exhibiting his elaborate get up to the idlers on the Boulevard.

As the small hand of the clock under the colonnade of the Bourse approaches the hour of six, as the bankers' clerks and newspaper correspondents are rushing to the post-office with their letters, the loiterers on the Boulevards begin to disperse; the dandy begins to think where he shall go and dine, and what he shall do with himself after dinner; and the English major strolls down to the Grand Hotel to take a last glass of sherry and bitters. In half-an-hour the cafés will be as deserted as they were at two o'clock, to be crowded again at eight, principally by the harder working portion of the Parisian population, who come out at this hour to breathe a little fresh air and sip their cup of coffee.



Once a Week.

FOUND OUT.

July 11, 1888.

CHOLERA.

THE time has come when the world, for its own sake, must recognise the fact that medical research has at length discovered the true nature of cholera, and the true principle of its treatment. This terrible disease has been the subject of a keen controversy, the progress of which we have watched with much interest; and we purpose now to set forth some of the very definite and important results which have been arrived at.

When, about half a century ago, cholera began to prevail as an epidemic in India, medical practitioners had formed no distinct theory as to the nature of the disease, and their treatment of it was mainly directed to the removal of certain symptoms. Opium was given to relieve the painful cramps, calomel to restore the secretion of bile, purgatives of various kinds to remove offensive morbid secretions, and blood-letting was sometimes practised to subdue spasm and to lessen venous turgescence.

In 1831-2, the dreaded disease, having slowly travelled from the East, made its first appearance in Europe. The symptoms of the malady were eagerly noted, and, before that first European epidemic had passed away, a theory had been propounded, which, soon gaining almost universal acceptance, greatly influenced the treatment of the disease. This theory assumed that, what is called the collapse of cholera is mainly a result of the drain of fluid from the blood. There is a great discharge of fluid from the system, and it was supposed that in this way the blood was rendered thick like treacle, and, therefore, incapable of passing freely through the smaller vessels. Now, since moving blood is the life of the body, if the circulation comes ultimately to a stop, life must stop with it.

Consistently with this view of the disease, a stimulant and astringent treatment was adopted. Alcoholic stimulants were given to force on the flagging circulation; astringents and opiates to arrest that flux of liquid to which the state of collapse was plausibly attributed. Another method of treatment suggested by this theory was the injection into the veins of a warm saline solution. The operation was followed, in most instances, by marvellous temporary relief, and this result, apparently, established the truth of the theory which had suggested the restoration of liquid to the thickened blood. We shall presently see, however, that the true explanation of these curious phenomena is not that which it was

then assumed to be: and we can only say now that the results of the stimulant and astringent treatment were found to be extremely disappointing. The mortality was very great; and official statistics have shown that the proportion of deaths in India was greater after this treatment became general there, than at an earlier period, when blood-letting and purgatives were commonly employed. Still the theory held its ground with wonderful tenacity; and the astringent treatment, though unsuccessful, was yet believed to be the only true and rational treatment.

In the epidemic of 1854, Dr. George Johnson—then assistant, now senior physician of King's College Hospital—having witnessed the evil results of the opiate treatment during the previous epidemic of 1849, determined to make trial of an opposite or evacuant plan; and he was soon enabled to publish results showing a comparatively small mortality under a series of attacks, in which almost the only drug employed was castor-oil. Up to that time, Dr. Johnson, who had distinguished himself by his original researches into the nature of Bright's disease of the kidney, had been looked upon as an orthodox physician of considerable promise; but now the publication of his views on cholera was denounced by most of the medical journals as an outbreak of dangerous heresy, which must be put down by a vigorous hand. Undeterred by this opposition, he published in 1855 a volume, the result of much labour and research, in which he propounded a new theory of cholera which, being based upon a thorough appreciation of the facts of the disease, has stood firm against all the assaults that have been made upon it. Two years ago, he published a smaller volume, entitled *Notes on Cholera*. This little book formed the subject of an article in the *Saturday Review* on the 2nd June, 1866. The article in question attracted much notice on account of its scholarly style, and its masterly treatment of the subject;* and one of the medical journals was authorised to state that the writer was Sir Thomas Watson, then the president of the College of Physicians, and still universally acknowledged as the chief of the profession in this country. The adoption of Dr. Johnson's views by Sir Thomas Watson, has done much to silence opposition, and to prepare the way for the general acceptance of the new doctrine.

What, then, is this new doctrine?

* A reprint of it forms part of a pamphlet by Dr. Johnson *On Epidemic Diarrhea and Cholera*, published by Robert Hardwicke, 197, Piccadilly.

In the first place, Dr. Johnson clears the ground by showing that the theory which had hitherto been accepted is inconsistent with the acknowledged facts of the disease. The alleged cause of collapse—the drain of fluid from the blood—bears no such direct relation to the effect which is assigned to it as it must do if the theory were true. The most exact observers agree in stating that there is often an inverse relation between collapse and loss of fluid, the severest and the most intractable cases being those in which there is little or no discharge from the alimentary canal. Then, on the other hand, it is a significant fact that, while a complete arrest of vomiting and diarrhoea, without improvement in other respects, is a sign of fatal import, the passing away of collapse is invariably associated with a continuance, more or less, of these symptoms. Death may occur without them, but recovery never. The condition of a patient in cholera collapse is not that of mere exhaustion by a drain of fluid. The onset of the symptoms has often been too sudden to be thus explained, and the rapidity with which a patient not unfrequently passes from extreme collapse to complete convalescence, stands in striking contrast with the necessarily slow recovery from the exhausting effects of profuse discharges from the blood. Again, the acknowledged ill effects of brandy and opium, and the good results which have attended an evacuant method of treatment, understanding by this the use of emetics, purgatives, salines, calomel, and even venesection, are quite irreconcilable with the hypothesis in question.

Now, all observers agree in the opinion that the symptoms of cholera result from the action of a material poison upon the fluids and tissues of the body. It is generally admitted that this poison may enter the body either with the air through the lungs, or with the food and drink through the alimentary canal. The late Dr. Snow did a great service to mankind by his persevering efforts to establish the fact that foul water—water contaminated with sewage—is, in a large proportion of cases, the vehicle of the poison. In whatever way the poison invades the system, whether through the lungs or through the stomach, it enters the blood before it gives rise to its characteristic effects. One proof of this is, that in many instances, before the occurrence of any symptoms referable to the alimentary canal, there have been observed signs of general constitutional disturbance, which are probably due to the influence of the morbid poison and its products in the blood, upon the nervous system and

other structures of the body. The vomiting and the diarrhoea are the results of a conservative effort to expel the poison and its products from the system.

What, then, is the cause of the state which is called cholera collapse? Dr. Johnson's explanation of the symptoms is, as Sir Thomas Watson says, "quite original, highly ingenious, extremely interesting, and most ably supported." His theory is that the poisoned blood so excites the contractile walls of the minute arteries of the lungs, as to greatly impede the circulation through these organs, and in extreme cases to arrest it entirely. This requires some further explanation.

It must be borne in mind that the blood returning from various parts of the body through the veins, is received into the right side of the heart, whence it is driven through the great artery of the lungs—the pulmonary artery—into the capillary network of blood-vessels which is spread over the air cells. Here the blood is exposed to the influence of the air; it takes in oxygen and gives out carbonic acid, and the result of this interchange of gases is that the colour of the blood changes from black to bright red. The oxygenised blood then passes from the network of vessels (pulmonary capillaries) which surround the air cells through the pulmonary veins into the left side of the heart. From the left side of the heart it is driven through the arteries to nourish every part of the system. In passing through the systemic capillaries, it exchanges its oxygen for carbonic acid, loses its florid colour, and returns as black blood through the veins to the right side of the heart. Having thus followed the course of what is called the pulmonary and the systemic circulation,—the circulation, that is, through the lungs and through the body generally,—we are prepared to understand what happens in the collapse of cholera. A patient having died in the collapse stage, the left chambers of the heart which naturally receive the blood from the lungs, are found nearly or quite empty, while the right chambers, and the great artery which conveys the blood into the lungs, are distended with black blood. Following this artery—the pulmonary artery—through its ramifications, they are also found to contain blood. But the ultimate tissue of the lung is unnaturally pale and bloodless. The great mass of the blood has evidently been arrested in the smallest ramifications of the pulmonary artery just before it has reached that beautiful network of capillary vessels, in which it should be exposed to the influence of the air.

The question then arises—By what means has the circulating blood been thus brought to a stand? Whence comes it that while the right cavities of the heart have continued to contract upon their contents, the blood has ceased to move on? If the blood had become too thick to pass through the minute vessels it would first stagnate in the smallest vessels—the capillaries; but these vessels, as we have seen, are unnaturally empty. There is but one probable and rational explanation of the arrest, and it is this; that the muscular fibres which form the walls of the minute arteries of the lungs so contract upon the morbid blood as to bring it to a stop. The circulation is arrested not because the blood is unnaturally thick, but because the channels through which it has to pass are unnaturally constricted. Precisely in the same way the pulmonary circulation is suddenly arrested when solutions of certain salts are injected into the veins of animals.

This theory of the action of the small arteries is quite consistent with the teaching of modern physiology. The minute arteries throughout the body, having their walls mainly composed of circular contractile fibres, possess the power of regulating the blood-supply to the various tissues and organs. They are self-acting stop-cocks. The rapid changes in the colour of the face under the influence of mental emotion—the pallor of fear and the flush of anger or of shame—are due to the regulating influence of these arterial stop-cocks. The theory of an epileptic fit which is now generally accepted is, that the loss of consciousness and the convulsions which characterise this terrible disease, are the results of the sudden temporary arrest of the circulation through the brain by the contraction of the minute arteries which supply that organ with blood. And Dr. Johnson has himself recently made the interesting and important discovery that in cases of chronic Bright's disease of the kidney the minute arteries in various tissues throughout the body so resist the passage of the morbidly altered blood that their muscular walls become unusually thick and strong. This increased growth of muscular tissue, as a result of its continued over action, being exactly analogous to the increased muscular development of a blacksmith's arm as compared with that of a tailor.

The stop-cock action of the minute arteries, then, is an acknowledged fact, and this action of the small arteries of the lungs explains the collapse of cholera. In truth, as Sir Thomas Watson remarks, this explanation "derives strong confirmation from the fact that it unlocks like the right key the whole of the pathological

intricacies of the disease." It explains the occasional sudden onset and the equally sudden passing away of collapse. It explains, in the worst cases, the inverse relation between collapse and diarrhoea and the deadly nature of these attacks; for if the poison be so abundant or so virulent as to excite extreme contraction of the pulmonary arteries, it is manifest that the poisoned blood being kept back from the excreting surface of the alimentary canal cannot be freed from its impurities, and therefore a return to health is impossible.

This theory explains, through the emptiness of the systemic arteries, the extinction of the pulse at the wrist, the cadaverous sinking-in of the eyeballs and the shrinking of the features; while the blueness of the surface is accounted for by the fulness of the systemic veins which are unable to empty themselves through the lungs.

Again, there are chemical and less obvious changes which receive their explanation from this theory and further attest its truth. The stream of blood through the pulmonary capillaries being greatly lessened, the supply of oxygen is proportionally reduced in quantity. Hence, during the stage of collapse, there is defective oxygenation of the blood and of the tissues, coldness of the surface, diminished exhalation of carbonic acid by the lungs, and nearly complete suspension of the functions of the liver and kidneys—carbonic acid and the chief constituents of those secretions which are formed by the liver and kidneys being products of oxidation. That this is the true explanation of the suppression of these secretions is rendered the more probable by the curious fact that when a nursing mother becomes the subject of cholera, and falls into collapse, the secretion of milk continues unchecked. The chief ingredients of milk—curd, sugar, oil, and water—may be obtained from unoxygenised blood.

The marvellous temporary relief which follows the injection of a hot liquid into the veins receives a ready explanation. The liquid, mingling with the blood in the pulmonary artery, dilutes it and renders it less irritating, while, by its warmth, it relaxes the arterial spasm and thus allows the blood to flow on. It has been found that if, by any means, the body can be thoroughly warmed, whether by immersion in a hot bath, or by packing in hot blankets, the spasm is relaxed, the circulation becomes more free, and the pulse increases in volume and in power. Whereas if a patient suffering from any of the ordinary forms of exhaustion were placed in a

hot bath, the result would be very different. The heart's action would be enfeebled, faintness would be speedily induced, and the pulse would vanish.

The prevalent idea that the dark and treacly condition of the blood in cholera, is mainly a result of its watery part having escaped through the alimentary canal is based upon an incomplete observation of facts. This condition of blood is not peculiar to cholera, but it occurs in all forms of disease in which respiration and circulation are together greatly impeded. The same condition of blood is found during the cold stage of a severe ague fit, and during the suffocative stages of diphtheria and of inflammatory croup. Now, since a drain of liquid from the blood is not a feature of these diseases, the inference is obvious that the dark and thickened condition of the blood is a result of the impeded respiration and the consequent slow movement of blood through the vessels. Stagnant blood always tends to coagulate, and slowly moving blood becomes dark, thick, and treacly. This is the main cause of the dark and treacly condition of the blood in cholera.

This, then, being the true theory of the disease, it must obviously be wrong and mischievous to dam the choleraic poison and its products within the body by opiates and astringents. The object should rather be to assist Nature in her efforts to expel the poison from the system. With reference to the principle of treatment, Dr. Johnson remarks, "Of cholera it may be said as of many other acute diseases, that for the cure of most cases that are curable by any means the *vis medicatrix naturæ* will suffice. Yet there are few cases in which we cannot render some assistance, and not a few in which, by a discreet co-operation with Nature, we may turn the scale and save a life which without our aid would have been lost." The rational object of treatment is not to increase the discharges from the blood, but to quicken the expulsion of the poisonous secretions from the alimentary canal, and so to lessen the risk of their being re-absorbed into the circulation. The only safe and legitimate use of opium is to allay pain and irritation; not to check discharges. We can understand that the Homœopaths may have some reason for the boast that their treatment of cholera has been more successful than that of the constringing school of regular practitioners. A patient left to the unaided yet unhindered powers of Nature, while he is amused by infinitesimal globules, would have a better prospect of recovery than one who, in addition to his disease, has to contend

against the deleterious effects of opium and brandy.

In the last volume of the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, there is a very able and interesting paper by Drs. M'Cloy and Robertson of Liverpool, giving the results of various methods of treatment in a large number of cases of cholera and choleraic diarrhœa during the recent epidemic. The evacuant treatment was by far more successful than the opposite plan in all stages of the disease. The mortality from cholera in 91 cases treated by opiates and astringents was 71 per cent. While in 197 cases treated by castor-oil without stimulants the mortality was 30 per cent. Out of several thousand cases of diarrhœa which were treated by evacuants—castor-oil, calomel, rhubarb, or magnesia—it is stated that "in every case relief was afforded, pleasantly, quickly, and safely." The authors declare that not one case so treated from the commencement of the attack required subsequent removal to hospital. While, on the contrary, a large proportion of those who were admitted into the infirmary in the advanced stage of cholera had been previously treated, in many instances for four or five days, with astringents.

And now the main points of the doctrine which will soon be universally received and acted upon, may be summed up in very few words. The exact nature of the cholera poison, is unknown. We know nothing of any morbid poison apart from its influence upon the fluids and tissues and functions of the living body. The operation of the cholera poison has now, however, been more thoroughly made known than that of any other analogous poison. It is certain that this poison has a very close affinity with filth. We inhale the gaseous products of decomposing organic matter, or we drink diluted sewage; and if the dose be moderate the loathsomeness is soon expelled by vomiting and purging. If, however, the foul leaven be more abundant or more concentrated, or if its exit from the body be hindered by injudicious treatment, so that the morbid material has time to ferment and multiply, it may so excite the action of the arterial stop-cocks as to bar the passage of blood through the lungs; thus collapse occurs and the danger is incalculably increased.

Henceforth, then, let these facts be borne in mind, when the question arises—Should cholera be treated by opiates and astringents? And let the answer be an emphatic NO! For surely the natural curative efforts should rather be aided by evacuants than hindered and thwarted by narcotics.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 17, 1868.

AN eclipse of the sun may be considered one of the astronomer's red letter days ; and on the 17th of August in this present year there is promised to the man of science an intellectual treat such as is rarely accorded to him. By an unusual combination of fortunate circumstances, the present eclipse bids fair to surpass all others of which we have any record, in the richness of scientific results which may be anticipated from the event. It so happens that on the day in question the earth, in the course of her orbit round the sun, is almost as far away from that body as she ever is ; hence the apparent diameter, or visible size of the sun is nearly as small as it ever appears to us. The difference in geographical miles of the distance between the earth and the sun, at the periods of their nearest approach and utmost divergence, or at those times when these bodies are in perigee and in apogee as it is termed, being calculated at upwards of three millions of miles, or about the thirtieth part of their distance from each other, it will readily be understood that such a circumstance causes an appreciable difference in the apparent size of the sun. At the same time the moon becomes visible under exactly opposite conditions on the day in question, being, at the period of the eclipse, at that point in her orbit which is nearest to our earth ; besides which, she is in what is termed her ascending node, so that the earth, as it were, follows the moon as each describes its orbit, the consequence of which is that not only does the circle of the moon appear of the largest size under which she is ever visible to us, but she is kept longer in view, or in other words, the period of total eclipse is of longer duration than has ever before been known. The central path of the deepest shadow cast by the moon lying in close proximity to the equator of the earth, observers in that quarter will further occupy the nearest possible position on this globe to the moon.

According to the calculation of our astronomers, the first moment of contact of the circumferences of the sun and moon will occur at 2 hours 34 min. 40 sec. Greenwich mean time ; and it will be visible at a point in the Gulf of Aden between Arabia and the African coast. Reduced to local mean time, this will give the time of commencement of the eclipse at 5 hours 52 min. 16 sec., or very shortly after sunrise at that place. The sun's disc vanishes entirely

from view at 3 hours 29 min. 30 sec. Greenwich time, and is thus first totally obscured at a point in Abyssinia, where, as well as at various other points along the line of observation, the sun will remain entirely obscured from view for a period very little short of seven minutes ; and during these precious moments, which are nearly twice as long a time as any recent eclipse has afforded, numerous bands of scientific observers will be busily occupied, at various stations selected, in recording the usual phenomena which will then be visible.

Photography will be summoned to their aid to make a lasting picture of the scene. For some time past instructions have been given to a number of our Royal Engineers for this purpose, and a chosen body of men has been appointed to accompany the expedition of astronomers and philosophers, who, on the part of Great Britain, will proceed to India to take observations. Not the least interesting experimentalists will be those who have made the spectrum analysis their speciality ; and great hopes are entertained that the result of their investigations will throw considerable light on the causes which produce the Zodiacal lights seen principally in tropical climates. A feature in connection with this special eclipse, which is, however, of surpassing interest to the astronomers, is that, from certain perturbations which have been recently remarked in the orbit of Mercury, the planet occupying the nearest known position to the sun, there is reason to believe that another planet is in existence between the sun and Mercury. From Baron Bode's empirical law as to the position of the planets in space, it is laid down that the interval between the orbits of any two planets is about twice as great as the inferior interval, and only half of the superior. Hence this hitherto unknown planet, it is supposed, must be situated so near the sun as to be above the horizon only a very short time before sunrise, during daylight, and for a brief period after sunset. The strong light prevailing during this period has hitherto operated as a preventive to this unknown planet, if existing, being visible from the earth ; and it is only on the occasion of such a favourable eclipse of the sun as the present that we could at all hope to catch sight of it. To find this during these six or seven minutes of darkness will be the task assigned to several of the astronomers proceeding from England and from France ; and should their efforts be rewarded with success, a result little less honourable for the science of astronomy than the discovery of Neptune will have been attained.

Commencing, as we have before observed, in Abyssinia, the phase of total obscuration travels easterly, with a southern inclination, passing about local noon over Cambodia (where the French will have a strong body of observers), and finally ceasing about 5 hours 49 min. 6 sec. local time in the afternoon at a point south of New Guinea, and east of York Peninsula, Australia. It is a remarkable fact, that along this zone on the earth's surface there is a very near approach to the magnetic Equator—a line crossing the earth's natural equator—where the variations of the compass, or the inclinations of that instrument, are observed to be very small indeed. Magnetism may, therefore, also claim some attention on the occasion, and new facts may possibly, even under this head, be gathered to form the basis for some new hypothesis to pierce the occult secrets of nature.

The region of the earth which is the scene of this approaching event is one where the climate is such as to afford men of science the most favourable opportunity for witnessing the phenomena in an attenuated atmosphere, free from the risk of obscuration by clouds and vapours, which are the bane of so many philosophers in the less genial north. Every event seems, therefore, to conspire to constitute this coming event, one to which the world of science may in future point as a prominent mark recording the onward march of the human intellect.

TABLE TALK.

MUSIC and iron-bridge building have not much in common: the idea of uniting the two is not one that would occur to an ordinary mind. They have, however, been happily wedded by Mr. W. Airy, a son of the Astronomer Royal, and a civil engineer; and the alliance promises to be fruitful in valuable applications. In constructing iron bridges, roofs, girders, and the like, where heavy parts are held together by lighter bars or tie-rods, a great difficulty is encountered in arriving at the strains to which these rods are exposed; this applies especially to suspension bridges, in which a weight upon any part of the roadway alters, more or less, every suspending rod in the span. The tensions may be calculated, but the mathematics is complicated, and the figuring laborious. Mr. Airy proposes to determine them by the aid of musical sounds, and he has lately exhibited in engineering circles a model showing with great success

the application of his ingenious method. It is well known that two wires of similar material, thickness, and length, will, if stretched by equal weights, and put in vibration, emit the same musical note. Mr. Airy, therefore, takes a length of the same wire as that employed for the ties of his model, he hangs it from a pin and attaches a scale-pan to its lower end. By means of a moveable bridge he cuts off a portion equal in length to the tie he is testing. Then he twangs both tie and monochord, and loads the scale-pan till the sounds given out by both are identical, when *the weight in the pan is equal to that by which the tie is strained*. In this way the tension of every bar in his model can be determined in an hour or two. This application shows the advantage of occasionally going *ultra crepidam*: a civil engineer who stuck to his formulæ would never have thought of it. But what is a civil engineer? I have heard satirical definitions whispered in Great George Street, which I will not repeat. To be Johnsonian I would call him a man who knows much of a few things, and who ought, by inference from the above case, to know a little of everything.

MRS. SIDDONS, on being informed of the sudden death of a French minister who had died in his Bureau, exclaimed tragically, "In his bureau, say ye? How gat he there?"

THE Grand Duchess played by Schneider is a very different thing—as many an English-



man must know who last year studied the bills

on the kiosks of the Boulevards—from the imitations and translations of this famous part. Schneider is very clever; but who is to go to the theatre in this tropical heat? I am not sure that I should like to see my wife laughing at some of the points of the play. It is true that the *cancan* as I saw it in

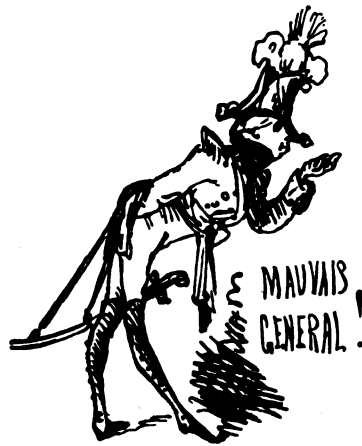


Paris was nothing very bad; but the taste of the British public is becoming rank, and soon we may expect a more vigorous performance



of it. Dupuis, who acted the part of the hero in Paris, was very funny when he had arrived at the grade of commander-in-chief: when he retorts on General Boum with *Mauvais Général!* in return for that officer's contemptuous *Mauvais soldat!* But M. Duplau is better than Dupuis, I hear. An idea strikes

me. Will the *cancan* be introduced with swallow-tail coats and buff trousers into



society? While endeavouring to persuade myself that it was graceful, and might, at least in my hands and on my legs, be guiltless of



impropriety, my wife came into my room, and I was severely lectured for my childishness.

I HAVE to make a correction. A few remarks of mine in an article on *Soho Economies*, which appeared in May last, has caused some stir in the peaceful region of gastronomic refinements with which it dealt. Many of our readers found themselves in active quest of Milan butter, and tomato paste, and other dainties, and were misled by an error which I ask leave to correct. He who desires the creamy butter of Milan should know that it finds its way on Wednesdays to the savoury Italian stores of

Perelli-Rocco in Greek Street, to whom the honour and advantage of having introduced into London these tender creature comforts

are due. I misdirected the readers of *Once a Week* to another street, to their discomfiture and to the disadvantage of Perelli-Rocco.



SURELY all burlesques are Foul Play. The burlesque of the story so named, and nicknamed Fowl Play, at the Queen's Theatre, has this to be said for it—that it is amusing and clever. See Toole careering in the toy scene of the island.

PLEASE do not begin to argue with me. Come down on me with a dogmatic hammer, and I don't mind. But what saith Gibbon? "Persuasion is the resource of the feeble, and the feeble can seldom persuade."

I AM very glad that they have been reviving the *Marriage of Figaro*, though badly—you can't spoil the mercilessly good things of Beaumarchais. What a delightful speech that is of

the Count's when Figaro is affectingly describing the terrible danger he ran in falling from the Countess's balcony. "You *must* know it is not your danger that concerns me, but the reason for it."

"A COPPER-LACED two-penny Tearmouth, rendered mad by conceit and success." What great actor is so described by a great author? Of course you don't know—nobody reads Walter Scott, except Mr. Gladstone and myself. Scott wrote it at the time that Edmund Kean was performing some antics, and forgetting the advice of Junius to Garrick.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 29.

July 18, 1868.

Price 2d

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER VII.—TWO MOTHERS.

FOURTEEN months passed by, and Mlle. de Clavreuil had been married more than a year. The wedding tour of the Marquis de Beauvoisin and his wife had been made to Italy, and they had passed the whole summer in Rome; or rather, whilst Claire remained stationary there, her husband made short journeys from place to place: to Ravenna or to Naples, to Palermo or to Pisa. People said Madame de Beauvoisin was wrong; that to stay in Rome during the hot months was insane for a woman in her interesting condition, and that the Marquis ought to prevent it; but Rome seemed to exercise some invincible attraction over Claire, and between her husband and herself there was apparently such an imperceptibly good understanding, that it would have been difficult to imagine even a discussion arising between them.

The winter after their marriage was passed by the young couple at Nice; and it was only towards the middle of April that they returned to Paris.

Very late one night there was a great noise and bustle at the Hotel de Beauvoisin; heavy gates were opened and swung to, doors were slammed, lights moved behind all the windows, there was a tramping of feet, and a tempest of voices of every possible tonality and accent. The master and mistress of the house had returned from abroad with a numerous retinue.

"Of course, you have seen them?" said a lady, who came at five o'clock next day to visit Madame de Clavreuil.

"I went at twelve o'clock to-day, immediately after breakfast," was the reply.

"I went at nine—considerably before," was the rejoinder.

The lady who came to visit Madame de

Clavreuil was no other than the Marquise de Beauvoisin, the mother of Claire's husband, a very remarkable person.

Mademoiselle de Moranges had brought to the man to whom her hand was destined one of the largest fortunes possessed by any of the (then) great heiresses in France. This fortune, joined to her husband's, she had found means, by her clever management, to augment in a very considerable degree; for she was, as her brother was wont to denominate her, the first man of business in Europe; and M. de Beauvoisin, soon convinced of this, retired from the exercise of any control whatever over his property, and left all in the hands of his extremely sagacious spouse.

This prize notary, as some one else called her, was early left a widow, and she at once took the necessary measures for preventing her son from in any way meddling in her plans of government. She had him educated strictly according to the method, every detail whereof she laid down; and she had him, at the same time, carefully kept out of the way of the gains of our age; and morally, she put him by, as it were, so that the fresh air of the soul's life never reached him. When he attained to man's estate he was mentally musty—the inward man was wizened. Outwardly he was remarkably handsome, stronger and healthier than the ordinary run of men of his age in France, better mannered, and politer. He was a tolerable shot, rode well, spoke little and lazily, took no genuine pleasure in anything, and adhered scrupulously to all the external forms of religion.

Madame de Beauvoisin was usually quoted as a mother who had performed wonders in the education of her son. It was esteemed a model education.

One of this lady's qualities was early rising. She got up at five o'clock winter and summer, and never stayed late anywhere, ignoring theatres, and eschewing balls, which enabled her to get through an unheard-of quantity of business.

Madame de Clavreuil smiled as she said,—

"Was any one up at Claire's when you went?"

Madame de Beauvoisin sneered as she answered,—

"Of course they were all still in bed, but I have seen them since. Do you find Claire altered?" she added, fixing upon Madame de Clavreuil a searching glance.

Searching, was in reality the most appropriate term for Madame de Beauvoisin. In her sharp chin, and pointed nose, and above all, in her piercing black eyes, there was something strongly detective. She was said not to have been ugly in her early youth; she was certainly plain now at somewhat over forty-three; for an attack of small-pox some dozen years ago had, without precisely marking, muddled her complexion, and nothing relieved or softened the sharp outlines and hard features of her face. She was not devoid of what the French call distinction, to which her most intimate friends declared she had no right, seeing that her mother, the late Madame de Moranges, was Mlle. Letourneur, the daughter of Louis Simon Letourneur, the regicide member of the convention, born and brought up as a bailiff, and grown rich by the most mysteriously nefarious practices. However, as far as the exterior went, the Moranges blood had neutralised the blood of old Letourneur, and although Madame de Beauvoisin might be an unpleasant, she was not a vulgar-looking woman.

Unpleasant she was, and as she sat there, irreproachably dressed, swathed in stiff, black brocade, and a white bonnet, elegantly austere, surrounding her coal-black hair,—as she sat there, looking through Madame de Clavreuil, you might have fancied she was a member of the old Venetian Council of Ten in disguise, or a collateral descendant of the Spanish Grand Inquisitor under Philip II.

"Do you find Claire altered?" she repeated, for her question had not been answered directly. "I don't mean in looks—but in manner."

"I perceived nothing extraordinary in her," replied the Countess, "I thought her looking a little thinner, a little paler perhaps than when she left, but her confinement would account for that—no," continued Madame de Clavreuil, as though she had reflected well on what she was saying, "I don't think I perceived any change in her manner; she was always very quiet, you know, and of course marriage makes a great difference, and I have not seen her since her wedding-day."

"Nor I either," resumed the Marquise, with

a malicious twinkle of conscious superiority in her eyes, "but I see the difference in her. I tell you, my good friend, that Claire has acquired such an amount of confidence that she will try to go her own way, and that it will be a hard matter for you and me to make her go ours."

"Ours?" echoed the Countess in astonishment, "but I don't want her to go my way. I don't want to lead her. When one marries one's daughter, one ceases to direct her."

"That is," interrupted Madame de Beauvoisin, "that you regard the establishment of one's children in the light of a deliverance—most persons do—I don't; and I repeat it, if I am not mistaken—which I never was in my life—we shall have a hard time of it to make Claire go our way."

"But I really have no way in particular," objected Madame de Clavreuil gently.

The Marquise surveyed her all over with a glance of contempt which she did not see.

"Indeed?" she retorted. "Well, I have. I do not intend that the magnificent fortune I have given Claire the enjoyment of shall be mismanaged."

"But surely Olivier will see to that," observed Madame de Clavreuil.

"Olivier!" exclaimed the Marquise, with a smile of disdainful surprise. "Well, I should have given him a strange education if, having me for a mother, he should dream of managing his own affairs; but it would be a pity that his wife should make any silly attempts to meddle in what does not concern her, or imagine that she can exercise a will of her own—" (Madame de Beauvoisin said this in a tone of semi-compassionate warning more disagreeable than any overt menace)—"it would really be a pity. Her son's fortune must be, when he comes of age, the double of what Olivier's now is, and it is my determination to make it so; but I mean to set to work my own way, as I have always done hitherto."

"Talking of that," interposed Madame de Clavreuil, rapidly, and as though she were glad to turn the conversation into another and less personal channel, "what do you hear of this extraordinary *liaison* of your brother's?" We shall see soon that this refers to Madeleine Raynal, whom we left looking for charity in the mansion of Baron de Sauveterre, and who is now befriended by the Marquis de Moranges. "Is it true that he commits the follies that people say?"

Madame de Beauvoisin's brow darkened, and an unquiet light flashed from under her eyelids.

"What do people say?" she echoed; "that he has bought the diamonds and rubies that I prevented Olivier from buying for his wife! Well, it is abominable, no doubt; but if that is all, it must be put up with. Men have done worse than that, and yet left the object of their lavishness to die of starvation. Maurice was not by nature sentimental. The only tiresome part of the business is, that he has changed all his habits. I never see him now—do you?" she said, very abruptly.

"Rarely," replied the Countess; "you know he never was much with me; but I will tell you who sees more of him than any one—my sister-in-law—"

"Sainte Clémentine!" ejaculated impatiently the Marquise. "That is just one of those anomalies I never can comprehend; the way in which sinners and saints congregate together is to me inexplicable; the indulgence the saint has for the sinners, and the attraction the sinner feels for the saint, is beyond my philosophy—but so it is; you see it every day in our society."

"Do you know how your brother himself explains it?" inquired Madame de Clavreuil, smiling; "he says it only happens when the saint is an unmistakeable saint, and the sinner an unmistakeable sinner."

"Well," rejoined her friend, "I will accept Maurice's canonisation of Clémentine so long as I may count upon his own total impenitence."

The Countess started back in horror.

"Dear friend," resumed Madame de Beauvoisin, rising to go, and laying one finger of her pearl-grey glove upon Madame de Clavreuil's arm, "our neighbours' vices are the salvation of us righteous people. If Maurice has not thoroughly perverted that woman who is with him now, he is no longer the illustrious man he was; and if he has done so, she will easily be detached from him, and he will be as easily reattached to some one less remarkable—for remarkable I believe she is—and in that way my grandchild will inherit what legitimately belongs to him, which I am resolved upon it he shall do."

"Where did he pick up that dreadful creature?" inquired Madame de Clavreuil, with a shudder.

"The Sphinx, as they call her?" replied the Marquise; "well, there lies the great mystery. No one knows; he tells nothing; and all at once she appeared and was famous. It is said old Sauveterre knows all about her. However, rely upon me, my dear, the Sphinx shall not deprive my grandson of his inheritance."

And with that the Marquise departed, leaving

Madame de Clavreuil thoroughly uncomfortable and uneasy.

Both these women had had precisely the same education; it had narrowed both; but the narrowness had hardened one, weakened the other, making of the one a dangerous, of the other a useless person.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HUSBAND.

A FEW days after the conversation we have recorded between the Marquise and her son's mother-in-law, Olivier was seated in his own apartment on a very low chair before the fire, one foot on the fender, the other on the marble column which supported one side of the mantel-shelf. More distant from the fire another man was seated on a rocking-chair. It was the Count Dupont de Laporte—the Henri whom we have already seen in company with Olivier at the Château de Clavreuil, when Madeleine Raynal passed out by the stableyard, and was called ugly by one of the friends, and curiously beautiful by the other. It would be too much to say that the two friends were now talking together, they were smoking in concert, nothing more, excepting only that the man on the rocking-chair was evidently occupied in observing his companion.

There were no flowers in the room, or it would have had all the appearances of a woman's abode, so richly was it furnished, and so numerous were the knick-knacks of all species which lay about. Neither were there any books—not one—but there was a piano, the exterior whereof was marvellous; it was of the most complicated inlaying, every precious wood that is to be found in the two hemispheres furnishing its quota to the flowers and leaves which twined themselves in garlands on its surface. Over the chimney-piece was a blind of the most costly oriental workmanship, hiding the eternal piece of plate-glass from which no salon in the modern dwellings of Paris seems fated to escape. The luxury of the furniture was distressing; blue and silver brocade everywhere, on the sofas and chairs, and on the window-curtains and *portières*. The carpet was a couple of inches thick, like moss, and had taken twelve months to make; it cost a fabulous sum. Clocks of all forms and dates were to be seen upon the walls, and watches of every description were to be found upon the tables. They all went, though they did not all of them strike. M. le Marquis kept a servant on purpose to wind them; he was a man of reliable character who drank only water. The ceaseless ticking of these chronometrical en-

gines made a kind of atmosphere, a kind of eternal hum, not soothing, like that of busy insects on a hot day, but unbearable to people of nervous susceptibilities.

There were, as I said, no flowers, but all the perfumes of Arabia, and of everywhere else, were by turns burnt in that chamber, helping to thicken the air and to make it unwholesome. False taste was everywhere, the only healthy and gentlemanlike (because the only genuine) thing in the whole over-scented, over-crowded, over-heated place, was the smell of the cigars the two men were smoking. After attentively surveying his companion for some time, the man on the rocking-chair broke the silence.

"And so," said he, with a slight tinge of irony in his tone; "Italy did not lay hold of you with teeth and claws, my good Olivier."

"Well—you know—really," replied M. de Beauvoisin, with a kind of involuntary embarrassment, "it is so uncomfortable; so little like what one is used to at home; the cookery is dreadful, the theatres are odious, and the houses, with their great enormous empty rooms and galleries, make one wretched—there is nothing modern about it all—nothing of our time! But tell me, what do you think of Claire now that you have seen her?"

The Count Dupont de Laporte took his cigar out of his mouth, and looking full at Olivier,—

"What do I think of her?" he repeated, gravely. "Why, do you suppose one judges one's friend's wife as one would a horse?"

"Well! I'm sure I don't know," replied the other, "but I should have imagined there was but one way of judging anything, and that was by looking at it."

"If that was all, it would be easy enough in this case," observed Count Dupont, "for anything more lovely than your wife can scarcely be conceived; as far as seeing goes, you forget I saw her once before—at Clavreuil, at the visit I paid there with you just on the eve of my last journey to the East;—but tell me, Olivier," he added, somewhat abruptly, "are you satisfied with the outward beauty only? have you gone no deeper than that?"

The Marquis fidgeted about on his chair, bent forward, threw the ashes of his cigar into the fire instead of into the old Sèvres dish at his elbow, and did not apparently know what to reply.

"Mind! Olivier," resumed Count Dupont, "I did not broach this subject; it is far too delicate a one in my estimation (and a thousand times more so since I have seen the Marquise), for me to have ventured to hint at it."

M. de Beauvoisin deliberately laid down his

cigar, put his two hands behind his head, and leant back on his chair in what seemed very like excessive lassitude.

"My dear Henri," groaned he, "it is for that reason that I asked you what you thought of Claire: for to say the truth I don't know what I think. I'm very much puzzled, and sometimes almost alarmed."

"The world says you live happily together," remarked Henri, "is that not so?"

"Perfectly so," was the rejoinder, "it is impossible to agree better than we do. Claire's temper is the sweetest in the world, and we have never had even a discussion since we married; she always does everything I wish, and I never heard her make an objection to anything."

"And yet you are puzzled and almost alarmed?" observed his friend, with a curious expression of countenance. "Ah—you don't know how she will get on with your mother, you know your mother's spirit of domination, and you do not know the real character of your wife."

"That is exactly the case, Henri!" exclaimed M. de Beauvoisin, with a sudden expression of relief at having his perplexities so clearly explained to him. "The truth is, that I feel as if I did not know Claire at all!"

"Why should you?" demanded Dupont.

"Well, I suppose when people are married—" suggested Olivier, "I suppose they get to know each other."

"Do you?" retorted his friend, in rather a bitter tone. "What! you fancy the marriage ceremony is a manner of Open Sesame to the whole nature of a human creature, who till then was a stranger to you! You think that, without your giving yourself any trouble, the woman who has the honour to be your wife must necessarily put you in possession of the secret springs of her whole being! There's the dishonesty again, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you put her in possession of just nothing at all."

"No! my dear fellow, it is not that," objected the Marquis, confusedly. "I don't mean to exercise any superiority over anybody—I never did—it is not my way; I leave Claire free as air; but somehow when people are married they ought to get to know each other."

Henri Dupont got up, walked to the chimney-piece, set his back against it, and gazed down at his friend, who was still lolling back in his chair, with his two hands under his helpless head.

"So it is not even the lordship of the

husband that you assert," said he, with a compassionate smile. "You fancy that by the simple virtue of the marriage act two people who ignored each other totally the day before, are on the morrow to know each other thoroughly, and be able to count upon each other in all emergencies; humph! an easy process to be sure! but, my good Olivier,—does your wife know you?"

"But there's nothing to know in me!" answered the Marquis, innocently. "I'm not a mystery. I'm like everybody else."

Count Dupont laughed.

"And Madame de Beauvoisin is not exactly like everybody else," murmured he.

"There is her defect," propounded the Marquis.

"Eh?" demanded Henri. "What?"

"I say there is her defect," repeated Olivier.

"Well, let it pass: there is her defect. Have you anything in common, Olivier, with your wife? I mean any idea or opinion, or occupation or habit?"

Olivier sighed and scanned the ceiling with a troubled air.

"Well, I'm sure I don't quite know," he replied; "but I don't think we have much. Claire reads a great deal, and she has a reputation for being a great musician; but the music she likes would drive me distracted, and the music I enjoy I, somehow, don't venture to propose to her to come and hear. Why, now, since we came back I've been four times to *La belle Hélène*, and, I can't explain why, I have never offered to take her with me; perhaps I'm afraid of her wanting to take me to the Conservatoire. Then, again, she don't care for horses,—knows nothing at all about them." And suddenly springing from his seat, "Look there!" he exclaimed, drawing up the oriental blind over the mantel-piece, "Look what my mother arranged for me during our absence!"

Count Dupont turned round, and through the plate glass surveyed a magnificent stable, where twelve horses were to be counted, each in a wide loose box.

"Princely!" he remarked; "but I'll bet any money there's not one of those animals that any real horseman and true lover of horses would be likely to rave about."

"May be!" rejoined the Marquis; "but such as they are there's not one that cost under seven thousand francs; three cost twelve thousand, and one twenty!"

"Again I say, princely!" repeated Henri. "And unluckily, then, your wife doesn't care for horses?"

"No! and I don't really know how we shall get on!" (It seemed his pet expression.) "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, disconsolately, "life is so tiresome! the day is so hard to get through! Suppose, now, that Claire should not get on with my mother! Suppose we should be having scenes, you know! what would become of me? if this were added to all the boredom of life, it really would be too much; and I confess that one or two slight things I have remarked alarm me. My dear Henri!" this took the accent of a fervent appeal, "do become a friend of Claire's; try to make her out; you know you are so clever! and make her feel that my mother must not be opposed."

"A pleasant task, truly!" retorted Henri Dupont; "to mediate between two women, one of whom is your mother! I will put my life in danger for you any day, my good fellow, but subject myself to the feminine cross fire you kindly propose, this I beg to decline."

Before M. de Beauvoisin could follow up his request, three or four young men were ushered into the room, and Count Dupont de Laporte, after exchanging greetings with them all, was making for the door.

"Don't forget, Henri," cried Olivier, "that you promised Claire to take a place in her box at the opera to-morrow evening."

CHAPTER IX.—LA TRAVIATA.

IT was an extraordinary representation that took place that night at the opera; one of those entertainments for which people take tickets as they do in an excursion train, whizzing and whirling through the domain of art as through many lands, getting a vast deal too much of what is indifferent to them, and little or nothing of what they may really care for, all which considerations will never prevent the tickets from being taken, and the places filled. Unheard of attractions had been grouped together on this night, and after Joachim, and Vivier, and Bottesini—(it had even been said that the Abbé Liszt would at a certain moment appear in the orchestra-stalls, in his white Dominican robes!—a manifest invention!)—after all this, and a great deal more, the whole was to wind up with the *Traviata*, sung for this once by Christine Nilsson.

The few hundred individuals who compose what is called all Paris, were in a compact body at the opera on this occasion. The merest stall cost forty francs. How was it

possible for any one aspiring to a reputation for fashion to avoid being seen there?

The box taken by the Marquis de Beauvoisin was on the first tier, between the columns. The two front seats were occupied by Claire, and an acquaintance of her's, whom we have seen once before, Mlle. Elise de Fréteval, now Duchesse de Varignan. Her husband, a man of past sixty, was a near relation of Olivier's; had, for two months filled the post of ambassador from France to one of the Northern Powers, just before the fall of Charles X., and was looked up to in his own set as a political luminary. He was now a martyr to rheumatism, and never accompanied his wife upon the evening expeditions, whereof she undertook a plurality every night. M. de Beauvoisin had so marked a preference for the society of Madame la Duchesse, that he was for ever suggesting to his wife to invite her, which Claire invariably did, with the utmost apparent alacrity. It was remarked that whenever Madame de Varignan was present, Olivier seemed at his ease—to say he was lively would perhaps be an exaggeration; but he did not sleep, or even yawn; followed the conversation without visible effort; and in short, it was generally supposed that the Duchess knew how to draw him out, though what the result of this operation might be, remained a mystery to all save the initiated. At all events, Claire seemed pleased that her husband should have an agreeable companion, and accordingly Madame de Varignan was a constant guest at the Hotel de Beauvoisin. The Marquis called her cousin, she sometimes called him Olivier, for she had a free-and-easy way with her, and she said he was the best-natured fellow in the world. Between the two ladies there was no intimacy. The Duchess characterised Claire as pedantic and dry. Claire never spoke of Madame de Varignan at all. It was not her custom to speak of people, but rather of things; nor was she, of her nature, talkative.

How I wish I could paint Claire de Beauvoisin as she appeared to those who saw her on the night in question! No lovelier sight can be imagined. It was not the fairness of her features, the harmony of every line in her figure, or the perfection of the colouring that so charmed you in her; it was, united to all these, something else undefinable, something that seemed to shine through her from within. There lay, as it were, a bloom upon her soul. There floated around Claire such an atmosphere of purity, that when she entered a room, you thought you scented the breath of field-flowers. The sensation she brought to you was as of

fresh air. And yet, though all was healthy, pure, fresh, and full of youth, all was not joyful in her. Claire rarely laughed; but her sweet, calm face, seemed always about to light itself up with a smile. The expression of her eyes was a serious, if not a sad one.

As the two feminine occupants of the box between the columns took their seats, it would have been hard to say what made the difference between those two women so enormous. They were not glaringly unlike each other. Madame de Varignan was a little stouter and more developed than the Marquise; her features were rather more marked, her hair a trifle darker; but the general outlines, the cast of the head and face, and a certain air, appeared to a casual observer to be nearly the same in both. The impress of the time, which forces a certain degree of resemblance on those who live together in the same centres, had set a similar mark on Elise and on Claire, but the similarity vanished at the first glance of real scrutiny. Madame de Varignan, in spite of all her fashion (and she was most fashionable), had in her an unmistakeable element of coarseness, whilst Claire was refinement itself.

The Duchess was magnificently dressed in white satin, trimmed with marabout feathers and lace, and besides flowers and plumes, the plaits and curls of her hair were looped up with strings of pearls, which she took care you should know were all real. Pearls were all over her, and, like hail-drops, rested on neck, shoulders, arms, and head. From the mere milliner and dressmaker point of view, I am bound to say that Madame de Varignan's toilette was a success; but of the profound art and exquisite taste with which Frenchwomen used to combine their external attire, there was not a trace.

To the fluffy, fussy, furbelowed costume of the Duchess, Claire opposed a simplicity that would have excooped a simplicity had not the result been so charming. On her neck rested just one string of large pearls, fastened by a single diamond that flashed like a star. In the thick heavy tresses of her fair hair, not a jewel or a flower was to be discovered—she wore the crown Nature gave her, and disdained all foreign ornament. Her dress, of white gauze, trimmed with Alençon-point, floated round her cloud-like. She needed nothing beyond. Gems and flowers were alike superfluous, for she herself was the flower and the gem.

Between the acts of the opera, visitors thronged into Madame de Beauvoisin's box, for Claire's beauty divided the attention of the house with the heroine of the stage. It was

her first appearance before the great fashionable public since her return to Paris, and she excited as much curiosity as admiration.

Count Dupont de Laporte, who had accompanied Olivier and his wife to the theatre, was occupied in answering Claire's questions touching divers celebrities, who were to be discerned, whether in stalls or boxes.

"I wonder," said she, "who that hand and arm belong to. Look; in that box just in the direction of the stage-boxes. You can only see an ungloved arm and hand—the curtain of the box covers the person they belong to—but there is a bracelet of rubies and diamonds upon the arm that is absolutely royal."

Henri Dupont set his glass at the box pointed out, and,—

"That," said he, "is M. de Moranges', your uncle's, box."

"Yes," added the duchess, fixing her glass upon the same spot; "and that bracelet is a part of the ruby and diamond *parure* which ought to have been yours, Claire. Now you see where those sort of things go to."

Claire blushed deeply at the indelicacy, as she thought it, of Madame de Varignan, and drew back slightly behind the red silk curtain of the box.

"Those sort of things," she repeated, "are perhaps better placed as they are. I do not worship jewels; but," she added, "I thought I saw my uncle in the orchestra stalls just now."

"So you did," rejoined Count Dupont. "I met him just after the first act, and he told me he was coming here."

"Why, I should hardly fancy M. de Moranges would have the bad taste to parade in the face of all Paris in the same box with the Sphinx, on an occasion when everybody who belongs to society is sure to be present."

The Duchess made this remark as though she were giving Claire a kind of lesson.

The door was opened, and the Marquis de Moranges entered, accompanied by another man, some twenty years younger than himself.

"Victor!" exclaimed, gladly, M. de Beauvoisin, holding out his hand to the new comer, with what, for him, was an unusual degree of animation. "What an age since we met. We've been home nearly ten days, and I have not seen you yet!"

Having shaken hands cordially with Olivier, the new comer advanced a step, and bowed to the two ladies in front, extending his hand first to Madame de Beauvoisin, then to the Duchess, who greeted him with overt, nay, almost noisy delight. He then turned again

round to the Marquise, put out his hand a second time, saying,—

"My dear, dear Claire! my dear little cousin, what a real pleasure it is to see you back once more amongst us;" and, with a smile of frank good-humour and frank regard, "How's the baby?" he asked, bending down towards the young mother. "You know I'm not over given to care for those imps; not at all learned in infants; but your baby, Claire, that is something perfectly apart from every other in the world. I don't feel that the wee thing is only my second cousin, but decidedly my nephew, and my nephew I mean to call him. How is my nephew, Claire? what's his name?"

"Pierre," replied the Marquis. "Come and breakfast to-morrow, and you shall see him, Victor. I know nothing about such things; but my mother says he is splendid, and just what a Beauvoisin ought to be."

All that Victor de Lancour had been saying to Claire was said with such genuine fondness—he was really so glad to see his cousin, and talk to her of her child—that he did not perceive with what indifference she met his advances. She replied to him by a few words, but never once looked at him, keeping, on the contrary, her glass riveted to her eyes.

"What's that you're saying?" demanded, suddenly, the Marquis de Moranges of a fair-haired young gentleman, who was standing behind him, talking to Henri Dupont.

"I was saying how divine the Nilsson is in the part of Violetta."

"Hein?" retorted M. de Moranges.

"Well, he said divine," remarked Count Dupont, laying his hand good-naturedly on the youth's shoulder; "that is a term permitted in the vocabulary of the rising generation."

"Undoubtedly," sneered the Marquis; "for it is a generation glorying in anomalies, and taking nothing as it is. If a man plays a violin you say it is like a flute; if a ballet-girl dances well you say it's like music, or painting, or something else; and here, again, with the Nilsson. You call her divine—granted; I've no objection whatever. I dare say she is divine, angelic, anything you choose; but she's not the Traviata."

"Naturally," observed the Duchess, "that is so like you men; you are such realists—so wanting in all delicacy and in all genuine refinement of taste where women are concerned."

"I beg your pardon, Madame la Duchesse," retorted the Marquis de Moranges; "there is no man who does not appreciate true delicacy, true refinement; but we know the secret of life

in its various phases, and don't like to be cheated. The general public likes to be interested, moved, impressed by the incidents in a Traviata's life, than which, generally, nothing can be less interesting; and to obtain this result it has recourse to a deceit—it fashions to itself a creature that never existed—can't exist."

"How moral my uncle is!" murmured Olivier.

"Moral!" echoed M. de Moranges, shaking his head; "well, never mind; I have nothing against Traviatas, neither am I an unbeliever in a real affection in a woman's heart, but I cannot tolerate a wolf being taken for a lamb, or a lamb for a wolf—I will not be taken in if I can help it. Now the Marguerite Gautier of the Nilsson is false; it is somebody else; it is the violin that is a flute. The Marguerite Gautier you are so charmed with, is a pure, well-brought-up, honest young lady, who has had what is called an adventure—she has been unfortunate in love—but she is not a *Dame aux Camélias*."

Count Dupont nodded his assent.

"What! you, too, agree with M. de Moranges?" exclaimed the Duchess.

"I can't help myself," answered Henri; "what he says is true."

"Well, what is it then that is wanting in the Nilsson?" pursued Madame de Varignan, turning round so as to confront the talkers at the back of the box.

The three men looked at each other significantly; and, with a cynical smile:

"Just what I cannot explain to you, Madame la Duchesse," replied M. de Moranges, bowing low.

"Nonsense!" was the retort. "One can hear anything."

Claire lowered her glass, and, after a passing glance at the Duchess, cast an involuntary look at Victor. He looked grave and was silent.

"I will tell you what is wanting in the Nilsson's *Dame aux Camélias*," volunteered Henri Dupont; "it is the red mouse that escapes from Gretchen's lips on the Brocken; Goëthe, who knew all the things in man's life, didn't omit that."

"Gretchen is no Traviata!" interposed the fair-haired youth, who seemed well read.

"Isn't she, my boy?" asked M. de Moranges. "We will discuss that together twenty years hence. For the moment I adhere to what M. Dupont has so ingeniously expressed; the red mouse fails the Nilsson; listen to the cold, crystalline purity of her virginal voice! there is no red mouse there."

"But, after all, what is the red mouse?" demanded the Duchess imperiously; "and can't one do without it?"

The curtain drew up for the last act.

"Let us get back to our stalls," said the fair-haired youth, anxious to lose not a note of his divine *prima donna*.

"The red mouse is the sign of the species," declared Count Dupont, as he made way for M. de Moranges to pass.

"And there is no Traviata without the red mouse," added the latter as he left the box, and bowed respectfully to his niece, and with a curious expression of countenance to the Duchesse de Varignan.

There was ere long a great crowd on the staircase and in the vestibule, and people talked with each other as in a drawing-room while waiting for their carriages. All at once,—

"Who is she with?" asked a voice in the group of men close to where Madame de Varignan and Madame de Beauvoisin were standing.

"With old Sauveterre," was the reply.

"Who are they talking of?" whispered the Duchess to Olivier.

"Look up the great staircase," he replied; "don't you see?"

"The Sphinx! well, the creature is singularly handsome to-night—handsomer than usual," added Madame de Varignan. "Did you see her last Sunday at the races?"

"No; this is the first time I have ever seen her," and the Marquis gazed intently upon the object of discussion in question.

"She had on such a love of a dress," continued the Duchess; "a sort of cloak—pure eighteenth century—in pale blue satin bordered with old lace. I've had it copied, only mine will be crimson embroidered with gold."

Madame de Beauvoisin, who had been all this time determinedly talking of music, and comparing Italian and German masters with those around her, turned quickly round at these words, and surveyed Madame de Varignan with a look of indescribable surprise. It was almost haughty in its mute indignation.

Towards the middle of the grand staircase stood the person every one was more or less busy with. There were but few people behind, the crowd lay beneath her, and at each instant gave passage to men, famous in the annals of mere fashion, who pressed forward to speak to, and be recognised by her. Of the strangeness of her aspect there could be no doubt, but was she beautiful? She produced the effects of beauty—and that sufficed.

She was of middle height, and apparently well-proportioned, though the furs and lace-veils which wrapped her round, rather hid the lines of the shoulders and neck. Her dress, of deep red velvet, was gathered up in heavy folds in front and held by an ungloved hand, unhealthily white like unto ivory, and on the wrist whereof blazed the rubies and diamonds which had excited Madame de Varignan's envy. The hood of a lace veil she wore had fallen back and left her head uncovered. It was a singular face that met your eye there, and one that explained her surname of The Sphinx. The complexion was so pale that the masses of fair hair did not confound their tints with the hue of the skin, but seemed to surround the alabaster mask with a mounting of shiny gold. The mouth, the chin, and form of the jaw, all this was, if not faulty as to outline, suggestive of unpleasant ideas; the nose was long, thin, and rather pointed; the eyes, dark, and deep set, as stars seen at the bottom of a well, and, drawn sharply over them, the stern, straight line, not the arch, of an implacable eye-brow. When you had once allowed your gaze to rest on this woman's face it was not easy to detach it, curiosity held you captive, as at the approach of whatsoever seems mysterious.

"How well that diadem of rubies and diamonds suits her," said Olivier.

"Yes," murmured the Duchess, pursuing her old idea; "you have seen that diadem before now, my dear—handled it—and if you had chosen, it would have been a marchioness's coronet," and she gave Olivier's arm a malicious little tap with her fan.

There was a movement in the crowd, and several people went to their carriages. This brought the Sphinx into close proximity with the groups below.

"Yes! she certainly is beautiful," said M. de Beauvoisin, loud enough to be heard.

The Sphinx scanned the speaker of the words with a singular look.

"How that red velvet suits her," he continued; "she is superbly dressed."

"What aptitudes you men of our day have for millinery and dress-making!" said Madame de Varignan, half-contemptuously.

The swaying of the crowd brought the red velvet robe just now in contact with Madame de Beauvoisin's pure white dress. Claire did not draw back, or seem offended. There was no dread of contamination in her air, no scorn, nor curiosity, but the deepest compassion in the tone in which, turning her head aside, she said,—

"Poor creature!"

Had the exclamation been heard?

A pink flush spread for one second over the pale features, and from the dusky caverns of those strange eyes, a glance shot forth that went wandering over all those around.

"There can be no doubt about her beauty," vouchsafed M. de Beauvoisin.

When the crowd had nearly dispersed, "Olivier," whispered Count Dupont, laying his hand on his friend's arm, as they stood for an instant near each other, "I know her! that is the girl you and I once saw in the stable-yard at Clavreuil. She is to be recognised out of a million!"

Olivier shrugged his shoulders in disdain of the ridiculous supposition.

THE FIRST BLOW OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

FREDERICK the Great was not very great. He had the shrewdest, soundest sense, the strongest will, the directest purpose, but no genius and no enthusiasm. He wrote a refutation of Machiavelli in his youth, and practised Machiavellianism all his life after. His mind was narrow and low, but eager and intense, perspicacious rather than sagacious. Prosaic,—the most prosaic of men,—he yet loved music and wrote verses. As he deemed Voltaire the divinest of poets, and the *Henriade* the divinest of poems, what but the worst verses ever scribbled could those of Frederick be? Hard, Frederick was not heartless,—capable of friendship, yet not mourning very bitterly or very long the loss of his friends,—fiercely, sometimes perversely inflexible, never wantonly cruel. As Napoleon was called, jocularly and affectionately, the Little Corporal, so Frederick might in all seriousness be called the Big Corporal. He had the corporal's strictness, the corporal's pedantry, the corporal's notions, and the corporal's conscience. As a military leader he was the Big Corporal—the Big Corporal no less as a political ruler. To him, the army and the nation were alike machines. What of war is rigidly mathematical, he improved,—nothing more; for he had no inventiveness, no sudden inspirations, no grand conceptions. With a larger and more generous nature, he might have been the regenerator of Germany, the creator of German Unity. He contented himself with founding a bureaucracy the most rigid and odious,—with shamelessly robbing Maria Theresa,—with suggesting and greedily pro-

fitting from that incomparable infamy, the dismemberment of Poland. When placed beside Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Bonaparte, Frederick looks small enough. If he was free from many of their defects, it was mainly from the poverty and puniness of his character. On the whole, he was the most respectable pedagogue that ever preached to mankind with dull books and bright bayonets.

However depreciating our estimate of Frederick may be, it is impossible not to admire the courage and the constancy he displayed in the Seven Years' War. It is with the first blow struck in that memorable war that we propose to occupy the present sketch. Both through his mother and his grandmother, Frederick had the blood of Mary Stuart in his veins. Fitting and well is it, therefore, that the most gifted of all his living historians is a Scotchman. We enter into no rivalry with that man of genius, in attempting the delineation of an episode which has of itself an independent interest. Moreover, in order that we may not be accused of partiality, we shall do little more than reproduce the account of a German writer.

Late in the summer of 1756, the war began. Lieutenant-General Von Custnitz was ordered by the King of Prussia to leave Silesia, and, with the regiments under his command, to march to Bischofswerder, and there join another division of the army. Among those regiments were the Natzmer and Szekuly Hussars, that were more specially charged to advance upon Copitz, where the Saxon army was concentrating.

Barring their arduous path, was the mountain fastness of Stolpe. How the fortress was to be dealt with became an important and pressing question. Colonel Szekuly, whose regiment led the way, made halt on approaching the fortress, to consult and decide with his staff on the matter. By a circuitous route the fortress could be left aside altogether. But this mode of solving the problem had a cowardly and dishonourable look. There was a bolder, directer, more perilous alternative, namely, to advance to the foot of the hill. Here a safe position could be taken, for the balls fired from the fortress would pass over the heads of the soldiers, permitting preparations for what might be deemed the best fashion of assault. This scheme found favour, its warmest advocate being Lieutenant-Colonel Von Warnery, between whom, however, and the Colonel Szekuly, there was much bad blood. Warnery was frank, bold, and generous, quick to resolve, intrepid to execute.

Full of hatred, and altogether hateful, Szekuly was morose, envious, had as little as possible of the good man and the good fellow. He detested the lieutenant-colonel because the latter was incomparably his superior in everything; and he called him his deathbird, as his probable successor, if he himself were killed.

While the officers were discussing the two fashions of dealing with the difficulty, Warnery offered to ride to the fortress, and to occupy the commandant with proposals and negotiations for the surrender thereof, till the troops were safe from cannon range. Every one saw the rashness and the risk of the attempt; but herein for Warnery was its irresistible charm. It was always what was extraordinary and daring which attracted him. If the commandant of the fortress were to detect the device whereby it was intended to befool him, the peril to Warnery was not small. For this very reason, however, Szekuly gave, with a malignant smile, an eager consent. "Then I accompany you," cried Major Von Bajar, who knew well what that cruel smile meant. "Your offer I gladly accept," answered Warnery; "and I shall take with me in addition, only a trumpeter and a hussar." "It is advisable, however," rejoined Bajar, "that the colonel should send, as soon after us as can be done without attracting attention, an officer and twenty hussars; for we ought to be prepared for unexpected contingencies." Szekuly nodded approval and consent.

Not many minutes had elapsed before the four horsemen were seen riding up the steep, bearing the white flag, symbol of a request for a peaceful interview. The whole of his plan, so audacious and so perilous, Warnery had not revealed to any one, not even to his brave companion, Major Von Bajar. A soldier was coming from the fortress when the horsemen drew near. Warnery entered into conversation with him. The soldier, a simple, unsuspecting creature, thought apparently that the troopers before him were friends, not foes, and answered readily and garrulously the questions put to him. According to him, the fortress had a garrison of only forty men, besides some invalids, and eight artillerymen. But the fortress was amply supplied with war material and well provisioned. "The firearms," said the soldier, guilelessly, "are not all loaded; but the soldiers have plenty of cartridges, if they want them. Why, however, should the soldiers keep their muskets loaded? The abominable Prussians are still a long way off; and the commandant plays cards at his ease with the two other officers in the fortress." The poor soul laughed an honest

DANGER



Smith on finding he had made a
Bullseye

WIMB



The Running Deer

Free



Now do you really believe a fellow can



Receiving a Consolation Prize



Portrait of the
Gentleman who thinks
if he had not left his
Rifle in the Cab he would
have surprised some of the
- Pestle & Co &c



The Champion

EDON



This Mug was presented by its owner to private Mallet



To the Butts

A Large Bore

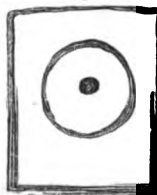


Ammunition

You see when Jones a Boy they managed these things &c made better &c &c



A sheep's eye



Bull's eye

his attention on the target & not on you



Portrait of the Gentleman who did not take the first Prize.



Now Jones if you put £20 to the £15 you have won it will be just the price for that Bracelet I want Jones never intends going in for prizes again

and hearty laugh, as if he had uttered something witty. "You are right," exclaimed Warnery, laughing in his turn, and seemingly entering into the fun. "The abominable Prussians are still a long way off, and till they come, the officers in the fortress can have many a good game at cards." "I think so too," replied the soldier, the colour of whose nose indicated that his love of brandy was as great as his natural stupidity. He made the customary salute and went carelessly on his way.

Plunged in deep and anxious thought, Warnery rode on. Bajar did not disturb him, for the concentration of Warnery's look, and the occasional twitching of a muscle showed that he was maturing some plan in his mind. A mechanic, employed in the fortress, came next into sight. Dexterously, Warnery submitted him to a series of interrogations, and the replies confirmed what the soldier had so freely communicated. Warnery raised his head proudly with an air of courage and delight. His plan was now ready, and the four horsemen rode on at a quicker and a gayer pace. Suddenly their course was arrested by a barrier, which was at once let down, while two soldiers with fixed bayonets placed themselves on guard. On both sides there was great surprise; but with Warnery the surprise did not last long. He seized a pistol from the holster, and commanded the soldiers, in a firm voice, to throw their arms into the ditch of the fortress, and to run as fast as they could down the hill, if they did not wish to be taken prisoners by the advancing Prussians. The mention of the Prussians had a magical effect. Not long did the soldiers ponder or hesitate. They threw their arms into the deep ditch, raised the barrier, and hurried down the hill, as if running were a luxury they were for the first time enjoying.

From Warnery's words, it was plain that he confidently believed that the twenty hussars, who, by arrangement, were to follow, were close behind. How could he suspect that the mean and cowardly Szekuly would countermand the order for the advance of the hussars, and would leave the brave Warnery and his companions to their fate? Warnery had forbidden, on pain of death, the two sentinels to return to the fortress. They neither needed the prohibition nor the threat: for they were in the mood to get as far away from the fortress as possible.

On went the four horsemen, and quickly came to another barrier. Behind the barrier was a drawbridge, in a state of comfortable rest, as if to make the entrance of an enemy

easier. Much was the sentinel startled at the sight of the horsemen; and he rushed, with the intention of pulling the string of a small alarm bell, to put on their guard those in the fortress. Warnery, who had always right thoughts at the right time, drew in a moment his sharp sabre, and cut the string in two; and the soldier looked bewildered enough when one end of it remained dangling in his hand. His musket rested on the sentry-box, and he was about to seize it, when Warnery, waving his sabre menacingly, said, sternly,—"Throw, this instant, your musket into the ditch; for, if you do not, your head will roll down thither sooner than your musket." When the soldier heard this, and saw the waving sabre, and the fiercely sparkling eyes of the officer, his decision was swift, and the musket took the road Warnery had prescribed. "Now," proceeded Warnery, "scamper off with the best dispatch, otherwise the advancing Prussians will take you prisoner, and other things may befall you, not of a pleasant kind. Down the hill, at your utmost speed, I say; and if you come back, your head will take a journey to join your gun." The soldier was not slow in understanding distinct words, uttered with such grim emphasis. He darted down the hill, and took good care not to look back: no hints or homilies required he about the value of his life to himself and society.

Warnery's hussar raised the barrier, and the four horsemen were about to continue their daring path, when Warnery, who had a voice as loud and strong as that of a bear, thundered out, "Quick march!" believing that the twenty hussars were quite near, and were eager to follow. This command could not reach the ears of the twenty hussars, for, by Szekuly's order, they had returned to the regiment. Yet the words were not without their effect—though a different one from that which Warnery had expected. By this time, the four horsemen had arrived at the open gate of the fortress, almost ere aware of it, as they were wholly unacquainted with the place. The guard at the gate consisted of invalids. When the corporal commanding the guard heard Warnery shout "Quick march," he was greatly confused and bewildered, and gazed helplessly at the Prussians whom he saw before him. Warnery did not give the corporal time to recover from his amazement, but forced him, by placing a pistol to his breast, to retreat into the guard-room to his comrades. Immediately Warnery sprang from his horse, shut the guard-room door, and ordered his hussar to throw into the ditch of the fortress the muskets

of the guard, which were leaning on the wall, under the gateway. When this was done, he commanded the soldiers of the guard to come out, one by one, fling their ammunition into the ditch, and, if they valued their life, swiftly disappear down the hill with no thoughts of returning. The trembling invalids preferred, as was natural, freedom to captivity, and rapidly withdrew from perilous proximity to the balls and sabres of the Prussians. Warnery now placed his hussar on guard at the gate with the definite instruction to shoot down or cut down every one who attempted to enter, the twenty hussars, of course, excepted.

So far, everything had most miraculously succeeded, to the astonishment of Bajar, who had observed Warnery's doings in silence. "What next?" asked Bajar, in a voice not much above a whisper, and as if speaking to himself. "Come on, friend," cried Warnery; "all will go well." Thereupon, he gave spurs to his horse, swept across the parade-ground to the house occupied by the commandant, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the alarm. In shrill tones the signal was sounded, and, as if struck by lightning, the commandant, General Von Liebenau, sprang up, ran to the window, and saw with immense wonder the two officers and the trumpeter, who went on sounding the alarm lustily.

When Liebenau had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he cried, in a violent tone, "Who gave you permission to enter the fortress, which, as you know well, belongs to the King of Poland, my gracious master?" "I thought no great mischief was done, as nobody barred my approach," said Warnery, with the smile and the accent of good nature and good fellowship; "besides, I have important communications from Field-Marshal Gesler for your Excellence, which I respectfully entreat you to receive."

Accompanied by no one but a servant, Liebenau descended. Warnery and Liebenau saluted each other, but Warnery soon changed his tone and his language. "You are my prisoner," said he, sternly; "give me your sword. You are my prisoner, and the prisoner of the King of Prussia, to whom, from this moment, belongs this fortress, which I have seized in fair warfare." Liebenau was not exactly the kind of man to submit with the meekness of a lamb. He furiously shouted, "Shoot them down!" These words were addressed to the main guard, posted in a sort of vaulted chamber near, beyond the range of Warnery's glance. The soldiers sprang to their arms, and rushed up the steps. Warnery

saw that the promptest decision was needful. He must complete an enterprise, rash, even to madness, or be ignominiously vanquished. Boldly, swiftly, vigorously, he must act, or all was lost. Each of Warnery's hands was immediately armed with a pistol. The one he fired at Liebenau, who fell dead without a groan, while the other he pointed menacingly at the guard.

The shot which cost the governor his life—the first in the Seven Years' War—confounded and discouraged the soldiers, who, with a total disregard of conscience, duty, and honour, laid down their arms. They did not wait for a repetition of Warnery's command—that they were to leave the fortress without delay.

Warnery had taken the fortress, but,—how, bravely and advantageously, to keep it, was a troublesome question. The twenty hussars did not arrive. This awkward contrariety, Warnery was unable to account for. Every moment his impatience and indignation increased. If the soldiers and the invalids went to the nearest post of the enemy, some hostile troops might speedily appear, and the fortress might be torn from his valiant hand as suddenly as he had won it. He had sent the trumpeter to quicken the march of the lingering hussars; but the trumpeter returned not. Forthwith he despatched Major Von Bajar on the same errand. But the major did not return any more than the trumpeter. Matters looked very dubious and dark; for he and the hussar at the gate formed the whole garrison of the conquered fortress.

The prolonged absence of the trumpeter and the major is easily explained. Both of them had gone straight and fast to Colonel Szekuly, and each of them had told the story of Warnery's marvellous achievement. Szekuly laughed with bitterest mockery. He suspected a stratagem of the enemy, and that the major and the trumpeter had been bribed or frightened into instruments of the stratagem. He neither therefore sent any succour, nor allowed the major and the trumpeter to go back. How desperate was thus Warnery's situation! His impatience and indignation broke into the wildest wrath. With the most resolute determination—rather to perish than lose his conquest—he took his position in the midst of the parade ground. Around him was the stillness of death. As no one came into sight, and it becoming evident that not a soul remained in the fortress, except himself, he rode forth to the first barrier. Here, he saw a hussar, whom he despatched to Colonel Von Puttkammer,—earnestly imploring help.

At what Lancashire people call the edge of the dark, Puttkammer appeared, with thirty hussars, and made sure the conquest which was the work of one man's daring and sagacity. The gain was not a small one, for, besides twelve cannon, there was in the fortress a large supply of ammunition along with provisions of every kind. The first shot fired in the Seven Years' War laid a brave man low; but for this, the capture of the fortress would have been as amusing as it was brilliant. At all events, Warnery had not to wait long for the recompense of his astonishing feat, though adventures of the kind were not quite in harmony with Frederick the Second's style of soldiering.

The substantial truth of the history there is no reason to question. But the German author has forgotten to tell us what became of the two officers who played cards with the Commandant. Did they conveniently vanish into space? Or were they, from the beginning, mythical personages? Perhaps it is not wise, when we chance upon an entertaining episode, to be too critical; and there have been many incidents in war quite as extraordinary as Warnery's conquest of the mountain fastness, Stolpe.

MUNICH AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

IT is much to be regretted that descriptions of towns and places are seldom given by travellers in a way likely to be useful. Murray and Bradshaw are certainly the most practical books that we have; but the information they contain is so graphic, that it is of little value. A most charming place, magnificent scenery, pleasant summer residence, agreeable views, are the usual points upon which these books dwell. From the results of my own experience, I know how difficult it is in England to obtain a clear account of any place on the Continent. No one will or can tell me what I want to know. To me it is a matter of comparative indifference, in most cases, what ruins, or antiquities, or chapels, or public buildings, or, in a word, sights, a place may have; what I want to be told about, is the sort of society, the modes of life, the customs of the people, the kinds of amusements; and, above all, the expenses of everything. Most writers make a mystery of this latter subject, and they appear to consider it beneath their notice. Yet this is the very point that people really most wish to know. During the last two or

three months I have been living in Munich; and it occurs to me that the following homely remarks upon life and habits in that town may not be uninteresting. As regards a place of residence for English people, Munich possesses many advantages and many disadvantages. I state both with judicial impartiality, and my readers must be their own jury.

The first question that the English mind generally asks is, What does it cost? It may be said that Munich is the cheapest capital in Europe, and that in some respects more can be obtained there for a given sum of money than anywhere else. House-rent, as in every place in the world, varies according to the locality of the town, and the amount of room required. A suite of rooms in the very best street—the Maximilian Strasse—capable of holding a man and his wife, and two or three children, and consisting of a drawing-room, and two or three bed-rooms, a kitchen, and a cellar, varies from £3 to £5 per month; but in almost any other street the rent is less. If taken by the year, the same rooms can be had much cheaper. German lodgings resemble college rooms. In one house, twenty or thirty families live in perfect privacy and mutual happiness. The rooms are generally remarkably clean, and very prettily decorated. The ceiling is painted with various devices, the walls either coloured white, or some pale tint, or papered with some light-coloured cheerful paper, and the floors are either panelled with oak, or painted and varnished to represent panelling. Two or three little rugs in convenient places—at the dressing-table, near the bed, and at the writing-table—prevent one's feet from getting cold, and, at the same time, as they can be easily removed, permit the room to be thoroughly brushed out every morning. The scrupulous cleanliness which the Germans observe in their household arrangements is, in reality, far superior to the state of things in England. A huge carpet such as we use, lying for a year on the floor, and continually absorbing dirt and dust, can be anything but healthy. For an ordinary family living quietly in a German lodging, one servant is abundance. Her wages are small in most cases; and if one regards the saving, not merely in house-rent, but servants, it will be at once seen what a grand economy can be effected in household expenses. I must not omit to mention to those who may not have had the experience, that there is a peculiar charm and peace in having only one servant; and that the calm and even tenor of existence is then never ruffled by the cabals and the quarrels of

seditions or ill-tempered domestics. It should always be recollected that it requires two persons to make a quarrel.

In Munich the necessities of life are very reasonable. Unfortunately, I understand so little of marketing that I can give very little information on this topic. Beef is about 7*d.* per pound; veal is about 4*d.* per pound; but what the other kinds of meat may cost I cannot say. I have heard that vegetables cost extremely little; and bread is extremely good and cheaper than in England. Being a bachelor, I generally dine in an hotel, and as the price of the table d'hôte in the best hotel in the town, the Bayerischer Hof, is only 2*s.*, my brother bachelor friends may easily conclude that one can dine very cheaply in any of the ordinary restaurants. In the coffee houses, coffee costs 2*d.* a cup; and a Munich glass of beer, rather more than two English glasses, about 1½*d.* Wine is good and cheap. There is little French red wine, although of course it is to be had; but most people drink either Rhine or Austrian wines. Carriage-hire is very reasonable; and if a riding-horse be hired by the month, it can be had for about 3*s.* 6*d.* per day.

That one can live—with a great amount of luxury—very cheaply in Munich is a fact not to be questioned; but the charges in the first-class hotels are much the same as anywhere else. Political economists prophesy to us that with increasing facilities of commerce and communication, the price of things will eventually be uniform over the face of the globe, and certainly their speculations are in a measure confirmed by the tariffs of hotels, which are equally extortionate everywhere.

We now come to consider the question of the attractions that Munich offers. First of all, there are galleries of painting and sculpture equal to any in Europe. These are open every day from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. In winter they are warmed, and in summer they are cool, so that they are always agreeable places for lounging. The galleries have also this peculiar merit, that one is generally quite alone. In London, in Paris, and in Rome, we are in a crowd; but in Munich, the galleries are usually empty, and the art enthusiast may do what he chooses—may “admire, exult, despise, weep, laugh,” and resign himself to the unrestrained indulgence of his fancies and his feelings. As the town is crowded with painters, young and old, of all grades and degrees, it is obvious that there is no place better suited for the student or the patron of art. Lessons in painting are extraordinarily moderate. A gulden (1*s.* 8*d.*) will

be sufficient for the same master who would receive 10*s.* in London. There is a charm, however, in artist life that only begins when one is known personally to the artists, and has access to their ateliers and society. In these still and sober retreats can alone be learnt the last and latest views of art; and the more we frequent such society, the more the peculiar fascination of artist-life withdraws us from the world into the happy regions of the true and the beautiful. In Munich, art-students from all parts of the globe are to be found. Russians, Poles, French, Italians, Hungarians, and even a few solitary specimens from places which the lips seldom utter, such as Java, and Armenia. To those interested in buying pictures, the Bavarian capital recommends itself as the cheapest possible place. An artist, for instance, told me that he had exhibited a picture in Munich for which he was offered 300 florins, or about £25 sterling; but believing his picture to be worth more, he sent it to a picture dealer in London, who offered him on the spot £100. The fact is, that the picture market in this town is so overcrowded, that good pictures are sold far below their value. I must not omit to mention here the Kunst-verein, or art-society. In the rooms of this society there is a perpetual exhibition of the newest pictures; and this is one of the most fashionable resorts in the town. The moment a painting is finished the painter exhibits it here; and if it is worth anything, it is generally bought up in the course of a few days.

Having said so much of painting, I must not forget music and the theatre; and I may here almost speak with enthusiasm, for the greatest patron of music in the world at present, is unquestionably the King of Bavaria. His patronage of Wagner, through good report and bad report, is worthy of a crowned head, and will always be recollected in after ages with gratitude. In England, Wagner's music is little known, and is by no means popular; but in Germany he is regarded as the greatest of all living composers. He is the representative of the most extreme development of the most extreme school of German music. Wagner despises melody, and, believing that Art is superior to Nature, is alone occupied with sound-painting and the large results of mighty harmonic effects. In Munich only are his operas to be heard to advantage; where, under the supervision of Wagner himself, and in the presence of the king, they are given as well as they can be at present. But this music of the future, as it is called, according to Wagner, cannot yet be properly performed. All the

opera-houses in Europe are too small to allow his colossal harmonies to be fairly appreciated. New and improved rooms must be built. A generation must be trained in his school, and Wagner's disciples believe that Wagner will be the Handel of the coming century.

The opera at Munich is quite equal to that at Berlin or Vienna; it is chiefly supported from the king's private purse. The price of an orchestra stall is about 2s., so that in Munich alone can a man of moderate means enjoy the frequent luxury of a good opera. It occurs twice a week; on the other nights various classical pieces from good German dramatists are performed, and the direction of the theatre, by order of the court, allows nothing low to appear on the stage. Here the theatre really is a place of instruction. The German theatrical performances have one advantage over ours—that they do not last too long. They begin at 7 P.M. and are over by 9 P.M. The church music in Munich is excellent, and every Sunday, in the Residence chapel, the music of Palestrina, of Marcello, and of the older Italian composers, is to be heard. Finally, I must add that music lessons are as reasonable as lessons in painting.

The question of society is probably, to the ordinary English mind, very important, and a few words must therefore be said on the subject. In Munich there is little English society for ladies; but, with a few introductions, access to German society and to the court circle is easy. What society there is in the place is chiefly art-society—very quiet—very unpretending—very simple—but to lovers of art, and nature, and truth, most delightful. There is also an English club, if it aspires to so pretentious a name. This is a reunion of the resident English gentlemen and students, who meet once a week in German fashion. Admission to this circle can be obtained through a mutual acquaintance. There is also—and it is a real luxury in Germany—an excellent English cricket club, which has lately become very fashionable among the Bavarian officers and gentlemen.

I have shown some of the attractions which Munich has for the economical, for students, for parents who desire to educate their families, and for all true lovers of art and inner life. Against these advantages I shall now place the sum of the disadvantages and drawbacks of the place, and I leave my readers to draw each his own judgment for himself. First of all, in winter the climate is bad and wet, and changeable in the highest degree. On the other hand the ground is sandy and

so porous that three hours after a heavy fall of rain everything is dry. In winter, from its proximity to the Alps, Munich is cold and damp; but in summer, the climate, although still subject to frequent weather-changes, is as blue, and favoured, and charming, as most other southern German climates.

Secondly, to most English people the absence of English society is a grievous objection—but of the force of this objection every one must judge for himself.

Thirdly, the place is said to be unhealthy. It is said that all persons—and more especially strangers—are liable to typhus fever, but as 150,000 people manage to live there during their whole lives; and as the king, the court, and the members of the government, can and do exist there, I leave the objection to speak for itself.

Fourthly, the country round the town is flat, and there are no very striking natural beauties. But then there are shady walks, and pleasant gardens, and the Isar rolls for ever rapidly. The English park, which opens into the heart of the town, is in the style, and equal in size, in extent, and variety, to the best English parks; and for those who are ambitious of bolder views, the Bavarian Tyrol begins within an hour's railway journey from the town.

Finally, I may mention, for students, that the University is good, and education cheap, and that a student in Munich with £100 a year would be much better off than a student in Oxford with £200 a year. On the other hand, it is right to observe that the Bavarians do not speak very good German.

Comparisons are generally odious, and frequently the causes of error; but if I should venture to compare Munich with any other town, I should compare it to Oxford. In both places, whilst it is possible to plunge into the most violent excesses, life is generally the same quiet, studious, unobtrusive, pensive, inner existence. There are just enough pleasures to prevent the mind from stagnating, and there is yet enough leisure to allow of life in oneself, in one's family, and in the society of a few and well-known friends. Munich is, indeed, the city for recluses—the city for those who, weary with the struggles of the world, the heartlessness of English life, the hollowness of society, and the pleasures of great capitals, seek for some tranquil resting-place where the storms of life may have lost their force, and where, in the still and high seclusion of literature, of art, and of souls, they may mark the long progress of public events, the changes of the times, and the ever-deepening destinies of civilisation.

TABLE TALK.

WHEN in our youth we were taken to see a juggler who performed the well-known feat of swallowing a sword, we were taught to believe that the weapon, instead of being a rigid rod of metal, was telescopic, and doubled into itself when it was introduced into the man's mouth. Those who have cherished that belief, or who have occasion now to explain the trick to their little ones, may be interested in hearing that a famous French physician lately experimented upon a Chinese conjurer, who swallowed a sabre nearly three feet long, and permitted an examination of his body while the blade was in its living sheath. Dr. Fournié, such was the anatomist's name, and those who were with him, were thoroughly satisfied with the honesty of the operation. They traced the point along its downward course, and felt it in the iliac regions, thirty inches from the swallower's mouth. So we may set sword and poker swallowing down as genuine feats of gymnastics. Ling Look afterwards took an egg into his mouth, and appeared to swallow it. His gorge was searched, and his neck probed, but the ovum could not be found. The Chinaman swallowed a puff of tobacco smoke, and the egg came forth again. There was much discussion as to how it was disposed of. Dr. Fournié thought that the act of swallowing was not completely performed; so, in a second experiment, he produced a laryngoscope and directed a powerful beam of magnesium light down the patient's throat, when, sure enough, the egg was discovered in a cavity or nest, which Ling Look had habituated himself by long practice to form, below the tongue, in the laryngean regions.

PEOPLE talk of the ingenious system of advertising which now prevails, as if it were a novelty. I am reminded of the manner in which the Baron de Grimm advertised himself into celebrity. Rousseau tells the story in his *Confessions*. Grimm had not yet gained a very high position in society when, in consequence of a disappointment in his love for a certain Mlle. Fel, Rousseau found him, on entering his rooms, laid on his back, immovable, refusing to utter a word, or to partake of any food. Thus he remained for several days; his pulse beating regularly; no sign of fever; seemingly in perfect health; yet acting the part of a dead man. The best doctor was sent for, but he had no prescription to give. Rousseau

and the Abbé Raynal spent night and day by the bed-side of their friend. At last, one morning, Grimm got up, and, steadfastly refusing to make any allusion to his past illness, resumed his every day life as if nothing had happened. This adventure paid; for the Parisian curiosity was excited to the utmost, as every one wished to know the sentimentalist who had nearly died for love; and, thanks to his fine passion, Grimm became the lion of the day. Was not that a good advertisement?

THE following advertisement is taken from a newspaper published the other day in Leipzig. It is reprinted word for word. Is it then addressed to the English? The inference that English name and nationality enhance the presumption of beauty, may be accepted as a delicate compliment. An interview with Miss Mary leads some at least of the "outical world" to believe that she is a native of Saxony, whose acquaintance with the English tongue is even less than might be predicated from her printed announcement:—

MISS MARY, THE BEAUTIFUL.

ENGLISH WOMAN (named the Pearl of Great Britain), 16 years old and 6½ feet tall. This but still young woman is without doubt the *most beautiful* young woman that has ever been seen. We beg the honoured public not to compare *Miss Mary* with those other young women who are exhibited with false advertisements as young, pretty, a strong, etc, we refrain ourselves from informing you as to the structure of her body, because that which is beautiful and true, answers for all. Altogether we rely upon the fame of *Miss Mary* and leave the rest to the outical world. The honoured Public is begged, so as to prevent any mistake, that *Miss Mary's* salon is on Hotel de Prusse.

Yours respectfully, Miss Mary. Henry Howard from London.

A NOVELTY in photographs is promised us. Pictures visible only in the dark; portraits that must be taken into the coal-cellar to be admired. There are certain compounds of phosphorus which, after a short exposure to light, retain a certain amount of luminosity for days and even weeks afterwards. The image from the photographer's lens is allowed to fall upon a plate covered with one of these preparations: the light excites the surface to phosphorescence wherever it falls; the shadows of the image produce no effect. When the plate is removed from the camera and brought to the light, nothing is visible upon it; but if carried into utter darkness, the picture develops itself with an unearthly glow, as if it had been drawn with the point of a lucifer match. Curious, but *cui bono*?

AS far as racing was concerned, there seems to have been a good deal of disappointment among the sporting visitors at the Alexandra Park last week. But only a small number, comparatively, cared for the actual racing. The great mass of people came for a holiday, independently of turf events; and I was greatly taken with one old gentleman, whose humour seemed to me to be irresistible. He sat with his back to the course, comfortably propped



against a tree, doing justice to a bottle of Bass, and placidly smoking a long clay pipe. When invited to get up and see the race, he declined, with the somewhat unanswerable question: "Don't 'e know, Jimmy, I never could abide the sight of a horse?"

ACCORDING to ancient tradition no Pope can ever occupy the pontifical throne longer than St. Peter himself, whose pontificate did not extend over more than twenty-four years. The tradition has hitherto been falsified only once, namely by Pius VI., who reigned twenty-four years, six months, and some days. How that Pope strove to benefit his subjects by draining the Pontine Marshes, and in various other ways; how he was subsequently carried off by the army of the French Republic, and transported from Siena to Florence, thence to Grenoble, and ultimately to Valence, where he died, has been often related. The present Pope, whose rule approaches that of his namesake in duration, was elected successor to Gregory XVI., on the 16th June, 1846, and was crowned five days afterwards. He was then in his fifty-fourth year. His family (Mastai-Ferretti) are unusually long-lived, and he himself promises to be no exception to the rule. Twenty-two years have now elapsed since his elevation to the throne of Christen-

dom, and, if we may credit the latest accounts of his health, there seems to be a probability that he will live longer than any of his predecessors—said to be more than two hundred and sixty in number. The average length of the reigns of the Popes is stated, by a well-informed writer, to be seven years.

THERE is another Roman Catholic tradition,—that he who shall sit in St. Peter's chair for twenty-six years, is the last of the Popes in Rome. In his time the Church is to protest against infidelity. There will then be a reaction in favour of a pantheistic expression of natural religion. The Church will be persecuted and purified: Deism and Catholicism will divide the world, and Catholicism will triumph. Then comes the end. So runs the Roman Catholic tradition.

THE Bishop of Oxford must be an Irishman: that is, if his lordship insisted on the great debate night that St. Patrick was an Anglican.

HERESY is the gout of the Church. Better not to suppress it.

SYLLABLES govern the world. Some violent Ultramontanes would substitute Syllabusses.

THE late Dr. Blomfield, while on the road to the Episcopal bench, obtained no small reputation as a preacher on subjects connected with the evidence of Christianity. Being asked to occupy a brother clergyman's pulpit in a remote parish in Cornwall, the future bishop thought to improve the occasion by a discourse upon his favourite theme, his text being, "The Fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." The congregation listened, with rapt attention and very little coughing, to a lengthy, learned, and doubtless a conclusive sermon, in proof of the existence of a God, from the new preacher. The service being concluded, one of the churchwardens assisted Mr. Blomfield to unrobe, and, during this operation, his reverence inquired as to the effect of his sermon upon his hearers. "Well, sur," says the churchwarden, "it were a mighty fine zermom, zure enough. Our folks be talking of it as they coome out." Mr. Blomfield was pleased, and inquired what had been said. "Well, zur," continued the vestryman, "they do think it a mighty fine zermom; but, begging your reverence's pardon we don't altogether hold with it." Mr. Blomfield was astonished; had not his arguments been

sufficient, or was this a parish of atheists? He asked, however, upon what point the congregation differed from him. "Surely he had emphatically stated that the Fool had said in his heart, There is no God, surely—" "That be it, sur," the churchwarden interrupted, "that be it: now, though it were a mighty fine zermoon—oh, we all zay that—we in these parts, begging your reverence's pardon, *do zay as how there be a God.*"

I don't wish to make young people during their courtship unhappy, but who was it said, "Love makes Time fly: then Time makes Love fly"? Surely a Frenchman.

THE French acclimatisation society lately had brought before its notice the case of a mule, twelve years old, that had given birth to a perfect young one of the male sex. Similar births have been registered before, but they are very rare. The fact of a hybrid creation being productive appears at first sight to favour the Darwinian theory of development by mixture of species: this case, however, has something peculiar about it. For although the mother suckled the young foal, she manifested a profound indifference towards him; caring nothing when he was taken from her. A French naturalist in bringing the subject before the Paris Academy of Sciences, argued from it the manifestation of a *high cause* for the preservation of distinct species. The supreme end with an ordinary mother is the conservation of the race to which she belongs, and not merely organic acts but maternal instincts conspire to this end. In the case of the mule, however, these last were entirely absent; she had no care for her offspring; offered it no protection, but left it to perish in the struggle for existence. All organisms were complete and disposed for preserving the offshoot of the mixed race; but, as if by an ordinance of Nature, the one thing needful to prevent its extinction was not there.

A COCKNEY on his return from Boulogne accounted for his vulgarisms by saying that "he had dropped his h's in picking up French." The plea is certainly ingenious, for although the letter h has a value of its own in French pronunciation, that value is not given as an aspirate. Thus there is no aspirate audible in pronouncing the name of La Harpe, though in the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe it is supposed that it should be well sounded.

HEARKEN to a little tale of civic dignity, an incident of mayoral life. The time is present: the place, London's great city, where, among the many guilds and corporations, companies and societies, there exists a modest but worthy body, half scientific, half mercantile, known as the British Horological Institute, and composed chiefly of clock and watch makers. For years past this community, like its fellows, has had its annual dinner, and on several occasions the feast has been presided over by the reigning lord mayor, with the alternation now and then of an earl or a knight. The chief magistrate was invited to honour this year's banquet with his august presence. He promised to do so, and his name appeared in the public announcements of the entertainment. Now, be it known that the horologists, as a temperate race, arrange the charge for their dinner without including wine, a wise and economical course, allowing the cost of tickets to be fixed as low as five shillings each. This information, as in past years, was set forth on the advertising bills, one of which was affixed to the Mansion House railings, with others of like character. It met the eye of the dignified occupant; the civic soul was touched at the apparent meanness of the feast; the civic indignation was aroused, and the secretary of the Horological Institute received the following note from the high functionary's private secretary: "I am directed by the Lord Mayor to say, that, to his surprise, he just now noticed, hanging outside the Mansion House, a printed bill, stating that the Lord Mayor would preside at the dinner of the Horological Institute of London, on the 19th June, *at a 5s. dinner.* His lordship, thinking that this announcement of such a dinner was certainly derogatory to the position of Chief Magistrate, feels compelled to decline attending." So we learn that one Lord Mayor differeth from another Lord Mayor in his estimate of dignity, and that a chief magistrate will rather break his promise than bend his back.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 30.

July 25, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER X.—MADAME CLAUDINE.

THERE are some things concerning which the world preaches ignorance as a proof of purity. Yet no one denies that science has been the cause of the gradual disappearance of some of the worst physical evils man inherited from his fall. Leprosy was not cured by averted heads and delicate cries of Don't let's look at it! And not the corruption only, but the complicated mechanism of modern society has engendered a moral leprosy which no one denies, which every one says ought to be cured, but which an infinitely small number alone will consent to study. And where so many hundred thousands of our fellow-creatures are concerned, where so many lives are wrecked, so many souls imperilled, and such incurable misery entailed upon the innocent, nay, upon the unborn, it is but fitting that some knowledge of the cause of evil should be acquired. It is not from the sin itself that we turn; on the contrary, there never was a time in which, throughout Europe, it was so much talked and written about. Neither do we recoil from certain incarnations of the sin when they are sufficiently magnificent. Just the reverse: for in that case our best and purest—our mothers, maidens, wives—jostle the sinful in the crowd, and speak of them as of any other sight, which it may be fashionable to see.

Neither have we any repugnance for the death-beds of the sinners. When it comes to that, with or without repentance, we all of us fancy ourselves in earnest, and, pretty nearly all of us, do our best.

But all this assumes the evil itself as a sort of necessity. Now, that is not enough. It is not enough to rail against the sin in its splendour, as is the delight of powerful preachers, nor to rejoice over the conversion, in death, of

the penitent sinful, as is the wont of sweet preachers:—what is required is some knowledge of the incitement to sin, some clue to what may lead to the prevention of it. At this Society shrugs its shoulders, averts its head, says, it probably can't be helped, opines, above all, that the less said of it the better, and, worst of all, implies, by all its acts and all its arguments, its intimate conviction of the irresistible charm of Evil.

We are learning every day, but our learning is lame and halt, and our acquisitive forces don't pull steadily together. We have pretty well mastered the fact that disease is not, *per se*, but means the incapacity of resistance of the diseased. There we stand still.

Evil has no charm, *per se*, but feeds itself into power upon the incapacity of good. Vice, which we moderns are daily more and more bowing down to as necessary, is a negation. Of itself it is not. Strengthen Right, and there would be no wrong. These are the truths we seem to avoid.

Science and Charity are our only helpmates;—not the bare science of statistics, that satisfies empty heads with the mere arithmetic of demoralisation; nor the bare charity of almsgiving, that satisfies empty hearts at the mere cost of coin,—but the Science which teaches why and wherefore Evil is resorted to as a refuge; and the Charity which furnishes the means for achieving a larger, stronger capacity of good.

Madeleine Raynal, whom we have last seen in the company of M. de Moranges, was, when at the opening of this tale she asked for help from the Baron de Sauveterre, utterly helpless. This is a word often lisped out in the pretty parlance of our drawing-rooms, and, like many others, profaned by those who know nothing of the awful expression they are playing with; but who among the crowd we are accustomed to live with ever realises what it is to be completely helpless,—that is, without bread when hunger tortures, without warmth when cold numbs, without another human being on whom to lean when all power of self-support is giving way? No food, no roof,

no raiment, no sympathy ! we none of us know what that means, and we all of us, every day of our lives, talk of it as if we did. We invariably condemn as if we possessed a mathematical certainty of the adequacy of the powers of resistance to those of attack, which is what we never do. We talk of Temptation, and Weakness, and Vice, and Virtue, as if they were one and immutable, whereas they are individual and for ever varying.

We have all of us been tempted, as it is inevitable we should be, being men ; we have many of us succumbed ; and where we have been victorious, *we* knew at the time what the victory cost us—but we forget it. Integrity is a hard word for poor mortals ; and the thing itself is a hard thing to be conceived or compassed : for, with his ever-warring body and soul, his latent instincts and factitious wants, his ignorance, his vanity, and the perpetual disproportion between his ideas and his circumstances, it is next to impossible that a mortal should be whole ; yet Integrity, forsooth, is what we imperiously demand from miscellaneous mortals, not one of whom resembles his fellow.

We know, in reality, of no temptations save those we have yielded to, or withstood. We know what has tempted us—nothing more, and thereupon we judge. We know pigs are not tempted by pearls, but we don't for that think the higher of the pigs ; and we do think the higher of ourselves because we are not tempted by garbage ; which is foolish and unjust. What is above or below, or in any way beyond us, escapes us. We neither like to believe in the exceeding purity which Evil attracts not, even through the medium of curiosity ; nor do we choose to recognise the total defencelessness of those who have literally within their grasp not one single arm wherewith to resist evil.

Try to catch a pike with that diamond crown—before which I should tremble for the integrity of our friend the Marchioness—he passes it by ; but grub up out of the mud a big, bloated worm, and offer it him, and see how, drunk with desire, he swallows it, and is caught. Of course you despise the pike for being so low down in the scale of creation ; but he is true to his fish-nature, and gulps down what, to him, is life, being devoid of the lights which would show him you are bringing him death. And how many are the thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of our fellow creatures who are left so destitute of all help and all comfort, so steeped in ignorance, so unarmed in the face of wrong, that, to the low level of

their life-development, the fat worm of the pike is the true temptation ?

Is this their fault ? must it always be so ? and is there no possible prevention of sin ?

I again say it : on the night when Madeleine Raynal found herself in the vestibule of the Château de Sauveterre, and felt on her cold, wet face the warm steam of plenty issuing from the open dining-room, she was craving for food, shivering with cold, and frightened out of her ordinary senses by the notion of Denis Perrot's violence. She was thoroughly helpless.

When Madeleine was helped, she was thankful, that was all. She went but once more to the sabot-maker's. It was on the morrow. She went to say good-bye, and to say she should never come again. They asked no questions, the mother or the son ; neither as to where the girl had been the day before, nor where she would be the day after. It is true the mother Perrot looked wistfully, pityingly at her ; but inquiries were forbidden by the uneasy glances of her son, which seemed to seal her lips. When Madeleine shook hands with Denis, he muttered something about gratitude, and meat and wine to restore his strength, which Madeleine answered by giving him the five-franc piece she had herself received the night before in the stable-yard at Clavreuil. The sick workman took it eagerly, thought it, in one and the same second, enormous, and then less than it might have been, and modified what began like a leer of knowing contempt into what ended as a smile of obsequious deference. The sick sabot-maker was the first who saluted the girl's good luck.

The widow Perrot kissed her in silence.

I am bound to say that there was nothing particular to observe in Madeleine after the great change in her fate—I mean nothing as far as philosophy or psychology went. She was, alas ! morally and psychologically unsatisfactory ; for, in fact, psychologically and morally, she was not.

At first she was not enraptured, either by her fine clothes, or by her luxurious abode (a hotel in a busy street in Paris), or even by the varied aspects of Paris itself. She was in no wise ashamed, or remorseful, or conscious of degradation. She was conscious of having been saved from starvation, as people who have been saved from shipwreck, and from the danger of preying upon their own kind, are conscious of the rescue of life. She was, as it was her nature to be, dull, and her mental perceptions were slow and dim.

At first—pray forgive me for recording it—

at first, what she did was to feed herself ! She ate flesh, and game, and fowls, and truffles (which she did not like), and drank Bordeaux, and felt well ; and, after the long, healthy slumbers of famishing eighteen, woke, to eat again, and found it pleasant.

Remember what this girl's life and education had been, and see in what measure the genuine comprehension of good had been cultivated in her—how far it was possible that she should understand the admirable exhortations, whereby you would induce her to forego her present comforts and luxuries rather than stain her soul.

Her soul ! what do the teachings she has received teach her of that ?

And the fault is the same everywhere. When mothers in the high social spheres tell you of the freedom their children possess to choose their partners in life, they unconsciously equivocate, for the natures of their children have been fashioned in such a guise that what fails them is the capacity to be free, as in the lower spheres what fails is the clear, well-defined knowledge of the true and of the right.

When the hour of temptation comes, there is nothing to fall back upon. Evil is the refuge, between which and suicide, nothing is.

And then Society appears with its well-meant, silly remedies, applicable to the effect, and leaving the cause untouched. And when it has to chronicle the perpetual reversion to sin of its momentary converts, it moans over the ingratitude of human nature, the degeneracy of our age, and the strength of evil, just as octogenarian absolutists twaddle over the manifest victory of the devil in the advance of political liberty. Try education as in America—wholesale ; real *bonâ fide* education, by which the superior utility of good is mastered. Teach the truth of religion ; strengthen faith by knowledge ; show the piety of toil, and boldly proclaim the bare fact that Providence does not desert those who do their utmost (less will not do) ; teach this in all its forms, to high and to low, so that the women of the more fortunate classes may know how to help their poorer sisters. Do this with heart and soul, and with intelligence and method, and your midnight tea-parties and your whole mistaken system of antidotes to sin will be superseded. School-houses and associations for the employment of women will alone prevent the sin ; and prevention, in this case, is all you have to look to, for cure is next to impossible. Deal with the root of the evil—cut it ; but don't think anything can be done

with the evil itself if you allow it to be, and to grow. Above all, don't disguise it, or seek to beautify it. Don't represent it otherwise than it is. It is very ugly.

As soon as Madeleine had attained to the physical equilibrium which is termed health, and which was afforded her by food, wine, sleep, air, exercise, and quiet, she began to take delight in the beautiful clothes which were brought her, and in the beautiful house in which she lived ; and though, in her innermost conscience, she did not think she ever achieved as much show as she would have liked, yet so thorough was her gratitude to M. de Moranges, who took possession of her, so absolute her submission to his smallest wish, that she tried not to long for the gaudy apparel and villainously unartistic accoutrements in which she met those of her own species in public places.

As is so often the case (if not even always) this girl was chiefly riveted to her sin by what was best in her. And do not forget that, my friend, when you are trying to upset some evil : look out for the good element that has got mislaid amongst it, and is feeding the evil with its strong sap ; it will give you more trouble than all the rest ; the more so, as it hurts your conventional ideas to recognise it.

In Madeleine's ill-regulated mind, gratitude to M. de Moranges predominated over all else. She thanked him for life, and for the enjoyment of living ; for food, clothing, and a home ; for the sense that she was admired, and treated by those who approached her with respect. From the time she awoke till the hour when she closed her eyes, there was no moment in which she did not feel that she was grateful to M. de Moranges : materially grateful for hard matters of fact—for, to her mind, her position was splendid : the position of the conclusion of fairy tales, a vague impression whereof lies, more or less, at the bottom of the mind of every child of no matter what degree.

Madeleine devoted herself as to a duty to the task of thanking M. de Moranges, and to this task brought all the resources she could dispose of. The chief of all was obedience. She was submissive as a spaniel.

The Marquis had, in the beginning, asked her if she had no other name than Madeleine, and she had replied Yes ; she was also called Claudine after her father.

"Then we will call you Claudine in future," had said M. de Moranges ; "it is better than Madeleine."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Well, because I like it better," replied the Marquis, with a smile.

That was sufficient. She was for ever more Claudine, and Madeleine ceased to be.

I repeat it : she gave herself up to the task of thanking M. de Moranges ; that is, she gave of herself all that she knew.

The woman was dormant in Claudine.

CHAPTER XI.—IMITATION RESPECTABILITY.

IT was an odd mixture of feeling which prompted M. de Moranges to what he did in regard to Claudine. M. de Moranges was a man of refined taste, and a cultivated lover of the arts, and when, in the vestibule at Sauveterre he caught sight of the wet, dirty, shivering girl who asked for help from starvation, his attention was arrested and held captive by the strange beauty of certain lines. His first thought was of a statue he had long dreamed of, and could get executed nowhere. He had met in Rome with a sculptor who seized the idea but failed in the execution, and who admitted that the total want of a model was his difficulty. The idea was Göthe's *Euphion*, the child of Faust and Helen, the offspring of Antique Beauty and Modern Thought, the sexless, ageless, product of the contact of two worlds. Here was the model found ; here was the possible realization of the artistic dream.

Henri Dupont, who was a younger and a far less experienced man than the Marquis, had simply reverted to a known type, and been reminded of the Medusa. M. de Moranges sought the form for an Idea, and found it, as he fancied, in the sharp, pure outlines and intensely painful expression of a face suddenly brought under his notice.

The first impression was purely artistic. The second was of a very complicated nature.

When the Widow Raynal's daughter had been provided by the housekeeper at Sauveterre with dry and decent clothing, and when she had supped and slept, and came the next morning to speak to her benefactors, the effect produced on the master of the house and on his visitor was a very different one.

The former was struck only by her wan and exhausted appearance ; her pallor and her emaciation fairly frightened him : the latter saw far beyond all these, and was irresistibly attracted.

The girl was young enough, in spite of what she had suffered, to look better even by daylight than lamplight, and what would inevitably be her future beauty asserted itself in spite of her squalor.

The Marquis scrutinised her as though she had been a picture.

"Just wrap that round you," said he, taking a cover of crimson silk from a table, and tendering it to her, and when she had done so, throwing the folds back from her head :

"Yes !" he added, musingly, and as if speaking to himself, "her natural background is red—a deep Titian red ; the pale fair lights of the skin and hair detach themselves so finely, whilst the dark brown-gold of the eyes harmonises so well."

And then he talked to her for some time, and told her she must be called Claudine.

M. de Moranges was fifty-five, nor did he look younger. He had been one of the handsomest men of his time, and would probably continue to bear witness to that fact to his last hour, for his was the superiority of feature and of air. He possessed the art—without which even the greatest man would scarcely be great—that of imposing his individuality upon his fellow men. Whatever he did that was wrong (and he did much) was excused because he did it, and nothing that he did passed unnoticed. Society had adopted him for one of its spoilt children, and he treated Society with a high hand. Unmarried and enormously rich (though he had considerably damaged his fortune), he still remained an aim towards which tended the spirit of gain and enterprise, and to attain which all mothers of families were ready to send forth Argonautic expeditions. But the real superiority of M. de Moranges lay in the belief the world had that he could do without it, whereas he did not believe the world could do without him.

The Marquis had tried many things, but there was one thing he had not tried, and towards which—like many men of his age and temperament—he had a strong and secret leaning : namely towards the fashioning of a human creature for his own exclusive benefit.

And so, hardly avowing the fact to himself, he took Claudine, and resolved so to set his impress upon her, that she should to him be exactly what he chose, and to the whole rest of the world be nothing.

Here again you have the inconsistency and dishonesty which is so curiously at work in the present day in France.

What M. de Moranges wanted was a home, a centre round which he could group whatever external elements best pleased him, but the price to pay for this is marriage, and that price to the Marquis seemed intolerably too high. He, who would not have borne a copied picture on one of the walls of his dwelling,

agreed to regard as genuine this copy of an institution, and he decided upon attempting to defraud Truth of its rights by obtaining from a make-believe that which the real thing alone has in its gift.

For a year Claudine was trained and put into the hands of the first dressmakers in Paris. She was taught to dance, and to walk, and to hold herself, and to eat properly, and a writing master tried to make her write neatly, and a professor of literature made her read, and endeavoured to awaken in her the comprehension of what she read. As she had a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, a singing master was applied to, and every day two hours were spent by Claudine, one in learning to sing, the other in learning to play.

Well, it was rather a slow process ; for as I said, the girl was by nature dull, but she was perfectly obedient, and in all things did her very best.

At the end of the year, Claudine made her first appearance in the world of fashion, and produced so decided a sensation that M. de Moranges was deeply gratified, and felt assured he had not made a mistake. The centre he had desired was found. To his hotel in the Rue de Grenelle every man of any name or distinction in France came readily ; his dinners were what some few very old men among his guests said Talleyrand's had used to be, and Madame Claudine was accepted as the presiding deity of the marquis's table and household, with all the outward semblances of unflinching respect.

Claudine's home and mode of life were austere, exceedingly. Of women, none were ever invited to the Hôtel de Moranges, nor did she know other than by name the frail goddesses of that impure Olympus, at the summit of which she was herself placed in public opinion.

Claudine was so content, materially speaking, so full of wonder still at the grandeur of her position, that she had had no opportunity of knowing whether time hung heavily on her hands ; she had, as yet, no consciousness of *ennui*. One unsatisfied desire Claudine had, which has been already mentioned ; she would have liked more show. If she had dared question the supreme wisdom of her benefactor (such he was to her, pray do not forget that), she would have felt herself somewhat aggrieved by the severe simplicity to which she was mostly condemned. She did not avow it to herself : but she did in reality pine for finery. All her points of comparison, taken from without, marked down finery as a species of right, and something within her—something that was

never still, suggested that no amount of gorgeous clothing was sufficient to cover the poverty of the past.

However, the Marquis was inexorable—gently so, but inexorable on this subject ; so Claudine was sentenced to be the best-dressed woman in Paris, without any power to appreciate it ; neither would he consent to her being called Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, for which appellation she had a truly vivacious longing. These were the only points on which M. de Moranges and Claudine ever differed ; but her attempts to obtain what she wished were, after all, but feeble ones, and so matters remained as they were. But Claudine had a companion.

There was in M. de Moranges that undying sense of the respectable which never leaves a Frenchman, and with which the perpetual business of his life is to reconcile the most irreconcilable things. What seems fitting, what seems proper—that is the domestic religion of the whole race, and from that faith nothing has ever weaned them—not even the scaffold of the Reign of Terror, nor the saturnalia of the goddess Reason. A Frenchman's mind—his entire nature—are con-centric, not ec-centric ; he revolts from all eccentricity as unfitting, unseemly, and whatever his acts may be, he contrives so to shape them that they shall be shut in within the bars of the Procrustes bed of *les convenances*.

Now no amount of preaching would have made M. de Moranges abstain from the indulgence of any one of his vices ; but the most unlimited indulgence of these vices never carried him away, never made him concede one iota in matters of taste, and while outraging Virtue at every hour, and in the very depths of his conscience, his outward life was devoted to the scrupulous worship of the idol, Seemliness.

Madame Claudine was, as it has been stated, the presiding deity of the household ; and what a household ! From attic to cellar, every detail defied scrutiny, every service was complete. Severity was the ruling characteristic. Equipages, liveries, furniture, plate—all was severe ; but of such a splendid severity ! And in that whole household, all was so nicely calculated that the slightest derangement would have caused incalculable confusion. But nothing was ever known to have been deranged ; derangement of any kind would have been contrary to the traditions of the house. When Madame Claudine was appointed to the Favouritship, it occurred in a quiet, seemly way, and was altogether a transaction full of dignity, and

if she had the requisite aptitudes, there was no reason why Madame Claudine might not become a perfect model of good breeding and graceful manners : a person to be copied by all those who aspire to the regency of drawing-rooms.

As was said, Claudine had a companion, and it was the Marquis's first difficulty. He thought it fitting that the person who presided over his household should be accompanied wherever she went, and he accordingly looked out for the proper species of matron to attend upon her. He wished her to be matronly, as that was more respectable, but in this emergency, respectability signally failed in the high duties of its calling. As soon as it was rumoured what M. de Moranges sought for, the number of respectable ladies with interesting stories, and unimpeachable references, that succeeded each other was enormous, and the Marquis was shocked at the amount of dignity in distress whose representatives assailed him. He chose more than once, but each time unluckily, and respectability in these several elderly females laid itself open to the most grievous charges of corruption, and on one occasion made away with no inconsiderable amount of linen and plate.

M. de Moranges modified his tactics and conceded a point or two. Instead of seeking for the respectability which turned out to be a mere mask for speculation and intrigue, he decided upon trying what could be done in the way of relative honesty based upon self-interest. The plan succeeded better. A Paris tradesman's daughter, tolerably well educated, and whose experience of life was hard, a good-looking young woman just turned thirty, in whose composition sentiment had no part, undertook the charge of being companion to Madame Claudine. Certain unfortunate passages in this young lady's past, in which mere miscalculation had achieved the work of so-called devotion, had transformed her into a sworn enemy to all romance, and she earned her wages honestly enough, being in reality a safe companion and associate for Claudine. She dressed well, spoke, and even wrote her own language not too incorrectly, and was excellently regular in her habits. Her faults were that she was over fond of the minor theatres, and would persist in talking of her family, but on the whole she did well, and had been six months attached to the household of M. le Marquis, whose superiority she fully appreciated without being overwhelmed by it.

This gentlewoman's real name was Mademoiselle Aspasia Mourjon, but she insisted on

being denominated Mademoiselle de Mourjonville, and on this point she was stubborn. As she suited M. de Moranges in other respects, he gave in, and Madame Claudine's lady-in-waiting was officially styled de Mourjonville, which high-sounding title, however, merged, little by little, into that of Mademoiselle Aspasia, by which name she now usually went.

Whence had come the surname given to Claudine herself, none can tell. But so soon as at the *Italiens* and at the Opera, at the *Bois* and at the *Courses*, her face had grown to be familiar to the public, the appellation of the Sphinx had been awarded to her.

CHAPTER XII.—MY NEPHEW.

THE day after her visit to the Opera, Claudine was sitting in a small boudoir opening upon the garden. The weather was unusually fine for April, and although a bright wood fire was burning on the hearth, the window was open, and the warm air came in laden with the scent of earth, and grass, and leaves, and alive with the songs of birds.

Claudine was alone ; upon a table beside her were books and several sheets of paper, and she had in her hand a mother of pearl pen mounted in gold, which she was turning round between her fingers lazily. Her look was at once vacant and intent, and the only way to describe her would be to say that she was doing nothing determinedly. It was precisely this union of fixity and vagueness which made the expression of her face so strange. From the straight line of the prominent eyebrow, the dusky eyes took an air of depth that was more in their setting and their colour than in any particular meaning of their own.

As she sat there, with parted lips, and gaze intently bent upon the blue sky that was visible beyond the high wall of the garden, she seemed to merit thoroughly the name that had been bestowed upon her. It was not the massive, heavy-lipped, heavy-eyed, heavy-featured, Sphinx of the sluggish Nile, but it was equally mysterious. The enigma was the same, but the modern enigma, dreamy and restless. It was something you could not make out, and which, for that very reason, attracted you.

Claudine was draped in the thick folds of a violet damask dress ; she had no headdress save her own fair hair, which undulated naturally, and which every now and then the vagrant wind lifted from the pale blue-veined brow.

Two o'clock struck.

Mademoiselle Aspasia came in, looking unamiable.

"Herminie is going," she said, rather sharply.

Claudine turned her glance from the contemplation of vacancy to that of Mademoiselle Aspasia's countenance—but said nothing.

"Herminie will go—she persists in going," reiterated the companion, as though she felt injured by the want of interest taken in her communication.

"I suppose we can find another maid to take her place," suggested Claudine.

"It is probable," retorted Mlle. Aspasia, "that when I have put all my energy into the undertaking, we may end by replacing Herminie; but it is the third time—and so it will go on to the end of the chapter—and M. le Marquis, and you, too, Madame, seem always to think everything is so easy! whereas, if it were not for my ceaseless labour and attention we should never have a *femme de chambre* at all—I'm sure I work myself to death!"

Mlle. Aspasia's specialty was to persuade everybody of her indispensability, and of the large amount of her devotion to her employers.

"Why does Herminie go?" inquired Claudine, lazily.

"Oh! for the same reason that they all go!" retorted the lady-in-waiting, shrugging her shoulders. "She says she wants to serve in a respectable family, and that if she stays here too long, nobody will take her."

Claudine opened her eyes, and looked as if she was puzzled, and did not altogether understand!

Mademoiselle Aspasia, who was not of her nature, taciturn, went on.

"Yes!" repeated she; "they all say the same thing; but it is only a pretext: the real fact is, they bore themselves to death; the house is dull! it is no use denying it; there's no movement, no amusement, no fun, nothing fast. What are they to do? What is to become of them? the house is dull!"

"Is it?" demanded Claudine, with a curious expression of face. "Well, what is to be done?"

"Nothing, Madame!" retorted authoritatively Aspasia; "there is nothing to be done, but to go on changing! I had thought of proposing to M. le Marquis to get over an Englishwoman: they say they are steady, and can do without amusement; here it is next to impossible—in spite of the enormous wages they get, and the comforts and luxuries, they none of them will stay! they seem to think it unjust; and they will actually rather sink

down to being the maid of some stupid humdrum *bourgeois*' wife (with a chance of marrying the man-servant!) than be moped up, as they call it, with us. I dare say we shall be obliged to get over an Englishwoman in the end! Money, they say, will make them do anything, whereas, one can do nothing with a Parisian, if she gets no amusement."

During this tirade, Claudine had relapsed into her former distraught and vacant air, and Mademoiselle Aspasia now turned some portion of her attention upon her, casting a glance at the books and papers on the little table.

"Ah! ah!" observed she, with this time a good-humoured smile, but still with the same air of importance; "I see how it is! no lessons done; and M. Blanchon comes at half-past three."

"It is very difficult," objected Claudine, meekly. "I cannot manage it."

Mademoiselle Aspasia stretched out her hand, took up two books, and, seating herself, prepared in a business-like way to examine the task set down for the dull-brained pupil.

"Well," said she, holding out the smaller of the two volumes, "here is one you can do, Madame; it is merely to copy out this page of verses from—from"—and she turned over page after page. "Oh! I see! from the play of *Britannicus*, Tragedy by Jean Racine; that you can do; the verses begin here, at the top of the page," and she laid the book open at the proper place, and prepared the paper, and pen, and ink. "You need only mark each word well, and then copy it out exactly. The other lesson is more difficult—it is an analysis of a whole chapter of the History of Louis XIV.—twelve pages! and battles, and all sorts of things! However, I will see what I can do. We must try and manage it all between us, or M. Blanchon will be angry, and complain to M. le Marquis!"

And Mademoiselle Aspasia put both her elbows on a table in the middle of the room, laid the book down before her, and set to work tooth and nail, with the fierce energy of a clever Frenchwoman, who foresees a clear and certain gain at the end of the effort she is making.

The rays of the sun came in, and played with the light, crisply curled hair, that adorned Claudine's bending head, and into which her long, thin, ivory fingers, with pale nails, had, in sign of distress, twisted themselves. And the soft wind still brought in the scents of spring, and the songs of birds from the garden.

"Aspasia," said Claudine, after a period of

application to her studies, which seemed to call for some relaxation ; "it will be Easter week in a few days ; one can't wear velvet after Easter."

"No, Madame ! one cannot," replied Mademoiselle Aspasie, looking up from her work ; "but one can wear other things—light silks, and muslins."

"Velvet is rich," remarked Claudine, with what for her was an emphasis ; and whilst the hand that held the pen glided listlessly down by her side, the other hand, half hidden in the flaxen braids, supported the head more firmly, and she looked fixedly at her companion, repeating her words.

"Velvet is rich—crimson velvet above all."

"Crimson velvet makes you look like a queen, Madame," observed Mlle. Aspasie, crossing both her hands upon the open book before her, and gazing straight into the very depths of Claudine's mysterious eyes.

"Like a queen !" murmured the latter, musingly. "Like a queen, Aspasie ?" and this time she put the question wonderingly.

Mademoiselle Aspasie had picked up a pencil and was biting one end of it with her sharp-pointed teeth, whilst her sharp eyes (in which a minute observer might have detected a latent twinkle of self-satisfaction) never ceased watching Claudine.

"Well, like a queen !" she repeated ; "and why not ? Why shouldn't you look like a queen, Madame ? There have been queens who were not ladies : and the proverb says kings have married beggar maids."

"Kings !" echoed Claudine. "Yes, I know, the proverb does say so ;" and she fell to musing again, and looked dreamily at the blue sky above the garden wall, while the soft wind was again busy with the feathery tresses of her fair hair. "And I suppose the kings who married beggar-maids had seen them in their rags," she added.

"What on earth do the old rags matter ?" exclaimed the practical companion, with a sneer. "When they are once cast off, they're forgotten."

"You think so ?" questioned Claudine.

Mademoiselle Aspasie laughed a laugh of contempt.

"Think so ?" she retorted. "Yes, I fancy I do. No one has got any past now, thank God ! A good past don't benefit, and a bad past don't hurt you ;—and right lucky it is that it is so. People just live on what they are at the present moment, and it is their business to see that they make their present moment a prosperous one, and have plenty of every-

thing, and are wise enough to lay by, so that the present may endure, and the past never come back again."

Mademoiselle Aspasie inculcated this lesson with apparently strong conviction, and, developing the theme complacently, added that personalities of intrinsic worth were what were to be mostly aimed at.

"M. le Marquis," opined she, approvingly, "is an example in that respect—all his tastes are so solid. I know the objection made is to their austerity—and, in some degree, I would myself object to that too ; but his age and education account for a good deal. The men of his day were more serious, and held to repose and quietness as to a proof of good taste ; but, however that may be, there is no doubt of the solid genuineness of everything. What plate, and linen, and furniture ; what valuables ! Ah, you are a fortunate person, Madame. I don't say you don't deserve your luck—but it is luck all the same—luck that makes you the object of universal envy."

Claudine listened silently, but with evident satisfaction, to this praise of her good fortune. After a pause, during which her memory, perhaps, recalled to her the comments she had heard, the night before, upon her own appearance :

"How my jewels are devoured by the eyes of all those fine ladies," she remarked : "I can't help seeing the sensation they create whenever I wear them. There was one woman in particular, last night, at the foot of the great staircase—a fine, handsome blonde, with hair covered with pearls—"

"And a satin dress, and feathers, and silver lace ?" interrupted Aspasie. "Lots of hair, and lots of pearls—both false, I'll bet anything ? One meets her always everywhere ! It's that famous Duchesse de Varignan."

"How I wish I might be dressed like her !" sighed Claudine. "She is always so finely dressed !" and she added lazily, "I wonder what she would give to have my jewels !"

"Everything !" cried Mlle. Aspasie. "You should rather ask what is there she would not do ?"

In which appreciation of our fair friend, the Duchesse, Mlle. de Mourjonville was singularly mistaken.

The noise of a door opening in the next room was heard.

Claudine raised herself from what had been a half-recumbent posture, and looked at the mirror over the chimney-piece, in which you could see reflected whoever entered the drawing-room behind, and between which and the

boudoir there was one entire panel of plate-glass.

The Marquis de Moranges stepped through the open door ; he was followed by another man, young and exceedingly handsome.

A flood of scarlet rushed over Claudine's pale face ; and, in a tone of the deepest mortification,—

"Oh, if I only had on my crimson velvet !" whispered she.

The companion rose, and stood in an attitude of respect, as her employer entered.

M. de Moranges advanced with measured step and dignified air ; and, with courtly grace, pointing to his friend, said, whilst bowing down to kiss Claudine's hand,—

"Permit me, madame, to present to you M. le Marquis de Beauvoisin, my nephew."

DYSPEPTIC.

I NEVER knew his name : it might have been Jarge, or Willum, or Jeck ; but he had just stuck his hay-fork beside the wain ; his horses, with drooping heads, were nuzzling the odorous cock ; and the summer sun made golden network in the spinney where I stood, envious, discontented, and looking on. The unknown had chosen himself a seat beneath an oak which rose from the boundary hedge, and from out a clean calico bag he had produced about half of half-a-quartern loaf, and a white slab of bacon, marbled with one thin, faint streak of pink lean. And then he ate—ate tremendously—hewing off hunches of bread and lumps of bacon. Then there was a snap and a grind, and the process was repeated. Tissue manufactory ! That man ought to have been possessed of a reserve of tissue ready for restoring any waste. His teeth would have excited envy in a dentist ; and, as to muscle and development, he was a perfect study.

But it was the man's eating which made me envious—the thorough enjoyment. He seemed to be in paradise. As for digestion, I should think he had never even heard the word. As for suffering, it was plain that he knew it not, though the poor looker-on could only groan and turn away his head as he thought of dinner-pills.

And how was this ? The answer is simple. The unknown never went to a boarding school : I did go. He kept his normal internal state : I lost mine.

But ours was not a school ; it was an establishment, where the head was a principal, the second in command a vice, and the ushers

masters. If the unknown had led my life, he might not have rejoiced over his bread and bacon ; for to the diet at Gradus House I attribute the night-and-day-mare from which I suffer. The living was bad—decidedly bad ; and how so learned a man as our principal could have expected our young stomachs to receive unresentingly the solid dumplings, the hard, half-stewed steaks, and the tough mutton, is a mystery to this day. I can only advance a single theory for the piercing of the cloud,—economy. The consequences were headaches, dulness, stupidity, salts and senna. Those were the immediate consequences, the following effects were the horrors of dyspepsia. The unsatisfactory nature of our meals led us to spend every penny of our pocket-money in edibles, an extra tip received by any boy being the sign of a following feast. No school-boys could ever have been so short off for balls, bats, and stumps, pop-guns, kites, pea-shooters, tops, or marbles, as were the denizens of Gradus House. The village toy-shop failed ; while the sucker business grew into an establishment, where we invested our small cash in abominations, that helped to lay the soil ready for the seeds of indigestion sown by our worthy principal.

I believe that I was a fair sample of the class of boys at Gradus House ; for if there were instances where a young gentleman was not quite such an *edax rerum*, I attribute it to a scarcity of current coin, for they gave no credit at Creak's establishment. Devouring was the correct term ; for I remember well that in one week I munched a peck of solid baking-pears, save one, which happened to be too rotten for my by no means squeamish taste. As to hard and sour apples, they were always unlimited in quantity and of all kinds, from a little green, acid, stony pippin, whose juice would almost have produced carbonic acid gas from limestone, right up through every bad variety, to hard, red, round, Norfolk biffins, that were in their consistency almost like wood.

We generally began in the early spring with pasture from the fields, in the shape of sorrel ; or browsed upon the acid leaves of the principal's barberry, until the gooseberries were large and sour enough to take their place. As a rule, we could most of us eat a quart of unripe gooseberries in a day, nearly a pint being devoured in bed, when the dormitories would resound with a strange low crunch—crunch, as if the abode of ruminants—the monotony being broken by an occasional pop. About this time, too, we could obtain green

peas—the parching variety and beans being reserved for winter stores. Now it was that apples began to be in season—with us, be it remembered,—of course only small and sour. Then came pears, ripe gooseberries, plums, all of a class most worthy of condemnation ; and lastly, there was a villanously high-priced, pithy, stony fruit, with a mousey skin, which we used to buy for a luxury, and pretend to enjoy. Mrs. Creak used to sell it to us and call it a peach ; but in flavour it was more like a green almond. With the advent of winter of course there were oranges, figs, almonds and raisins, and prunes ; but Creak's did a wonderful trade in what they called braz-zeel nuts, and bassylonies, horribly oily indigestible things those first, with shells that would not crack even in the school-room door, and kernels that would burn like candles. For cocoa-nuts—koker nuts it was spelled in Creak's window—we used to club, and then eat in company, regaling first upon the insipid, sickly milk, afterwards upon the hard kernel, the shells being saved for burning upon the fifth of November, though fireworks were not our forte. Gluey Italian jumbles, stuffy, treacly parliament, chaffy cakes, sticky jam tarts, and tough, gummy suckers, we purchased wholesale,—not as to price,—while the only sensible way in which, as far as I can recollect, we laid out our money, was once a week in roast potatoes, which we bought of one Dirty Jemmy, who used to come into the playground just before tea—our pockets serving to keep the fruit hot until bedtime. There were times, too, when we patronised the muffin baker ; but, as a rule, dry muffins were voted tame, and, in cold unbuttered crumpets, there always was a clamminess that I never could get over. In very stern times, when remittances failed, and famine was sore in the land, the popping patch of india-rubber used to serve for something to chew ; but there I was unfortunate, for, masticating in school hours, I was reminded of my breach of observances by a sharp cut of the cane, and in the spasmodic action which followed, I gave a huge gulp, and swallowed a whole penn'orth. It is now exactly forty years since that incident ; but I believe strenuously that that lump of india-rubber still lies in a hard, indigestible mass on my chest, for I have never dared to try the only solvents I know—naphtha and benzole.

At thoughtful seasons I ponder upon the past, and almost wonder that I have a tooth left in my head ; for the work the incisors and molars—notably the latter—had to perform

was something enormous. Savage nations might have learned from us a variety of wrinkles for famine days. I should think that, before I was fourteen, hunger had driven me to try everything that could possibly be masticated by human teeth, and certainly fifty per cent. of such things were not nutritious. Ample and palatable food would have prevented all this ; but our coarse dietary drove us to divers strange meats. Haws, sloes, crabs, hips, and blackberries, were matters of course ; but bark, pith, leather, and gum, were certainly not advantageous to the system ; and, in spite of their nutritious properties for sheep and horses, I am quite satisfied that boys would be better without either raw turnip or carrot.

Now all this, and much more, rose to my mind, as the unknown feasted upon his bread and bacon—feasted right royally, for it was with appetite and enjoyment. It was plain that he felt no fear of after horrors, which should make him approach his next meal with dread and trembling. One could see in his ruddy countenance and clear, bright eye that hypochondria had never seized upon him. It was plain enough to see in his comfortable state, in the quiet satisfaction with which he wiped his knife upon the palm of his hand, his mouth upon the back, before having a few whiffs of his coarse, rank tobacco out of a black, broken pipe. Envious ! It was enough to make any man envious, to see the fellow's aspect of perfect content—content, forsooth, upon twelve shillings per week ! whilst I, with an income of—, but stay ; this may be placed beside my Income Tax Returns, and some slight discrepancy detected.

I turned mournfully away, leaving my bucolic friend to finish his dinner-hour in peace, and muse upon the meal so sweetened with the pleasant sauce of hunger ; while I strode through the sun-glinted copse, with more than one white-tailed rabbit darting across my path, to rustle away amongst the fern. I thought of the unknown, then of myself, then of half of half-a-quartern loaf, and a slab of fat bacon, then of the repast that would await me at five—the clear soup, the bit of fish, the well-browned cutlets, and the boiled fowls, and stilton. That, too, was the day to try the wine samples—the dry sherry and fruity port. My case was, I felt, hard ; for, as I muttered half aloud, “ Ah ! he never went to school,” I sighed loudly, my coat-tail caught in a bush, and something rattled in the pocket, and I sighed again, for it was a box of dinner-pills.



Once a Week.

THE STORM SIGNAL.—By E. DUNCAN

July 21, 1898.

TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

I DO not recollect the exact date of my first making my grandmother's acquaintance. She was always very fond of impressing upon me that she was an old woman. When she made this remark to other people, I noticed they were rude enough to deny her statement. I always replied, "Yes, grandmamma, I know that," in a tone implying that I could see it for myself. This answer amused her mightily, and disconcerted her visitors. It was on this account I excused her from playing horses with me, and fetching my shuttlecock when it stuck in a tree. She was very fond of me, because I was perfectly contented to sit quietly in the drawing-room, reading a book, without disturbing her. I was also delighted to listen to her conversation, which was highly instructive. If I sat as I have above stated for more than an hour without interfering with her perusal of a novel, she would call me to her and give me a shilling. Had I then known the value of silence, I should have asked her for a sovereign. Before others she would extol my studious habits, and my superiority over my cousins. This judicious treatment induced in me a love of books, even to reading them upside down, or going to sleep over them, and also fostered in me a desire for acquiring knowledge by oral instruction.

My grandmother possessed a strong sense of humour. She said, wrote, and did so many good things, that her descendants have been for years past talking about compiling Grandmotheriana. While they have been talking, I have done it.

This conduct is the result of my grandmother's teaching on one particular occasion; *à propos*, of smoky chimneys. One day, as we were being driven in her carriage through the village, she noticed a large placard placed over a small, mean-looking house; on it was inscribed: J. FAGG, PRACTICAL CHIMNEY-SWEEP. She stopped the carriage at J. Fagg's door, and that gentleman stepped out, looking very clean where he was clean, and very dirty where he was dirty, the effect, probably, of a hasty toilet without a looking-glass. This didn't strike me then, as I was too much astonished at being thus suddenly confronted with the terror of my earliest childhood, (the sweep was always to take the naughty boy in my time,) and finding him nothing like so black as he had been traditionally painted: in fact, only shaded. My grandmother inquired, coming *in medias res*, what he meant by his advertisement? Mr. Fagg straightforwardly explained that, by Prac-

tical Sweep he intended to convey that he, Mr. Fagg, invariably swept the chimneys himself, and never employed no one else to do it for him. My grandmother at once gave him a job. As we drove off, she said to me: "George, through life always be a practical, not a theoretical sweep. Don't talk: do."

So I did.

Her only weakness was cheating at loo; but even this never went beyond sixpence. No one, however, could be more honourable than she was at whist,—of which my grandmother was very fond. On Saturdays, when I came to spend my half-holiday at her house, she would teach me double-dummy all the afternoon, playing for my week's allowance, which she always won. She would, however, make my uncle refund the amount, with interest, when I was taken back by the butler on Sunday evening.

I have already told you that my grandmother had a strong sense of humour, and would say things with a certain breadth which was characteristic of the old school to which she belonged. Being asked why she disliked children (as she did, with the exception of myself), she replied, "Because I am nearly sixty, and I cannot bear them." Whereupon she smiled to herself, and relished a huge pinch of snuff out of her golden box.

"Cleanliness," she affirmed, "was next to godliness;" so, on being asked for a donation towards the new parish church, she insisted upon subscribing for a font. From this I infer that my grandmother was not well versed in doctrinal theology. But this was long before the Gorham case.

She told a match-making mother that her destination must be certainly heaven, because marriages were made there.

She liked music in the evening, if its performance didn't interfere with whist. A musician venturing to remark that she preferred cards to music, she replied, curtly, that "one treble was enough at a time for *her*, and that should be at her favourite game." Then she took a pinch, and thus snuffed him out of the conversation.

She held that Shakspeare was a whist player, on account of his using the expression,

"There's the rub." I have since heard learned commentators set down Shakspeare as a lawyer's clerk, on less strong internal evidence than the above of my grandmother's.

I believe she would have represented the Three Witches engaged at dummy, and Macbeth asked, in the evening, to make a fourth. She would, probably, have read the charm thus, "Double, double, toil, and treble." But these are my own conjectures, not my grandmother's expressed opinions. However, my ground for them is as good as a chancery barrister's for a testator's implied intention in a religious educational bequest.

• My grandmother had no strong religious views. She always wore a beautiful cap and very clean white lace collar on Sundays, but she never went out. She was not fond of parsons, and only one was a regular visitor at her house; but *he* came in the evening, and lost his money at whist. The clergy of *her* day were not so strict as now. Puseyites and Ritualists were unknown. There were then the Sporting Parson and the Dancing Parson; the others were the ordinary sort of parsons. When she was ill, one of these dancing parsons took upon himself to talk to her of the joys of heaven, mentioned the harps of the angels, the glorious company to be met with there, and the great celestial feast. When he had finished, she said "Yes; but now tell me of the dance you were at last night. Was the music good? who were present? and was it a handsome supper?" I do not know if he ever visited her again, but I have heard that he has long since given up dancing. Indeed, I think he gave up the work altogether about the same time.

Another of these officially pious gentry hoped that my grandmother was preparing herself to join the endless hallelujahs. She knew her man, and, premising that she had never been able to learn singing, asked him to say candidly, if he didn't think that the style of music he had described would be somewhat monotonous? She gauged such professional piety correctly, but turned an attentive ear to one with whose devotion to the poor she was acquainted, and whose sincerity and consistency she respected.

Of her letter-writing. My grandmother was as fond of letter-writing as were David Garrick, Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, and, to

come to our own times, Earl Russell. But, as she never could punctuate, her epistles admitted of as many constructions as a legal document. One of my aunts complained to her of this constant omission: whereupon my grandmother wrote her a very long letter in reply, unpunctuated as usual; but in it was inclosed a sheet full of all sorts of stops, in quantities, from commas up to notes of admiration, with this characteristic postscript:—"F S You find fault with me for not punctuating my letters it is an art I never could learn you have acquired it therefore I send you stops enough for this letter which you can put in where you like and if you require any more write word and I will send as many as you want"

My grandmother, like many old ladies of her time, used to solace herself with much pungent snuff. She was wont to say that a snufftaker could never make a thoughtless answer.

She called her snuff-box her test of sincerity. When a new acquaintance requested a pinch, she would narrowly watch to see whether he applied it fairly, or frittered it away when he thought himself unobserved.

With a genuine snufftaker she was immediately at her ease. "It seems, ma'am," said the doctor, who was fond of using French phrases, "to make you *en rapport* with your visitor." She corrected him, curtly, with "You mean *en rappee*."

She had a will of her own, but made none. "I have a great deal to leave when I die," she remarked, to an elderly spinster, who had been trying to ingratiate herself with my grandmother. The disinterested companion observed, with a sigh, that "She had no doubt of it." "Yes," continued my grandmother, seeing that she was afraid to ask for details, "I shall leave—the world." Thereupon she snuffed prodigiously.

"I own," said my grandmother, who had been a great traveller in her day, "that a delight in cruelty does appear to me to be implanted in our sex. Ladies are the chief patrons of bull-fights in Spain, and, at sea-side places, at home and abroad, they flock in crowds to see the arrivals by the packet-boats."

A German of not over cleanly habits complained to my grandmother of the sufferings he

endured from constant ear-ache. "I have heard," she said, calmly taking snuff, "that to apply some water with a little soap regularly every day, to the part affected, is a certain remedy." The foreigner adopted her advice and was cured.

My grandmother held that there were three inseparable notes of a gentleman in the best society; his gloves, his boots, and his hat. To fail in one of these points was, she said, to be guilty of all.

My grandmother's memory was defective in the matter of names, and she never could repeat a riddle correctly. She invariably called a Mr. Steeven Mr. Phillips. Being remonstrated with on this subject by her elder daughter, she replied that the gentleman in question had never yet refused a dinner-invitation to her house: so my aunt had nothing more to say.

Being fresh from school, I asked my grandmother a riddle which was to me quite new. Why is a carpenter uglier than anybody else? The answer, of course, is, as is generally known, Because he is a deal plainer. My grandmother was much delighted, and, in the evening, being desirous of showing herself specially agreeable to an ill-favoured Dutchman who sat next to her at dinner, she gave him her version of the puzzle to guess, which at once arrested the attention of the table by its peculiar form: "Why," she asked, "are you uglier than I am?" A suppressed titter among the guests, and "Mamma!" reprovingly from my aunt. The unfortunate foreigner gave it up as soon as he conveniently could; whereupon my grandmother supplied the simple answer, "Because you're a great deal plainer." She had forgotten all about the carpenter.

She read her *Times* regularly every day. Had she lived till now, I think the peremptory announcement of "No cards" would have killed her.

DINNER-TABLE ART.

IN no branch of decorative art is there a greater opening for originality and improvement than in that connected with the service of our tables. For, as the less constitutes the greater, so it can be truly said that art has no permanency, nor effective power,

till it has shown itself as much in the common cup and plate as in the finest landscape or the noblest piece of sculpture. When its scale of efficiency is thus wide, when it has no limit but the necessity to which it ministers, then art may be said to live amidst a people—as it did with the Greeks and the Etruscans of old.

It may be libellous to say so, considering the amount of self-sufficiency which prevails in matters of this sort, but the middle-classes, and, to a far greater degree, the lower classes of this country, have as little true artistic feeling, as they fail in a conception of what constitutes the simple and the tasteful. This defect, in spite of schools of design, illustrated books and newspapers, arises in some degree from want of a general and higher culture; and, in a greater still, from an absence of true taste in the colour, form, and ornament of the objects supplied by the manufacturer for the purposes of daily use. Were every object which we took in hand endowed with as much taste as utility, a process of indirect culture would take place; analogous, though in another form to that proceeding from the opening of picture-galleries and museums. Art would thus penetrate through almost every social degree, and become national in judgment, expression, and reception.

Confining our remarks to pottery, and to that of a useful character, every person of taste can see how much more beautiful it might be both in colour and form, without increase of cost. Absence of body-colour is the greatest defect in modern pottery; particularly that portion of it used on the dinner-table. Go where we may, let us be at home or abroad, the same dead white is toned against a dead white table-cloth; if there is a pattern on our plate, and on the dishes before our eye, it is probably of a pale green or blue; or, if red, it is in such small masses as to produce little or no effect. We go out, say, to a large London dinner-party, where our host has expended 100*l.* or 120*l.* on the service before us. It is rich in gilding, it bears his coat-of-arms, it is bordered with a brilliant blue or green; yet what is the effect? We look down or up the table and see nothing but dead white surfaces; the white table-cloth, the uncontrasting silver. In fact, there is no effect at all, except of a chill uniformity, unworthy of an age pretending to the least cultivation in matters of taste.

Our potters seemingly forget that warm, or high toned colours are a cardinal necessity in the decorative arts of northern climates. English architects are beginning to perceive this truth by their revival of the ornamental

terra-cotta and fine red brickwork of the middle ages. Observe how well these masses of dark red tone against our wintry skies ; and in summer how well they look amidst the verdure of our woods and lawns. Except for occasional purposes, white brick and large masses of white stonework are as much out of keeping with our climate as the Grecian order of architecture. Open porticoes, colonnades, roof-lights, and white surfaces, are unsuited to us. We want solidity, shelter, warmth, and tones of warmth in colouring, in our buildings ; and we cannot afford to lose sight of the principle, so far as colour is concerned, in even minor things.

A century ago, Wedgwood deplored the necessity he was under of changing the colour of his ordinary ware from a fine body colour of pale sulphur to a dead white. But the fashionable world, just as it grew tired of Bath or Weymouth, Ranelagh or the Pantheon, had grown tired of cream colour ; and, with the caprice natural to a low state of education, vapid accomplishments, misused wealth, and a senseless and wearying pursuit of pleasure, clamoured for a change. He tried to compromise the matter by introducing what he called pearl-white, that was white slightly toned with pink, as the cream-colour was white more or less toned with yellow ; but it was not well received. He had thus to export his finest wares to the West Indies and North America, and adopt for his home-trade a pottery covered with a dead-white glaze ; not so white as that in use at present, but still low-toned compared with his richest examples of cream-colour. Yet contrast the two !—the fine sulphur-colour of Wedgwood's best days, with a modern dinner-service of dead-white, on which the pattern is in some low shade of the secondary and tertiary colours, as brown or green. In the one case, you see no effect at all but that of negative unobtrusiveness ; in the other, a vivid conception of fitness and beauty strikes the mind, and is retained by the eye of the beholder. Say that the service is of true old Wedgwood—of those palmiest days of cream-colour, 1765 to 1785, and on it the enameller has expended his skill in what was called the red antique pattern, that is, the conventional Greek honey-suckle, in dark red, surrounded by a line of black ; or, say it is the purple grape antique, where the richest purples flash upon half hidden leaves of green : such a service as Wedgwood devised for the idol of his political veneration, the great Lord Chatham. See how the rich ivory tints contrast with the low toned table-cloth ; how the lines of purple

flash along the table ; or, how the rich-toned reds, subdued by the scarce seen threads of black, warm up the surrounding surfaces ! Let the centre-piece be one of Wedgwood's fine black tazzas, or tall open vases, this adorned with flowers, and the snowy salt be in those exquisite toys of his executed in a black body, ornamented in the same coloured relief, and set on tiny outcurved feet, and we have a whole of a perfection worthy of the eye of a Samian, Moorish-Hispanio, or oriental potter.

If we recur to antique art for examples, we shall perceive that the greater portion of the pottery used by the ancients for the service of the table was of high-toned colours. The Egyptians gave a preference to red and black, or these colours intermingled ; or if white was introduced, it was largely associated with warmer hues. The fine coralline ware of antiquity appears to have been chiefly for table use, and its form was principally confined to bowls and patera, the latter being a sort of open plate or dish. The Romans also used the red lustrous ware. The finest came from Arretium in Etruria ; but imitations, more or less excellent, were manufactured on the shores of the Rhine, in Spain, and at one or two places in central Gaul. It was chiefly from Gaul that the Romans imported the vast mass of red ware in use during their occupancy of Britain. Fragments are found in profusion on all the sites they occupied. On the stations of the Roman Wall, particularly those of Cilurnum, Borcovicus, and Æsica, these fragments are thick strewn to the depth of several feet, and they are found in equal profusion in the midland and southern towns of Britain. In all the recent excavations at Uriconium, Wroxeter, the mass of red ware turned up by the spade has been remarkable. But no site has equalled London in the production of perfect specimens of the highest quality. Many of these, from the perfection of glaze and colour, and the beauty and sharpness of the reliefs or embossments thereon, are considered by competent judges to have been produced in the potteries of Arretium. The Romans, who utilised the resources of this country to the fullest extent of their scientific skill and mechanical knowledge, knew as well as the modern potter, that in no country in the world are finer materials for pottery than in this ; and had they preferred them, they could have used the intensely white clays of Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, as previously in the form of large and coarse vessels, chiefly for funereal purposes, they had been used by the Celtic potters.

Yet, so far as we can now ascertain, the only form in which the Romans used a white clay was in the fabrication of very small tesserae, and a rare kind of ware found at Uriconium, which, formed of Severn-valley clay, was occasionally painted with stripes of red and yellow. But, as a pigment or paint, they used white largely. To this colour it was, that the potters of Durobrivæ, in our modern Northamptonshire, had recourse for their chief effects, for they applied it with infinite skill as a relief to their ware, coloured black by certain processes of their kilns. It was thus, as a matter of undoubted taste and preference, that the Romans, like the Greeks before them, used red and dark toned wares for all the purposes of the table. Form was chiefly confined to the bowl and patera, for their culinary art appears to have been limited to the production of broths and stews. The pateræ were usually plain, the bowls richly embossed; and both were imported from the vast potteries of central Gaul, as the potters' marks stamped upon most of the vessels are precisely like those upon specimens found in that country; and the sites of the kilns, instruments and tools for manufacture, as also vessels *in situ* have been discovered. From the same source was imported a coarse and very white ware in the form of small votive figures, as the lares, penates, and Deæ Matres, as also many still smaller, which served as toys for children.

There are two methods by which the modern potter might develop this branch of useful decorative art. One, by the production of a fine dark-red terra-cotta slightly glazed; the other, by a ware characterised by the depth of a rich porcellaneous glaze. The terra-cotta might depend on form, as well as on exquisite simplicity for its beauty; or with beauty of form, it might combine low relief, or embossment; a branch of ornament which would open a new field to the designer. He might be guided by what the ancients had done; and he might advance beyond them, as their range and fertility in ornament were not remarkable. He would find more than a hundred fine examples of the red lustrous ware depicted in C. Roach Smith's Roman London, and others scattered through the volumes of the *Archæologia*, Buckman and Newmarch's Cirencester, and many further works of an antiquarian character.

The true colour for the highly-glazed ware, would be a very pale pink or flesh-colour, such as we see it marking the hands or feet of a healthy child, or the inner lining of the small bivalve shells, common on our sea-shores.

How such a colour in combination with a depth of glaze would be best produced, could only be discovered through experiment. It might require a biscuit, or body toned with colour, or it might not. It might be sufficient to colour the glaze, and look through this to the white, which by refraction might assume the true tone. A considerable depth of glaze would be required, perhaps two dippings or coatings for costly specimens. In the latter case, we should seem to look *through* the glaze, and not *on* the glaze, for the body or substratum of the ware, and the effect would thus be, that of a pink topaz of great richness and beauty.

The true ornament of this ware would be that of relief—mere colour on the flat would be useless. The methods of working this outstanding style of ornament would be two: the simpler, as in all tracery, by pressing or moulding; the other, as in the highest class of the Arretine, and also in the finest specimens of Wedgwood's jasper-ware, by laying on. For instance, in this latter case, were colour finely used—were the tracery taken from specimens of the Cinque-cento period, and interspersed with small medallions, either portraiture or mere conventional wheels, or figured circles, the result would be a jewelled pottery of a most exquisite character. How these reliefs should be coloured would be well-known to the potter.

Provided the form were fine, and the colour true, the ware without relief, or ornament of any kind, would be very chaste. Or reliefs in one colour, as black, or a rich lilac, or these colours blended, could be used, and with extraordinary effect. In more elaborate tracery, as in designs copied from the ornamental portions of Gothic architecture in its various styles, from Saxon, mediæval, and Irish missals, and from sources purely Oriental, a great variety of colour might be introduced; some colours largely, others more sparingly, as white or yellow. The Chinese produce an exquisite unity of blue with green, which would contrast finely with the flesh-colour surface; and almost every collection of Oriental porcelain would afford examples of the supreme effect to be produced by uniting a primary, as dark-blue, with a secondary, as green, formed by its own colour, and the primary yellow.

So far as proofs have descended to us, the Greeks showed no great fertility in mere decorative ornament, or in the use and adaptation of colour. In both these respects they were very far behind the Orientals. It is, therefore, to purely Oriental sources we must look for those hints and lessons which will surely

afford a new and fruitful mastery in both colour and ornament. Most of the Greek border edgings have, moreover, become very hackneyed, and, in some of their types, very debased. Sir Gardner Wilkinson very aptly remarks that the flora of our country presents a wide and new field for ornamental design, provided a too naturalistic adaptation be avoided. In ornament of the Roman period we find a great variety and exuberance; but for ornament—real ornament—it is to orientalism we must look, if not always in form, yet always in colour.

In the substitution of coloured reliefs for colouring on the flat or enamel painting, one great rule would have to be observed, namely, that the tracery stand distinct, or in other words, that the exquisite flesh colour have a sufficiently clear field, so as to show itself distinctly through the interstices of the tracery as it flows in ornamental windings, or stands simply as a mere floriage. If this point of clearness were not kept in view, the tracery or floriage would have the great demerit of a thick and blotchy appearance.

Another point in which we do not think modern taste shines is that of uniformity. Granting that all the minor parts of a dinner or dessert service should be alike, why should the majors? The lesser majors, as dishes for *entremets* or vegetables, might be black—in that cheap and beautiful body in which some of Wedgwood's choicest productions, in point of form, were made. Such vessels raised on feet or stands—which occasionally might be of metal electro-plated, could show some of the finest lines of the ellipsis, and would certainly produce a good effect, with the rose hues flashing light around them.

The fields of the plates, dishes, and other vessels, or those portions which receive the viands, ought to be entirely plain. If people require cyphers, or coats of arms, such ought to stand outwards on the rims of the plates and dishes, and on the sides of sauce-boats and tureens so as to be seen, and not, as is too often the case, be hidden beneath the food, whilst the reliefs should be made to spring from the fields of the plates and dishes, and nothing more.

A fine maize colour might be occasionally substituted for the flesh colour, the ware and ornament being in all other respects the same. The old black body would look finely with these coloured reliefs or tracery. There is also a gray black much in fashion for gloves which would well contrast a certain amount of heightened colour.

Much might also be done by the potter to make knife-handles more ornamental. Wedgwood expended much skill in this direction, and up to the period of his death and for a time after, knife-handles formed a considerable branch of trade. An exquisite smoothness to the touch would be a necessary point. This a high glaze would effect, and pattern might be produced by a sort of inlaying; as, for instance, red or white upon a pale sea-green.

The linen manufacturer might also take his share in this advance of artistic taste. By all means let us have the centres of our table-cloths and napkins as finely white as bleaching can make them. But does this necessitate that the borders should be white also? We have permanent dyes, blues and reds, which will stand the test of repeated washing, and we might resort to them in colouring threads with which to weave deep borders of matchless beauty. These might consist of the Greek fret, the convolute, the honeysuckle, the egg-and-tongue, the interlaced chain, and countless other beautiful arrangements of lines and curves. For when the elements of true art are understood, and bigotry and common-places cease to limit the range of taste, the fluent powers of originality never lag behind.

The method of serving dinners *à la Russe* can never become common with the less wealthy classes of this or any other country. Too many servants are required to carry out its *régime* with efficiency. Thus two kinds or styles of dinner services might be introduced with effect, namely: one for dinners served *à la Russe*, the other in which some of the chief dishes would adorn the guests' table. On the first style of service, which would necessarily be costly, a great deal of very beautiful art might be shown. The vases for flowers, the baskets, calices, and tazza-like dishes for fruits and jellies, might vary in form, body, and ornament. The lofty centre-piece, say of black with jewelled reliefs, would contrast well with minor pieces in flesh-colour, parian, or buff, or red terra-cotta.

In the second case, where a portion of the viands would stand upon the table, more art would have to be expended on the tureens and other chief dishes. And certainly effect would be gained by dismissing absolute uniformity of colour, provided that apart from the centre-piece, a degree of duality or quaternity were observed, as two or four black dishes, in contrast to the centre-piece and rest of the service.

These higher toned colours in relation to the service of our tables might be objected to on

the ground that they are not so cleanly looking to the eye as dead white surfaces ; and, that brought into contact with our food, would have something repulsive about them. It may be objected, too, that reliefs, in place of enamelled or painted decorations, would make cleanliness difficult ; that outstanding surfaces, however slight, would harbour dirt and increase the necessary labours of servants. But the matter of colour is one of mere prejudice, existing in idea only. We have now been so long accustomed to dead and monotonous surfaces, to uniformity in colour and poverty of taste, as to scarcely realise the necessity or artistic advantage of change ; whilst, so far as contrast is involved, between the hues of the food served up for our repasts and the dishes which contain it, the improvement, with but few exceptions, would lie largely on the side of a bolder and more effective style of colouring.

Cleanliness, it has been well said, is eminently a Christian virtue. It formed a necessary element in a creed which taught, for the first time in the world's history, simplicity, a faithful performance of duty, and patience, earnestness, and well doing in the smallest things. Hence cleanliness, or truth of duty, could only be conceived and brought practically into use by those who saw life and its essential needs in a higher and truer spirit than had those who had lived in the civilized period of the heathen world, and in whom the desire to live simply and purely, and, so far as might be, to act justly in all things, laid the first foundations of genuine refinement. For, after all which has been written, we know very little of the domestic life of antiquity ; yet, if the inferences we draw from what meets the eye in excavations be correct, it was in many points filthy and brutal. The Pompeian kitchens were marvellously small, and some of their immediate accessories were as revolting as those of our modern bakehouses, if the evidence in the reports for abridging the hours of labour is to be trusted. From the dust-heaps and floorings uncovered on Romano-British sites it is very evident that many barbarous habits prevailed ; and that hypocausts, tessellated floors, fine fresco paintings, and beautifully wrought sculptures were associated with methods of life which would be utterly distasteful to ourselves. At the present day, there can be little doubt, that amongst the best educated classes a simple refinement prevails, such as, in all its essential features was never known before. The last century might have shown brighter rubbed clock-cases, chests, and

tables, whiter sanded floors and shining rows of pewter, but its dependants were servile in spirit, and the amount of labour exacted from them was often most cruel. Yet, in spite of all we have to suffer from a state of things resulting naturally from an increase of material wealth out of all proportion to the existing amount of education amongst those who serve our daily needs, there can be no question that our dinner-tables display an order and a cleanliness much to be admired. Taste will follow on a higher mental and artistic culture, and on an awakening of the mind of women of the middle classes to the pregnant truth that domestic knowledge and domestic duties are not incompatible with the highest cultivation of the intellect. On the contrary, they aid it both directly and indirectly. Through the same educative processes women in a humble rank will learn to view servitude under a very different aspect than they do at present ; the moral and material questions will work more evenly ; and, provided the manufacturer advance with his necessary labours for uniting beauty with utility, no further hitch can arise in relation to these simple, yet at the same time, complex relations of servitude, beauty, and fitness.

It may be said that we have spoken of artistic improvements which will only go, as too many improvements do, towards increasing the luxury of the rich. But it is forgotten that art, under most of its aspects, has a decensive as well as an ascensive quality. There is a power in it, from greater to less, as from less to greater. If all the sublimities of Gothic architecture were the result of a slow aggregation of improvements painfully wrought step by step ; if a statue of Phidias and Praxiteles was only the final development of the clay image of the aboriginal and migratory savage ; if the beautifully formed and glazed cream ware of Wedgwood was but the work of his forefathers perfected ; so also did the influence of Gothic architecture improve and beautify the domestic architecture of the same period : the finest statues of the Greek sculptors were copied in clay, and engraved in intaglio on bronze and iron rings ; and many of Wedgwood's best works, particularly those of a useful character, were reproduced in a cheap form, and hawked about the country. So, in a like manner, whatever the modern potter can effect in improving the originality and colour of his wares, will be certain to influence the productions of those who work in coarser materials, and for the class who buy cheaply, and, at the same time, largely.

TABLE TALK.

BALLOON ascents for meteorological studies have been going on in France with considerable success. M. Flammarion has been the observer, and if he has not outdone his English collaborators in the altitudes attained, he has surpassed them in the continuous duration of his observations, for some of his ascents lasted over twelve and fifteen hours' interval. Two-thirds of a day in the clouds, and reading instruments all the while! These are some of the most striking and interesting results obtained: The humidity of the air increases from the ground up to a certain height; it attains a *maximum zone* which varies with time and season, and the cloudy or clear state of the sky; from this point it diminishes constantly as the higher regions of the atmosphere are reached. The radiation of the sun—the difference between the heat of his direct rays and the temperature of the air in the shade—increases as the amount of aqueous vapour in the air diminishes; thereby proving that it is the vapour of water which plays the leading part in conserving solar heat at the surface of the earth. The temperature of the air decreases at the rate of about one degree centigrade for every 194 mètres (212 yards), rather less at great heights. This decrease is more rapid in the evening than in the morning, and during warm days than during cold days. Clouds are warmer than the air in which they float; and sometimes regions of one temperature have currents of another and warmer temperature coursing, like aerial rivers, through them.

BY THE WAY, talking of balloons, the late Aëronautical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace was a sad failure, no single machine or model was shown that could or would take the air. Either the theory of aviation is thoroughly misunderstood, or, if it be known, profound ignorance prevails regarding the application of it to practice. Watching the trial of one of the so-called aerial-ships, I was greatly amused with a sparrow that flew into the annexe, fluttered knowingly about the machine, and then perched aloft and eyed the business with a leer of contempt that seemed to say, It won't do. Then he chirruped to attract attention, and performed a few more gyrations before the envious eyes of the aeronauts. Was he a messenger from the gods? if so, was his mission to taunt or to teach?

HEAT expands bodies: the hot weather dilates ideas. To what but an over-heated brain, a distended imagination, can one ascribe a proposition that appears in the *Builder* to the effect that street names and numbers should be abolished, and that houses and places be designated by latitudes and longitudes! The worthy who advances this grand idea is for putting the degrees and minutes up at every street corner, and marking the street doors with seconds and subdivisions of the second. Thus my address, instead of being written as it is now, would have to be in this form:

The Editor of ONCE A WEEK,

0°. 2'. 21". 34". W.
51°. 28'. 30". 76". N.

The numbers are slightly inaccurate, perhaps, for I have no sextant, and am unversed in the working of lunars. Fancy giving a cabman such an address, and finding him at a standstill every ten minutes of the route taking an observation. That's what the scheme must lead to if it were carried out: a lucky impossibility.

HEAT expands bodies, you say. I am reminded of the remark of a learned little boy. The late Prince Consort once paid a visit to a school, and heard the teacher make one of the classes go through what is termed in the phraseology of pedagogues, an object lesson. "Now, can you tell me anything about heat?" was one of the questions. A bright little man held forth his hand, as much as to say that he could. "Well, now, boy," said the teacher, "what do you know?" "Heat expands," said the boy, in the jerky style of delivery characteristic of his years. "Heat expands—cold contracts." The teacher looked at the prince for approval; the prince bowed his head, and smiled approbation. The teacher, eager for more such smiles, went on. "Very good," he said, "now give me an example." "In summer the days are long; in winter the days are short."

IF, like Sancho Panza, I were made governor of some tight little island, I would convert it into a perfect Utopia, and that by the simplest process in the world. When I look down and up the advertising columns of my newspaper, I see that there is not an affliction to which human nature is subject, whether the result of accident or the effect of physical laws, but there exist not one, but several means for its radical and effectual cure. Du Barry, the

banisher of dyspepsia and its cohort of dependent ills—he of the revalenta—should be my minister of health—in an evil sense. Carlyle called France, under the reign of a selfish royal favourite, a Dubarrydom; but my state should be a Dubarrydom in a hyper-excellent and rudely sanitary significance. I would have a minister, or rather a mistress of beauty, under whose cosmetic sway all my subjects should be endowed with personal charms proof against time and weather. Time's scythe should smooth shave no more scalps, nor the lily-white sand of his leaky hour-glass bestrew any more pates, and even Death himself, Nature's hard-hearted collector of debts, should dun in vain for a good half century beyond the prescribed day of payment—or the proprietor of Parr's life-pills should answer for it. As for the so-called minor tribulations of life, but which make up the gross of human misery, my *coulour de rose* island should know them no more than St. Patrick's green one knows toad, snake, or other crawling and riggling abomination. Corns, bunnions, tooth-ache, boils, tender feet, catarrhs, should exist but as abstract words in dictionaries and spelling books, puzzling children to attach any definite meaning to them. As regards the moral well-being of my subjects, the establishment in my realms of all the most enlightened educational systems, from Kindergarten to women's colleges, would ensure a degree of disciplined intellectuality among them unequalled in any age, and as each would learn a new language every fortnight, "without a master," no stranger alighting on our shores, come he from Kamskautchka or far Cathay, would ever need an interpreter. Then, as to worldly goods, poverty, even comparative, would be absolutely unknown among us, for all would, for a few postage stamps, obtain some "lucrative employment" of a "genteel nature," which it would only depend upon them to turn into the means of a handsome living. Fortune, too, would not only smile, but wear a perpetual broad grin upon her features towards the fortunate children of my paternal sway. At our public races every one upon applying to the government prophet for the official "tip," should be enabled to foretell the winner and lay on his money without fear of being forced to merit the mystic epithet "welcher." Then in the important and delicate affairs of matrimony, every one would possess the infallible secret of making the object of his or her affection burn with a corresponding flame; while those mutual deceptions in friendship or business, which are the cause of so

much heart-burning and disappointment, would become impossible, for, by the mere inspection of their hand-writing, the characters of all my subjects would become patent as the faultless noses on their for-ever-beautiful faces. When I get my little island I shall register it under the name of QUACKMANIA.



E poi Muovere!!

THE moustache question has been once more mooted at the French bar, and a young advocate has undertaken to prove to the judge—who at first refused to hear him because he appeared with this natural ornament—that there exists no formal binding prescription against the display of this badge of manhood by the members of the bar in France. I believe that the question has been settled in England in favour of liberty, but the option has not been often made use of. Even clergymen, when the moustache movement was first set agoing by Mr. Charles Dickens, were seen braving prejudice in favour of physiology, and looking, it must be owned, very wolfish shepherds. This reminds me of an anecdote I heard in Germany, of a student in theology

who appeared before the examiner, after having waited an unconscionable time for admission, bearded like a pard. The learned examiner fell back astonished, exclaiming, "A *theology* with a beard!" "A beard!" cried the student, with an air of equal astonishment, and putting his hand up to his face; "Bless me, why it must have grown while I have been waiting in the ante-room."

THERE is, after all, an objection to beards in advocates and clergymen,—a most serious objection. No public speaker has a right to mask half his face. It is his business as a speaker to give the utmost clearness of expression to his ideas, and much of this clearness depends on facial expression. It seems as if a man were not earnest in his profession, when, his chief means of exercising it being oratory, he chooses to weaken his power of expression with a beard.

ONE of the most calmly philosophical speeches I ever heard, I heard the other day from the mouth of an urchin. The scene was a play-field attached to a most respectable academical establishment. Boys were busy cricketing, and engaged in other sports. Espying one solitary little fellow stretched out on the grass in listless abandonment of all control over his limbs,—“Find the weather too warm for exertion?” I remarked. “No,” he said; “but when I bore myself doing nothing, play-time seems so much longer.” I have not yet recovered from the stupendous depth of this answer.

THERE has been lately a call for reviving the censorship of the press. If ever society were weak enough to resort to such a remedy against the literature of crime, I should like the censor to deal with another set of pernicious writers who frighten the weak-minded with predictions of the coming tribulation, after the fashion of one who exercised that function in a German state early in this century. One of these apocalyptic expounders had written a book to prove that the world's drama would reach its last scene in the year 1836. The censor granted his imprimatur, but with this proviso, that the book should not be published till the year 1837.

WE just now spoke of Quackery. I was amused a few days back, in the Westminster-bridge Road, by a man with a sort of van and

a barrel, from which he was selling burdock and sarsaparilla, as the true elixir of life. He never drank anything else, he said. A crowd listened to his address, and soon the tumblers and the pence were forthcoming. This man, though commonly designated Quack, was, I doubt not, harmless enough; nay, it is quite possible that the drink he vended was beneficial. Another in the guise of a parson, with cap, bands, and Geneva gown, was parodying the litany and other portions of the episcopalian service, in favour of the “Liberal” resolutions of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who was styled the “Father of the People!” Copies of this unclever and profane burlesques were soon sold among the crowd, at “only a penny.” This occurred at Walworth. But the forms and devices of Quackery are manifold. Before me, to take other examples, is a newspaper-cutting, an advertisement announcing, “Matrimony made easy; or, how to win a Lover.—Madame M—— continues to send free to any address, on receipt of fourteen stamps, and a stamped directed envelope, plain directions to enable ladies or gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may require. The process is simple, but so captivating and enthralling, that all may be married; irrespective of age, appearance, or position,” and so forth. The great Smollett has delineated what may be called the representative Quack, in the person of Mr. Ferret. Ferret is the radical politician and quack-doctor combined. He thus concludes an address in praise of *his* elixir: “Now this here elixir, sold for no more than sixpence a phial, contains the essence of the alkahest, the archæus, the catholicon, the menstruum, the sun, moon; and to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chruseon pepu-romenon ek puros*.”

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 31.

August 1, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XIII.—MUSICAL LINKS.

THE Marquise de Beauvoisin, dowager, had been as good as her word, and at the end of a week or ten days after her conversation with Madame de Clavreuil, she had established so satisfactory an overseership upon her brother's actions, that nothing of what M. de Moranges did could escape her. How she continued this, we shall, perhaps, discover later. The Dowager de Beauvoisin was not a woman tormented with vain scruples where a great end was at stake; but it is certain that, without her brother's suspicion of the fact, she managed to draw him into the atmosphere in which she herself lived and moved. She was far too wise a woman to appear desirous of seeing more of him than he voluntarily allowed her to see, and she never made a single remark upon his comparative disappearance from society, or upon any of his habits or ways whatever. She, seemingly, took him as he was, and on all occasions met him with the blandest good-humour, not to say cordiality or affection. The widowed Marquise and her brother were too well bred ever to be cordial to any one, and they knew each other too thoroughly to be ever affectionate. But what the lady did achieve was, that they should meet on neutral ground nearly every day. She caught M. de Moranges in the toils of relationship, bound him down by his family ties, being quite aware of his deep sense of social decencies, and of the sacrifices he would be induced to make to the fitness of things.

She herself never once invited him to her house, but on the occasion of Olivier's marriage and return home, she raked up every cousin, in no matter what degree, whom she could find, and impressed upon each several one the duty of giving a banquet in honour of the new-

married couple, and of bidding to it all those who had the honour of being connected with the Beauvoisin race.

M. de Moranges never once flinched (his wily sister had rightly foreseen that he would not); in the name of his House he bore everything manfully, and ate six dinners a week (whereof five were generally bad) with people who suited him ill, and whom in his secret soul he wished at Cayenne, or anywhere, whence they would not be likely to return. But he bore it, and might, if he had cared for it, have had the satisfaction of hearing how he had charmed all the younger women, many of whom had met him for almost the first time, and all of whom lamented that he did not more frequent the world.

The Dowager Marquise, whenever she was within earshot of her brother, descanted upon social obligations; proved herself large-minded and liberal as to what regarded the conduct of her fellow creatures; said that lay between themselves and a Higher Power; and laid it down as a law that a strong sense of what is due to the ties of family, a real respect for consanguinity, was all that could be required of a man of the world and a gentleman. It was pleasant to hear her discourse, her brother thought, for it helped to put him at his ease with regard to his blood-relations, and persuaded him he was behaving uncommonly well at an undoubted cheap price.

The only little bit of wickedness Madame de Beauvoisin allowed herself was, one day, after she had been declaiming over the admirable manner in which every relative, however distant, of their House had come forward, to turn to M. de Moranges, and observe, in a perfectly casual way, that out of the sixty-four or five persons then in Paris, who had asserted their connection with Olivier by feasting him and his wife, he, Olivier's own uncle, was the only one who had not given him a wedding dinner!

It seemed to escape the Dowager's lips—dropped involuntarily from them—but was said without the slightest accent of reproach or

unkindness. It was a fine bit of acting, and hit M. de Moranges so hard from the point of view of social obligations, that, to rehabilitate himself in his own conscience, he would have consented to eat two dinners a day, if needful.

Of his new niece M. de Moranges approved highly, making this one reserve, that you never could know what a woman was till she was past thirty; but he only expressed this opinion of his to his most intimate associates, men of his own age and standing. Claire pleased him very much, gratified his taste, flattered his self-love, and had for him something of the same charm that was exercised over him by her aunt, Clémentine. As for Olivier, he had long ago made up his mind that there was nothing at all in him, and the only curiosity he felt was to know how, with the education he had been subjected to, he would behave in certain crises of life, and whether sufficient honesty and principle had been instilled into him to enable him to pass through all ordeals like a gentleman.

And yet, with these doubts, and with the fact staring him in the face, of his nephew's education affording no guarantee for uprightness through life, M. de Moranges, had he had a son, would have brought him up exactly as his sister had brought up Olivier. And why? simply because that was the sort of education usually given to the sons of great families—to the young men of the class who consider it a distinction to do nothing.

M. de Moranges had been charmed with the dinners given him by his nephew and niece; charmed, because the cook at the Hotel de Beauvoisin was a first-rate artist, that every detail of the service of the house was precisely as it should be, and that Claire did the honours of the abode with a grace and dignity which reminded you of the days (within his own remembrance) when the great ladies of France had been the great ladies of the entire world. Then, too, the Marquis was certain, whenever he dined at the Hotel de Beauvoisin, to meet Madame Beaudouin; and we have been told how strong was the attraction this lady exercised over him, how he enjoyed her company and her conversation.

So, in spite of all that the world said touching the Sphinx, in spite of the public scandal which clung to the Marquis' name and mode of life, he lived more with his own family than he had done for the last year or fifteen months. Thus far the Dowager de Beauvoisin had succeeded: she had managed to have her brother lured from his unsocial habits, and drawn back into the spheres where she could bring

her keen spirit of observation to bear upon him; but this was but one portion of what she needed. When M. de Moranges left the places in which his sharp-eyed sister could study him, he escaped from all immediate action on her part, and she could not follow him into his own home. Her watchfulness then became necessarily indirect, or second-hand.

The Dowager took to a line of strategy with her son which, had his perceptions not been opaque, must have astonished him. She became full of tolerance for human errors, and said men were fallible and must not be too harshly judged, particularly by those who were younger than themselves. All this was imparted to Olivier alone—never in the presence of his wife, for she opined that the truth was not always to be proclaimed before very young women, for it might, by being misapplied, become dangerous.

Madame de Beauvoisin adopted the custom of frequently paying visits to her son in the blue and silver draped room in which we have already seen him, and the gaudiness whereof was entirely her work. She would just look in after breakfast, let Olivier go on smoking (though she abominated that habit), and retail out to him all the delicate tit-bits of scandal that might happen to be unpublished. His mother's visits always amused Olivier, and her talk set him at his ease, and delivered him from the trouble of thinking for himself.

She invariably mentioned her brother in terms of the sincerest regard, and contrived to allude either to the last time he had come to her son's house, or to the next time he would come there.

"He comes so often to you now," she said one day, on rising to take leave of Olivier, "that I sometimes think he must be a little hurt at the want of reciprocity—" and she hesitated.

"Reciprocity!" echoed M. de Beauvoisin, looking puzzled; "well! it's very difficult—I don't quite see how—" and he, in his turn, paused.

"Certainly," resumed the Dowager; "it is, as you say, with the good sense that characterises you—it is difficult; but I sometimes am inclined to fancy that your duty would be to stretch a point. After all, he is your uncle—your very nearest relation upon earth. I have always held that an uncle was nearer than a brother; he comes, in my mind, directly after one's own father; and then one must be indulgent, too! Such a deplorable connection as that of my poor brother's with that woman, once admitted, it is really impossible to arrange

matters more respectably than he does, or with a deeper sense of what is due to his own position and to society. You see, his influence in his department is still enormous; and when the elections take place, two or three years hence, he may be everything to you for the deputation, and one is bound to think of one's children before everything. You must think of little Pierre—it is your first duty. I assure you I have come to the opinion that it is wrong to neglect your uncle."

Olivier was sitting with his legs wide apart, and his body bent forward, an elbow on each thigh, and his hands hanging down, than which scarcely any attitude expresses a more thorough emptiness of mind and absence of will. He stared at his mother, and propounded the desire never in any way whatever to neglect his uncle if he could only find the means to prove that fact to M. de Moranges.

"Ought I to go and dine with him?" he asked.

"If he asks you—yes: I think decidedly you ought," had been his mother's reply.

"But Claire?" added Olivier, dubiously.

"I think I should not tell Claire anything about it. There are often things that a man may find it advisable to do, about which it would be unfitting that he should speak to his wife. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that you are doing wrong to neglect your uncle."

And on this idea the wise matron left her son, well-knowing that, as his brain never took in more than one idea at a time, it would stick to this one tenaciously, and probably evolve it into a practical result. And so it happened; and when Olivier seized the first opportunity offered to him by his uncle, and allowed himself to be presented to the Sphinx by M. de Moranges, he was, in fact, only following out the advice given him by the dowager.

After that first visit, M. de Beauvoisin returned frequently to the Hotel de Moranges, dined there, or breakfasted, and grew to be a denizen of Madame Claudine's drawing-room.

Olivier, as we know, was not what is called bright, nor was perspicacity among his characteristics. He never remarked the curious glances which sometimes were levelled at him by Mlle. Aspasia, and which apparently denoted an intimate acquaintance with him, productive of an odd mixture of compassion and contempt. Neither had he ever observed the embarrassment of Madame Claudine in his presence—an embarrassment that endured long after Olivier had become a familiar visitor at the house, and which, while it certainly im-

parted a kind of awkwardness to her demeanour, lent her, at the same time, an unmistakable charm, inasmuch as it roused her out of her usual slow, sleepy, uninteresting manner.

From the very first day on which M. de Beauvoisin had been presented to Claudine, a link had been discovered between these two, and that link was music.

Alas! that it should be so; but so it is, and so it will remain, till the system is changed whereby in this our day human souls are so foolishly or culpably tampered with by their so-called Instructors.

Fear being the leading motive of nine-tenths of all the actions committed in our time (at all events, in Continental Europe), you may set down whatever is allowed in education, to the desire of avoiding something worse. Throughout all Continental countries you will find fear actuating all educators—whether mothers, or priests, or the courtiers whose task it is to bring up princes. What they most fear is science, namely light. Therefore, having some vague notion that the faculties ought to be employed, they complacently guide them towards the fields of art, and let them feed there, deeming that innocuous.

What escapes them is the mysterious solidarity of our being, and that oneness-in-variety of our nature that may produce an explosion of genius in the brain from the mere material touch upon some conductor among the nerves. Of that electricity which is around us and within us, they know nothing, and when they have succeeded in comparatively swathing a mind in obscurity, they are stupidly content, and don't reflect that the soul's lightning flashes fiercest when all else is dark.

They shut out science, and fancy that the door opened upon art will let in no danger; calculating thus, in ignorance of the finely vibrating nerves which are reigning in the stead of the narcotised reasoning faculties. They will not see that passion is another form of genius, and that in nearly every human being lies dormant some one dominant capacity. If a man be born to write the Symphony in C minor, you gain but little by bringing him up as a fool, or turning him into a dragoon, or an attorney's clerk; if the symphony be in him he will compose it, though with other elements, and it will come forth and terrify you in the shape of some formidable love, or of some crime.

And so on from top to bottom of the ladder. You gain nothing by darkening or shutting in the human mind; and the electricity is everywhere, which may dart along the hidden wires,

and note down in the soul's telegraphy a tale which will frighten the timid cackling crowd of lookers-on from their propriety.

There lies something in every creature of our race. The business of the educators is to make that something aspire, and, in the end, attain to the clear comprehension of the inseparable oneness of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Where that is not done—beware!

There was something even in Olivier, even in Claudine, and, wrapped as it might be in the cere-clothes of ignorance and false-teaching, that something lived on and was ready to assert its power of living, just as the grain of wheat, lying for five thousand years at the bottom of a mummy's tomb, asserts its force of being, the instant you put it into a handful of common earth.

Man has no more power to destroy than he has to create. He can pervert, nothing more. Nature has imprescriptible rights. And so, in these two ill-educated, dark-minded human beings, betrayed, as they were, by those whose task it should have been to make them better, there was yet something, and that something quivered faintly into existence through the medium of musical sound.

Of such compositions as you and I, being educated people, dignify with the name of music, these two knew nothing—how should they? but in a lower kind of art they took real delight, and what was least material in them, found satisfaction in the second and third rate productions of a falsely sentimental Art.

Olivier played agreeably upon the pianoforte, remembered whatever he heard once, provided it was not what he called scientific, and whatever in him had been carefully turned away by his teachers from all grander, healthier currents, found an outlet in the performance of the musical compositions he understood or appreciated. Claudine took a deep and genuine pleasure in listening to him, and he was perfectly capable of enjoying the fine tones of her passionless voice. Olivier taught Claudine several abominably silly romances, but she sang them as would sing an automaton. Still the two went on making music together, and a day came when Claudine suddenly sang Madame de Rothschild's romance of *Si vous n'avez rien à me dire*, with extraordinary expression.

CHAPTER XIV.—CLAIRE.

AND while all these things were happening around her, how was it with the young Marquise de Beauvoisin? How had it been

with Claire, since she deliberately obeyed her parents, marrying deliberately the man she did not like?

The world would have told you she fared excellently well, and was what it is pleased to call happy. Claire, in her secret soul, thought hers a hard lot, and so perhaps it was, but much less hard than it might have been had she chosen. But Claire, like a great many other people, though she did a duty, did not do her duty.

There are far more of our fellow-creatures than we believe, who discharge what they impose upon themselves as duties; but there are fewer than we have any notion of who unflinchingly and thoroughly, and at the same time simply, discharge the duty which is theirs to be done: theirs and none others; specially set down for them, not to be accomplished by anyone else, and which to them costs the dearest—costs indeed so dear that they recoil and will not pay that price!

We have said that there was something even in Olivier, in spite of all the defects with which his education had laden him. But that something, did Claire discover it? did she recognise that it was really there? would she have been gratified at its existence, or did she involuntarily cherish the notion of her husband's inferiority? This was difficult to find out, and the one man who was Olivier's sincere friend, who had been so from childhood, Count Dupont de Laporte, though he grew to be on terms of great intimacy with the young Marquise, somehow never cared to demonstrate to her that there might be more in her husband than she knew.

"I'm afraid she likes better to think lowly of him," he said one day to Madame Beau-douin, who in true appreciation of his honest, upright character, had spoken openly with him of the young couple.

"Lowly!" Yes! there it lay! Claire liked to think lowly of her husband. It was her greatest consolation.

Claire was, in the common parlance of the world, and according to its ill-digested decrees, a woman all but perfect. The pure beauty of her mind was the Truth of which the pure beauty of her person was the splendour. Nothing was in her that was not lofty. Intellectually and morally she had no tendency that was not towards the elevated and the noble, but she did not do her duty, for all that, and perhaps because of all that. The plain duty of M. de Beauvoisin's wedded wife—which post she had in the end accepted, and which post it was forbidden her to desert—was to discover

what was best in the man whose name she bore, and exercise her influence daily to improve the something she had discovered. But this plain duty Claire overlooked, setting herself altogether another task, and strictly performing what appeared to her the duty. Instead of labouring to develop the dormant capacity of good in Olivier, and leading him by no matter how slow a process, if it were only one step higher up on the ladder, Claire unconsciously went on mounting round after round of the ladder herself, and could not choose but be content with what she achieved. She raised herself, yes! but she never endeavoured to raise him; on the contrary, she left him just where he was, and thought it right to subordinate her mere acts to his will, never disputing his authority, but never for an instant desiring that he should be so bettered as for her to esteem him. She obeyed him implicitly, but never did she, the most generous of her sex, practise generosity towards him. She never drew nearer to him, never drew him nearer to her; never held out her hand to enable him to try if he could climb, but soared herself and lost sight of him.

Claire de Beauvoisin laid out for herself a dead duty, and was for ever busy in offering up funeral sacrifices at its shrine. And this was natural, for perhaps the living duty, the plain simple duty of a less elevated woman would have been too hard for her to perform.

Therein lies the chief sin of those who undertake to dispose of the destinies of others without taking the affections into account. They place the poor weak creatures that we are between the alternative of self-abasement or duty discharged in abhorrence. Love alone makes duty light; and, if you banish the love, our imperfectness must find some shape in which to assert itself.

Had Claire been perfect, she would have done all her duties as Olivier's wedded wife; she was imperfect, like all human beings, and did not do it. She paid what she thought her full tribute in material, smiling submission; but hoarded up all her real treasures and spent them on herself. She lived outwardly the life of the world, reaping universal admiration and respect. In her inner life, she lived aloof from all men;—alone, communing only with herself: and, in the existence her marriage had made for her, Claire, the refined, the intellectual, the cultivated, the high-souled Claire was as solitary, as completely exiled from woman's paradise, as was her dim-minded, ignorant, fallen sister, Claudine.

Of all who surrounded her, not one ever

approached towards confidence with the young Marquise. With Olivier, as we know, she was all obedience; with her mother-in-law her bearing was a perpetually defensive one; with her uncle Moranges she was thoroughly charming, and almost natural. Henri Dupont she watched narrowly, and seemed upon her guard with. Towards her own mother she never relaxed, but behaved always with freezing gentleness and respect; with her aunt Clémentine, whom she now but rarely sought, she was mostly silent. These two seemed to understand each other, and not to need words. They would sometimes pass a morning together, and not exchange ten phrases; but the embrace in which they folded each other at parting, said more than mere words convey.

It must not be forgotten that Claire's feeling towards Olivier was not simply indifference. Whatever she knew of her heart had been given to another; and the severe education of young ladies in France, and the practice by which they are secluded from the movements of the external world, were likely to increase rather than diminish the force of the first impression.

So Claire went on loving her cousin Victor—loving him with all her imagination, and her sense of disappointment. He was her illusion in life—her chimera; the representative of all that might and would have been happiness if—

M. de Lancour, it must be avowed, was the very sort of person to provoke the admiration and attachment of such a woman as Claire. He was the type of such soldiers as Trochu would desire the French army to be composed of: modest and daring, gentle and determined, highly intellectual, yet physically reckless; and, from the age of nineteen (he had wilfully enlisted at eighteen), having won glory by exploits of extraordinary merits whether as to valour or military capacity. He was, besides this, remarkably good-looking, had winning ways with women, and had been brought up with Claire in all the sweet familiarity of cousinship.

A very unfortunate occurrence decided M. de Lancour's private career; though it in no degree modified his habitual intercourse with his own relations.

Madame de Mottefort, the wife of the lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment in which Victor had just risen to the rank of captain, had abandoned everything in the world to prove to her lover of a day that hers was the love that never dies, but braves all circumstance. The sacrifice had been accepted. M. de Lancour

was severely wounded in the duel he fought with M. de Mottefort; he was blamed, excused, condemned, absolved, but immoderately talked about. He exchanged into a regiment ordered off to Algeria, where his name figured foremost in nearly every order of the day; and whither Berthe de Mottefort followed him, and partook of his fame. They were supposed to lead a pleasant life; and the love these two felt for each other had so vindicated its strength, that it was admitted on all hands that Victor was one of the few who had found happiness in an illicit connection.

It was wrong, but successful so far. And Claire, whose love was born in ignorance, loved on when ignorance had ceased. Yes, Claire loved on; and nothing in her mode of life separated her from her love. She was preserved from all harm and from all suspicion by her marriage, and by the character she edified for herself. Her apparent duties were so scrupulously performed, she was so unimpeachable in her conduct as wife, mother, and mistress of a house, that M. de Beauvoisin was obliged to share the admiration of the whole world; and, sharing it genuinely, was often perplexed in the extreme at the small amount of domestic satisfaction, of home comfort, derived from the possession of such a matchless wife. In his own pet phrase, He couldn't make it out.

I am sorry to have to avow it, but her child did not fill up the void in Claire's life; did not compensate to her for the failure of other joys. She was too young as yet for the grand austere devotion to the creature that is to be the parent's work; and too highly cultivated to find solace in the doll-and-plaything-like affection of some mothers too early wived. Claire loved her son dearly, and was an excellent mother in every sense; but her son did not supply the place of everything else to her: neither did religion. Claire was sincerely pious; and, like most Frenchwomen of the present day, of an enlightened piety, knowing what and wherefore she believed; and believing devoutly, uncompromisingly. But faith did not occupy her totally. Faith underlay everything in Claire: her actions and her thoughts, but, above its firm foundation, there arose many and many an aspiration, many a longing, many a regret, many a dream.

Such as the young Marquise now was, it was probable she would always remain. Her health was excellent, she ate, drank, and slept well, and took a real interest in whatsoever might be interesting to a healthy, active mind. But her mode of life and her mode of thought were

fashioned by something that lay within her, deeply hidden, which no one would ever divine, and which she would never put away.

Passion-week was drawing to a close, and Claire had, as is usual in France, spent a large portion of her days at church, not from habit, or for fashion's sake, but from conviction, and a strong love of Him who saved us. Not for that leaving any act of duty at home undone, but seeking honestly at the altar's foot the inspiration whereby to perform further duties.

It was Good-Friday, and the sermon upon *The Seven Words* had come to an end. I should like to be able to say that it had impressed Claire, but that would be untrue; it had not done so for two reasons: firstly, because the preacher was a very inferior one, noisy, exaggerated, and empty of the awful glories of his text; and secondly, because Claire happened to be in a somewhat vacant mood, and not ready to apply her mind to abstract or contemplative uses.

When, towards the close of the day, the tones of the *Stabat Mater* rang mournfully through the dim aisles of the church, their solemn meaning came more home than any preacher's words to Claire's heart. She looked around at the void and desolate tabernacles, at the lone crucifix whence the Victim had been borne, at the rent veils which hung drooping over the stains of His blood, and she felt within her the deep truth of the tragic mystery, bowed her head down low, and wept with *The Mother* whom nothing can console.

But Claire wept not a mother's tears. That grief she felt not, nor could assimilate it to herself. She wept in sorrow over herself, and tendered her suffering, her very own, at the feet of Him who to redeem man had suffered unto death. Claire was not impatient, but she was sometimes weary, and, like many of us, whether in sorrow or joy, she could not see the future other than as the present. To wait, to expect! she had not learnt that yet. For what was she to wait? Who should tell her?

Ask not the spent wave for what it bore not! Other waves will surge up on life's ocean, and lay their treasures at your feet. But Claire stood upon a lonely shore, as it seemed to her, and the spent wave had broken at her feet, and receded again, and brought her—nothing.

A chair was moved not far from her; its occupant had let her prayer-book drop, stooped to pick it up, in so doing disturbed her neighbours, and when she knelt again, resting her head upon her joined hands, the young Marquise saw her face and knew her. That face

was familiar to her, for without any living being having been able to guess why she asked, she had taken care to have that face pointed out to her. It was Berthe de Mottefort.

Never, in any place of public resort, had Madame de Mottefort been in such close vicinity to Claire, and Claire's entire sum of attention instantly riveted itself on her neighbour. Perhaps she was scarcely aware of how utterly she forgot everything, in her intense desire to scrutinise Berthe; perhaps it was unconsciously that she deserted the mystery of her faith to fasten upon the mystery of her love. But she did so. She spelt every lineament of her rival's countenance as an eager child labours to spell through the words of a tale which he knows contains a whole world of emotion for him.

It was a handsome face, but neither an intellectual nor a remarkably good face. It was marked, moreover, with signs of what the past had been. They were signs of anxiety rather than of suffering, signs rather of pain than of sorrow; there was trouble, evident trouble; but of regret, or of better things overthrown, of high aspirations laid low, there seemed no trace.

Claire did not first ask of her own judgment: Does he love her? but with the divine belief of woman in the all-compelling power of real love, she scanned every feature of Madame de Mottefort's face, and of every line and every look asked, Does she love him?

The something which lies at the bottom of nearly every woman's heart, and which, if she be a true and pure woman, and if she truly love, will not mislead her, gave Claire a negative answer. Then she read the face before her with another feeling; with that of pity—pity for him.

She, Claire de Clavreuil, in the days of her freedom, in the days of her innocent cousinship with Victor, and of her sweet, sweet dream, she had been worthy of him, and this woman, whom he loved, was not. Whom he loved? Yes! that was so—every proof was forthcoming of that truth, but he had blindly built his home at the gates of Paradise, whilst Paradise itself had been open to him. And this lesser love, this sin-marked destiny, this was irrevocable, yet could have been averted!

When the crowd poured forth from the church, Claire followed Madame de Mottefort closely; watched her every movement, her every step. She was graceful, yet there was a certain abruptness in her movements, a certain want of dignity and repose. At the bottom of

the steps leading up to the church they went their several ways, and Claire, having watched Madame de Mottefort get into her carriage, entered hers and drove away.

It was a bright spring day, when everything is full of hope and the promise of expanding life, a closing April full of the announcements of May. The sky was palely, tenderly blue, the trees tenderly and palely green, and the youth of the year was visible in the gladness of nature in that exquisite freshness, in that sheen of colours and light which does not yet glow, and which vanishes beneath the cumbrous tread of summer.

As Claire felt the light gladsome breeze upon her cheek, she shrank and drew up the window. As she marked the waving of the trees, with their pale plummy foliage dancing in the sun, she felt sadder than before, sick at heart for the shadow that lay upon her, whilst the bloom lay upon everything else. And, then, Berthe's handsome face rose up before her—the face which she felt had no promise in it for him—and the young Marquise leaned back in her carriage and wept for the happiness that was for ever lost to her cousin Victor!

CHAPTER XV.—EASTER SUNDAY.

YOU must not take a false idea of Madame de Beauvoisin. She was not by any means a sentimental person. She was, as I have said, healthy in body and mind, she had that cheerful temper which is the result of this physical and mental equilibrium, and she was moreover perpetually occupied.

There lies one of the chief sources of whatever is best in France; the constant occupation of the women throughout the country. Inside the barriers which inclose what is termed constituted society, you will scarcely find an idle woman. In the lower ranks, courage in toil is a frequent and a never disregarded virtue, and you can award a workwoman no higher praise than to say that she is brave at her work. And God knows how brave they are, those poor women! and how they struggle and how they toil; and how, in the midst of all their own life-battle, they contrive to feel for their wounded comrades and turn aside to help them. And so, too, as you mount from class to class of the social scale, in every division you meet labour cheerfully undertaken, and charity. Perhaps the portion of society which is, in the latter respect, least worthy, is the middle class. Of the higher and the lower classes there can be no doubt they do more than their duty. But, in order to state matters

fairly, let it be said that in the case of the upper classes this has a reason: they are, retrospectively as it were, on their promotion, their object is to prove by present deserts the injustice of the Past. Let that be, the good done is enormous, and such as other nations have but a small notion of. Whether that good might be more wisely done is a question, but if it might be, it assuredly will be, for the great wheel of advancement cannot be stopped.

As to the charity of the lower orders, from it nothing can detract, and it springs from a kindness of heart, from a ready sympathy with suffering of which we know too little in our island, so near in miles and so distant in mind from our French neighbour.

Perhaps, the lukewarmness of the middle classes (if there be such) in matters of charity may be traceable to a commencement of self-assertion not so frequent with continentals as with ourselves; perhaps it may be the beginning of a new social state of things in which less help will be afforded and more self-help achieved. There lies a tremendous problem to be solved.

At all events, in the actual condition of what is termed in France the world, a woman in the position of Claire de Beauvoisin has anything but a sinecure. In the first place, let what will be her amusements at night, she invariably gets up early; and, let what will be the amount of her fortune, she keeps her house. People are ruined in France as in England, but not in the same way; not ruined without knowing it—sillily. You don't hear of families going abroad, because, somehow, it seems that they lived beyond their means. A Frenchman who has hardly any means at all sometimes speculates beyond his intelligence, and beyond his luck; but if he have large means, regularly to be disposed of, he seldom lives beyond them. Of course I speak of the large majority of families, and by a family I mean a married man with his wife. Unmarried men would seem, in French morality, to be accounted irresponsible; all manner of follies and mistakes are expected from them, which comes from the separation of life into two parts,—one reputed pleasant but not moral, the other reputed moral but having no necessary right to any pleasure.

Barring individual exceptions—of which a large number are to be found to every rule in every land—the large mass of French families with means verging on wealth, live in conditions of moral respectability surpassing what we designate by that word; and they owe this to the activity, to the inflexible spirit of order,

and to the absence of all self-indulgence of French women. A genuine French gentlewoman regards self-indulgence, in no matter what degree, pitilessly, and recoils from breakfasting in bed, for instance, as from a crime! If you reflect upon this you may find in it the reason for some contrasts which seem to you irreconcilable.

Well, of these well-appointed, well-ordained households, Olivier de Beauvoisin's was a pattern; and in this lay Claire's satisfaction, and in this consisted her ceaseless occupation.

The number of servants was considerable; and there was not one over whose mode of life the active and conscientious mistress of the house did not watch. She was not tiresome or importunate with her dependents, but she made all around her feel that her support would never fail them; and she spread over the domestic community over which she presided a kind of atmosphere of maternal solicitude. Though remarkably quiet and gentle, the young Marquise was very firm; and, among those who served, none ever disobeyed her. She was, perhaps, even more respected than loved; but she was known by all to be justice itself, and impossible to deceive.

With the habits of life this exercise of government entails, with—added to the details of organisation and internal economy—the hours set apart for intellectual improvements and serious reading, and the discharge of the onerous duties attendant upon the direction of charitable foundations,—with all this, honestly, loyally, seriously carried out, it was difficult to cultivate what, in the life of a woman with more time on her hands, might have grown into a grief or a passion.

Claire was not what romancers would call madly in love with her cousin; she was not even in love with him. She loved him, as I have already said, dearly, deeply—would probably love him always; but she loved him as a widow loves her dead, as the representative of unachievable happiness; and she had too usefully busy a life to allow of any sentimentality, of any idle melancholy. Still, as Claire was a true woman, loving and tender, and formed by nature to radiate over the plenteous joys of a happy home, there were moments when the failures of her life were brought home to her, and when the heart-sickness of discouragement seized her. These moments were rare and short-lived, and she quickly and bravely surmounted them, and set to work again cheerfully.

One of the worst of these moments for Claire had been the being brought into such

suddenly close contact with Madame de Mottefort on Good Friday, for to the feeling of her own loneliness had been added the involuntary conviction that Victor's life was wasted, and Claire, who could master her own ills, was weak at accepting those that should visit her cousin. She shook off her own trouble, but anxiety for his left a deeper mark than she herself was aware of.

When Claire de Beauvoisin summoned her husband to church on Easter Sunday, she seemed as perfect a specimen of womankind, surrounded by its sweetest attributes, as it can be given us to behold.

The church was near, and Olivier and his wife went to it on foot. So did most of the neighbouring families. It was a bright, balmy morning, and while the bells were ringing loud for high mass, you might, upon the sunny pavement of the adjacent streets, have met the proudest society of the world, grouped together in small knots, exchanging greetings as on the return home from a journey (Lent is a sort of expedition), and talking so familiarly of subjects intimate, that a casual spectator would ask himself if he were in the midst of some provincial town. The talk was mostly of the rigours of Lent, and of the way in which each had supported them, and the joy and peace of Easter sat upon nearly every face.

And Claire and Olivier. Look at them as they approach, arm in arm; was ever a handsomer couple seen? they are so matched, yet, as we know, so sundered.

"They are a charming sight," said a lovely little old lady, all grey silk and white lace; "they took the communion together this morning, at early mass. I could not help watching them; it does one good to see—it's an example." It was the same old lady who had, when Olivier married Claire, hoped there was just a little bit of love between them!

"Yes, Madame la Vicomtesse," rejoined a tall, stiff, thin old gentleman, with a tight-fitting, close-combed, shining dark wig, "it is an example; and I rejoice to see that there is great improvement in that respect. There is a deal of religion in the young people of our world." The little Vicomtesse nodded assent, as she and her veteran companion paced measuredly on. "A deal of religion," resumed the old gentleman, "more than in my youth—I am ten years older than you, Madame la Vicomtesse. The young people are well brought up now-a-days—severely. Look at Olivier, for instance. What a mother he has!"

"My cousin Clavreuil is a saint," objected the Vicomtesse.

"Yes," retorted her friend; "but the Dowager de Beauvoisin is a woman with a head—such a head! Madame de Clavreuil is, as you say, a saint; but so is the Dowager. Look again, I say, at Olivier. What an education! There he is, at nearly six-and-twenty, and as submissive and respectful as a young girl. He has never committed a folly yet; but, to be sure, what a mother he has!"

"They are a beautiful pair," murmured the little old lady, reverting to her first idea; "and they quite distracted my attention this morning at early mass, when I saw them coming together from the altar—a sweet sight."

Yes, it was true. No one was more exact in the performance of his devotions throughout the year than Olivier, and that morning he had, as is very customary, taken the communion at the same moment with his wife. And yet these two were no nearer! In that holy word communion had they found no import?

Of M. de Beauvoisin no complaint should be made. He had been drilled, not educated; premeditatively darkened by his trembling instructors, and sent forth into the world with a shut soul. But Claire? Alas! she had been so little used to believe that the love of the inmost heart ought to bind man and wife together; that wedlock without this love ought to bear another and a very different name; that she could kneel at the altar's foot, and, with all the wrapt piety of a sincere and ardent Catholic, commune with her God, yet leave uncared for the poor, untaught, groping soul of the man who knelt beside her, and was her husband.

Yet in the world of Paris Olivier and Claire were regarded as a pattern couple.

As they were crossing the street opening into the square wherein stands the church, the young Marquise observed a man, who had stopped for an instant on the pavement opposite, cross rapidly in their direction. He was a short, squat, red-cheeked, bushy-whiskered man, vulgar in the extreme, with heavy gold watch-chains, and pale yellow gloves, a man who could not possibly have anything in common with the world in which Olivier lived; yet he came straight up to M. de Beauvoisin, put out his fat hand to him, and then perceiving the Marquise, took off his hat.

Olivier, having his wife on one arm, preferred touching his hat with the other, to accepting the proffered hand.

"Glad to see you, M. le Marquis! hope you're well!" said the vulgar-looking man.

Olivier bowed, muttered something in reply,

and availed himself of the pretext afforded him by the number of persons on the pavement, to move on, without entering into further parley; but did not do so before Claire had had time to remark the strange alteration of his face. He had turned pale as death, and was now red all over from the temples to the nape of his neck.

"Bon jour, Olivier! bon jour, Claire!" exclaimed the Duchesse de Varignan, sprinkling her words over them like scented water, and half smothering them in the huge puffs of blue silk and enormous bows of blue ribbon, which swelled and fluttered upon all sides of her looped-up dress; and she passed on without noticing the fact of her salutation having met with no return.

"Who was that man?" asked the young Marquise.

"What man? who?" stammered M. de Beauvoisin.

"The man who spoke to you just now!" added Claire.

"Oh! that man—well—a man I once had some dealings with—" and Olivier hesitated. "Some dealings with about wine," he said this hurriedly, and apparently glad to have caught hold of a reply.

Claire felt this was not true, but could pursue her inquiries no further. She was annoyed, and prevented from concentrating her attention, as she wished to do, upon higher things during the service in church, by recurrence to the offensive presence of the fat, vulgar man who had dared to accost her husband in the public street.

Her husband! the word then had some sense beyond that of the chief partner in a social enterprise? There was something in it that forced the wife into oneness of feeling with that one man and no other. Why? Claire could not have explained; but she suddenly thought of her child, and felt that no unpleasantness could disturb her son's father without forcing her to vibrate to its touch.

In the child alone lies the unity between man and wife in France.

ELECTIONEERING.

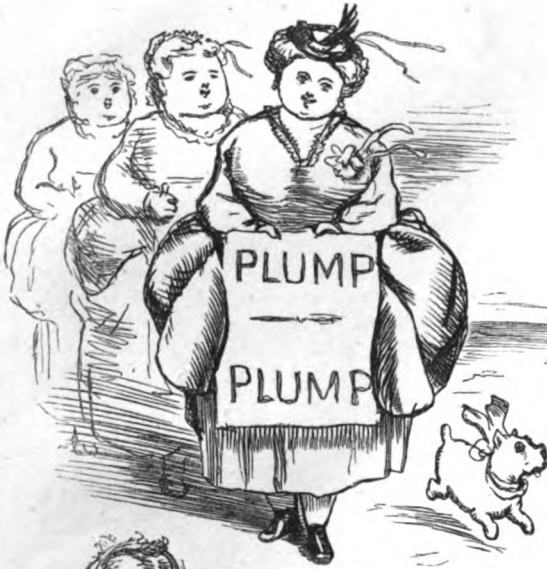
WHAT about this election of a new parliament which is to take place in the autumn? We shall hear enough of the rights of man and the duties of electors; of the potency for good of liberal principles, and of the wisdom and safety of conservative ones; of the admirable conduct of ministers, and of

the brilliant promise of the opposition; of the importance to the constitution of government by party, and of the impossibility of finding virtue save only in one of the parties. Permit me, who take a strong interest in public affairs, but who am rather disgusted with party politics, to express somewhat of the horror with which I look forward to these elections. When I think of all the untruths that will be spoken, all the self-conceit that will be nourished, all the bribery and corruption that will grow rank, all the villanous jokes that will be perpetrated, all the brickbats and all the drunkenness that are imminent, I am oppressed with a horrible sense of coming nightmare. No doubt elections, in spite of the ills which attend them, are necessary to our political life, and so far conducive to the national welfare. I am not going to join with those who propose to escape from the infirmities of constitutional government—its delays, its bickerings, and its wordiness—by flying to the still more intolerable ills of despotism; but there is no reason why one should rest content with the evils which exist and degrade us. And these evils are so great, that unless we study them and strive hard against them, they will utterly destroy us.

What is, perhaps, most painful to a clear-seeing mind, is the untruthfulness of the electioneering cries. It really does not much matter whether the Tories are in power or the Radicals. If the former, they will be forced by their opponents to go a-head; if the latter, they will be compelled by opposition to go warily. In either case, the country will be pretty well governed. But you and I are asked to believe that it is a matter of the utmost moment whether the one side or the other be in office. If the Tories are in, the country will stagnate; if the Radicals are in, the country will go to the dogs. So long as there are good leaders on both sides—so long as we have such men as Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, Mr. Hardy, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Cairns, and Lord Salisbury on one side, or Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, Sir Roundell Palmer, Lord Granville, and the Duke of Argyle on the other, it makes little difference which side we vote for. Neither party can deviate much from a given straight line which will represent the true policy of the country. It is perfectly natural that we should have our preferences for one or the other set of men. Well, say so; but don't tell me that there is a great question of principle involved in it. We are demoralised as thinking men when we go about pretending, after the fashion of politicians, that when the

Coming

The Poll
at 10 o'clock A.M.



Something like a Bribe



Portrait by friends



a Group of



Special Constables



a Jaggot Voter

EVENTS



The Poll
at Fodder P.M.



Intimidation



dangerous Agents



A Potwalloper



Agent You quite understand Mr Burn that
Bribery has long since been done
away with

reins of office are in our hands, it implies the glorious triumph of truth, and justice, and immortal good ; but that when our adversaries hold these reins, the most sacred laws of the universe are set at defiance. Practically, an election is but a conflict of personal interests. This candidate is my friend ; therefore I should like to see him in. He may do me or mine some good ; therefore I should like to see him in. He is really a very able man, and it adds to my importance to be connected with him ; therefore I should like to see him in. This mode of reasoning is intelligible ; but why go further ? Why make a mockery of truth by declaring that great principles are at stake, and that it is a question of conscience to which side you will lean.

This mockery of truth, and this taking of the name of conscience in vain will appear all the more offensive if we look into the machinery of elections, and see who are the chief dealers in truth, and the chief keepers of the public conscience. We have all heard of the republican form of government, and many fine spirits have been half mad in praise of it. But, to a great extent, the glorious constitution of which we boast has dwindled into what has never before been mentioned in history—a publican form of government. The rulers, if not of the state, yet of elections, at least of elections in all the large towns, are publicans. Every public-house has its public over whom Boniface presides. Every public-house is more or less of a club-house to a certain range of customers, and the character of the club-house is, of course, determined by the views of the landlord. In a large town, a vast number of the committee-rooms are appointed in public-houses, which then become the centre of political organisation. Boniface thus acquires an enormous influence in elections. He floats his principles in beer, and in his beer he finds many a vote. It is from these pot-houses that arise the loudest declarations in laud of purity and principle. Who that is capable of thinking but must feel disgust and dismay when he hears the sacred interests of truth and wisdom and justice invoked—only to send Snooks into parliament, and to set the tap of the Red Lion flowing apace ? The local newspaper takes up the question, and issues articles from which one infers that the empire is on the point of dissolution, or else that the millennium is about to commence—all because Snooks is the favourite candidate, and there are rivers of good ale in the parlours of the Magpie and Stump. Perhaps you laugh at all this as incident to human weakness. Laugh

if you will ; but there is something in it serious enough, for it implies no small amount of demoralisation. This blinding of the intellect, and this hardening of the conscience, in the determination to see our own beery interests beatified into solemn principles which it is the first dictate of conscience to pursue ; this shutting out of light and calling the darkness light ; what is it but a suicide of reason for purposes of state, a destruction of intellectual, in order to further political, life ? We speak of the darkening influences of despotism. I cannot conceive of anything more opposed to enlightenment than the passions of political strife, which in all our boasted freedom, makes us glorify Snooks as a peculiarly white man, makes us vilify Nogs as wondrously black, and works us up into the faith that Snooks and Nogs between them represent the immutable principles of right and wrong. At all events, under a despotism, it is to be supposed that the darkness of the people is enforced by the sovereign will of the tyrant. But what is to be said of our darkness when, being free, we deliberately choose it ; believing Boniface with all his beer, and the election agents with all their harpies, when they tell us that Snooks is the saviour of his country, and that his policy is as wide asunder from the policy of Nogs as the east is from the west ?

It is fearful to think that in the autumn the whole nation will be thus demented ; one half of it hurling brickbats at the other—all to make believe that of two given candidates, who nearly resemble each other, one is an angel, the other a devil ; and that of the two parties in the state who strive for a mastery, the one has a monopoly of all the virtues, the other a monopoly of every political vice which it is possible to imagine. There is in this an amazing absurdity, to which I have already referred. The succession of our administrations is provided by the machinery of party—a machinery which has no recognised existence in the written laws of the country, but has by the silent prescription of many generations, come to be all-powerful in making or unmaking governments. We are accustomed to praise in the abstract this organisation of parties, one acting as a check upon the other, and each striving to surpass its rival in excellence of rule ; this beneficial system which has silently grown up among us, conducing to the energy of our political life, and the improvement of our legislation. Great are the advantages of criticism, we are taught to think ; wonderfully healthy and invigorating the breezes of opposition. But this is only in the abstract. In

practice, the party opposed to our own is utterly contemptible. There is, virtually, in our opinion, but one party in the state. The other party is never to be trusted with power, and has no business to exist, save as fallen foes of the men in office, spectators of their triumph, and slaves tied to their chariot wheels. Thus, to gratify our own party pride and interests, we have to begin by denying the very principle of the constitution on which party depends.

There is a well-worn saying of a statesman : See, my son, how small is the wisdom by which the world is governed. And when one sees that not only is the wisdom of statesmanship a small thing, but also that to give it practical effect by means of a parliamentary majority, statesmen have to accept aid of the meanest instruments, and to encourage in their followers the stupidest illusions, by which they shall be taught to set up the mere scarecrows of party for gods to be worshipped, the wonder is that men of vigorous mind and fine feeling ever venture on the perilous game.

ON SHANTIES.

SHANTY—a word which those who are curious in etymology will at once be able to connect with *chant*—is the name applied to a class of songs but little known to landsfolk. They are the songs with which poor Jack seeks to enliven his toil. A good shanty is to him what the pibroch is to the Highlander, invigorating, soul-stirring. At the capstan, on the topsail-halliards, in port and at sea, in calm and in storm, the ropes run smoother, the anchor comes quicker, when twenty strong voices sing,—

Pull together, cheerily men,
'Gainst wind and weather, cheerily men,
For one another, cheerily men, O,
Cheerily men, O, cheerily men.

Truly, as I once heard an old skipper remark, a good shanty is the best bar in the capstan ; but it is impossible to give an adequate idea of them by merely quoting the words : the charm all lies in the air : indeed, few of them have any set form of words, except in the chorus ; thus the inventive as well as the vocal powers of the singer are taxed—yet the shantyman has to extemporise as he sings to keep up his prestige,—the captain, officers, the weather, the passengers, and the peculiarities of his mates, furnish him with matter.

Shanties are of two kinds, those sung at the capstan, and those sung when hauling on the ropes ; in the former the meter is longer, and

they are generally of the pathetic class. To those who have heard it at sea, what can be more sad or touching than the air of *Storm Along*, or *Good-bye, fare you well* !

To Liverpool docks we'll bid adieu,
Good-bye, fare you well ;
To lovely Poll, and pretty Sue ;
Hurrah, brave boys, we're outward bound.

More stirring is the following :—

Blow, boys, blow, for California, O,
There's plenty of gold in the land, I'm told,
On the banks of Sacramento.

There is an air of romance about California, the Brazils, and Mexico, that has a peculiar charm for Jack, and has made them the subject of many a favourite shanty, as *Rio Grande*, *Valparaiso*, *Round the Horn*, and *Santa Anna*.

Oh, Santa Anna gained the day,
Hurrah, Santa Anna ;
He gained the day, I've heard them say,
All on the plains of Mexico.

Rio Grande is perhaps the greatest favourite of this description of songs, but all the beauty lies in the mournful air :—

To Rio Grande we're bound away, away to Rio ;
Then fare you well, my pretty young girls,
We're bound for the Rio Grande.

The deeds of the buccaneers of old are held in great admiration by sailors ; and many a stirring ballad is sung, and many a tough yarn spun to record the prowess of bold Morgan and his crew.

Of course Jack does not forget the fair sex, and his gallantry is shown by introducing Poll and Sue into most of his songs. In those lively shanties, *Good morning ladies all*, *Nancy Bell*, and *Sally in the Alley*, ample homage is paid to the girl he leaves behind him. Love is tempered with patriotism in this :—

True blue for ever,
I and Sue together ;
True blue, I and Sue,
And England's blue for ever.

There are many more capstan shanties, which I can only mention by name, such as *Lowlands*, *Oceanida*, *Johnny's gone*, *The Black-ball Line*, and *Slapandergosheka*, which contain a wild melody all their own ; the last named, with the incomprehensible title (repeated at the end of every line) is addressed to *All you Ladies now on Land*, and may seem rather egotistical. It commences,—

Have you got, lady, a daughter so fine,
Slapandergosheka,
That is fit for a sailor that has crossed the Line,
Slapandergosheka, &c.

We now come to the hauling shanties : first, there is the hand over hand song, in very quick time ; then the long pull song. When there are a number of men—perhaps twenty, or more—pulling on one rope, the reader will perceive that, to be effective, the pull must be made unanimously ; this is secured by the shanty, the pull being made at some particular word in the chorus. For instance, in the following verse each repetition of the word *handy* is the signal for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull pull altogether :—

Oh shake her up, and away we'll go,
So handy, my girls, so handy ;
Up aloft from down below,
So handy, my girls, so handy.

But when the work is heavy, or hands are few, one of longer meter is used :—

Haul the bowline, the fore and main-top bowline,
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul ;
Haul the bowline, Kitty you're my darling,
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Here the concluding word of each couplet, *haul*, gives the clue ; there are many of this sort,—*Land ho, boys, Land ho ; Haul away, my Josey ;* and *Boney was a Warrior* ; this last is the only one I know that has the words complete :—

Oh, Boney was a warrior, away a yah,
A bonny little warrior, John Francivaux ;

John Francivaux is the nautical rendering of Johnny Crapeau. In the next two couplets Jack avails himself of his poetic licence to some purpose :—

He cruised in the Channel, away a yah,
The Channel of old England, John Francivaux ;
John Bull pursued and took him, away a yah,
And sent him off to Elba, John Francivaux.

After stating a few more facts, that would astonish his biographers, he is brought to St. Helena :—

And there he pined and died, away a yah ;
There grows a weeping willow, John Francivaux,
A-weeping for poor Boney, John, &c.

These songs also serve the means of communicating the ideas of the men to their superiors, or of giving a strong hint respecting the provisions ; for instance, a captain of a large passenger-ship will scarcely like his lady and gentlemen passengers to hear the watch, who are taking a pull on the mainbrace, commence, with stentorian lungs, something after the following strain :—

Oh, rotten pork, cheerily men,
And lots of work, cheerily men,
Would kill a Turk, cheerily men, oh,
Cheerily men.

Nothing to drink, cheerily men,
The water does stink, cheerily men,
And for Christians, just think, cheerily men,
Oh, cheerily men.

Something of this sort generally has an effect in passenger-ships, and will obtain some concession.

These remarks apply only to merchant ships ; in the Navy, the shanty is prohibited, and at the capstan the men move to the sound of the fife or fiddle—the musician being seated on the capstan-head.

Of course the songs sung in the foke'sull, when Jack is taking his ease, are of another description ; some are old sea ballads, as *Manning* (a buccaneering ditty), *Napoleon's Grave*, and *Lady Franklin's Lament*, beginning :—

'Tis not long since, a ship of fame
Did bear my husband across the main,
With a hundred seamen of courage stout,
To find a North-west passage out.
To find a passage by the North Pole,
Where the lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Is more than any man can do,
Though with heart undaunted, and courage true.

These are a few of what may be called stock pieces that are common to all ships. To them are added the popular songs picked up at the last port ; thus, the first time I heard, *When Johnny comes Marching Home*, and probably the first occasion of its being sung in England, was on board an American ship, the night of her arrival in the Mersey. It speaks well for Jack's taste that there are but few comic songs among his stock pieces,—such as he does pick up ashore never survive a passage, so that their existence is as brief at sea as it is on shore ; but he never tires of repeating or listening to such songs as *Ever of Thee, Aladdin's Lamp*, *'Tis hard to give the Hand*, and, though the reader may smile incredulously, *The Angel's Whisper* is often heard in the foke'sull.

LITTLE WHITE-THORN.

A Breton Legend.

IN those beautiful old times when wrong never prevailed long over right, when the good prospered, and the wicked were confounded,—that is to say, in the times before the world was turned upside down, there lived in Finisterre a pious widow, who had an only daughter, a child of thirteen, with hair like spun silk, and blue eyes, and a face so delicate and white in its transparency, that the country

people called her little White-Thorn. The widow's father was a large farmer owning land of his own, and feeding on the moors large flocks of sheep, and pasturing in the water-meadows numerous cattle. A sparkling brook that slid down the purple moor-sides was conducted by him to a mill he had built in a depression on the fell slope among some green ash-trees and flowering elders, and there the stream rushed foaming over the big water-wheel, looking, from a distance, in the sun, like a large wavering white tuft of cotton-grass. He had also built a bake-house, where his wheat-flour was made into delicious white cakes, and his barley-loaves were baked brown, and where, also, his great buck-wheat pancakes were prepared for the labourers who tilled his soil.

Alas! even in those good old times, before the world was turned upside down, people died. The farmer fell ill, deceased, and his property was divided among his children. He had three sons; his only daughter was the widow, the mother of White-thorn. The eldest took the house, the land, and the milch kine; the second took the mill and the horses; and the third took the bake-house and the sheep. Nothing remained to the widow Elizabeth, except an old hovel on the moors, far away from the village, where, occasionally, in bad weather, the shepherd had been wont to take shelter. When the poor woman bewailed the injustice of her brothers, the eldest said to her,—

"Now, Elizabeth, I will prove to you how full of affection I am. A dear, good sister you have always been to me, and when I was ill in fever, you nursed me with the utmost care; therefore, I will now make you a handsome present. I have an old black cow, which yields scarcely a cup-full of milk; you are welcome to it. Let White-thorn put a halter round its neck, and lead it to your hovel."

So Elizabeth took a stick and beat the cow behind, and White-thorn pulled the halter in front; and thus, after much trouble, the old black cow was brought to the hut on the moors, which was all that belonged to the widow. Every day, little White-thorn took the cow out of its stable and pastured it on the moors; there was little food for it there except young gorse tops, and fern shoots, and the thin grey grass that sprouted about the marshy spots. Whilst the cow snuffed after herbage, the girl picked flowers, little deep-blue gentians, marsh marigolds, the delicate wavering tufts of cotton-grass, the sparkling sun-dew, and the turquoise blue forget-me-not; and these she made into

nosegays, which she brought to her mother at sundown, to adorn the cottage table.

One day, as White-thorn was making a chaplet of daisies, she noticed a beautiful bird perched on a whin-bush, singing sweetly. The little creature turned its brilliant eyes on the child and twittered to her, exactly as if it were speaking. "What do you wish to say?" asked White-thorn, leaning towards it. The bird fluttered its wings, hopped nearer to her, turned its head on one side, and began to prattle once more. "I cannot understand you," said the girl, with a sigh. Then the bird jumped on her shoulder, and chirped louder. "It is all in vain," said White-thorn. "You must speak Breton if you would make me comprehend." But, as the little bird could not do this, it spread its wings, smote the air with them, once, twice, thrice, and was gone.

The sun had now set; White-thorn looked round. In the still, green sky hung the silver speck of the evening star, like a gem dropped on a sunlit lawn. And there, flying in the soft air, was the bird, like a tiny dark spot, becoming smaller and smaller, till it had quite disappeared. And all that while, the star became brighter and brighter, till it burned like a lamp of fire. Now White-thorn called the black cow. She could not see the dear animal anywhere. She ran hither and thither, but perceived no traces of it; and the darkness fell, and she would have lost her way had not she heard her mother's voice calling loudly, "White-thorn, White-thorn!" "Here am I, mother. But where is the cow?" "The cow is here, my child." White-thorn hastened to her mother, and found the old woman standing by the mangled remains of the black cow. The wolves had fallen on it and devoured it, leaving only the bones, the horns, and the black tail, with the black tuft of hair at its extremity. White-thorn uttered a cry of sorrow, and flung herself on the grass beside the bones of the cow. "Do not lament over a beast as over a Christian," said the widow. "Come within, White-thorn, we will have our supper and then go to bed."

The little girl was hardly able to sleep all night, her heart ached for the cow, and as soon as the sun rose, she started from her bed, and ran forth in her white night-dress, with bare feet and arms, upon the moor. The morning light glistened in the gossamer that was flung over the gorse bushes, and the long spider-threads strung with dew were like rosaries of diamonds which the sun told, winking and flashing in each. And there, perched on a bush of yellow broom was the

sweet bird who had sung to White-thorn the day before. The girl ran towards it, and kneeling beside the broom listened attentively to its twittering. The little creature seemed to speak earnestly to her, but not a word could she understand. Then, heedlessly, she put her naked foot on a celandine that lay like a cup of gold in the grass. Now, be it known to all good children, that whoever touches that flower with bare feet, and with conscience undefiled, acquires the knowledge of the languages of birds, beasts, and fishes. The soul of White-thorn was transparent, and unstained as a mountain burn; so, no sooner had she touched the little golden blossom, than, all at once, what the bird said became intelligible to her.

"White-thorn, dear White-thorn," were its words, "I love you well, so listen to what I say."

"Who are you?" asked the child, astonished at her newly acquired power.

"I am Robin Redbreast," answered the bird. "And I have the power of every year making one good, poor, child happy. This time I shall do this for you."

"Oh you darling Robin!" exclaimed White-thorn. "Then I shall have a little silver cross on my breast, and a new pair of wooden shoes, so that I need not run about barefoot any longer."

"You shall have a golden cross, and satin shoes, like a great lady," said Robin Redbreast.

"How so, my dearest birdie?"

"Follow me and you shall see."

Little White-thorn jumped up. Robin smote the air with his wings, once, twice, thrice, and was away flying over the glistening fragrant moor, towards the sea. And every now and then it perched on a gorse tuft or a shrub of white heath and chirped loudly Follow me. The child followed gladly, and the bird led her down the moor side among grey lichened granite rocks, then over a buckwheat field, where the tiny whitish-pink pin-points of flowers were sipping the dew that dripped from their leaves, then out on the yellow sand strewn with shepherd's purses and kelp. In the bay were seven little holms, usually surrounded by laughing blue water, but now the tide was out, and a strip of oozy sand led to them. Robin Redbreast stayed his flight, and said,—

"Do you see anything on the beach?"

"Yes! I see a pair of wooden shoes brightly polished, shoes that have not yet been browned at the fire, and a staff of holly that has not yet been lopped of its leaves and berries."

"Put on the shoes and take the staff."

"I have done so."

"Now, walk along the sands to the first of the seven isles, go round it till you reach a cliff before which rank sea-rushes grow."

"And what then?"

"Pluck the rushes and twist them into a rope."

"What next?"

"Then strike the rock thrice with your staff, and a cow will issue from it, lay the rush-rope round its neck and lead it home to your mother."

White-thorn followed these directions implicitly. She walked lightly in her wooden shoes over the treacherous sand, she wove her rope of rushes, struck the rock, and from it came forth a cow, with a skin as soft as that of a mole, with eyes gentle as those of a spaniel, and with a beautiful white, full, udder. White-thorn threw the halter round its neck and led the beast home to her mother, who was overjoyed to see it. But how was her wonder increased when she began to milk little Sea-cow, as White-thorn called her. The milk spirted between her fingers and flowed without cessation, like water from one of the moor springs. Elizabeth filled all the pails, then all the pots, jugs, kettles, and mugs, with milk, and still the stream flowed. "Run, run, White-thorn, to your uncle Joseph, and borrow a couple of pails," cried the widow. And the child skipped over the heather to the farm, and told the farmer the wonder.

The news soon spread, and half the village came to see. Everyone brought a pail or a pitcher. They found Elizabeth seated by the cow, in a great pool of milk, which poured from the sea-beast, flowed in a white rill over the threshold, and was lost in the moor sand outside. Never was more delicious milk tasted, never was richer cream seen. Joseph gazed in astonishment; he tasted the milk, smacked his lips, tasted again, shook his head, and then said:

"Dear sister, you know how I have always loved you. You have, I am certain, a true sisterly affection for me, and you will not refuse me the cow when I ask you for it, and offer instead all my cows."

Elizabeth replied: "Sea-cow is priceless. How could I give her to you for your cattle? She is worth more than all the cows in the village."

"Well, then, dearest sister, I will give you my farm and farm-house, the stables, the carts and horses."

Then Elizabeth yielded. She took the key

of the house, she cut a turf in the fields, drank out of the well, lit a fire on the hearth, and cut a handful of hair out of the horses' tails, as evidence that all these now belonged to her. Then she gave the sea-cow to her brother, and he went away with the beast to a large town, where the demand for milk would be as inexhaustible as was the supply. But poor White-thorn cried, for she loved her Sea-cow dearly; and all day long her cheeks were wet with tears. At evening, she went into the stable to see if all the cattle were supplied with hay, and then she sobbed aloud. "Oh, why is not dear Sea-cow here?" she wailed. Immediately she heard a lowing behind her, and, on looking round, saw her Sea-cow returned. After the first transports of delight were over, she asked, stroking the creature's soft hide:

"Who has brought you back to me, pretty pet?"

"I have returned of my own accord: I could not live with your uncle, who is a wicked and avaricious man."

"Alas! my mother will have to give up the house and farm, now that you have come back."

"Not so," replied the cow. "For your grandfather had left all to your mother, but the brothers destroyed the will, and robbed your mother of what is rightfully hers."

"But you will be recognised, my pretty darling."

"Not if you will do what I bid you. Pluck three clover leaves and bring them to me."

White-thorn obeyed; and, whilst the cow munched the green leaves, she called, as bidden, Robin Redbreast, three times. Now, the third time she called, all at once the cow was changed into a beautiful horse, to White-thorn's great delight.

"You will certainly not be recognised now," said she; "and I shall henceforth call you Sea-horse."

The widow was rejoiced when she heard what had taken place. Next day, she brought the horse out to lade it with corn for the market. Imagine her astonishment when she saw the back of the horse lengthen to accommodate as many sacks as she deemed fit to send to market; so that Sea-horse alone could carry more corn than all the other horses in the village. This was soon known to the second brother, Phillips, who came, examined it, and bid for it his mill, his horses, and all the pigs he fed. The widow accepted the offer; the mill became hers, and the Sea-horse was transferred to brother Phillips, who left the place with the horse to go to a town where the amount to be

carried would be equal to the capacity of the horse for bearing. But White-thorn was sad at heart, and at night, when she went to the stable, she sobbed, and said: "Oh, dear Sea-horse, why are you not here?" Then she heard a neigh behind her, and, looking round, she saw that Sea-horse had returned.

"I could not remain with your wicked uncle," said the animal; "so I have returned to you. Now fetch me three clover leaves, and, whilst I am eating them, call thrice on Robin Redbreast."

White-thorn obeyed implicitly, and the Sea-horse was suddenly transformed into a beautiful sheep, with long fleece as white as wool and as fine as silk.

"You dear creature," exclaimed White-thorn. "I shall call you Sea-sheep."

The widow came in next morning to see the wonder, and, as she gazed on the sheep, she said: "Run, daughter, and fetch me the shears, for the poor creature is so encumbered with its wool that it can scarcely move."

Well, the Sea-sheep was shorn, and, as fast as the wool was cut off, fresh wool grew; and it became evident to Elizabeth that Sea-sheep was worth all the sheep on the moors around. The third brother, Kaspar, soon heard of this, and he hastened to the farm, where he examined the wool with surprise.

"I must have this sheep," said he. "Sister, I will give you the bake-house, and my sheep and oxen, in exchange for this creature."

The widow agreed to the bargain, and the man drove Sea-sheep away; but his road lay along the cliffs, over the frothing tossing blue sea, and, as he came out of the lanes, above the water, the sheep suddenly leaped off the headland into the sea, and swam to the Seven Isles, and vanished at the rock where grow the dark green rushes, which opened to receive it and closed behind it. In the evening, White-thorn waited in vain in the sheep-fold for her beautiful pet, but the night passed, and it returned no more. Then she went, sad at heart, over the heather. On a holly-bush, sat perched Robin Redbreast, and the bird said to her:

"Dear White-thorn, you must not expect to see Sea-sheep again, she has gone for ever. Your uncles are punished for their avarice and injustice. You have now enough to live upon, so be content. Buy yourself a golden cross to hang on your bosom, and satin shoes, and—forget not the poor."

With these words, Robin fluttered his wings. He beat the air once, twice, thrice, and darted up high into the clear blue sky, and little White-thorn saw him no more.

TABLE TALK.

THE Parisian velocipede mania threatens to assume a novel phase. The principle of pedal propulsion has been applied to water locomotion by one M. Thierry, an architect, who has devised what, for want of a better name, has been called a water-velocipede. The machine consists of two cigar-shaped pontoons about twelve feet long by one foot broad, fastened together by bars, but with a small space between them in which is mounted a paddle-wheel at the fore part. The wheel has cranks attached to it, and these are turned by rods from treadles worked by the driver, who is seated on a raised box in the middle of the vessel. Rudders and lines are provided for steering. I wonder if it ever occurs to velocipedists that the easiest way of transporting one's self from one place to another by muscular force is through the mechanical appliances with which nature has endowed us for the purpose. Do they ever consider the fact that to carry our own weight a certain distance requires just a certain amount of motive power? that by no means whatever can we decrease the requisite amount? and that if we surround ourselves with wheels, and cranks, and treadles, we have to move not only our own weight, but the weight of these encumbrances also? This applies to the toys that run along the road; perhaps the water machine is a little more in reason, considering that man has no natural provision for aquamotion.

THE German doctors have lately been playing their leeches a droll trick—making one worm do the work of many. When the little blood-sucker has taken his fill and is about to release his bite, he is tapped; a small incision is made in his side, that serves as an outlet for the blood, and he goes on sucking, in happy ignorance of the cause of his abnormal appetite, as long as the doctor pleases. BdeUlatomy is the name given to the practice, and it is urged that it is not cruel, but contrarywise; since it does the leech a good turn by enabling him to enjoy his rich feast indefinitely. He does not die under the operation; but with proper treatment is soon healed, and may be incised over and over again. There was once an alderman who wished he had been a camel, that he might have been blessed with the seven stomachs vouchsafed by nature to that animal. If such a gourmand still exist, let him seek surgical aid in some such treatment

as that practised on the leeches, that he may eat and drink *ad libitum*, and feel no worse.

WHO was it that first misquoted *Hudibras*, and wrote a famous couplet, thus?—

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

Whoever the adapter may have been, his reading has a firmer hold upon popular memory than the true one. But the idea of *convincing* a man against his will, and of his being of the same opinion still, is sheer nonsense. Butler never wrote this, but,—

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still,—

which is logical enough.

A GOOD hand dictionary of the English language has long been wanted, and I have just hit upon one, which is the best in every way that has yet appeared, and nearly perfect. It is small, so that it can lie on a small writing-table, or may be carried in one's portmanteau with ease. Though small, it contains an enormous quantity of matter—relating to the pronunciation, definition, and derivation of the words. Though thus full to overflowing it does not in any way distress the vision, the arrangement of the matter is so good, and the type is so well chosen to catch the eye. I have been much pleased with the work, which does great credit to its author, Mr. Donald, and to the printers and publishers, Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh. It is called *Chambers's Etymological Dictionary*.

IN this new dictionary, by-the-way, I see that the correct etymology is given of *curmudgeon*. Johnson announced it as derived from the French, *cœur méchant*; and thereby hangs a tale. After stating that the word is supposed to come from the two French words I have named, he thought it right to mention his authority for this derivation: an unknown correspondent. Whereupon Ash, copying Johnson, entered the word as follows in his dictionary: "CURMUDGEON, s. from the French *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, correspondent." This derivation, however, can scarcely be correct, for a Frenchman would be inclined to say *méchant cœur* rather than *cœur méchant*. The word really means a Cornmerchant—in old English, a Cornmudgin, because he was supposed to keep up the price of bread by his avarice.

THE *Rock* publishes a new Creed which is worth preserving as a fair satire on the faith or unfaith of many in the present day. But I suppress the name of the particular journal to which it is dedicated, as the singling out of that journal for such a distinction is mere spite. The author's name is Castleman.

A NEW CREED.

WE believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter, and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not. We believe also that the world was not made, but that the world made itself, or that it had no beginning, and that it will last for ever. We believe that man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and that the body is the soul, and that after death there is neither soul nor body. We believe that there is no religion—that natural religion is the only religion, and all religion unnatural. We believe not in Moses. We believe in some of the philosophers. We believe not in the Prophets nor in the Evangelists. We believe in Hobbes, Paine, Voltaire, and Bolingbroke, though all these men differed, and we differ too. We believe not in St. Paul. We believe not in Revelation. We believe not in Christ. We believe in ourselves. And lastly, we believe in all unbelief. Amen.

It is rather a good epithet which our Indian army has invented for such weather as this: Hottentottest.

I AM sure we should all be delighted to bless the Prince of Wales if the poets would only ask us to do so in decent verses. The popular verses in which we are asked to pronounce this blessing are so contemptible, that I am not surprised to find in the *Orchestra* a new set of verses proposed for the last baby:—

O BLESS THE BABY NEW.

SOME boast the charms of two-year olds,
And some of three or four,
While others like their children when
The measling time is o'er.
But oh what common offspring bears
Comparison with you,
Thou latest sprig of Royalty?
O bless the Baby New!

She has a dimple on each cheek,
And one below the chin;
At balmy eve she goes to bed,
The nurse then tucks her in.
Her little nose is sometimes pink,
Occasionally blue;
And who shall paint her tootsicums?
O bless the Baby New!

CHEAP editions are a boon, but we are deluged with imperfect, nay, worthless ones. May I give an instance or two? I have in my possession Campbell. Half of Campbell is omitted. All copies of Byron, except when

published by Murray, are notoriously incomplete. In a popular cheap edition, cantos three and four of *Childe Harold* are wanting! We have a reprint of an early and imperfect edition announced as Hallam's *Middle Ages*. This is very bad. Why can't they honestly say Selections from this or that author, or Reprinted from the first edition, &c., as the case may be.

BUT I have a worse complaint to make: expurgated editions not mentioned as such. Old Bowdler (God rest his soul) honestly gave an expurgated Shakspeare. Possibly, an expurgated, and truly family Bible is on its way. But I want *Don Quixote*: if I ask a bookseller for it, I expect to get the work in its entirety; unless the contrary is stated. To deceive the public, who are often ignorant alike of authors and of editions, *that* is bad enough; but, to bring in the dilutions of some recent vendor of milk and water and call that the genuine, the original article—what an insult to the author!

IT may be doubted whether the march of intellect, penny papers, gas lights, and patent lucifer matches have so entirely dissipated the darkness of superstition as borough members would make us believe. Ecclesiastical persons are still held to have more power over the Enemy than others. The sexton of a Cornish village, whereof the curate is my friend, thought that he saw a ghost one night in the churchyard, whereupon, by his own avowal, he exclaimed, "Avant, Satan! I am the third officer of the church."

THE cigar-box,—thanks. *Fumus gloria mundi*, as Lord Lytton says. I deeply sympathise with a needy Highlander, out of whom the minister was vainly seeking to wring a missionary subscription. "What, Donald, have you not a shilling to help the souls of the poor heathen?" "D—— if I have got a shilling to help myself to tobacco."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 32.

August 8, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XVI.—MONSIEUR MARDONNET.

EDUcate a man as you will in France, keep him to his books, make inquisitors of his teachers, lock up his heart and soul, and if you do not find means to lock up his body, he will make strange acquaintances. And so it had been with the Marquis de Beauvoisin ; and in this way he had come to know M. Mardonnet.

At the small town of Malleray, which was the post-town of the Château of Beauvoisin, M. Mardonnet, the father, had been post-master for nearly thirty years, and was once a highly popular and very useful man. He had been appointed to his post under Louis Philippe, had preserved it through the Republic, and occupied it still, at the opening of this tale. Both father and son, though from different points of view, went over in 1851 to the paternal despotism of My Uncle's Nephew, and voted enthusiastically for the Empire. When it was done, the amusing part of the business was that neither of the two could comprehend why the other had done it, each holding a diametrically contrary opinion upon the benefits that were to accrue to France from the establishment of Imperial Power. Mardonnet the father insisted upon it, that order would be for evermore maintained, that a wholesome authority would keep down the press, and that a period would be brought about in which nothing more would have to be feared from that so-called intelligence which had long raged rampant in France, and brought her to the verge of ruin. Mardonnet the son affirmed that socialism would be the watch-word of the second empire, that the people were going to rule, that all those who were anything, or had anything, would go to the wall and be crushed by the masses, which,

he said, meant those who had nothing, and were nothing. He represented the Emperor as a socialist, a Freemason, and a free thinker, and quoted texts by the hour from the Emperor's own writings in proof of his assertions ; and when it was rumoured that he wrote in a newspaper devoted to the propagation of atheistical doctrines, he did not deny it. This it was which, as we shall see by-and-by, first brought M. Théophile into the sphere wherein moved the faultlessly educated son of the Dowager de Beauvoisin.

Olivier de Beauvoisin rejoiced in a tutor whom his mother had chosen for him as particularly safe. This was a certain Abbé Lannion, not a bad man by any means, but rather zealous than wise, and deeming everything allowable that was undertaken for the glory of the church. Now it was borne in upon the worthy Abbé's mind that he must convert Théophile Mardonnet, and to this work of conversion he accordingly set ; secretly, but with tooth and nail. The Dowager was, as we know, a sharp woman ; but she reposed such implicit confidence in the Abbé Lannion that, where he was concerned, her sharpness deliberately slumbered, and so long as his pupil was with him, she inquired no further. In pursuance of his idea, carried away by it, and imbued with the genuine Jesuitical theory that the means justify the end, the Abbé Lannion contrived to effect a meeting, to all appearance perfectly casual, with Théophile Mardonnet ; and displaying a large amount of cleverness in a small way, he managed to prosecute what he imagined to be his great work, entirely to his own satisfaction, never once perceiving the game that his adversary was playing with him. The upshot of the whole was that the devil was the winner, there where the church was to have reaped such evident gains. Théophile Mardonnet was too well endowed with that species of coarse cleverness, for which men of his stamp are so remarkable in France, not to see that, while the hope of converting him was the bait which drew the unlucky Abbé Lannion into his net,

his — Théophile Mardonnet's — own interest pointed to the young Marquis as to a natural piece of prey.

Mardonnet was turned thirty; Olivier was not yet nineteen; and it was by a rapid and summary process that Théophile Mardonnet arrived at the conclusion that the young Marquis de Beauvoisin was put upon this earth to become his natural prey. He just placed in juxtaposition in his mind's eye a few leading facts, asked himself a few necessary questions, and was satisfied. Olivier was a minor, and enjoyed an allowance, for every centime of which he had to account to his mother—(a tough party, the Dowager, and not to be meddled with!) Olivier, at his majority, would enjoy something like three hundred thousand francs a year (£12,000 English—a large fortune in France). Olivier was a fool—a block-head, rather. That was M. Théophile's way of putting it.

And then he asked himself these questions:—Had Olivier any principle? No. Had he any amusements? No. Did he want any? No. Was he perfectly healthy and vigorous? Yes. Was he content with his vegetable life? Yes. Was that because he knew no better? Yes. Well, then, he must be made to know better, that was all. And to this task of mental improvement Théophile Mardonnet set himself with the whole power and volition of his coarse nature, and that was a good deal, and he succeeded beyond what he had ventured to anticipate.

A very few fragments of conversation with Olivier (brought about in the back parlour of the post office) sufficed to show to M. Théophile what was the calibre of the lad's mind; and it was but too easy for him to fashion the raw material of which he found himself suddenly possessed. He began by lending him books and plays to read, which the boy concealed with admirable dexterity, devoured till he knew whole pages of them by heart, and returned, without any one around him being one bit the wiser. This of itself was promising; and though the youth's nature was not a passionate, it might, as the wily preceptor thought, be made a vicious one. Opportunities were promptly created by Théophile Mardonnet, for the prize he had secured seemed to him worth taking any amount of trouble about; and so he played the game of sanctity freely into the Abbé's hands, and the latter was soon convinced that he had had a direct inspiration from above when he undertook to convert the postmaster's son.

To say the real truth, the Abbé Lannion

was at last disposed to regard Monsieur Théophile as a fit subject for the heartfelt compassion of saints, and himself as a sort of earthly manifestation of the Divine light which turns Sauls into Pauls. M. Théophile stuck at nothing, and did write now and then an article for the *Portier du Paradis* (a journal founded expressly to defend St. Peter, and which was as wrathful as the *Syllabus* itself against all christians in general who were not its subscribers); and he confided in private to his ecclesiastical friend that he had cured himself of toothache, by an application of the water of *La Salette*!

"But," said he, "I am a ruined man if any living being guess at these facts—for my daily bread is earned in the camp of the infidels—and if it should be known that grace has touched me, I must die of starvation, and be calumniated, probably, on both sides into the bargain."

M. Théophile's spiritual effusions, therefore, were signed by a fictitious name—which was contrary to law; but, as the *Portier du Paradis* was not read by a hundred persons, no alarm was felt as to prosecution; and if any danger had threatened, the Abbé Lannion would have declared himself the real author, rather than allow his convert to suffer for having come back to the right path. It was agreed that, on the return of the family to Paris for the winter, the Abbé should use all his influence in the ultramontane press to obtain for Monsieur Théophile a lucrative post upon the staff of some right-thinking paper, in whose columns, as from a tribune, the reclaimed sinner might flagellate with all his new-born fervour his old associates in impiety.

"Then!" said M. Théophile, "I can be at liberty to cast in the teeth of the infidels the ill-gotten gold by which, until then, I must subsist!"

"Then!" exclaimed the exultant Abbé Lannion, "I can boldly triumph in my work, show my fellow labourers in the fields of faith what I have done, and reveal all to Madame la Marquise! How Madame la Marquise will rejoice over you!" he invariably added, as though in that notion lay his chiefest satisfaction.

Winter came on. It was quite the beginning of the year, and one day M. Théophile was sitting in his small room on the fourth floor in the Rue St. Anne, building up his fire with all the stray bits of wood he could pick up with his tongs, and ruminating in his conscience what might be his probable resources for the next six months. It was between three and four o'clock. A ring came at the door-bell—not a

loud one. "Some confounded creditor," thought Mardonnet. His housekeeper, the shuffling, snuff-taking old woman who did for him from eight o'clock till two, was gone, and he was alone. A second ring came at the door-bell, but rather louder. Mardonnet got up, hesitated, looked bothered, reflected that creditors came mostly in the earlier part of the day, and made up his mind to open. When he had done so, his whole aspect changed. A wide gleam of contentment lighted up his vulgar countenance, and exclaiming,—

"Monsieur le Marquis! What an honour you do me!" He retraced his steps, bowing profoundly, and ushering M. de Beauvoisin into his sitting-room, redolent with the fumes of tobacco. Olivier held out his hand, seated himself in the one tolerably comfortable arm-chair, and Mardonnet bravely sacrificed a whole log of wood to make the fire brighter.

"I resolved I would pay you a visit," commenced the Marquis, graciously; "but, as you know, it is not so easy to manage. There are but two days in the week where, by a combination, it can be done; but I made the combination, and I have managed it very well. I am supposed to be at the fencing-school," he added, with a look of great superiority. "I go there alone—I mean without the Abbé. Roger de Damville, and Adrien de Villecour, and I, we take our lesson on Tuesdays and Saturdays together; and Roger's ill in bed with typhus fever, so Adrien and I are alone; besides which my mother is at home all day on a Tuesday—she receives—so I was quite safe, for I can trust Adrien to any amount."

Olivier was embarrassed, and spoke volubly, and more than was his wont; and Théophile noted all these small signs as he sat watching his visitor, with his plump hands crossed upon his plump chest.

"I'm sincerely touched by your remembrance of me, I'm sure," murmured Mardonnet; "but at your age the feelings are warm, and it really is very kind of you to mount up my four pair of stairs, and to contrive to escape, too, from the thralls in which you are held; for," (here M. Théophile gave a cautious expression to his voice) "you are certainly tightly held. Of course, I would not venture to criticise any system adopted by so superior a person as Madame la Marquise; but still the fact is certain, you are tightly held," propounded Mardonnet.

"Very," responded the young Marquis; "but you see what makes it bearable is, that it is the same for all. Now there are, as I said, Roger and Adrien, and a heap more I could

mention, they're all brought up just in the same way."

"And they all of them manage to elude a little the yoke that is put upon their necks?" suggested mildly M. Théophile, with a half interrogative tone.

"Well, just a little," replied Olivier, "now and then, and just to have a sort of feeling of being free for an hour or two. There's no great harm in that, after all."

"Harm!" echoed his plump friend; "certainly not. There will never be any harm in anything you do," he added, calming the timid conscience of the boy.

There was a pause, during which Olivier accepted a cigar; smoking, as he related, being permitted by the Dowager, and the Abbé declaring it a most innocent occupation. (I have told you the Abbé was, in his own opinion, a man who went with his times.)

"I have brought back the book you lent me just before we left the country," observed Olivier, taking out of his pocket a small yellow-bound volume, that he would have been far the better for never having read.

"Did you find it amusing?" asked M. Théophile.

"Tremendously!" answered Olivier; "delightful! I lent it to Adrien, and to Gaston de Vivienne; that's why I've kept it so long. And——" here he paused, and, looking straight into the fire, puffed a huge puff of smoke from his lips.

"And you would like to have another of the same sort, perhaps?" hinted, blandly, M. Mardonnet.

"N—o, n—o," stammered the Marquis; "but there certainly is something we should all three of us like very much."

His voice sank to a whisper as he uttered these words, and he drew his chair nearer to M. Théophile.

"Anything I can do?" inquired that wily individual.

"Oh, yes; something you can easily, easily do," rejoined Olivier, with, for him, considerable eagerness. But there he came to a standstill, and could get no further.

"You know my utter devotion to you," said Mardonnet, trying to bring on the confession he had long foreseen. "Anything I can, I will do for you."

"Can you take us behind the scenes of the Porte St. Martin?" blustered out the youth with desperation.

"Mercy!" cried M. Théophile; "what a request!"

"Is it impossible?" pursued the Marquis,

hurriedly, and now that the ice was once broken, plunging into the stream up to the very neck; "is it so very difficult? We want to go all three—Adrien, and Gaston, and I, and on some night when they give the *Biche aux Bois*. Nobody will ever know; we three shall keep the secret—you may count on us: but can you do it?"

"There is no difficulty for me," said M. Théophile, self-sufficiently; "but, really, the notion is quite an adventurous one. Oh, youth, youth! you know not what you seek for!"

"We want to see Mlle. Camille Leblond," continued Olivier, whom nothing seemed now capable of stopping on the path of sublunary dissipation.

"Whew! no less than that, young gentlemen!" and M. Théophile pursed up his lips, and rounded his eyes, and looked the picture of astonishment. "Mlle. Camille Leblond!" he repeated; "but that costs money. Your allowances are scanty, and have to be accounted for, every farthing of them!"

"Well, we could go shares," suggested Olivier. "To begin with, we could get you to buy us a splendid bouquet for her—each of us could give ten francs. A bouquet of thirty francs!" urged Olivier, thinking what lavish expenditure that was. "A bouquet of thirty francs! we could manage that between us, each giving ten francs. I could account for it at the end of the month by buying a box of bonbons of five francs for Aunt d'Hérincourt, and putting it down fifteen."

Alas, Théophile Mardonnet had a lengthy explanation to give upon the financial combinations that would be requisite in case he introduced these lawless young gentlemen to one of the reigning stars of that period; but Olivier's mind seemed made up, and the more objections were made, the less he listened to them.

He agreed to everything. The plan involved a secret egress from the Hôtel de Beauvoisin after every one was asleep at night, and a secret ingress to it before anyone was awake in the morning, besides numberless other dangers; but no excuse was accepted, and Mardonnet was forced to admit that, with plenty of money, this, like most other things in the world, was possible. But plenty of money! how was that to be got?

"Well," insinuated M. Théophile, "if it were positively necessary, I could get that too."

The reader hardly needs to be told that Théophile Mardonnet had hooked his fish.

Mademoiselle Camille Leblond did all that was left to do.

This episode occurred, as has been stated, six or seven years previous to Olivier's marriage with Claire. He was then a boy of nineteen, and Théophile Mardonnet was a man turned thirty.

CHAPTER XVII.—MADEMOISELLE ASPASIE.

ON Easter Tuesday, the day but one after we have seen Olivier de Beauvoisin and his wife going to high mass at their parish church, the fat, vulgar man, whom Claire had been so surprised to see accost her husband in the public street, was walking along one of the side-alleys of the park at Versailles; one of the unfrequented ones, leading obliquely from the Tapis Vert to the Jardin du Roi. He was not alone; a remarkably well-dressed woman was walking by his side, attired in black silk not over bespangled with jet-beads, and through the meshes of whose spotted veil came the flashes of two brilliantly black eyes. The face was a well-favoured, though not an agreeable one, and its expression, as far as it could be made out, seemed more sharp even than bold.

"We can sit down here; we are quite out of the way of any Easter excursionists," said this person, in whose harsh voice is revealed to us our friend, Mademoiselle Aspasia de Mourjonville. The man who was thus addressed obeyed, and the couple sat down upon a bench in the middle of the unpeopled avenue.

"Well! and how did my worshipful sister accept the notion of being torn away from all her barbaric admirers?" asked she of the speckled veil, as soon as she had settled her skirts to her satisfaction.

"Accept?" repeated her companion, "why, I thought I had explained to you that she was the first to pine and sicken to come back——"

"What do you mean, Théophile?" interrupted Mademoiselle Aspasia, with extreme surprise. "Why, she will get no boyards here! she's terribly faded now, the lovely Camille!"

"No boyards, no!" echoed the fat man, with a grunt; "but she gets the Boulevards, and so do I!"

"So there's patriotism in your return, is there?" observed Mademoiselle Mourjon, otherwise de Mourjonville, with a sneer. "Well! of a certainty that is about the very last luxury in which I should have thought either of you two would have indulged!" and the sneer was biting in both the look and the tone.

"Ah! but you don't know what it is to a Parisian to think that he's going to make his

home, his living and dying place, of a barbarous country where they only speak make-believe French, and where there's nothing one's ever been used to; neither minor theatres, nor newspapers, nor talk! neither a real café (like these here), nor the Boulevards, nor a *pot-au-feu*!" and Théophile Mardonnet positively did look as though he had been suffering martyrdom, as though St. Peter had emptied the phials of his utmost wrath upon his head, for not having more seriously taken up his cause some years before in the columns of the *Portier du Paradis*.

Mademoiselle de Mourjonville tightened her well-fitting tight glove over her long thin hand, and looked an odd kind of look at her neighbour.

"I think if I had had Camille's position," remarked she, "I could have renounced the delights of this enchanting paradise."

"No! you couldn't!" opposed, energetically, Mardonnet. "You couldn't in the long run."

"Not for lots of money?" asked Mademoiselle Aspasie.

"Not for anything under the sun," affirmed her interlocutor; "besides, though money is easy to gain out there, it is easy to spend, too; everything is horribly dear."

"They play, don't they?" said Aspasie, curiously.

"Yes! they play day and night, and what's more, they pay nine times out of ten, especially when the money's owed to a foreigner; but it's all no use! two hundred a year in Paris is better than two thousand a year in Moldo-Wallachia. Pah! what a den for a man of education to live in!" and Mardonnet shuddered as only a Frenchman can shudder when in a moment of severe hunger, for instance, he has the choice given him between starvation and some outlandish dish, wherein eels and lemon-juice, cream, apples, and beer, combine together!

Mademoiselle Mourjon seemed to be reflecting upon something, and after a pause.

"Yes," said she, echoing Mardonnet's last words; "a man of education forsooth: there's the rub! That's what you think yourself."

"Aspasie!" exclaimed her stout companion, with such an explosion of offended dignity; but she cut that short by a quiet laugh, beneath the sound of which he utterly collapsed.

"Pray does the lovely Camille still honour me with the same jealousy as heretofore?" she continued.

"I hardly know. I think it safest never to mention your name."

"Bravo! a piece of admirable prudence;

and what I think decidedly safest and best, in the present state of affairs. But, Théophile, in the name of all worldly wisdom, what could have induced you to go and pounce straight upon the Marquis, as you tell me you did? And in the public street, too! before the pick of society!" and Mlle. Aspasie indulged in another sneer of incomparable bitterness.

"What would you?" rejoined Théophile, with an exculpatory shrug; "I couldn't help myself. I was just fresh home, and, when I caught sight of him, it actually seemed to remind me of old times, and I went straight up to him before I knew what I was about."

"Old times!" said Mlle. Aspasie, mockingly; "nice old times to remember, indeed!"

"Nobody noticed anything," objected Mardonnet; "he moved away before anybody saw me accost him."

"Well, but he?" retorted Aspasie. "Do you suppose he will have been particularly rejoiced to realise the fact of your return to France?"

"An impulse! one can't control one's impulses. Besides," he added, "the Marquis is his own master now, and——"

His companion cut him short.

"He's very little more his own master than he ever was," she observed. "His wife's at the head of his house, and his mother's at the head of him. He don't care for being master over anything, not even his stables."

"Not even his heart?" inquired Théophile Mardonnet, with a smile.

"Hasn't got any," rejoined the lady. "Heart indeed! well, to be sure, a pretty thing you have hit upon! Heart? Why where do you suppose that should come from?"

"Well, it is a fact that you sometimes find it in the very worst men," opined M. Théophile, as though to excuse his want of knowledge of human nature.

"In the very worst?" echoed Mlle. Aspasie; "I should think so. But M. le Marquis de Beauvoisin is as far from the very worst as from the very best. He's simply nothing at all decidedly; scarcely even half and half. But so they are all—all those of his kind. He's fonder than I am of finery; likes fine things and fine people; and judges women as a woman does, upon their dress. He's bored with everything; and might, perhaps, be moved to sacrifice whatever he possesses upon earth if he could be delivered from his own wearisome self. There's not a passion in him yet. I suppose vice will get hold of him later; vice requires no energy."

"Yes," said Mardonnet; "I thought it had done so already: but he slipped back under his mother's wing as easily after he had tasted of the forbidden fruit as before."

"By which the devil loses nothing," remarked, parenthetically, the well-dressed young person in black. "But let me tell you, Théophile, I would advise you not to come within sight of the Dowager; for, if you do, depend upon it, you will very shortly find yourself exiled again from your beloved Boulevards, and inducted into some lucrative but compulsory employment at three thousand miles' distance from your ardently-adored father-land."

"I am not afraid of the Dowager," replied, quietly, M. Théophile.

"Aren't you?" retorted Mlle. Aspasia, with a curious glance. "Then it's because you don't know her sufficiently."

"No, it's not that," answered Mardonnet, with a significant shake of the head. "I do know her better than most people, and a good deal better than she knows me, for instance; but I've that on hand which prevents my being afraid of the Dowager."

"Théophile!" cried, suddenly, Mlle. Mourjon, turning round and facing her stout friend; "you don't mean to say that you're in league with her, do you, about Claudine?"

"What!" exclaimed he, with a start; "in league, did you say? I in league with the Marquise? I! Well, that would be a strange event, after what is past; and about Claudine? Why, what on earth do you mean?"

"What I mean is this," stated the fair Aspasia, deliberately; and, at the same time, following with great attention the pattern she was drawing upon the gravel with the tip of her boot. "What I mean is, that that woman is capable of anything in order to detach her brother from Claudine—in order to make him cast her off. She would enter into a compact with anyone: with Mazzini or Renari, or George Sand, or M. Duruy, or Satan himself, or a chimney-sweeper, or you, if she thought she could achieve that end. So it struck me that perhaps——"

"No, indeed," interrupted Mardonnet; "nothing in that way. I have had no communication, direct or indirect, with the Dowager, nor do I need to have any. The Marquis is legally his own master now, whatever he may be morally; so that his despot of a mother does not come into play; nor," he pursued, after a pause, "does he himself, for that matter. I don't fancy he will court me. I have no particular desire to court him; the pavement of Paris is broad enough for us both, without

our being jostled up against each other, and my line is not his line."

"And pray, may I ask, what is your line to be?" demanded Mlle. de Mourjonville, somewhat disdainfully.

"Politics," propounded Mardonnet; and as he uttered the word, he seemed to swell inwardly. Mlle. Aspasia drew herself up, raised her eyebrows to their utmost arch, surveyed her companion all over, and, in a tone not complimentary, certainly, repeated the word,—

"Politics!"

"Well, and why not?" asked, hastily, M. Théophile. "Are not politics now the field in which every man of any capacity can exercise his talents?"

"No," put in Aspasia.

"Look at the ministers who govern us," went on Mardonnet, unheeding her negation; "who among them has sprung from a higher source?"

"Oh!" laughed she, "if you go to such heights as those, I withdraw my opposition. We may, for aught I know, see you one day minister of commerce, or agriculture, or justice even, or prefect of police; that would be the best of all. Well, I at once register my claim to a *bureau de tabac* in Paris! Mind, in Paris, in a central situation, whenever you become an Excellency."

"Don't talk nonsense, Aspasia."

"I never did, and you know it," said she, with biting sharpness.

"Well," responded Mardonnet, meekly, "I don't mean that; but my chances are so capital that I should be a fool to throw them away. You know who is made sub-prefect at Malleray."

"Not I. Who?"

"Well, Marius Daudel, the greatest friend I ever had——"

"What; the man who was for founding that paper to be entitled the *Red Flag*, and who was nearly condemned for swindling?" inquired Aspasia. "Mind, I'm not raising an objection—nothing astonishes me—I'm only seeking for information."

"Yes, the same man," answered Théophile. "He is in tremendous favour at the Ministry of —, and is now sub-prefect of Malleray. This it is in reality, which (besides home sickness) brought me home. I wrote to Marius the moment I knew of his nomination, and told him of my intention to return. He has nothing to refuse me."

"Oh, I dare say not."

"Added to which," continued Mardonnet, "you know the Minister of — is my mother's

first cousin ; so, as I said, I have the best chances."

"Of what?" inquired, calmly, Mlle. Mourjon.

"Of being made a deputy at the next elections."

"For what locality, may I ask?"

"For the department of Savre-et-Merle."

"Are you mad, Théophile?" cried Aspasia, jumping from her seat, and standing in front of that individual, and looking him all over with a sort of mixture of contempt and dismay.

"Are you mad? For Savre-et-Merle? What, the Marquise's own department? the department for which she will infallibly one day put up her son, and in which she reigns supreme?"

"The department whereof Malleray is one of the three head-quarters, and where the Minister of — will move heaven and earth for his cousin's son," rejoined Mardonnet.

"How do you know that? The Beauvoisins can do anything they like there, and the Marquis will crush you."

"The Beauvoisins will not succeed in Savre-et-Merle," remarked M. Théophile, "because they're too clerical. There will be two elections in the two nearest departments that will go to the fanatics and be ultramontane pure—a third would be too much. I shall come in as a free-thinker—a Republican, if you will; but a Republican who loves dictators, and the rights of thought, and all that sort of thing. I am sure of my election, and the Marquis will not crush me."

"He will, you'll see."

"You'll see he won't," retorted M. Théophile, "for he won't attempt to oppose me."

"There's no saying what he may do; he may go in for being what they call a Liberal. That man, Dupont de Laporte, may make him do something nobody expects."

Mardonnet again shook his head. "He will not oppose me, take my word for it," he reiterated, as he offered his arm to his companion, to continue their walk.

After a few steps taken in silence, Made-moiselle de Mourjonville came to a stand, and looked her stout friend through and through.

"Théophile," said she; "you fancy the Marquis will not oppose you?" and after a pause of a second,— "then there was more happened seven years ago than I knew of; I should like to know what."

As this worthy pair moved on, M. Théophile might be seen bending down to touch with his thick lips the hand that rested on his arm, while the said thick lips murmured, "You always did with me whatever you chose, Aspasia!"

FEMALE FREEMASONRY.

THERE is nothing perhaps which has excited so much curiosity among women as Freemasonry, and yet notwithstanding all the efforts made by them to learn its secrets, the power of love and of persuasion has been of no avail. A mystery which was guarded with such vigilance, and a secret which was kept so faithfully, must, it was supposed, bind the members of the association to some awful and horrible enterprise. Freemasonry thus came to be looked upon with jealousy and hostility; and amidst the persecutions of its enemies, it is curious to find that not many years ago, a band of ladies united in solemnly vowing never to marry a Freemason. Even this extreme measure had little or no effect; there were ladies still to be found who did not consider that the Freemasons, bad as they were, should be deprived of all earthly happiness, so far as they were concerned, and Freemasonry gradually lost its terrors.

In most of the ancient mysteries women as well as men were initiated, and kept the secrets with a constancy which to some may appear surprising. There is a well-known tradition of a self-sacrificing disciple of Pythagoras, who, through fear of yielding to her persecutors, bit off her tongue to prevent her revealing in the pain of torture the secret entrusted to her. In modern times, and more especially in France, women have been admitted to share in the masonic ceremonies, by the formation of lodges of adoption, where, under the guidance of regular members of the craft, who assist the official sisters in their duties, they have been initiated to the three first degrees of Freemasonry.

The doctrines inculcated in the female societies, tend more particularly to remind the members of their especial duties in this world, and the words addressed by the Grand-Mistress to the aspirant, clearly show the nature of the trials and of the instruction, which await her in the successive degrees into which she seeks to be initiated. The aspirant is warned against entering the society through a mere feeling of curiosity, and is informed that the order is destined to render human society as perfect as possible. She is to love justice and charity, to be free from prejudice and bigotry, to hate artifice and falsehood, and by her virtue to gain the universal esteem and friendship of her brothers and sisters. The candidate takes the following oath:—"In the presence of the Great Architect of the Universe I swear faithfully to keep the secrets entrusted to me; if I betray

them may I be for ever dishonoured and despised : and in order that I may have strength to keep my promise, may a spark of divine light illumine and protect my heart, and lead me in the paths of virtue." This promise is sealed with three kisses which the Grand-Mistress gives her ; the kiss of peace on the forehead, the kiss of faith on the right cheek, and the kiss of friendship on the left cheek.

It must be noticed that female Freemasonry differs essentially from the ordinary male Freemasonry in the fact that the former has never had any political object, while the latter on the continent became the great engine of political discontent, and had, without doubt, much influence on the French Revolution. The lodges of adoption were established merely for the purpose of putting an end to the absolute exclusion of ladies from the craft ; and by gratifying the curiosity of the French ladies they also served to strengthen the order in general.

There is, however, an instance of the admission of a French lady to a regular male Freemasonic lodge, which has been recorded for the information and amusement of the curious, by the French writers on female Freemasonry. We are told that during the wars of the Revolution, the wife of General Xaintraille had followed her husband to the field of battle, and had acted as his aide-de-camp. Her deeds of valour, and the striking instances of her gallant conduct in rescuing and protecting the wounded, caused Napoleon, who was then Consul, to confirm her in her post of aide-de-camp, and to confer on her the additional rank of *chef de bataillon*. This in the land of Joan of Arc, and of *vivandières*, may not perhaps excite much surprise, but a still more extraordinary circumstance soon occurred. A lodge of Freemasons in Paris, called the Brother Artists, had assembled for the purpose of giving a *fête d'adoption*. While the lodge was still in secret conclave, and before the barriers of the garden of Eden had been opened, the president was informed that the wife of General Xaintraille in full military uniform, had come to take part in the festival, and was waiting outside. He was at first much surprised, but on recalling to mind the strange and romantic history of Madame Xaintraille he was seized with a sudden fit of enthusiasm, and proposed to the assembled brethren that the lady should be at once initiated to the first degree, and should become one of them. He urged, in support of his proposition, that if Napoleon had found sufficient reasons to authorise Madame Xaintraille

to disguise her sex, the lodge could not be blamed for following so illustrious an example. A brief discussion ensued, but the proposition was carried by a large majority, and a few grave and venerable brethren were selected to prepare her for the ceremony, which was of course slightly modified to suit the circumstances. Madame Xaintraille joyfully accepted the honour paid to her merit, and said, *Je suis homme pour mon pays, je serai homme pour mes frères*. Although the lodge had in this instance no reason to repent of their choice of a new brother, yet the experiment was never again attempted.

The Freemasonry of women was first instituted in France about A.D. 1730, but was not recognised by the administrative body of masons until some years later. In 1741 the Jesuits, ever jealous of secret societies which were not influenced by their authority, attempted to turn Freemasonry into ridicule. At a public performance given by their pupils in their college at Caen, we are told that a comic ballet, in which the ceremonies of the initiation of a candidate for admission into the craft were imitated and burlesqued, was what most delighted the audience. The ballet commenced with a lesson given by a dancing master to a dandy of the period. A Dutch burgomaster and his daughter next appeared, who entered in a burlesque march, and then retired to the back of the stage, where they sat down. A Spaniard then came on, accompanied by his servant, and made masonic signs to the dancing-master and his pupil, who were both initiated ; these signs they answered, and then the three rushed into each other's arms, and gave each other the kiss of fraternity. This excited the curiosity of the Burgomaster, who advanced in a pompous manner to watch the proceedings of the three masons. They supposing that he also was initiated, made signs to him, which he repeated in a grotesque manner, showing that he did not understand them. They therefore pressed him to become a Freemason there and then, and he consented. The Spaniard's servant began to prepare everything for the ceremony, and the Burgomaster sent away his daughter, who however ran to place herself near a window from which she could be a spectator of all that passed. The ceremony of initiation was then burlesqued, all due formalities being observed ; and when the paraphernalia had been removed, the Dutchman called in his daughter, who to the horror and astonishment of the terror-struck brethren, came forward, imitating the signs and ceremonies which had just been performed. The

brethren, indignant that a woman should have obtained a knowledge of their secrets, were at their wit's end; but at length all ended happily, the Burgomaster's daughter was married to the Spaniard, and the two were united in a burlesque dance, in which they constantly repeated masonic signs. This attempt to ridicule Freemasonry seems rather to have heightened the curiosity of the French ladies.

The first society of male and female Freemasons of which we have any detailed account was founded soon after A.D. 1743 under the name of *L'Ordre des Félicitaires*. It affected nautical emblems and language, and was divided into the four degrees of midshipman, master, commander, and admiral. The sisters made a fictitious journey to the Island of Happiness, piloted by the brethren. The candidates swore never to reveal the secrets of the Order; the brethren vowed "never to anchor in any port where one of the vessels of the Order was already stationed;" and the sisters promised "never to admit a strange vessel into port so long as one of the vessels of the Order was there at anchor."

In Germany a few years earlier the order of the Mopsi had been founded at Vienna when pope Clement XII. had excommunicated all Freemasons, and the Catholics, not wishing to be deprived of their fraternal meetings, instituted under that name a society into which they admitted women. They took as their symbol a dog, as being emblematic of fidelity; this order ceased to exist as soon as Freemasonry was re-established in Germany.

Many of these mixed societies were founded merely to promote pleasant meetings and social harmony, and such was the character of the order of the *Chevaliers et Chevalieresses de la Joie*, at Paris, which was placed under the especial protection of Bacchus and Cupid. Similar associations were also formed in Spain, as for example the order of the *Chevaliers et Nymphes de la Rose*. The hall where the meetings were held was called the Temple of Love; the walls were covered with festoons of flowers, and shields bearing amorous devices were hung all round. The secret assemblies were presided over by a male Hierophant, and a Grand Priestess; the former initiated the male, the latter the female candidates. A knight called Sentiment and a nymph named Discretion introduced the aspirants, and assisted the Hierophant and the Grand Priestess in the mysterious ceremonies. The members addressed each other as brothers and sisters; the knights were crowned with myrtle, while the nymphs wore wreaths of

roses. During the ceremony of reception, the hall was only illumined by a dark lantern held by the sister Discretion; but, as soon as the initiation was completed, a thousand candles threw a blaze of light over the assembly. They bound themselves by the following oath: "I promise and swear in the name of the Great Master of the Universe, never to reveal the secrets of the Order of the Rose; if I break my oath, may I, instead of the roses of pleasure, find nothing but the thorns of repentance!" This society came to an end when the whirlwind of the Revolution swept away all these poetical conceits of pastoral nymphs and amorous knights.

Another association of a similar character was formed in 1808 by some French officers in Galicia, in Spain, who gave it the name of *L'Ordre des Philochortites*, or the Lovers of Pleasure. They followed a kind of Freemasonry of adoption, with its initiations and secret mysteries, and were, in reality, a feeble imitation of the Courts of Love and Chivalry. The different lodges were called circles, and the presidents bore the title of Centres. Each knight, on being received into the order, assumed some distinctive appellation; thus M. de Dumas took the name of *Le Chevalier du Défi d'amour*, and M. de Noirefontaine that of *Le Chevalier des Nœuds*. The members took an oath not to reveal the secrets of the Order.

The example of the French army in Spain was soon followed by the other French armies in Europe, but the society was never established at Paris. In a speech of one of the presidents of the Order, we find the following curious explanation of the objects of the association: "Our aim is to embellish our existence, constantly taking as our rule of conduct these three holy words—Honour, Pleasure, and Delicacy. Our aim, also, is to serve our country; to be ever faithful to our august sovereign, who fills the universe with his glorious name, in order to serve a cause which is welcome to every noble heart—that of the protection of innocence and beauty; and to establish between ourselves and the gentler sex an eternal alliance, cemented together by the purest ties of friendship." It is not easy to perceive, at the first glance, what connection there could possibly be between the military conquests of Napoleon and the cause of female innocence.

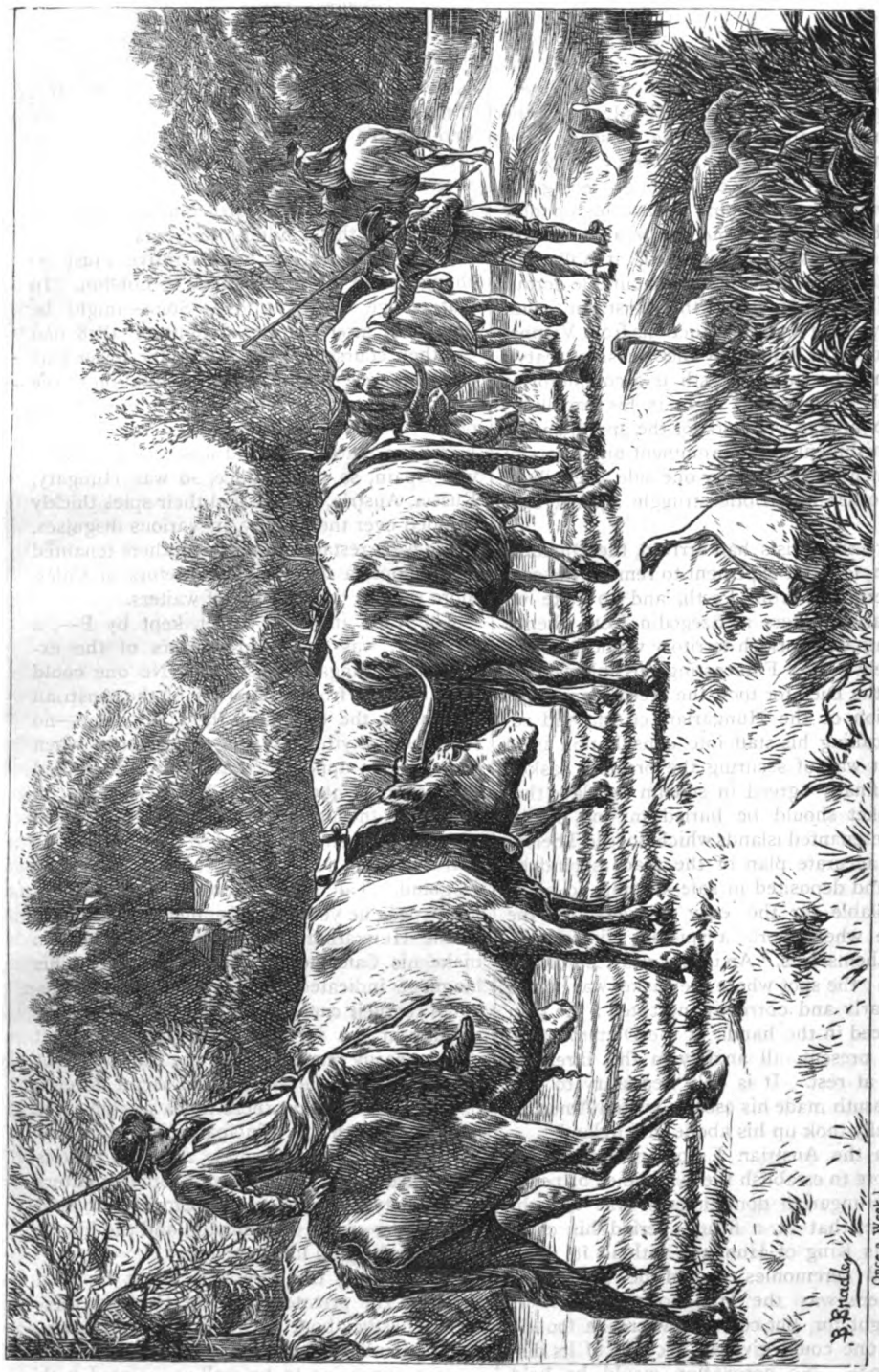
To pass, however, to secret societies formed more especially for the purpose of benevolence and charity. Among the earliest in France is the *Ordre des Dames et des Chevaliers de la Persévérance*, supposed to have been founded

by the Princess Potowska, in 1769, which had the excellent rule, that the noble actions of any of its members should be inscribed in a book called the Golden Book, so as to encourage and spur on the different members to the performance of good deeds. In Denmark, the Society of the Chain had the same philanthropic object in view, and founded and maintained the splendid hospital for the blind at Copenhagen. So, also, the Order of the Companions of Penelope, or the Palladium of Women, the statutes of which have been erroneously supposed to have been compiled by Fénelon. The different ceremonies, and the trials which the neophyte had to undergo, all tended to impress on the sisters that work was the true palladium of women. Another association, *L'Ordre des Dames Ecossaises de l'Hospice du Mont Thabor*, was founded at Paris in 1810, and, in imitation of the Order of the *Illuminati*, was divided into the lesser and the greater mysteries. The instruction given in this society to the male as well as the female members urged them to pursue steadfastly their respective duties and avocations in life, and warned them against the evil consequences of idleness and dissipation. This association did much good, and had a much longer existence than any of the other societies. It gave work and food to those who were in want, and, after eighteen years of continued charity, was dissolved in 1828. There was, however, really no necessity for secret initiations, ceremonies, and signs, in these societies; their objects might have been carried out quite as effectually without the aid of a secret association. We might just as reasonably expect to have at the present day, a secret and mysterious society for the relief of unemployed ballet-girls, or for the support of distressed needle-women. It may be that the idea of being banded together for a holy object, and of being bound by a solemn oath, gave an additional impulse to their charity. In French writers on Freemasonry, there are numerous accounts of the festivals given by the Lodges of Adoption, founded in imitation of the regular lodges of the craft; and where, in the midst of splendid banquets and brilliant *fêtes*, charitable works were never forgotten.

Among the most remarkable of the festivals given by these societies was that of the lodge of *La Candeur*, in 1777, of which the Duchesse de Bourbon was president, and the Duchesse de Chartres and the Princesse de Lamballe were among the initiated. At another meeting under the same presidency, a large subscription was raised for a poor family in the country

which had sent by post a letter, begging for assistance, addressed simply To Messieurs the Freemasons of Paris, which shows that the reputation of the masons for charity had spread far and wide. The lodge of the *Neuf Sœurs*, presided over by Madame Helvetius, and the lodge of the *Contrat Social*, of which the Princesse de Lamballe was president, also gave *fêtes*, which were the rendezvous of all the rank and fashion in Paris. Under the Empire, the Lodges of Adoption held meetings, not inferior in splendour and magnificence to those of their predecessors; at the lodge of the *Francs Chevaliers*, the Empress Josephine herself was present. These assemblies continued to be the fashion under the Restoration. Ragon, in his *Maçonnerie d'Adoption*, describes a meeting of the Lodge *Belle et Bonne*, held on the 9th of February, 1819, in the Hôtel de Villette, Rue de Vaugirard, which deserves to be mentioned. It was under the presidency of the Count de Lacépède and the Marquise de Villette, niece of Voltaire, who had received from her uncle the affectionate nickname of Belle et Bonne. In 1778, when Voltaire was initiated into Freemasonry, Lalande having presented to him the pair of gloves which the new brother is to give to the lady whom he most esteems, Voltaire said, "As these gloves are to be presented to a lady for whom I am supposed to feel a real and deserved attachment, I must beg you to give them to Belle et Bonne." The Lodge of Adoption over which the Marquise de Villette presided, took this name as a compliment to her, and in remembrance of Voltaire's regard for her.

The secret societies, which were originally formed in imitation of Freemasonry, and which were acknowledged and protected by the regular members of the craft, soon served merely as an excuse for brilliant festivals and banquets. There is this to be said in their favour, that charity in an extended sense always served as their motto, and possibly more gracefully than in the numerous and unwelcome fancy bazaars of the present day. But there were no secrets which could not have been openly and safely revealed, and there was no necessity for secret initiations, which could only serve to entertain and amuse the members, and perhaps to strike the uninitiated with a vague sense of awe and respect. The height of absurdity had been reached in the Egyptian Freemasonry of the notorious Cagliostro, into which female adepts were admitted, and which affords an excellent illustration of the extraordinary attraction which the bare name of mystery possesses for some even of the most learned of mankind.



[AUG. 8, 1892.]

SUSSEX OXEN GOING HOME.—By B. BRADLEY.

Once a Week.]

THE MISSING CROWN.

WHEN the dream of Hungarian independence was rudely dissolved by the simultaneous advance of the Austrian and Russian armies on Pesth, Görgey with his patriot army—still 40,000 strong—seeing the game was up, and wishing to save his country as much as possible from the retaliatory vengeance of Austria, capitulated, at Villagorz, to the Russian general on honourable terms. But Marshal Haynau, the Austrian commander, acting under instructions from Vienna, declined to be bound by the Russian treaty; and, when he entered Pesth as a conqueror, it was well known he brought in his travelling-case a bundle of warrants for the apprehension and punishment of the prominent organizers of that which was termed by one side a rebellion, by the other, a patriotic struggle against despotism.

Before this crisis had arrived, the Dictator, Kossuth, found it expedient to remove the seat of government from Pesth, and to take up temporary quarters at Szegedin, from whence flight into the Turkish territory would be comparatively easy. Forecasting possible eventualities, the Dictator took the precaution to get possession of the Hungarian crown and regalia; calling his staff into consultation as to the best way of securing the precious casket. It was finally agreed in solemn conclave that the casket should be buried in one of the small untenanted islands which dot the Theiss; that an accurate plan of the place should be taken, and deposited in safe-keeping, so as to be available for the easy recovery of the treasure when more auspicious times presented themselves. An island was accordingly selected; the spot where the casket was buried was clearly and correctly indicated; the plan was placed in the hands of the Dictator, and, for the present, all anxiety in this direction was set at rest. It is only necessary to add that Kossuth made his escape, visited America, and finally took up his abode in England.

When the Austrian Emperor was enabled once more to establish the semblance of peace in his Hungarian dominions, it was thought expedient, that at a fitting period his coronation as King of Hungary, with all its time-honoured ceremonies, should be celebrated. But where was the Hungarian crown? It was sought for, but could nowhere be found; and no one could give an account of its disappearance. No coronation would be held to be complete or valid by the Hungarians

unless the old Hungarian crown encircled the brow of the sovereign. The same superstitious veneration attached to this crown as to the crowns of Lombardy and Germany. It must be found at any cost. Large rewards were offered. Every kind of immunity was promised to those who were parties to its abstraction and concealment; but the coveted information was not forthcoming. Matters remained in this condition for years.

Here the scene of our narrative must be changed, and the reader taken to London. In that refuge of all nations—Soho—might be seen, just after the Revolutions of 1848 had run their course, a small house, the lower part of which presented an abortive imitation of the exterior of a continental Café. Soho, at that period, was filled with refugees from various European states. Poland was represented, so was Spain, so was France, so was Hungary. Russia, Austria, France had their spies thickly studded over the locality, in various disguises. Some were restaurant-keepers, others tenanted cigar-shops, a few were proprietors of Cafés, more were in the capacity of waiters.

The Café in Lisle Street, kept by P—, a foreigner, was the head-quarters of the expatriated Hungarian patriots. No one could say precisely from what part of the Austrian dominions the owner of the Café came—no one knew anything of his antecedents, when he made his appearance at Pesth and joined the army of liberation under General Bem. Following the fortunes of the Dictator Kossuth when the Austrians marched into Pesth, he marched out, and contrived to make his way to England. Tall, military-looking, and of truculent aspect, he yet inspired sufficient confidence in the Hungarian refugees to induce them to make his Café their house of call, and as his language indicated that he was ardently devoted to their cause, while his purse was continually at the service of the necessitous, it may be easily imagined that the Café was not overlooked by the ubiquitous secret foreign police. On Sundays there was a private table d'hôte, at which the principal refugees assembled. As a matter of course, Austrian politics were discussed, and amongst other matters the anxiety of the Austrian Emperor to find the missing crown of Hungary, and the liberal reward to be paid for its recovery.

One evening three persons might be seen sitting in the private bar of the Café, conversing earnestly about the affairs of Hungary, and particularly about the secreted crown, all present appearing to be well-acquainted with its place of concealment. The result of the

deliberations of this trio was, that steps should be immediately taken to remove the crown from its hiding-place, to bring it to England, and to place it for greater security in the custody of the ex-Dictator. But who was to undertake this dangerous task? The movements of the Hungarian patriots in London were too well watched, their persons too well known, to admit of the hope, even if they penetrated into the Austrian dominions undetected, that they would leave them safely. One of the party suggested that P—, the proprietor of the Café, should be called in and sounded. He was not a Hungarian—at least by birth—he might, therefore, have a chance of escaping the searching eyes of the Austrian police. He was summoned, and the proposition laid before him. When told that he had been selected to undertake the business, his eyes sparkled for a moment, but he hesitated at giving his consent. Eventually his scruples were overcome, he agreed to fetch the crown—nay, more, he undertook to find all the funds, and only to accept a reward on the successful completion of his dangerous mission. A sheet of paper was handed to him which, on being folded in a particular form, disclosed the exact spot where the casket was buried, but which, should he be discovered, would indicate nothing that could in the least compromise him. He settled to commence his journey in three weeks' time, alleging that he must wait for the arrival of a German courier resembling him somewhat in person, whose passport would carry him to Pesth without suspicion.

On the day fixed upon, P— set out for Prague. The journey was completed thus far in safety—there was nothing to excite suspicion—his fellow-travellers left him at various stations, only two, a Polish pedlar and an Armenian Jew, came on with him as far as the frontier of Bohemia, and there they also quitted him.

On arriving at Prague, P— made his way to the Kaizer Hof, and ordered a substantial dinner. He had just sat down to his meal when the Chief of the Police paid him a visit, and requested to see his passport. Having looked at the paper, he politely intimated that he had received instructions from the Minister of the Interior to see him safely to Vienna. P— manifested no discomposure at this; he finished his dinner leisurely, and, on finding that the travelling carriage was at the door, coolly stepped into it, not prepared, however, for the politeness of the Chief of the Police, who entered the carriage and placed himself beside him. The carriage moved on, and P—'s

equanimity was further disturbed at noticing that the carriage was escorted by a guard of Uhlands. He put a question or two to the Chief, but the taciturn official declined to enter into conversation, and the journey was performed in silence. On arriving at Vienna, the carriage drove to the Burg, the Emperor's palace, and drew up at a private door. P— was requested to alight and follow the Chief.

In Vienna, as in most of the cities where the aspirations of young Germany were known to prevail, there sat what was known as the Black Commission. The Commissioners were appointed by the Emperor, and their special business was to ferret out suspected persons, to interrogate them, and to hand their depositions over to the Imperial cabinet for their consideration. The Commission was held at the Burg—it was sitting when the carriage stopped, and P— was ushered into the chamber forthwith. His papers were examined and pronounced all right. So far so well. The Præses questioned him as to his business in Vienna.

"He had come to Vienna to seek for the place of courier."

"From whence had he come?"

"Direct from England, where he had gone, as his papers would show, with an English family, who having no further use for his services, had paid, dismissed, and given him the usual certificate."

At this point of the inquiry two persons were introduced, whom P— immediately recognised as the Polish pedlar and the Armenian Jew his fellow-travellers.

"Do you know this person?" said the Præses, pointing to P—, and addressing the pedlar.

"Perfectly; he is the proprietor of the — Café in London, and the agent of the Hungarian rebels. His passport was obtained from me. (P— started.) He mistook me for a courier. I am, as your excellencies know, an officer of the secret police."

"And do you know the other person?" pointing to the Jew.

"I do not."

"But I do," said P—, finding that further concealment was useless—"Remove his false beard, and you will see the valet of General Klapka, commissioned by the Dictator to watch my actions."

Præses. "We know you can give the Commission important information. Beware how you trifle with us. Declare the business that brought you to Vienna."

P—. "Torture me—shoot me—I will die with my secret."

Prases. "A royal reward will be paid for the information we know you possess."

P—, loftily. "I am a man of honour. All the treasures of the empire will not induce me to betray my trust."

Prases. "Remove him to prison."

A week elapsed before P— regained his liberty. In the meantime a body of miners had been despatched to the Theiss. They were searching for something, but only the Commission knew what. They tried one island—discovered nothing—they tried another and found the casket. The day after this, P— was released from prison. He made his way to the bureau of the Minister of the Secret Commission.

P—. "Well, the information was of service."

Minister. "It was."

P—. "I now claim the fulfilment of the conditions, in conformity with the Emperor's gracious written promise."

Minister. "Let us see a little. You wrote from London to the Emperor offering to place the Hungarian Regalia in his hands on these conditions. You were to be arrested on arriving at Prague, to take off suspicion. You were to furnish a plan of the place of concealment of the Regalia, and when they were recovered you were to receive 500,000 florins and a passport to Trieste."

P—. "Perfectly correct, Herr Minister."

Minister. "In those bags are 250,000 florins, you can remove them at once. The other 250,000 florins will be handed over to you at the end of your journey by Col. Marx, with whose regiment you will travel."

The dark complexion of P— turned perfectly livid.

P—. "I do not require an escort. The Emperor's passport is a sufficient protection."

Minister. "Doubtless it protects fully Alexis P—, but no one else. You speak the Croat language. Col. Marx is looking for one Lieutenant Domvich, who deserted his colours, and went over to the Hungarian rebels in 1849. You (looking hard at P—) of course know nothing of this person, who when taken will be shot at once, in conformity with military law. You may be able to give him assistance in translating the forms; and for that purpose you will have the opportunity of making his acquaintance as your escort."

"*Schobbiak*," muttered P—, "I see it all—I am to be robbed. Come, come, Herr Minister, be just, take 100,000 florins, and give me the rest. I positively refuse to accept an escort."

"Then," said the Minister calmly, "you can only take away with you the 250,000 florins;

the other half *must* be given to you by the hands of Col. Marx, who is anxious to make the acquaintance of Lieutenant Domvich through your aid."

P— secured his mutilated treasure, returned to England, and by letter acquainted his illustrious employers with the ill-success of his mission.

The next morning he was visited by General M—, one of the three with whom he had an interview at his Café in Soho.

"You have failed, so you wrote," said the General.

"Unfortunately, it is so."

"And yet the secret, so well guarded, somehow became known to the Emperor."

"So it seems."

"You were trusted as an honourable man."

"Not quite so; or why was a spy sent to watch me? I pointed him out to the police when arrested, and he has since been shot."

"You mistake; he saved his life by pointing you out as Lieutenant Domvich, who deserted from the 29th Regiment of Croats."

"I now see it all—fool that I was."

"You are now suspected. England is no place for you."

"England is a country of law and protection."

"But there are some things," showing the handle of a dagger, "that no laws can prevent from reaching traitors."

"And there are other things," said P—, unbuttoning his surtout, and displaying the butt-end of a pistol, "that serve to keep at a distance assassins."

P— disposed of his Café and for some years led a life of extravagance, avoided by his former companions, and pointed at with the finger of scorn, for which he cared nothing. He was lost to view for some time, but not very long ago a Café was opened in Rupert Street, where an excellent cup of coffee and a good cigar might be had, and there P—, reduced in circumstances, might be seen acting in the capacity of waiter.

So it came to pass that the Emperor of Austria was crowned with the veritable Hungarian Crown last year.

MY FIRST PARISHIONER.

"COULD you be so kind as to step up and see a young woman this evening or to-morrow mornin', sir?"

It was so lonely in the small farm-house lodging in which I was sitting over my solitary

mutton-chop, that any interruption was welcome. Great Hoswell was my first curacy. Since leaving Oxford a year and a half before, I had lived at home among a merry party of boys and girls, and now that I had been ordained, and had come to settle down in a small country village, under a deaf, old rector, to whom I might speak perhaps once a week, and a squire who might speak to me perhaps once a quarter, the solitude was very oppressive. It was with a feeling of relief that I turned to look at my visitor, who stood with his feet outside the room, and his head bent forwards to avoid the low door-way. He was a tall, stalwart man of seventy or more, with high cheek bones, bushy dark eyebrows, and grey hair. He was sparsely dressed in common clothing, and his rough high-lows were plastered with the blue, sticky clay of the neighbourhood, of which his coarse canvas gaiters were likewise by no means innocent. He held an old battered hat in his hand, and this, and his white head, and a red worsted comforter twisted round his throat, and falling over his waistcoat, made a picturesque figure of him.

"Pray come in," I said, anxious to know more of this, the first parishioner with whom I had come personally into contact; "take a seat by the fire. It's a bitter afternoon."

"That it is, sir: and to-morrow morning will do just as well."

There was something at once independent and pleasant in his way of speaking.

"Oh, I didn't mean that. It's not five o'clock yet, and the weather won't hurt me. Is the young woman your daughter?"

"Granddaughter, sir."

"She is ill, I suppose?"

"Aye, sir; she's not long for this world, the doctor says. She were a fine, comely lass not a month ago."

"Was it any accident?" I inquired.

An expression of great pain crossed the old man's face, and the deep wrinkles of his forehead contracted themselves into a dark frown.

"I don't know what you may call an accident," he said, almost fiercely; then visibly subduing himself to patience. "No, sir, not exactly an accident, unless it is an accident to live under a patriarchal government, which, God knows, is a misfortune."

"A patriarchal government?"

"Aye, sir; that's what we have here, and you'll find it out before long. It may have suited the Jews, as wern't Europeans, still less English folk, to have everything settled for them, and no will of their own, but it ain't good in this country, sir, it ain't, indeed."

"Oh, I see," I said, "you mean a paternal government."

"Ask your pardon, sir. Likely you're right; but it's uncommon like the ways o' goin' on we reads of in the Bible, when one man did as he pleased, and the others they had to do as *he* pleased. And I don't hold with them sort o' doings now-a-days, sir."

Rather embarrassed by the turn the conversation was taking, I asked him to show me the way to his cottage. There was a certain originality about the man which attracted me, but I wished, before putting further questions, to see the girl who had suffered from the jurisdiction of the paternal government. We stepped out, the old man and I, into the clear frosty night. The moon was up, and the path was almost as light as day. My companion walked slowly, and, by the way in which he used his staff, I judged that he was nearly blind. His cottage was but a stone's throw from my lodgings, and we reached it in two or three minutes. The kitchen, which we entered first, was dark and empty, and the old man carefully closed the door to shut out the biting air before he led the way into an inner room, likewise in darkness.

"Why, Nelly," he said, "in the dark, child? Did the candle I left go out?"

"No, grandad; I put it out," answered a young, weak voice. "I thought I might as well. I can't do anything, lying here."

The grandfather found a match, and struck it. The dip candle which he lighted dimly showed a poorly furnished cottage room, without a fire-place, and with a brick floor that must have struck damp and chill to thinly shod feet. On a bed in the corner, lay a girl of not more than eighteen. Her eyes were unnaturally large, and her cheeks were unnaturally bright. The laboured breath, and low, frequent cough, told that consumption had nearly done its fatal work. The old man bent over her.

"I've brought the parson, Nell," he said. "Happen he'll do you some good, though I don't think I should want one myself if I wor ill."

"Don't mind what grandfather says, if you please, sir," said Nelly, looking up with a pair of gentle blue eyes; "it's only his way. If you knew what he has been to me—the kindest, the gentlest——" Her voice broke, and she turned away her head.

I sat down by her, and Stephen Bird, whose name I had by this time learnt, left the room. What words of solemn consolation I strove then to speak to the young girl whose sun was going down while it was yet day, I may not

say here. I had been with her for half-an-hour, when I heard Stephen's voice in the kitchen, protesting loudly.

"Yo may just take it back where 't came from. I'll have none of it."

"You had better take it," said a lady's voice; "indeed you had. It is good strong broth, and will do your granddaughter good."

"I thank yo, madam, if yo mean kindly by her; but I won't have it. I wouldn't take a bit or a scrap from gentlefolks, not for nothin' less than to save her life; and I'm afeard it won't do that. I've money left that I laid by against a rainy day, enough to last me till—" his voice sank, and it was evident to what event he referred; "and then I'll go straight into the House, and take what bit o' food they may give me there; but I'll owe gratitude to no man."

A few more words passed, and then the door was closed, and Stephen came back into the inner room. He threw an old cloak over his shoulders, and sat down with a hand on each knee.

"Well," he said, slowly, as if arguing a question with himself, "mebbe them folk at the great house don't mean so bad; but I should like to give 'em a bit of my mind for once, I should. Look here, sir," suddenly turning to me with that fierce expression I had noticed before, "do yo think this room's fit for a Christian to live in, or not? My poor girl here wouldn't ha' been so knocked down wi' the cold she took—and *that* was their doings—if she hadn't been living and working in this room long days. It's cold, and we can't have a fire: it's damp, and we can't keep it dry; it's close, and we can't open the window, seein' there's a muck-heap just outside; and then, when she's broke down at last, they think it fine and charitable to send us a sup o' broth. That's what I call a Pa-tri-ar-chal government," he added, lengthening out the syllables, as if the sound gave him a kind of gloomy satisfaction; then, as Nelly coughed, he raised her head ever so tenderly, with an instant change of mood. "Is there aught else I can do for you, dearie?" he whispered; "I think my eyes is getting dimmer, for I can't see plain enough to tell whether you're wanting anything."

I became more and more perplexed and interested. In his quaint homeliness of speech, in his rugged earnestness, and his rough tenderness, Stephen Bird was a type of humanity quite new to me. Town bred, I had always had a townsman's romantic notions of the relations between an English squire and his peasant tenantry; yet here was this old

man, evidently gentle-natured, hardening and firing when he spoke of them, upsetting all my pre-conceived ideas, and bringing out in a new form the old half-forgotten truth that a good despotism is a contradiction in terms. I asked what he meant by saying that his granddaughter's illness was owing to the—patriarch.

He smiled as I used the word. "Come into t'other room, sir, if you please, and if yo've finished your talk wi' Nelly."

I guessed from Nelly's eyes that she wished her grandfather to have the relief of a talk, and I followed him into the kitchen.

"It ain't much to tell, sir," he said, seating himself in his favourite attitude with his hands upon his knees; "but you shall hear how 'twas. I think no better lass ever lived than that child lying sick yonder; pure, she was, as the snow-drops, and a'most as pretty, I used to think. I haven't been able to work now this long time, my eyesight havin' failed, and she'd work for us both till I came nigh to hating myself—a great hulking fellow, sitting in the chimney-corner, doing nought but the bits of housework, and such like, and she fagging herself to pieces. Nell was always cheery, sir, and she would sit for hours in that room over her stitching, till I could tell from the sound of her voice that her cheeks were growing nigh as white as the snow-drops I've likened her to. We got something from the parish, but very little; and I knew she couldn't keep on like this for ever; so I was right glad and thankful when a fine young chap from Little Hoswell (which belongs to t' squire) came courting her. Joe Lovell, he was as handsome a lad as you'd wish to see, steady as a rock, and a clever carpenter. Nelly was so happy then, sir, it were a pleasure to see her, and her voice grew as gay as a bird's. The banns were put up in church, and were just asked out a month ago. Nell was a sittin' in there at her work, singing away. She had spared an hour to do up a gown for her wedding; such an old gown, poor dear, and so faded," said the old man, with a kind of rueful tenderness; "but I expect everything looked beautiful to her then. In come one of our neighbour's daughters, a ugly, bold girl, sir, as had always been jealous of my Nell's pretty face. She walks into the kitchen where I was, and says she, out quite loud, 'Have you heard what's happened, Stephen?'

"Nelly's voice stopped, and says I, 'What?'

"'Why,' she says, 'Joe Lovell's down wi' the fever, and doctor says he's main bad, and likely won't recover.'

"A cry came out of Nell's room that moment, and I ran in. She was sittin' with her face

hidden in her wedding gown, crying fit to break her little heart. I went up, and put my hand on her shoulder, trying to comfort her; but she wasn't ready for that.

"Oh, dear grandfather, dear grandfather, let me alone, please," she says, not sharp, but piteous like; "I shall be better in a minute, only I'm frightened just now, it's come so sudden. But I thought we was too happy to last."

"I thought she knew best, so I let her be, and presently I see her wipe her eyes, fold up her wedding gown, and go about some work that she had promised for next day, and meant to have finished in the evenin'. She didn't say a word till it was done, which was about four o'clock, and nigh dark, and then she comes softly to my side.

"Grand-dad," she says, "do yo' think you could spare me for a little?"

"What do you mean, my darling?" I asks her.

"Oh!" she says, "I'd take my work with me, and I'd send you home the money, of course; but I think I must go and nurse him."

"I felt cold all over when she said that, and I answered her,—

"But what if you catch the fever, Nell?"

"Grandfather," she says, "I look upon him just the same as if he was my husband, as he would have been this time to-morrow, if things had gone well. I'm not afraid of the fever. I don't think I shall take it; but if I should, I can stay there along wif Joe's mother till I get well; but oh, grandfather, I think I should die if I was to stay here."

"Then," I says, "go, my dear, if your feelin' is so, and God bless ye."

"She put her arms round my neck, and kissed me, and then she made up her bundle, and set off in the dark. It were near five when she started, and a wet night, and her clothes were thin. I sat here over the bit o' fire, thinkin' how good she was, and how lonely the house seemed without her, and grievin' for the trouble that had come to her, until the time went on to ten o' clock. I got up to go to bed, when all at once I heard a footstep plashing through the wet, that I knew were Nell's. I ran to the door, and there were my darling standing outside, dripping, dripping wet, with never so much as a dry rag upon her. She had just strength to come in, and then she sank down upon the floor as if she was dead. I got her into bed, and made her some hot tea, and when she was able to speak, I asked her,—

"What's happened, dearie? Do you feel like telling me?"

"Oh, grandfather," she says, "they wouldn't let me in, and her voice sounded as thin and as weak as a baby's."

"Wouldn't let you in?" I says. "Who wouldn't?"

"T' squire," she tells me. "He was in the cottage when I got there, and he saw me, and said I mustn't come in, cause I wasn't Joe's wife, and didn't ought to nurse him, and he called me a bad girl for wanting to. I waited outside, thinkin' Joe's mother couldn't be so hard, and when t' squire were gone, I went an' prayed to her to let me in. But t' squire had forbidden it, and said he would turn her out of the cottage if she so much as let me into the kitchen till Joe were well; so she durstn't do it. 'I couldn't come away, grandfather,' says my darling, 'the house seemed to hold me back, so I thought I would stay there till the doctor came; and he did come at last, and spoke kind to me, and said he were sorry he was late, and he hoped Joe might get through, though he were very ill.' That's what my Nell told me, sir, when she come home that night, after five hours crouching in the bitter wind and rain. And now Joe's better, but she never got out of her bed since, and I don't think she ever will. My little Nell! You'll mayhap not wonder now, sir, at my feelin' sore like against the gentry."

I did not. I wished old Stephen good-night, and turned homewards with a store of new and painful ideas.

Early on the following morning I was summoned to what was thought to be my father's dying bed. He, however, rallied unexpectedly, and in less than a fortnight I was able to return to the duties of my curacy. Almost my first thought when I found myself again in my lodgings was of Stephen Bird and his granddaughter. On inquiry, I was told that Ellen had died peacefully about a week after I had seen her, and had been buried by the rector on the preceding day. Nothing had been seen of her grandfather, whom my landlady seemed to think a queer, crotchety, old fellow, hardly in his right mind. Grieved at my involuntary absence from the bed-side of my first dying parishioner, I hurried that same afternoon to Stephen's cottage. The kitchen was empty, but the door of the inner room was open, and I looked in. Stephen was kneeling by the side of the low, dismantled bed in which Nelly had died. His dimmed eyes were hidden in the coverlet, and his white hair lay upon the bed.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he moaned, "if I could but have gone first!"

I drew back, unwilling to disturb him ; but he heard my footstep, and rose.

He might have been one of the old patriarchs himself, as he slowly drew up his tall figure, and composed his features into a sort of sorrowful dignity. He pointed to the bed.

"You'll have heard she's gone, sir," he said ; "she's spared much. There ain't no cause to grieve for her. She can rest quiet enough now, and no work to do. I could ha' borne it, I could, not havin' many years to look forward to alone. But what takes the very heart out o' me is to be made a beggar of in my old age. Likely you haven't heard that, sir, and you can't tell how it feels ; but it's terrible hard to bear."

"What did he mean ?" I asked.

"They won't take me into the House," he said, with extreme bitterness, "and they've stopped my 'lowance from the Union. I thought I had a *right* to relief, and I would ha' taken it grateful, sir, for I've done my best, and struggled hard and long before my eyesight give way. But when I asked for to be let in, seein' I couldn't pay my rent for this kennel no longer, t' squire said I could stay and pay nothin', and he'd see to it that I didn't hunger. So they said as I'd means of support, I couldn't come upon the Union, and so I shall have to take my bread from the hand that killed *her*—curse him !"

I was quite at a loss how to deal with him. His natural grief seemed swallowed up in the sense of indignity, in the vehement, resentful protest of the vanquished spirit of independence. Feeling that it was no time for words of religion, I stood by his side, watching him in silence. After a few moments he sat down, and as he did so, I heard the door of the room open softly, and a young man came in. He was very pale—he was more than pale, he was bleached to that greyish whiteness that illness leaves on a weather-stained face. His features, which were regular, were pinched as by long suffering, and his clothes hung about him in a manner that showed how the flesh had shrunk since they had been made. Stephen started up.

"Oh, Joe, my poor boy, yo' shouldn't be here. They told me only last night you weren't able to move out o' your bed ; and *she's* not here to comfort ye."

The young man advanced with an unsteady step, and leant against the bed.

"I know," he said. "Doctor said it wasn't to be told me, and mother, she managed to hide it from me till I heard the bell tolling

yesterday, and then I found out who 'twere for, and all about her comin' to nurse me, and t' squire shuttin' her out in the cold night ; and I'm come now to ask you to go along with me soon away from this village, for I couldn't live here no more. And I want you to come home to my place meantime, for you shall never want as long as I can work for ye, for the sake of her that's gone."

The calm broke up in Stephen's face ; his lips worked, and slow tears chased each other down his wrinkled cheeks. He laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I thank ye, lad," he said, "and I don't say I will refuse your kindness, seein' that it's not out of charity, but for the love of my darling that I've lost, and as was so dear to us both. But I'd be loth to be a burden on you, and you must think of your mother, too. It's not easy for country folk to get work in a town."

"As to mother, she's willing, and I've got work," said Joe, the flush that a momentary excitement had brought upon his face fading out of it again. "I had the offer before I was ill, and I kept it secret, because it was good wages, and I meant it to be a pleasant surprise like for—our wedding-day."

The weakness of grief and illness overmastered him. He sobbed like a child, and was obliged to sit down on the bed. I thought that the tears he shed then were no disgrace to his manliness.

"I wish I'd ha' told her," he said, at last ; "she'd ha' been pleased to hear it, and if mother had known, she'd not have been so fearful of losing the cottage—I wish I had. But you'll come with me ?" he urged, anxiously. "It 'ull be a comfort to me to have something belonging to her to tend and to work for. It 'll keep me steady and straight, and mayhap I shall find it hard to be so always, without her to help me."

The old man paused for a few seconds.

"I will go with you, my son," he said then, solemnly ; "and may God bless you for your love of her."

A tap at the door made us all start. The lady whose voice I had heard on the occasion of my first visit was standing on the threshold of the room.

"Good-day," she said, in a gentle, impassive tone, contrasting strangely with those I had just been listening to. "The squire asked me to let you know that he has decided upon putting another old man into this cottage with you. It is too large for one, and room is much wanted in the village. The squire said he would call and tell you himself what other arrangements he has made."

One of the old gleams of pride lighted up Stephen's face.

"I don't need his charity," he said. "I am so happy as to have bread offered me that I can take free, and not be ashamed. Tell the squire, if you please, that I thank him, but that I am about leaving this cottage."

She was going to remonstrate, but I interposed, and drew her away.

"Excuse me, madam, we are intruding upon a very deep grief. It would be better to leave them together."

I quitted the room with her, and, looking back, I saw the old man tenderly supporting the more feeble steps of the young one.

"That is a headstrong old man," said my companion, quietly, as soon we had left the cottage. "Do you think he is really going? If he is, we shall be very glad to get rid of him."

Something in the tone of these words grated sorely. She spoke, I fancied, as she might have done of a serf, or a slave, or perhaps poor Stephen's pride and suspiciousness had infected my own mind. I was guilty of the rudeness of not replying. I lifted my hat to her, and passed on.

I had one letter from Joe after he had settled in Manchester; he was doing well, he said, earning good wages, and saving money. Stephen was well, and though now quite blind, seemed happier than Joe had ever expected to see him after Nelly's death.

TABLE TALK.

WHEN hot weather comes, thermometer readers always try to outdo each other in the amount of heat that their instruments show. "My glass read 86° in the shade to-day," says one. "Mine gave 91°," says a second. "Bless you, mine rose to nearly a hundred," chimes a third; and each insists that his temperature is the truth. The fact is ignored that the reading of a thermometer depends to a very great extent upon its position with regard to surrounding objects—trees, buildings, and the like. One of the greatest difficulties a conscientious meteorologist has to contend with is that of placing his instruments so as to obtain the true temperature of the free air. They may be apparently in the shade, but a proximate wall, upon which the sun shines, may affect them well nigh as much as the direct solar rays; or they may be so protected by surrounding buildings that they are in a reservoir of stag-

nant air, which stores up the heat it receives till it becomes a veritable hot-well; or again, they may be so near the ground as to receive its exhalations, which are much hotter than the air a few feet above the soil. Several high-class thermometers, disposed about a building in positions all seemingly good, will differ in their indications to the extent of eight or ten degrees. One in a sheltered corner, looking north, will read too low; another, upon or near a south or sunny wall, will be too high. Judgment and experience are required to mount a glass in a position that will yield a fairly true temperature. It must be in a free current of air, sheltered from the sun, and protected from the radiation from neighbouring objects. He who buys a thermometer without knowing anything of the errors of its scale, and sets it up outside his window, or against his garden wall, without regard to the above conditions, deludes himself with its readings, and misleads everyone to whom he communicates them.

WHAT will be the prime-mover of the future? Heat, no doubt; but how applied? Not, one would think, through the intervention of the steam-engine, which in its most perfect form now utilises only one-tenth of the power of the coal it burns, and wastes the other nine-tenths. Mr. Bourne, who has written so much on steam as to deserve the title of an authority on the subject, says in a work on engines, now publishing, that those impelled by steam, must from their wasteful character inevitably be superseded. This supposes no revolution to take place in the mode of constructing them. But what shall we say to an invention that the wonder-mongers are talking about, which consists of a direct-action steam-engine, without pistons, valves, cranks, or appurtenances, and which develops fifty-times the power of any engine now in use! Such a wonderful machine must be seen to be believed in; and I do not hear that anyone has seen it. A bluff old captain, in the early days of steam, told a friend of mine, an engineer, that "your cylinders and cranks, sir, and air-pumps and gear are all humbug. Put in a boiler and a pair of paddle-wheels, and my belief is that the ship would go. All the rest is stuck up to mystify the public." The inventor of the above wonder must be one of the Captain's descendants.

WHO would have supposed that, in some matters, Russia is in advance of England and most other countries? J. Stuart Mill proposed,

some time since, that the suffrage should be conferred on women; and, subsequently, Mr. Shaw Lefevre proposed that the husband should not have the power to dispose of his wife's property without her consent. The *Courrier Russe* accuses a French paper of error in saying that Great Britain, which was the first power to set the example of emancipating the blacks, is also the first to propose the civil emancipation of women. In Russia, it says, women are, and always have been, free in such matters. In the eye of the law, the husband and wife are two individuals entirely distinct and independent of each other in civil matters. Not only is the husband unable to dispose of property of any kind whatever belonging to his wife, but the latter may dispose of it in any way that may seem good to her without consulting him. Farther, in political matters, the rights of women are identical with those of men. Thus women share, by procuration, in the election of members of the new provincial institutions, the Russian Councils general, the right to vote being based on the possession of real property.

A WRITER in a St. Petersburg journal informs his readers that some of the English political customs are passing strange. Thus in England, old laws and usages are so respected by all classes, and there is such perfect equality among all the grades of society, that it is usual for the members of the government to eat dinners at the expense of the fish-salesmen, tailors, and shoemakers of the metropolis, and in such company to lay bare their policy. The writer wants to know what would be thought of such a practice, which is, to us, quite natural, in Russia, France, or Germany? After all, the misapprehension is more excusable than that of a French writer of considerable distinction, who instanced as a proof of the arrogance of our aristocracy the motto inscribed on the front of our Bourse, that the earth and the fulness thereof belong to the Lords.

HAVE you ever heard of the oil-drinker of the Mosque of El-Azhar? If not, then listen. The venerable Cheikh Mohammad-el-Chauxvuây, after having delivered his lectures, had the habit of washing the interior of the mosque himself, and trimming the lamps, at which he was accustomed to officiate. About ten months before his demise a very tall, thin man took up his abode close to the Cheikh's residence. There he lived all day praying or sleeping, but

at night he sallied forth from his selamluck. He was noted in the neighbourhood for the quantity of oil that he consumed; from which circumstance he had acquired the cognomen of the oil-drinker; the pious females in the neighbourhood supplying him bounteously with the object of his desires. Unfortunately for him a scarcity of olives took place, and his friends found themselves too poor to purchase their usual quantity of that most necessary article. Meeting the Cheikh one day after he had been trimming his lamps in the mosque the stranger accosted him, and asked permission to be allowed to remain in the mosque after dark, as many of his brethren were accustomed to do, when they desired to repeat nightly namaz. The request was immediately granted. But soon afterwards the old Cheikh observed that he was obliged to replenish the lamps much oftener than usual, and he became quite alarmed at the enormous cost thus entailed upon him. He mentioned the subject to the Iman, who acted as sacristan. At length his suspicions fell upon the Dervish, and in order to satisfy his doubts, he one evening ordered two Imans to conceal themselves in the mosque. Scarcely had they reached their hiding-places, and locked the doors, than the cunning Dervish, fancying that he was all alone, drew forth a cake of Arab bread from beneath his cloak, then approached the lamps that had been replenished in the afternoon, and, by the light of one which he had himself lighted, he dipped his bread into the open lamp, saying at each mouthful, "Every thing that comes from Allah is common to all. This mosque, and everything that is in it, comes from Allah. This oil comes from Allah. This bread comes from Allah; and as I am the servant of Allah, there is no reason why I should not nourish my body with this oil." He had already emptied the contents of two or three of the lamps, when the two spies, emerging on tip-toe from their hiding-places, approached towards him, and tired of seeing him dipping his bread into the oil, always repeating in Arabic, at every mouthful: "This is the gift of Allah," they laid their kurbajs upon his shoulders, at the same time ejaculating at every blow, "And this comes from Allah!" which made the rascally Dervish beat a hasty retreat to the door, pursued by his disciplinarians. He found the door locked against him, and it was not until the Cheikh, who had entered the sacred edifice by another entrance, and concealed himself behind one of the columns, exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "Enough! enough!" that they stopped belabouring the

astonished oil-drinker, who, perceiving the Cheikh before him, begged for mercy. On his faithfully promising to sin no more, he was pardoned. As soon as the door was opened, the self-convicted Dervish hastened away to his domicile, and must have decamped that night, for, on inquiries being instituted the next morning about him, the venerable Cheikh learned that the selamlick in which he had resided was shut up, and The Drinker of Oil was never again seen in that neighbourhood.

A COUPLE of French riddles. The first is by Voltaire. Mon premier est un tyran ; mon second est un monstre ; et mon tout c'est le diable. Mais si l'on aime mon premier, on ne craint pas mon second, et mon tout, c'est le bonheur parfait.

The second you must address to the girl of your heart ; or, if that is too particular, to all pretty girls. Mon premier est le premier de son espèce ; mon second n'a pas de premier ; et mon tout, comment vous le dirai-je ?

No answers for a fortnight, no, though you stretch me on the rack, and break every bone in my body.

A VERY ugly Frenchman made an offer to a young lady in the following terms. Made-moiselle,—Mon cœur et mille francs par mois, auraient-ils des charmes auprès de vous ?—JACQUES. She answered :—Mon cher M. Jacques,—Vous êtes trop laid et trop riche : si vous voulez faire accepter le premier, ayez la bonté de tripler le second. Alors tout à vous, C.

THIRTY or forty years ago, when it was the fashion to send the young man of the period, *en pension*, to Geneva, with a view to his acquiring the rich and pure French accent of that town, a merchant of the city of London, wishing to give his son the benefit of a continental education, and a chance of acquaintance with the bene nati, bene vestiti, et mediocriter docti, who abounded there, sent him under cover to the eminent firm of Lombard, Odier, & Cie., bankers ; and instructed them that, during the time his son remained at Geneva, he was to draw as much money as ever he liked. At the end of the year, Messrs. Lombard wrote to papa to say young Hopeful had drawn "dix mille livres," and hoped he had not exceeded a reasonable amount. Papa was horrified. How the deuce could the fellow spend £10,000 at a place like that ? Off he

started chaise and four, travelled night and day, and arrived at the bankers, pale and haggard. Ten thousand pounds, he cried, how could you let him draw such a sum ? Lombard, Odier, & Cie., expressed themselves astonished at the moderation of the young gentleman, and assured papa that a young man of his rank and station could not hold his own amongst the lions of Geneva on less. And then it was explained to him there was a difference between livre (a franc) and livre sterling. "Ah ! vous voulez dire ces petites là," said papa, in a tone of exquisite contempt ; "donnez lui autant qu'il en voudra !" And away he rushed back to town.

A CORRESPONDENT :—"There are other misquotations from *Hudibras* and other sources which have taken firmer hold of the popular memory than the true ones, besides that instanced in your last number. For instance,—

He that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day ;
But he that's in the battle slain
Can never rise to fight again—

is not in *Hudibras*. The nearest to these lines stands as follows,—

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

Again, Mrs. Malaprop is frequently credited with 'Comparisons are odorous,' which belongs to Dogberry. Quoting from memory, I think her words are, No caparisons, Miss,—caparisons don't become a young woman.

In proverbs :—"Hell is paved with good intentions," should be, The road to Hell is so paved. It is Portuguese.

'A miss is as good as a mile,' should be, A miss of an inch is as good as a mile.

There is a proper name frequently misquoted, to the annoyance of many people in London and Yorkshire, namely, that of Bill Sikes, in *Oliver Twist*, which is almost always referred to as Bill Sykes."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 33.

August 15, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE DOWAGER.

OUR friend, Mademoiselle de Mourjonville, was thoroughly in the right when she said that the Dowager de Beauvoisin was capable of anything, in order to detach her brother from the Sphinx. She had already done something very abnormal when she not only permitted, but in fact advised, her son to enter into his uncle's intimacy, and consequently to accept in a certain degree, the hospitality of a person doing the honours of the Hôtel de Moranges, in a position so utterly unavowable as that of Claudine.

There was no show in the Hôtel de Moranges, but there was no end to the expenses over which the severest taste invariably presided. The familiars of the place were wont to point to a small ebony table with four straight legs, for which M. de Moranges had paid exactly double the price given by a famous Brazilian millionaire for a great big flaunting table incrusting with precious stones. And this was the rule observed in all things. From the moment that the Marquis put himself at the head of a house, and openly entertained the masculine portion of society, he resolved that no one should be able to say that he had seen the magnificence of the entertainment surpassed. If, at the sale of some noted gallery there was some one particular picture for which governments (let alone Lord Hertford) were likely to bid extravagantly high, that picture was certain to be bought by M. de Moranges; and if a thousand pounds could purchase a matchless saddle-horse, or if four thousand were needed to secure four incomparable, and all but identical carriage-horses, the sum would be given instantly, the team driven by the owner, but no fuss made about it. All this leads, as the Dowager well knew,

to a perilous state of things, as far as regards finances; and the fortune, which she had determined should descend unimpaired to her grandson, seemed in a likely way to be, sooner or later, swallowed up by unavoidable ruin.

Madame de Beauvoisin saw no escape, save in the possibility of detaching her brother from the Sphinx. But how was this to be managed? The first necessity was, as we have said, to be thoroughly well informed as to the minutest details of daily life at the Hôtel de Moranges. But the information given to her by Olivier, after she had gone the length of advising him to cultivate his uncle's society in the interior presided over by Claudine, was unsatisfactory in the extreme. It plainly resulted from all Olivier's reports that the interior of the Hôtel de Moranges was, except for its splendour, the quietest, most uneventful, and, indeed, most austere that could be imagined—a pattern to be imitated by the most unexceptionable families. She was not a bit the wiser for anything told to her by Olivier; and, indeed, at the end of a very short time, Olivier ceased telling her anything at all. There was, on the surface, nothing to tell; we may ask, was there nothing beneath? but the Dowager did not do so; and she was at her wits' end, and did not know whom to apply to for aid.

"Is that woman attached to him?" she inquired one day of Count Dupont de Laporte.

"She doesn't know," replied Dupont, with a smile; "and therefore I am somewhat troubled to decide."

"You don't, for a moment, fancy that he is attached to her, do you?" demanded, sharply, the Dowager.

Count Dupont fixed a meaning glance full upon the questioner, and said,—

"Madame la Marquise, this lies more in your domain than in mine: have you ever had cause to suppose that M. de Moranges could attach himself to any one?"

"Hitherto, certainly not," was the answer; "but he lavishes proofs of what people call affection upon her, does he not?"

"None that I have seen—as yet," responded Henri; "he lavishes proofs of affection upon himself, whereof she is the mere sign."

"But he'll be ruined in a couple of years," suggested the Dowager.

"He's more likely to be insane in half that time."

"Insane!" she echoed: "what should give you such a preposterous notion? Maurice insane, indeed!"

"Do you suppose, Madame la Marquise," rejoined, ironically, Count Dupont, "that the fact of being the heir of all the Moranges since Clovis is any guarantee against such an infiction? What gives me this preposterous notion, as you style it, is experience, and some slight knowledge of physiology."

"Physiology! Pah!" sneered the Dowager, turning up her nose.

Henri Dupont bowed.

"May be," observed he, coolly; "but physiology has its usefulness all the same."

"Is it true about the Russian diamond?" asked the Dowager.

"Perfectly true; he paid it, five hundred thousand francs down, and Claudine has worn it at nearly every dinner I have been invited to at your brother's house. She mostly wears it on a plain black velvet dress, or on a white velvet one, which is another of his whims. It is mounted so as to show no mounting, and looks like a star dropped down from the sky. Poor Claudine," added Dupont; "she can't understand that simplicity, it makes her uncomfortable. She would like her big diamond much better if it were a paste one set round with a thick gold rim and lots of coloured stones."

"What is the woman who goes about with her?" demanded the Dowager.

Count Dupont de Laporte's countenance underwent a change. "Oh! that is quite another thing," said he, seriously. "Aspasie Mourjon, called Mademoiselle Aspasie de Mourjonville, is altogether another sort of person. She patronizes me hugely, and I sometimes stare in astonishment at the native intelligence of the woman. If M. de Moranges had put her in Claudine's place, I should tremble—tremble for your party, Madame la Marquise, for, I believe, he would be a great statesman yet, and govern France—that woman is first rate."

"And corrupt, of course?"

"That depends on the sense lent to the word: in the ordinary sense no, for she is wholly passionless—but she is full of perversity——"

"And would do anything for money," interrupted the Marquise.

"Well," and he hesitated; "I fancy she would do almost anything for money—but more for ambition; she's a curious compound, and amuses me immensely; but take my word for it, she is no every day woman."

"Ah!" the Marquise did lay down her knitting on her knee this time, drawled out her exclamation lengthily, and kept her eyes fixed on Count Dupont with so intense a gaze that they seemed to look through him, and go far far away into some distant speculative thought.

Count Dupont took out his watch and rose from his seat. "I must make haste," said he; "I am past the time I settled to meet a man at the club. I have the honour to present my homage to you, Madame la Marquise," and he advanced towards the Dowager, and offered her his hand.

"Tell me, what was that wonderful fête Maurice gave last week at St. Germain?" she inquired, still holding Henri Dupont's hand.

"Oh! something positively Sardanapalian," replied he; "a banquet in a pavilion built up on purpose in the forest, a torchlight procession, fireworks, special trains, heaven only knows what all! it must have cost him forty or fifty thousand francs or more, for there was a theatre, with the orchestra of the Conservatoire, and scenes sung by Faure and the Nilsson."

"How abominable! what was the object of it all?" exclaimed the angry Dowager.

"To show a Hungarian Count of his acquaintance, just arrived from Pesth, what a French gentleman can do when he sets about it; but Olivier can tell you more of the details of that than I can, for he had to play the attentive the whole time to Claudine, Moranges being devoted to his Hungarian guest. I took charge of my friend Aspasie Mourjon, and do not in the least complain of my lot—ask Olivier, he will tell you all, I must go."

And, so saying, he departed, leaving the Dowager dissatisfied with Olivier for not having told her what it seemed there had been to tell.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE DEPUTATION.

A VERY few days after her conversation with Count Dupont de Laporte, the Dowager received a letter which caused her to send to her brother in all haste. He was out; and, towards seven o'clock, the answer brought was, that he would come to her as soon as he was free after dinner.

It was in a boudoir which, under any other woman's hands would have been cosy, but which, under her treatment, was unhomely, that the Marquise awaited her brother that evening. It was a most methodically arranged apartment, in which nothing was out of its place, nor looked as if it ever, at any period of time, could have been so. The tables all stood square, and the chairs stood stiff, as though waiting for occupants who were coming to sign some deed.

There were no flowers, and no nick-nacks, nothing betraying a female presence; above all, none of that sweet subtle perfume which—no matter what her age—seems the natural emanation of a womanly-woman's whereabouts;—the soul, as it were, of all the combined prettinesses surrounding her. There was a lamp upon a table in the middle of the room, and the Dowager sat under its rays, with her perpetual white wool knitting work; and the shaded light did not soften the hard outlines of her face, or the hard glance of her eyes, or the hard lustre of her coal-black hair.

The Marquise looked thoughtful; and, from time to time, suspended her work and bit the tip of her ivory knitting-needle. At about a quarter to ten the Marquis de Moranges entered.

"Bring the tea," said the Dowager; and, before she had concluded the greetings exchanged with her brother, two silent men, one in black, the other in livery, served tea in Sèvres cups, on silver trays, with all its usual accessories. The Marquise had never in all her life made tea. She took it, as she did many things which womanly women fashion after their own image, ready made.

When this social ceremony was ended, and the door closed on all interruption,—

"*Cher ami*," said the Dowager, very blandly, "I have sent for you upon a really important matter. I would not have troubled you otherwise."

"I am entirely at your orders," replied the Marquis, with prompt politeness. "What has happened?"

"That man, Carpentier, has had an apoplectic fit. There's Durochard's letter."

And she put out her hand to take an envelope lying under her white wool upon the table.

"What, Léon Carpentier, our deputy?"

"Yes."

"Is he dead?" inquired M. de Moranges.

"No; he's better. You will see what Durochard writes about."

"Why, what age was he?" continued the

Marquis, following out an idea of his own, without reading the letter. "I don't believe he was much past fifty."

"He was under fifty," responded the Dowager; "but that doesn't matter." (Perhaps M. de Moranges thought it did.) "What does matter is, that this is a warning—fits of this kind always are—and that Carpentier's days are evidently numbered; and, that being the case, we must be prepared."

The Marquis smiled.

"You always are so, my dear sister," said he. "I never knew you unprepared for anything yet. Of course you allude to the Deputation?"

"Naturally," was the reply; "and that was why I was in such a hurry to see you. We have not an hour to lose. I want to write to Durochard by to-morrow's post, for, unless I can positively rely upon your entire support, the contest would be too difficult; may I do so?"

"I wish to goodness you were a man, Adèle!" exclaimed the Marquis; "it would be a pleasure to help you—you would make a capital Deputy, and, what's more, you would somehow or other be sure of being nominated one, whereas Olivier—"

"Olivier will be quite certain if you take the thing up actively."

"Actively?" echoed M. de Moranges; "that's more easily said than done. But who do you suppose will contest the election with you?" inquired the Marquis.

"First," she remarked, "there is M. de Laprunaye, in our district, he is by way of being a clever man and moderate, and goes in for agriculture. I think we can manage him; then there's Achille Bouvier, the attorney's son at Combeville, he is a serious antagonist, one of those rabid demagogues whom the government delights in bringing over to its service, an atheist, and with all the free-thinkers at his back: well, I don't yet see what is to be done with him; he's very strong at Combeville, and he's got some supporters at Malleray, besides a good many in Brunoy."

"What, in my district?" cried the Marquis.

"Yes, never mind that, it's not against Bouvier that I need your help. But there's another candidate. The Duc de Vivienne will, I believe, bring Gaston forward."

"His nephew?"

"Yes; and the plan, I fancy, is, to marry Gaston to his cousin Hermine, and so unite in one the two enormous fortunes of the two mothers."

"True," murmured the Marquis, rubbing

his chin with his hand and pulling down his nether lip between his finger and thumb. "Bless my soul!" continued he; "why that would give Gaston one day two millions a year—that's enormous!"

"Yes; and add to that the Deputation," observed the Dowager, leaning forwards towards her brother; "and what would become of us?"

There was a pause of a few seconds, during which the brother and sister looked at each other; at last said the Marquise, cautiously:

"But it will require a great deal of money."

"These things always do," propounded M. de Moranges; "but, luckily, Olivier has loads of money to spare, thanks to your admirable administration during his minority. But then, on what line of policy would you bring him in, my dear sister? as the Government candidate?"

"God forbid!" and the Dowager started upon her chair.

"But then, as what? as a Royalist devoted to the past?"

"As an honest man, and a Christian devoted to religion—and order!" said Madame de Beauvoisin, with dignified gravity.

"Ah! yes, I know! order!—that means the Throne and the Altar in a new dress: my dear Adèle," added the Marquis, "the Vivienues can play at that game better than you."

"But if you fall off from them, Maurice, they can play no game at all; they count on you, and on the Bishop, and if you resolutely stand by Olivier I will detach Monseigneur."

"So, it will be a war of uncles," remarked he; "Moranges versus Vivienne! a fresh Provincial feud—as though there were not enough such already in our distracted party, as we still persist in denominating it—"

"At all events that's preferable to letting the Vivienues rule over us all, throughout the whole Department, as they will do if once they get hold of a seat in the Chamber."

"Well!" objected M. de Moranges, "they say Gaston is a clever fellow."

"That's only because he talks more than other young men, and lays down the law on what are called serious subjects—he's a 'young dogmatique,' as Montalembert calls them."

"What will Olivier do in the Corps Législatif?" demanded his uncle.

"Just what the vast majority does—nothing," responded his mother. "But you see, yourself, that if we are not elected, our influence in Savre-et-Merle is lost for ever; Olivier is the

only one who can represent us—unless, indeed, my dear brother, unless you——"

"I!" exclaimed Moranges, with a tone and gesture of downright horror,—"I! why, I would sooner be hung!"

His sister smiled.

"So I thought," said she, with a smile.

There was again a pause.

"Then I may count upon you, Maurice; and I can write at once to Durochard?" said the Dowager.

"Certainly," answered her brother; "what must be, must be: but I warn you beforehand that this contest will cost Olivier more than you fancy."

The Marquise gave a look to M. de Moranges that was meant to be engaging, and suggestive of a great deal.

"Well," continued she, "it is, as you say, a war of uncles; the Duc de Vivienne will probably help Gaston largely, in a financial point of view."

"Luckily my nephew does not need that proof of affection on my part," retorted the Marquis, "for I could not give it him. I have plenty to do with my fortune without touching politics (which I hate); and luckily, also, Olivier is twice as rich as I am."

When M. de Moranges took leave of his sister, the latter watched, with a sharp gaze, his retreating figure, and continued afterwards to watch the door by which he had made his exit.

"No money!" whispered she to herself, as she carefully rolled up her white wools, and put everything connected with her work in its proper place. "No money! No! he will never be to be counted upon for one hour, or for one sou, so long as that woman remains there."

Madame de Beauvoisin had arrived at that moral crossing where two roads intersect each other, one pointing to what strictly ought, the other, to what possibly might be.

CHAPTER XX.—TWO POWERS.

WHEN people wish for anything very much, they invariably begin by setting limits to what they would do to obtain their wish, and they almost always end by, in fact, doing something they regarded as positively blameable, nay impossible.

Now, day by day, the longing of the Dowager to separate her brother from the Sphinx was growing stronger, and found less readily any means of satisfaction. But then what Henri Dupont de Laporte had said of Aspasia Mour-

jon recurred to her, and she thought what a vexatious thing it was that she could not be in communication with this person, and what an excellent thing it would be if she were so, and she pondered over the whole situation, and soon got to ask herself why it was so utterly impossible that she, the Dowager Marquise de Beauvoisin *née* Moranges, should, for a potent interest, hold converse with Mlle. Aspasia de Mourjonville? Extraordinary things were done every day, and—when they succeeded—no one objected to them; besides, surely secrecy could be secured, surely she, the dowager, had means at her disposal of binding over the intelligent Aspasia to her service; surely she could at a moderate cost ensure the co-operation of this most useful ally!

At last the Dowager was satisfied that Mlle. de Mourjonville was individually a fellow-creature who might enjoy the honour of an interview with herself, and she soon settled the mode in which the interview was to be brought about.

Claudine had the same dressmaker as the Dowager, with this difference, that whereas Claudine caused every vestment she ever wore to be fashioned by the celebrated *couturière*, the Dowager duly ordered from her a certain number of pattern-dresses, which she then had copied by smaller people or sometimes even by her own maid. Nothing was easier than to meet Aspasia by chance, and Madame de Beauvoisin decided that this was precisely what she would do.

One day in the middle of all the silks, laces, and costly stuffs that east and west could furnish for the adornment of hyper-civilized woman, and a few days previous to a grand public ball to be given at the Opera, the Dowager found herself by chance standing face to face with Mlle. de Mourjonville, with a Buhl table between them, and a deep flounce of Chantilly lace held by a hand of each. The Dowager had the advantage at the outset, for she had made up her mind and knew what she was about, whereas our friend Aspasia was totally unprepared. No wonder therefore that she was somewhat taken aback, and actually let the lace drop out of her hand when she saw the needle-sharp eyes of the Marquise fixed upon her, and so close too! The Marquise was gracious—patronising, no doubt—but gracious unmistakably, and she smiled at Aspasia with a smile that did duty for a bow.

"You have good taste, Mademoiselle," said she; "that lace is really beautiful." Mademoiselle Mourjon was a woman and a French-

woman, and she would have been neither had she not been flattered by this eulogy from a real lady! a lady belonging to the purest Faubourg St. Germain! Aspasia was flattered, and involuntarily giving the Dowager more than her due, as people mostly do to those who exalt them, she actually blushed, and could only express her opinion that Madame la Marquise was too good.

The Dowager looked her full in the face, took her, mentally, in, whole and entire, and thought she knew all about her, which was a mistake, and attributable solely to Aspasia's momentary embarrassment, the said Aspasia being immensely the Dowager's superior in certain points. When the Marquise had, as she believed, mastered a thorough knowledge of her adversary, she advanced a step further.

"Alas!" said she, "we know each other, I see," (Mlle. de Mourjonville was more than ever perplexed). "My poor brother!" and into this exclamation the Dowager threw a large amount of Christian commiseration.

"Don't imagine, Mademoiselle," vouchsafed she, with dignified kindness, "that in our family we do not know how to distinguish between those who are the misfortune of our nearest and dearest, and those who, on the contrary, have been obliged by circumstances to serve where they cannot esteem; we all of us know perfectly well your claim to indulgence—to consideration—and we are rejoiced that my unhappy brother should have found so trustworthy a person to preside over his household, and, of course, in a certain degree, his interests."

After this preamble the Dowager drew Aspasia into a conversation, in which the two points made clear to the latter's mind were, that in his world M. de Moranges was a man to be pitied, and spoken of as lost, and that there might be some gain achieved by serving the pious sister's plans for rescuing an erring brother's soul.

Much beyond this Aspasia did not get at first; but she fixed upon a second meeting the next day with Madame de Beauvoisin. This meeting was to take place in a private room at the fashionable dressmaker's; and as she went away, the Dowager ordered for herself a plain, grey silk gown and cloak, quite plain—she always dressed so simply—and which was only to cost a thousand francs.

So the next day this pair met again, but in very different conditions, for now Mlle. Mourjon knew what she was about, and was equal to a brace of Dowagers.

The demureness of aspect of the lady in

waiting was such as to confound Madame de Beauvoisin. In the minutest details of her attire there was not so much as a thread but bore witness to virtue; the very buttons of her gloves were fastened severely, and the bow of her bonnet strings under her chin attested the habit of sacrifice upon the altar of *les convenances*.

The Marquise was an authority upon these subjects, and she could not refuse her unqualified admiration to the woman before her. The get up was perfect. From boot to chignon, all was so subdued, so quiet; and the face itself, too, had been so well composed over night, and all its salient points so toned down. No more aggressive sparkle in the eye, no more impertinence in the nose, no more contempt in the mouth, no more mischief anywhere. Every advantage of this kind was left to the *grande dame*, who was treated with deference, and with the completest acknowledgment of all her superiorities.

From the outset Aspasia accepted the situation of M. de Moranges as deplorable, and indulged in the most approved lamentations, commented upon and underlined, as it were, by deprecatory looks, eyes uplifted, and sighs. 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful; but what could she, Aspasia de Mourjonville, do? She had her bread to earn, and the Marquis was a generous employer, just, too, and full of consideration for those who served him honestly. All that she could do was to keep herself clear of moral contamination, as it befitted the child of poor but respectable parents; and she mentioned her estimable family, as was her wont, with touching dignity.

"That, in reality, Madame la Marquise," said she, "my view of your brother's conduct is the same as yours, I cannot afford to abandon my situation. I must live, not for my own sake only."

"Of course, of course," responded the Dowager; "and it would be our duty to take care of your future; but surely if that woman," (it was in these terms that Claudine was invariably alluded to), "if that woman could be got rid of, and thereby my brother's fortune saved, we might combine to ensure your existence. What are your wages?"

The word escaped the Dowager, and much offended Mademoiselle Mourjon (who did not show it).

"My wages, Madame la Marquise," she replied with terrible humility, "are six thousand francs a year."

The Marquise was a far less accomplished actress than Aspasia, for the simple reason that

she had never needed to play a part, having always had her own way through life. This led her astray.

"Six thousand francs!" she exclaimed; "well! that is enormous!" (one rapid unseen glance shot from beneath Aspasia's eyelids), "enormous—not too much for your merits," added she all at once correcting herself, "but, I mean, a great deal in itself for the position."

"Yes!" rejoined, meekly, Mlle. Mourjon, "to be overseer to a person like Madame Claudine, and go into public places with her!" and she indulged in a slight shudder.

"That is what I mean," responded the Dowager; "and besides that, one must take a fair half from the salary" (she did not say wages this time) "for the dress. You have to dress handsomely" (she cast an arithmetical glance over Aspasia's toilette), "you can't dress under three thousand francs a year."

"I do not spend one," replied Mlle. Mourjon in the gentlest of tones, "for M. le Marquis is very considerate, and furnishes the larger portion of the dress which he knows to be necessary."

"Humph!" snorted the Dowager, displeased, and showing it; "but at all events, you see, even if we put it at the whole six thousand francs—no! we can say five—well at five thousand francs a year, it can never be more than a temporary engagement, the affair of a few years. I am a person of large ideas in affairs, I never aim at little savings—suppose we count upon ten years of employ:—that's a round sum; ten times five, that makes fifty thousand francs."

"But why should it last only ten years?" asked Aspasia, in a voice that kept growing softer and softer.

"My dear child! only ten years! why, do you imagine that Moranges will have continued ten years with that woman? And even suppose he did, why—what age is she?" she suddenly inquired.

"Nineteen."

"Well—ten years; that'll be nine-and-twenty; humph! she may last; she's a blonde. She will fatten and look well. My dear, what age are you?"

Madame la Marquise, like all utterly selfish people and all people who have the passion of rapacity, was losing sight of her interest in the exclusive pursuit of her immediate object;—she was losing her game with Mlle. Aspasia, and arousing in the latter a feeling of hostility that she was a thousand miles from discerning.

"What age are you?" she repeated, "thirty? eh?"

"Yes, Madame la Marquise, I am thirty—just thirty," (she was thirty-four).

"Well then, count! In ten years you'll be forty, and you won't fill out—dark women don't, women of our kind," (the Marquise was so eager that she went in for what she thought condescension!), "women of our kind don't improve. I know Moranges. When you get to look like an English old maid, lean and angular, as you will do, he will politely dismiss you—he will have nice looking women in his establishment, rely upon that. Now, you are a practical person as I am, and respectable, and have never cared for the sinful vanities of the lives led by such creatures as that woman, therefore it behoves you to take care of yourself."

"And Madame la Marquise will help me to do so?" suggested Aspasie.

"My idea would be," rejoined the practical Dowager, "that you should be enabled to retire upon an independence of say four or five thousand francs a year of your own—which is the double of what I prove to you that you can ever hope to gain;—we said ten years at five thousand francs——"

"It is six," murmured Aspasie.

"Yes—but the dress!" decided the Dowager, "five counting the dress—well, ten years at five thousand, would make you fifty thousand francs; now if I secured to you one hundred thousand francs you would have five thousand francs a year all your life."

"The Marquis's fortune ought to go to Monsieur Olivier de Beauvoisin, your son, ought it not?"

"Naturally—Olivier is his sole heir."

"And people say M. de Moranges has two or three hundred thousand francs a-year."

"Alas!" sighed the Dowager, "I fear not so much now—he is driving hard towards ruin."

"But I don't think Madame Claudine is the cause of that," remarked Aspasie; "she is too stupid to drag him into any extravagance."

"No! but she's the pretext," retorted the Dowager. "It's that establishment of his which is ruining him."

"But if she were to run away to-morrow with some one," objected Mlle. Mourjon, "he might still go on entertaining."

"Not he!" exclaimed the Dowager. "His vanity would be so hurt that he would shut up his house, and retire into the provinces—I know my brother—and I know where the danger lies—that woman must be got rid of."

"But Madame la Marquise, he may marry!"

"Never! that is the one price Moranges

will not pay for the right of receiving people at his house—he will pay with his money, not with his freedom."

When Mlle. de Mourjonville parted from the Marquise, she agreed to think well over the proposal made to her, to study well the state of affairs at the Hôtel de Moranges, and see whether the notion of getting rid of Claudine was a feasible one or not, and to report progress to her protectress within a few days.

"What a pity!" vouchsafed the Marquise as she bade adieu to Aspasie; "what a pity that his choice had not fallen upon such a woman as you, instead of upon that creature! With a clever head one can always come to an understanding!"

"You forget, Madame la Marquise," responded Mlle. de Mourjonville, in accents of injured innocence; "you forget that, with my education and respectable (though poor) parents, that would have been impossible. I should have always resisted M. le Marquis, or—married him!" She dropped these words and a deep curtsy together.

The Dowager for a second or two was too thoroughly stunned to speak—Aspasie did so for her.

"It is better as it is," she observed gently, "for I may be the means of restoring your brother to his family; let us hope for the best," and she left the Marquise with a vague impression of doubt as to what was the real nature of Mlle. de Mourjonville.

When the latter left the dressmaker's door to wend her way back to the Hôtel de Moranges, she passed through the passage St. Roch, a very unfrequented alley, and was accosted by Théophile Mardonnet.

"Here I am!" he said, taking off his hat, "obedient to your summons; it is precisely twelve o'clock."

"My good friend," she replied, slackening her pace, and looking her companion full in the face; "I am not going to walk in the public streets of Paris with you by my side; at the entrance of the Rue St. Honoré we part; but I have something to say to you, and it is simply this: I will be put in possession of all the details of what passed seven years ago—I mean touching Camille and Olivier—I will know the whole."

"But if there is nothing to know?" replied Mardonnet trying to look indifferent.

Mlle. Mourjon came to a full stop. "Well," she answered very quietly, "if that be really the case—if I do know all, and that you have nothing more to tell me," (Mardonnet began

to look hopeful), "then, so much the worse for you—for you will find me amongst your opponents."

And bowing courteously to him she walked on, leaving our friend Mardonnet gazing intently on the pavement, and lifting his hat up, and rubbing his forehead with his hand as though he were perplexed.

AN ELECTION OF IDIOTS.

"**V**OTE for John Smith!" "Vote for William Brown!" "Vote for Thomas Robinson!" "Vote for—" the others, whose names are printed in high wide letters, and whose posters form new papering to the walls they hang on, and flutter up a great broad staircase like large rustling leaves. "Vote for John Smith!" is the greeting some yards before the door-way. "Vote for John Smith!" kneels at the feet, humbly, upon the threshold. "Vote for John Smith!" is aimed straight at the eyes' centre, from the vestibule, the landings, the passages, the corners, the hands of people pressing vehemently forward on the floor of the vast light wide hall. There is no inch of space without these black-on-white appeals; there is no baluster without these reiterated names; there is no mite of hand-rail without a card tied round it, beseeching a candidate's claims and case may carry him successfully to the poll. And a sharp clamour of women's voices is in the rooms above, and women's feet and garments are flitting rapidly, and women curtsy as visitors pass by them, and look up with touching tremor and an anxious face.

It is an election into the Asylum for Idiots at pleasant Earlswood. Thirty-five poor creatures are to be housed there, either for life or a stated term of years, and as there are, perhaps, four times that number of poor creatures eligible and applying, no wonder competition rages, and mothers and patronesses flush up hotly, or, according to their temperament, turn wan and pale.

Are these ladies, who are so anxious about the Election, the distressed widows in precarious health, or the toiling wives with afflicted husbands, whose idiot children are objects for the charity, and whose fates hang on the upshot of the day? Not in the least. Very, very far from it. They have comfortable means and valued homes; they have hearty help-meets and vigorous children most of them; but they leave these, and slip out of all their ties and duties for this bustling day,

to come here and push on business for those who have no business-spirit in themselves, and who have not influence or education to make that business-spirit of use, even if it stood the most prominent jewel in their front. There is small chance of a case being admitted, unless one of these electioneering ladies takes it in hand. They come to the polling-room early (it is in the London Tavern on this occasion, and is there generally, at a cost of about £50 out of the funds of the charity). They come armed with laboriously-collected proxies—sued for, written for, called for; refused, withheld for pondering, yielded; not at hand when wanted, and rung for; knocked and asked for, till pertinacity is a sin or virtue, according to interpretation, and the final rendering has an accompaniment of peevishness or shame. They bring with them pen and ink and envelopes and paper; they bring with them a roll of notes and sovereigns, to buy votes with, if it is thought they will be required; they bring sandwiches and biscuits and bright gold wine; and they bring so much hope and kindness and sagacity that they are past all measuring of trouble, and feel that they must be present every jot, if they are to gain their difficult end. They are often attended by the distressed widows and toiling wives. These may be seen by their side submissively, being despatched by them, ever and anon, on errands, which they execute imperfectly, or which are purposely made so simple there could be no mistaking them except by an Earlswoodite himself; and here, in an active mass, seated at tables, writing, bargaining, planning, reckoning, bustling towards the committee-room, swarming up the stairs, the whole are. The best places are filled by the ladies, who ride through the affair as it were on horseback, battling, but battling with shot-proof breast-plates, and gay shoes that never need touch the ground; the dark unserviceable corners are occupied by the poor and shiftless parents, treading their journey on too-real foot, holding out their hands for votes that have been long ago appropriated, but hoping still that some kind souls will pity them, and that somehow their handful of votes may conquer, when it could not if it were multiplied by a score.

"Have you any infants?" is the startling question of a puffy gentleman to a thin and jewelled spinster of three score certainly, if not the added ten. The spinster does not redden up, and rise, and shriek out, Chairman! Chairman! as one might expect, but looks up at her rude questioner with an air exactly suited to his own. "What! you are at that work still,"

she says, archly. "Ha! ha!" She evidently is obliged to humour the gentleman, and he is humoured, and laughs out a confession of his curious occupation, and then falls back on his rude question again. "Have you any Infants?" The spinster owns then that she has not. But the pursy gentleman pursues his inquiry, apparently, much farther than he ought. "Have you any Fatherless, then?" he asks, looking straight into the spinster's eyes. And as she screams neither with laughter nor with indignation, the key to his questioning comes, especially when he puts in, quickly, "I will give you Idiots for them, you know. Idiots either for now, or for October. Or," he says, as a bright after-thought, "If you like best, I will give you Alexandras!"—as though there was not *much* difference between them, and, to him at any rate, they were all one.

Indeed, this election-day is improvised into a very ready and effectual exchange. "I have two Haverstock Hills!" a clergyman cries, with apparently maniacal exaggeration; till one remembers he means two votes for admission to the asylum there, and that he will give them in change for two for Earlswood. Then, "Has anybody a Governesses?" asks (ungrammatically) somebody else—intending merely the same exchange. And the cries, "Let me have some Orphan Workings!" "Change me some Incurables!" "Do get me a Benevolent!" are heard on every side.

"Now then!" is the exclamation of a gentleman—tall, and dark, and dry, and dictatorial—"who wants Idiots for the next election? I'll give a hundred then for seventy-five now!" "Um! Tempting!" says a quiz-zical little woman, under the shadow of the tall man, and under the shadow, too, of her own broad clear placard. "Why, it's—it's twenty-five per cent!" "It is, indeed," urges the dictatorial gentleman, thinking he has a bite. "Will you take it?" "No!" And the quiz-zical little body and those around her laugh, and the dictatorial gentleman laughs also, and then walks away. "Ah ha!" cries one tall, burly clergyman to another, a few minutes after this, and at the other end of the room, "your work brings *you* here, does it? Gracious! And are you collecting Idiots, or paying Idiots, which?" There is no answer, but a gay shrug of the shoulders, and an almost audible rattle of the head.

All this describes *no* business, but business is done from time to time notwithstanding, and a flushed lady—hot and nervous, and with her *chignon* becoming rapidly disordered—bustles in with some that has fallen to her, re-

joicingly. "Here are four more!" she triumphs, returning to her part of her little table, and holding up some open proxies in exultation. "Quick! and let me give an I. O. U. for them!" For that is a point of honour in the eager assembly, on which those who most frequent it the most rely. The flushed lady, indeed, has scarcely finished the writing she sits herself down to, before she breaks out into a little indignant cry. "There's that woman," she exclaims to the workers with her, "who never gave me the votes she promised! As a matter of principle, she ought not to be allowed in! No one should be admitted until they have paid their debts!" Then the flushed lady turns, with a still troubled air, to a gentleman who accosts her. "Well," he says, cheerfully, "how do you stand?"

"Oh, dear! I have not a chance at all! But then this is only my first. It isn't likely you know, to-day."

"I don't know," says the gentleman, dissentingly; "I think they are going low. Can't you borrow?"

"Why, I have!" cries the flushed lady, getting excited again. "But you *don't* mean to say you think there's a chance?"

"It depends," answers the gentleman, withholding a more definite word. "Can you borrow any more?"

"Not one!" replies the lady. "There isn't an Idiot in the room!"

"Can you buy?"

"Yes; I've nearly £50. But I don't want to spend it unless I am obliged."

"Well, if you buy, how many shall you make?"

"Why," replies the flushed lady, reckoning rapidly, "I've polled 800! No, I haven't! I've polled 750! And if I buy, that will be 200 more; that will make 950. And I've a few here borrowed, which I haven't marked yet, in case I didn't want them, and with some that other people may have polled for me, and with split ones and stray, I daresay I should reach a thousand. Now, what do you think of a thousand?"

"I'll go round the room and see," says the gentleman, "and then come back and let you know."

He goes; and the flushed lady runs through her figuring again, and mystifies it, and clears it up, and cries, "I didn't mark those proxies, did I?" and "No, I didn't!" and "Yes, I did!" and "I think I will!" and "No, I won't!" till her flush is so much deepened she scarcely knows what she's about. Then, all at once, with an emphasis that is a shock even to mere

lookers-on, and amidst an instantaneous silence, a deep bass voice proclaims, "Ladies and Gentlemen, in a quarter of an hour from now the Poll will be closed!" The flushed lady starts and flutters, and looks this way and that way for her absent friend, knowing, with the woman's heart that beats so quickly in her, that on the decision of the next fifteen minutes the welfare or overthrow of her poor *protégé* depends, and being unable to know that, and keep serenely calm and still, "Run!" she cries, to one of the young folks with her; "find Sir John as quickly as you can! He only said he was going round the room! Pray, find him!" And then, the moment her messenger is hurriedly gone, she thinks she had better leave her place herself. "I will just poll these," she cries. "There can't be any harm in doing that! It must be better to take them in!" So it happens that, when she has consulted aloud with herself, as to whether she shall do this or had best let it alone, and has darted quickly off to do it, the Sir John she wished for comes back exactly in time to find her gone. Being a deliberate gentleman, though, not prone to impetuosity, he stands and stares a minute or two at other matters, and is excellent india-rubber for his flushed friend to aim her vehemence at, when she comes excitedly back.

"Well?" she cries, looking to him for the deciding. "How do they go?"

"Miss Dutch has polled nearly 2000," is his answer. "1200 *might* do it, but nothing less than 1700 is *sure*."

"1200—1200," repeats the flushed lady, biting her lips. "I *couldn't* be 1200, even if I spent *all*!"

"Ladies and Gentlemen," rolls out the big bass voice again, "in five minutes from now the Poll Will Be Closed!"

"Oh, pray tell me!" cries the flushed lady, with upraised hands. "Do tell me what I had better do?"

Her appeal is so much intensified, the gentleman thinks at last that decision would be well. "If you don't get in *now*, you know," he says slowly, "you're sure for October."

"Yes, yes!" puts in the lady. "Well!"

"So *don't* buy. I have taken the average, and I don't *think* a thousand's sure. Be satisfied with to-day, and do no more."

"Very well!" agrees the lady, inexpressibly relieved. "I will do as you say. It was only a whim of mine, getting in to-day, and it isn't likely, as it's but my first! All right! Very well."

So she does not rush off to the registering-

room again, but many another worker does; and in there are five or six committee-gentlemen seated at desks, one for split-votes, some for plumpers, and one to receive the guineas that keep pouring in, and that the ladies who fear for their position turn into votes at once, determined to do all they can to make themselves secure. There is much eagerness in this room; much anxiety. Faces look pinched when they come into it; thin fingers clutch at guineas and open proxies, as if in fear that, otherwise, some hidden dragon would fly out and snatch them from them, and so they will be ready for the reception with a bite and a scratch. There is no coquetry or insinuation here. Tight business, rigid and smileless as a bar of iron, is the occupation; and sharp down into the midst of it comes the third and last announcement, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Poll is Closed!" and the committee-gentlemen rise from their seats, the doors are shut upon them, and in the large room, where all other persons are now assembled, there falls a momentary lull.

Some hours must elapse before the result of the poll can be known, and all the people who are here cannot spend that time in listless doing nothing.

About half, perhaps, at once briskly walk away; but it is on the other half that interest concentrates, and there is plenty of this for those who can quietly stand by and see. The first thing some of them employ themselves upon is the rapid pulling-down of placards, and the careful rolling-up of those that will serve for use at another election, if the poor cases they commemorate are not happy enough to get in this time. The aspect of the room is quite changed when these placards are down. It falls back now into a decorated apartment with glass and gilding, and an ornamented ceiling; and ladies open their leathern luncheon-bags, and over their dainty little sandwiches and wine prepare to spend the hours that are before them, and to have a little connected chat.

One lady, as she eats and sips, is counting her chickens with a singular disregard to their not being hatched. "Now," she says, to the poor woman beside her (a real mother, but agreeably feasting too), "after I have finished this, I shall not stay, you know; I shall go. But you will stay; and when they open that door,—that one,—you must rush in, and get near enough to hear, and *directly* you hear your name you must run off to the office with an advertisement, or else you will be too late. I will write the advertisement at once. Give

THE



1.—PROFESSOR HODSON HAS MANAGED TO PLANT HIS INSTRUMENTS IN A RETIRED AND BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, AND IS MUCH DELIGHTED.



2.—THE CHIEF INHABITANT OF THE DISTRICT IS ALSO A GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND, RUSHES FORWARD AND



6.—INDIAN-GENT DOES NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT CAN HAVE TO DO WITH THE MATTER, FOR HE HAS THE ABOVE NUMBER OF WIVES, SO INSISTS UPON PICKING OUT TWO VIRGINS FOR H. AND P.



5.—HODSON AND PODSON RECOLLECT THEY HAVE ALREADY PICKED THEIR VIRGINS.



4.—THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY IS THAT THE CHIEF INHABITANT HAS THE PICK OF THE



9.—A MOST WONDERFUL ASTRONOMIC PHENOMENON. AND BEING WISE MEN THEY AT ONCE CONCLUDE THEY HAD BETTER RUSH FROM THE PLACE, WHICH THEY DO, AFTER GIVING STRICT ORDERS FOR EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THEM TO BE FORWARDED TO LONDON.

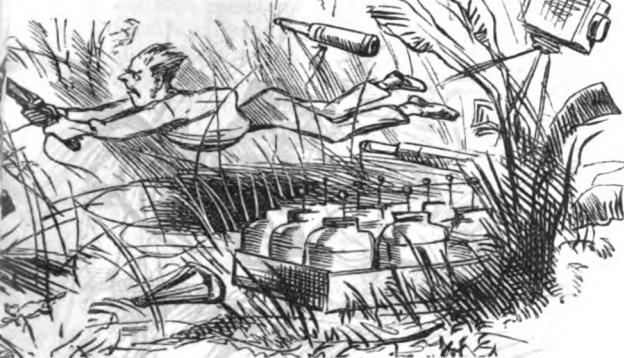


10.—AND PODSON HAVING STUDIED THE SPECTRUM ANALYSIS SEES A SPECTRE.



11.—HAVING TO MAKE OBSERVATIONS ON THEATRICAL STARS, THEY ARE SO IN LONDON, WHEN THEY AT ONCE GO TO

ECLIPSE.



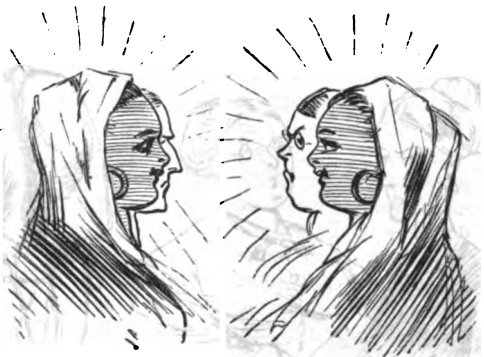
DELIGHTED, AND AT ONCE SEIZES HODSON. PODSON, WITH THE CONNECTING WIRE OF A BATTERY TO ITS TAIL



3.—THE CHIEF INHABITANT IS SO AWFULLY SHOCKED THAT HE DIES.



BY ONE KILLING A MANEATER FOR A WIFE.



7.—HODSON AND PODSON DISTINCTLY SEE ANOTHER ECLIPSE COMING ON.



8.—AND TO STEADY THEIR NERVES TAKE SOME OF THE REFRESHMENT OF THE COUNTRY. SHORTLY AFTER HODSON SEES



IN THE EUROPEAN ERKS GETTING TO RT THEMSELVES.



12.—Professor Hodson. JACKSON, HAS OUR BAG AND BAGGAGE ARRIVED SAFE?
Porter. OH, YES, SIR; WE HAVE KEPT THE BAG PART, BUT THE TWO INDIAN BAGGA—I MEAN, LADIES—WE SENT TO YOUR PRIVATE ADDRESS.



13.—PROFESSORS HODSON AND PODSON WHEN LAST SEEN.

me that paper and the ink. I will say 'The friends of John Smith thank the friends and subscribers who have given him their votes, and beg to inform them that he is successful.' There! I think that reads very well. There is no occasion to say any more. And be sure you run off *directly* you hear the name, because the offices close early. And then come at once and tell me."

It is hard to say, indeed, how much charity, and love, and gratitude, and disappointed hopes, alas! are in this room to-day. It must be the right feeling that brings ladies of tender nurture and cultivated minds into this busy and harassing scene for the sake of helping the afflicted poor.

It is something to worry one's self how to match a particular shade of Berlin wool; it is something, also, to concoct a becoming cap, and dye one's hair, and study how to hide decay and wrinkles; and considering how many ladies pass their days in this, and find stirring occupation in it, it must be thought that they who leave such interests have hearts a little near to sterling, and deserve their meed of praise. Perhaps the hardest thing of all that they undertake to do is the sitting here these long four hours, with such doubts to trouble them, and no fact to clear them in the least away. They can't ask each other how many votes they have polled, and so get up an amateur result of their own. They know, each from her own experience, that they cannot tell to ten or twenty how many votes they have themselves; and, of course, a majority of one even will settle it. So there they sit and eat, or knit, or sew, or chat, or read, or write—and time hangs heavily enough. But, at last, relief (or desolation, as it chances) comes; the door of the inner room is opened to them, and in all who have been waiting rush. A loud voice calls out clearly the names of the successful candidates, and the number of votes they have polled; and there are bright faces, and hands tight clasped, or blank overthrow, and many a heavy sigh, and then Election-Day is over, and the work done.

FERNS.

UNFLOWERING plants—who could be expected to care much for these, any more than for songless birds, or for poets to whom the faculty of manifesting their vision divine has been denied. Yet are ferns most interesting; partly on account of their curious structure, but more for their beauty. In largest

measure it is given to them, but instead of concentrating itself into such quintessences of loveliness as those are which we call lilies, roses, and violets, in them it informs the whole being even as the life sap does. Above all, we love them for the sake of the wild places where they grow, for it is where this fair earth of ours least subserves our wants, and is least subject to our sway, that it has most power upon our hearts. We need not, however, go to woodland, moor, and mountain, to find them. To the old wild nature belong still the hedge banks and the trenches that divide our fields, and there ferns are found in abundance, if the soil be rich in vegetable matter, otherwise it is useless to seek for them. The wall and mountain kinds are, of course, an exception to this rule; so is bracken, the commonest sort of any. In warm, moist, shady places, bracken sometimes attains a height, and assumes an arched form that makes it truly beautiful; but in general it is not so, unless in autumn, when its great masses of golden russet are most pleasant to the eye. In spring, too, it is delightful to watch its young shoots as they uncurl from the coil in which they slept under ground all the winter.

The labourer's wife, before soap and soda were as cheap as they are now, made a ley, to wash clothes, of the ashes of bracken; it, as well as other ferns, being very rich in alkali. And before the certificated schoolmaster was abroad, the labourers' children spied out their future fortunes in the varied marks which its stalks show when cut across. So much for bracken. Male fern is the next commonest species. It grows in the form of a tall, narrow vase, and it keeps its fresh, bright greenness until it is cut off by the frost. A truly noble plant it is, instinct with vigorous life. In the moist parts of heaths, and the dry parts of marshes, the common hard fern sends up in abundance its hard dry narrow fronds; the fertile fronds, harder, dryer, and narrower, rising above them, for this is one of the few native kinds that has them distinct. Both are deeply serrated, bearing no small resemblance to the ribs and vertebræ of fish. But you will soon know the common hard fern, and be grateful to it for a dry spot whereon to set the foot: that is, if you are in the habit of visiting those places that (not to say it profanely) look as if they had been made so late on Saturday night that there wasn't good light to finish them.

There, too, in the drier and more civilised parts, grow adder's tongue and moonwort, two curious ferns that, though differing very much

in aspect, are still more alike than either is like anything else. Both have but one frond, which is divided into a fruitful and an unfruitful branch, both of which are in moonwort divided, and in adder's tongue entire. Moonwort is much the smaller of the two, hardly rising above the surrounding grass, but it is a powerful little plant of its inches; witness the following extract from an old writer:—"Moonwort is an herb which (they say) will open locks and unshoe such horses as tread upon it. This some laugh to scorn, and those no small fools neither; but country people that I know call it unshoe-the-horse. Besides, I have heard commanders say that on White Down, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, there were found above thirty horseshoes pulled off from the feet of the Earl of Essex's horses, being there drawn up, and no cause known; many of them being but newly shod; which caused great admiration. Now, moonwort is an herb that groweth usually upon heaths."

By "the minions of the moon" in those days, the lock-opening, horse-unshoeing herb that bore her name, must have been almost as highly valued as the "receipt of fern-seed," whereby they might walk invisible. It was more easily got, for fern-seed was itself invisible, and could only be procured upon one night of the year—the magic Beltane. Upon this night the prince of the power of the air was thought to be mindful of the old time when children were passed through the fire to him, and to be, in consequence, particularly accessible to mortals, and willing to reveal to them the mysteries of nature. So on Midsummer's eve (that, taken from the sun-god, and given to St. John, was yet but half-christianised,) the fern-seed, with many an unholy rite, was sought; found, too, I suppose, if it were sought for in so unlikely a place as the backs of the leaves; though, after all, those cells that we call spores are not seeds. A seed, like an epic poem, has a beginning, a middle, and an end. It has, in little, roots, stem, and leaves; afterwards to be developed, never changed. But a fern spore has nothing of this complex organisation. When sown, the part which chances to be uppermost sends up the stem, while the root grows from the under side. Ferns are held to belong to the lowest class of vegetable life, nor are they of much use. In the pre-Adamite world they had work to do, and they did it; but now they are behind the time. They seem to know it, too. Never do they appear so happy as when they can shrink away into solitude and darkness.

‘ Growing in the sunshine and in the shade,

ferns of the same, might be supposed to belong to different species. The lady fern is a pretty little plant enough when it fringes a sunny bank with tufts a few inches high. In the shadow of the hedge-rows its semi-transparent fronds form a broad low cup that seems to have drawn what light there is into itself, and to well over with soft green radiance. But when it grows tall and free, steeped with noon dews in the woodland depths, it is wondrously fair; with a shy unreal beauty that though you see you hardly believe in. Another fern that seems hardly fit for this work-a-day world is the maidenhair. It grows in warm moist caverns near the coast, where I suppose it is tended by the sea-fairies. Fit toys for them would be the tiny fans that hang on its delicate sprays.

Black maidenhair spleenwort is a mighty pretty little fern. There is a crisp elegance about it that is quite captivating. It is an evergreen, growing in low tufts upon walls and in luxuriant patches on hedge-banks. The only green it is, that I know of, worthy of being put along with the precious little snow drops in a winter flower vase; and it is fresh enough under the August sun to accompany verbenas and geraniums. It is of a hard texture, and of a bright, glossy, green colour; its under sides being slashed, at first with white satin, but as the fructification matures, with bright brown velvet. The stalk below the leafage (stipes as it is called), is of a dark shining purple; so I do not know why it should be called black. It ought to change names with maidenhair spleenwort, the stalk of which is black as ebony, having on each side a row of little emerald leaflets. These fronds are gathered into the nicest little rosettes, in which stand up among them stalks bare of leaves, looking just like horse hair. It grows on rocks and walls.

Another mural kind is the scale fern. This is particularly thick and leathery in texture: it is cut into deep round scallops, which project over each other like the steps of turret stairs: their upper surfaces are dark, dull green; the under covered with brown silvery scales, through which in the more matured specimens, appear the black sori. The best place to find it is on the parapet of a bridge at the side next the water. Odds it is, though, that you forget to look for it there, in the fascination of looking down into the living water, hasting on for ever to the great existence that waits to swallow it up. But a fern grows by the river which none can pass unheededly by. Kingly in name and in nature is the Royal Osmund.

From pedestal stem to crown of fruit, full seven feet high,—stately in form,—Aye, every inch a king.

Queen of ferns, if grace and beauty can make a queen, is the broadbuckler fern. Besides this name it has a round dozen of Latin ones, but I am afraid to use any of them, lest there should have been invented a newer one still. The fern I mean is the one upon whose fronds other fronds appear to be set, and others upon these again. They are from four to five feet in length, and grow on a large tufted stalk; rising, spreading, and curving themselves downward like the column of water which a fountain throws up. This fern looks extremely well in flower borders, and it may be transplanted when in full verdure if care be taken not to break or bruise it.

Wall rue is not beautiful, but like all wild plants it looks so when it grows in large masses; and its dull greyish green contrasts well with the bright lichens that grow on stones: so I have seen it shagging for a mile together an old park wall.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
Broad oak of Summer chase.

When I first read that lovely lay of sylvan summer, I thought that Tennyson was wrong for once in his plant lore, because The Talking Oak said, "When I feel about my feet the berried briony fold." I knew that the briony would be so shadowed and smothered with the oak and the fern that it could bear neither blossom nor berry; but when I had well considered, I perceived that the tree which circled in its grain five hundred rings of years, was speaking of another period of its life; centuries, perhaps, gone by. That it no more meant to say that the briony grew along with the fern, than to say that the beauties whom it had shadowed in "teacup times of hood and hoop" were contemporary with her for whom her lover promised:—

When my marriage morn may fall,
She, Dryad like, shall wear
Alternate leaf and acorn ball
In wreath about her hair.

He did not go so far as to undertake for the bridesmaids, but they might have made themselves appropriate garlands from the fern that muffled round the knees of the gracious tree—that is if it were *Polystichum aculeatum*, or any of the kinds whose pinnæ are set alternately upon the rachis. It would never do to write about ferns without using a few hard words).

These wreaths are easily and quickly made;

it may not be so easy to tell how to do it, for finger-work is not easily taught in words; but however, I shall try, for indeed they are very pretty. Take the lowest side branch of a small frond, and fold it, right side up, in a contrary direction to that of its growth, laying it diagonally across the mid rib, a little above where it grows out of it. The next lowest fold in the same manner over this, the next over that, and so on to the top. Two of these plaited fronds make the wreath; they are fastened to fine wire, their tapering tops meeting in front of the head. Another thing "for idle hands to do" with ferns is to take nature prints from them. There are many ways of doing this. Here is one:—Lay the fern to be copied flat on a sheet of paper, to which fasten it with fine thread. Then dip a small hard brush in a solution of Indian ink, and strike it lightly on a comb, so that the ink falls on the paper in a shower of small drops, specking it all over, except where the fern is.

As for a fernery, I did not take anyone's advice in the matter myself, and I am quite sure that no one who is inclined to make one will take mine. Still, I may be allowed to mention a couple of objections. If ferns do not grow naturally in the soil, all the care that you can take of them will not make them grow well enough to be worth looking at; while if they do, your fernery will be outdone by half the hedge-banks in the country, and what is worse, every one will tell you so. Planting ferns here and there in favourable situations is a different thing; by doing this a striking improvement may often be effected with very little trouble, and once established, they increase very fast. It is in a greenhouse or in a Wardian case that ferns can be most satisfactorily cultivated. In these the natural conditions of the growth of foreign and of rare British kinds, can generally be successfully imitated, while the common hardy kinds when grown in them have a delicate beauty which out of doors they but seldom attain.

Fern fancying is (as Don Quixote's niece said poetry was) an incurable and infectious disease. Patients lose its more obvious symptoms, but never do they completely recover. And given but a single case of the fern fever, presently it has spread over whole parishes; to the puzzled amusement of those who escape it; to the spoiling of young ladies' hands, and the mending of their complexions; to the diminution of apothecaries' bills, and to the increasing of shoemakers'.—Dentists, too,—think of all the money which they earn by repairing the frightful injuries done to the teeth by the jaw-break-

ing terminology of fern science. The mental powers of new-made man were tested by setting him to give appropriate names to the rest of the creatures (Genesis, ii. 19). How is it that the faculty of doing so has so departed from us, his descendants? Our English ancestors of old time had it in a high degree. The names, for instance, which they gave to plants are as good as can be—often the perfection of poetic suggestiveness. A fern there is whose name is a spell to call up a picture—a picture of a hunted, panting deer, pausing for breath in some forest glade where in the well that he dares not stop to drink of, dips the hart's tongue fern. By water it grows longer, and is of a more graceful, flexile habit; but it thrives in any aspect. On a sunny bank, however, it is upright in growth instead of pendulous. There are forked and frilled varieties, but more beautiful than any are the long, slender, glossy, green leaves of the common kind. Finely they contrast with the plummy tufts of other ferns.

Common polypody is another fern that is leafy instead of feathery. It is cut into deep-pointed jags, is of an olive green colour, and is studded on the under-side with large circular patches of golden spore cases. An old basket maker, a particular friend of mine, informs me that "polypody is the most physickest herb there is." I cannot think of all the diseases that, according to him, it is good for. Ague, colic, cough, consumption, and stitches in the sides are not the half of them. Smooth three-branched polypody is not often seen in perfection. Heat makes it rusty, cold winds wither it, and frost cuts it off at once; when, however, it has everything it wants, and nothing it does not want, it is a beauty; almost as pretty as maidenhair, and more fragile-looking.

Mountain polypody, as well as rockbrakes and alpine shield fern—But stay, I really must be excused from climbing mountains, even in idea, while this hot weather lasts. Writing about shade-loving ferns was all very well.

MILTON, OR NOT MILTON?

THE controversy about the poem attributed to Milton has certainly been interesting, though it has also been fruitless. It is now virtually at an end, and we may sum up the result of it. The chief result of all, however, is that it curiously illustrates the futility of reason. One sees this futility most clearly in philosophy, where men arrive at certain conclusions they know not how, and then find out endless reasons in support of it. I have ventured, elsewhere,

to describe this process of the human mind by saying that men ride their arguments as children their horses. They put their legs over a stick, run far a-field, and make believe that the stick has carried them. So Bacon proved that usury must be evil, because it runs on Sundays. So Northbrooke proved the sinfulness of gambling from the third commandment, because to draw lots in idleness is to take the name and Providence of God in vain. So John Foster proved that sleeping too long is constructive blasphemy, for by abridging our conscious existence we tell God that he created us too soon; and worse than atheism, for whereas the atheist believes only in future annihilation, we choose in this world not to be. So Tertullian argued that to wear high heels is a device of Satan to give Christ the lie, who said that no man can add a cubit to his stature. And so nothing has been more curious in this Milton controversy than the absurdity of many of the reasons which have been advanced for and against the authorship of the following poem:

AN EPITAPH.

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this Urne
As a pledge of his returne.
Meanwhile y^e Muses doe deplore
The losse of this their paramour
Wth whom he sported ere y^e day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaues his laies
And puts on cypres for his bayes.
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Onely to y^e blubbering rills
And whilst his doome they thinke upon
Make their owne teares their Helicon.
Leaving y^e two-topt mount divine
To turne votaries to his shrine.

Think not (reader) me less blest
Sleeping in this narrow cist
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tombe makes happy y^e
That Bee was happier far y^e men
Who busie in y^e thymie wood
Was fettered by y^e golden flood
W^{ch} fro y^e Amber-weeping Tree
Distilleth downe so plenteously.
For so this little wanton Elfe
Most gloriously enshrind itselfe.
A tombe whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulcher.

In this little bed my dust
Incurtaind round I here entrust,
Whilst my more pure and nobler part
Lyes entomb'd in every heart.

Then passe on gently ye y^t mourne,
Touch not this mine hollowed Urne.
These Ashes w^{ch} doe here remaine
A vitall tincture still retain

A seminall forme within y^e deeps
 Of this little chaos sleeps
 The thred of life untwisted is
 Into its first consistencies
 Infant Næure cradled here
 In its principles appeare.
 This plant th[us] calcin'd into dust
 In its Ashes rest it must.
 Untill sweet Psyche shall Inspire
 A softning and p[ro]lifick fire
 And in her fost'ring armes enfold
 This Heavy and this earthly mould :
 Then, as I am Ile be no more
 But bloome and blossome f
 When this cold numnes shall retreat
 By a more y^e Chymick heat.

P. M., 10^{ber} 1647.

The poem was found in manuscript on a fly-leaf of a copy of the first collected edition of Milton's poems, which belongs to the King's Library in the British Museum. The volume bears the date of 1645, and the poem itself that of 1647. Mr. Henry Morley, a critic of great ability, lighting upon the verses, declared them to be both in the style and in the handwriting of Milton. Another critic of still greater authority in any question concerning Milton, Mr. Masson, had more than once before examined the poem and had deliberately refused to assign its parentage to the poet. Mr. Morley's conviction on the subject, however, was so strong, that in the absence of any other known writer to whom the epitaph could be ascribed, there seemed to be room for doubt, and a great dust has been raised by dozens of writers, skilled and unskilled, who fancy that they detect in the style of the poem glaring evidences of identity, or of difference, with the known style of Milton.

How strong the force of conviction can be apart from reason is proved by the fact that when the chief argument for fathering the poem upon Milton has been washed away, namely that derived from the handwriting, the belief in its Miltonic character seems no whit altered in those who held it before. The poem was originally supposed to be Milton's because the signature was supposed to be J. M., and the handwriting that of the poet. But the chief authorities have now decided that the handwriting is not Milton's, and that the signature is not J. M. It is difficult to say what the signature is, because of the Museum stamp which is made upon it with yellow ink. Some take it for P. M. It seemed to me to be more like R. M., and I have since ascertained that Mr. Masson took the same view of it. But it does not much matter what the initials are, so long as we know that the writing is not Milton's. It is fair, however, to add that the

believers in the poem, notwithstanding the decision of all the chief authorities, still stoutly maintain that the handwriting is that of Milton. It is easy to detect resemblances in old handwriting of a particular period with which we are not familiar. It is not so easy to determine what are vital differences ; and it seems to be pretty clear that the settlement of such questions should be left to those who have made a special study of them.

The decision of the Experts being dead against the penmanship and the signature of Milton, one would fancy that the conclusion is clear. But no : those who back the poem ask —Who then, could have written it? The question is natural, although not quite fair. It is not fair to argue that the poem must be Milton's because we cannot find the real author. Anyone well acquainted with the obituary poetry which was common in the first half of the seventeenth century, and which appears sometimes in the form of epitaphs, and sometimes as commendatory verses prefixed to volumes, must have been struck with a curious felicity of style pervading it, and that even in the effusions of men otherwise unknown. I do not say that in these laments and commendations one finds much originality ; but one does find a certain distinction of thought, and a certain knack of diction, appearing in the verses of nobodies, which makes one feel that the poetical faculty (if only imitative) was more common in the scholars of that period than we are apt to imagine, and which makes one wonder that men who could do so well, are not better known for still better work. There ought to be nothing surprising in the fact that of these almost unknown scholars, one whose surname began with M, admired Milton, caught somewhat of his style, and, in a favourite copy of his works, wrote a poem, in which he attempted to follow in the footsteps of the master. There was no lack of imitators in those days ; and where would one of the numerous amateurs, who thought that he had made a tolerably good poem in Milton's manner, be more likely to inscribe it than on a flyleaf of the work he studied? Thus it is no argument to say that because one cannot name the imitator of Milton, therefore there is no imitator at all, but the author is Milton himself. The names which have been suggested as possible, are scarcely worth discussing. Henry More could not have written the epitaph. Jasper Mayne was incapable of the compression of the couplets. Andrew Marvell was quite equal to the blubbing rills and to the making their own tears their Helicon ; but to little else, and

certainly not to the most Miltonic characteristic of the poem—the rhythm. The alternation of lines of seven and eight syllables creates a peculiarly subtle melody which, if not invented, was at least made familiar to our ears by Milton's use of it in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. It needed an ear far more subtle than Marvell's, Mayne's, or More's to appreciate it, and to think it worthy of imitation.

The question, then, at last, resolves itself into this: Are the resemblances to Milton's style, which may be found in this poem, beyond the reach of a good amateur; and so far beyond him that they must countervail the weight of evidence against the genuineness of the poem? Conceive what this great weight of evidence is.

1. In the first place, the handwriting is not Milton's, and it is extremely difficult to say what is the first of the two initials with which it is signed. It is very unlike J. It is more like P or R. And the M is not Milton's M.

2. Again, and this is very important, Milton never claimed the poem in any edition of his works. It is all the more important inasmuch as he did not think it beneath him to scrape together, and to preserve, in the same volume with his finest work, awful rubbish which had better have been forgotten. He appears to have had the most affectionate, paternal regard for the issue of his pen, however worthless, and we may therefore be pretty sure, that if this poem had really been his, he would have taken care of it.

3. Milton was incapable of the bad grammar contained in the couplet,

Infant nature, cradled here,
In its principles appear.

4. Lastly, there is a word of constant recurrence in modern English which Milton carefully avoided—*its*. The word had not then perfectly established itself in classical English, and Milton was in the habit of using in place of it, *his* or *her*. He has written a great deal of poetry; and, in the whole mass of it, this word *its* occurs but twice. But what do we find here? That in a short poem of 54 lines it occurs four times. In a short poem which is not in his handwriting, which is not signed with his initials, which he who was most careful of his literary progeny never acknowledged, and which contains an error of grammar he could not have committed, the word in question occurs twice as often as he has used it in the thousands upon thousands of lines which are undoubtedly his. There is no escape from such a fact as this.

On the other hand what is to be said? The poem contains some pretty touches, but none beyond the reach of a clever amateur. The finest line is the second, where the solitude of the soul is indicated in the description of the body as a hermitage of clay. But there is nothing specially Miltonic in this, nor very original; and what there is of Miltonic in the poem—as, the arrangement of the rhythm; the selection of such terms as *amber-weeping* and *quills*, and the *untwisted thread of life*; together with the combination of coldness and hyperbole, or of christianity, paganism and science, in an elaborate strain of lament;—is precisely what we should expect from any skilful amateur who should try to take after Milton. That the poem is rough, and in its rhyming licentious, is no argument against its being by Milton. But it is not easy to follow the reasoning by which it is made out that a poem which some one, (not Milton,) has written in a copy of Milton's poems, must have been composed by Milton because he who possessed this volume and wrote in it caught some echoes of its pervading style.

TABLE TALK.

ON the first day of the first year of this century, the Italian Astronomer Piazzi discovered a little planet, the first member of the extensive group of planetoids which, as subsequent research has taught us, circulate between Mars and Jupiter. It is worth noting that the hundredth of these tiny worlds has just lately been found; and connected with its discovery there is a curious circumstance. It was independently detected by three different and distant observers. One, Watson by name, at Ann Arbor, in Michigan, U. S., found it on July 11; another, Professor Peters, of Clinton, New York, caught it on July 14; and, lastly, M. Coggia, at Marseilles, picked it up on July 16. The first-named will, of course, be credited with the find, but the others were true discoverers, as they knew nothing of Mr. Watson's detection of the planet. If the object were at all striking or attractive, there would be nothing remarkable in three people thus seeing it. But a planet of its size is as a grain of sand upon the sea-shore, undistinguishable from the host of minute stars about it, except by a very small motion that it has, and that the stars have not. It may be asked, how is such a thing found at all? By the laborious process of charting down with great accuracy all the stars within a selected area, however small

they may be, and then going over the chart a few hours after, or the next night, to see if any one has slightly shifted its position. If a wanderer is suspected, it is watched and followed till the suspicion is confirmed, and its planetary character determined, or till the supposed motion is negatived, and it is conclusive that it is only a star. Is it not, therefore, curious that this little speck of light, after glimmering for centuries unknown, should all at once be picked out from its obscurity by three independent eyes within twice three days? That in the immense area of the planetary zone, three men, widely separated, should chance to be sweeping one small corner at one particular time? Surely such an event deserves to be recorded among the curiosities of science. Yet it is not unique; an older planetoid—reckoning age by discovery—ycleped Amphitrite, was found from the Regent's Park Observatory on March 1, 1854, from Oxford on March 2, and from Marseilles on March 3, without either of the later observers knowing anything of the antecedent discovery. One might be disposed to ask what is the use of these paltry little mites of the solar family; but perhaps we should be met with the reply that Franklin gave to the cynic who demanded the utility of his electric kite:—"What is the use of a child? it may become a man." There they are, and for the present we must be content to accept each new one as another letter in the cipher that may one day tell their purpose.

AMID the *Acanthus* leaves and scrolls forming the capital of the Nelson Column at Charing Cross, a colony of wild pigeons has taken up its abode, where they make their nest and bring forth their young. These nestlings of peace seem strangely placed beneath the feet of the great naval warrior. Nothing would have pleased the little hero better, however, than to have known that his monument would afford a resting-place for weary wings; better this than Westminster Abbey. Pigeons seem to have a fancy for the metropolis. The Guildhall Yard is more like a fancier's establishment than the Court of the Civic Hall of London, and the new Houses of Parliament afford a roosting-place for large flocks of these birds, which find secure retreats in the elaborate carved work, and breed in the Tudor crowns so plentifully scattered over the face of the building. So also Somerset House and the Custom House.

VERITABLE mosquitoes are at our doors without a doubt. I saw a pillboxful, that

had been caught last week in the Plumstead Marshes, near Woolwich, and had been stamped as genuine by the Microscopic Society. Very little larger than the common gnat, they scarcely seem capable of making themselves a nuisance; indeed, they look quite contemptible—now they are dead!

THERE are few situations in life, during the present tropical weather, more unpleasant than broiling for half an hour in some photographic studio, whilst the artist is posing you for a portrait. Such establishments are almost universally on the top of the house, full in the glare of the midday sun; modified doubtless by blinds, but still sufficiently full of glare to make the sitter screw up his eyes, especially at the moment when the manipulator says, Now. The very effort required to mount the stairs gives more than a blush-rose tint to the faces of sweet seventeen, and to ladies of a certain age red of a deeper dye is not uncommon. Now, red as a colour does not come out well in the photograph. The soldier's coat appears black, the flushed face is represented in the portrait by a complexion very like that of a half caste. Under such circumstances, very hot weather is not favourable to photographic portraiture. In New York, where the present exceptional heat is only the ordinary summer temperature, they take measures to obviate the difficulties that are now annoying our photographic artists. Whilst the sitter is arranging himself at his ease, a deliciously cool air is directed towards him. The apparatus that cools his features and gives animation to his eye, may be counted as one of those ingenious American inventions with respect to domestic appliances, in which they are far in advance of ourselves. By means of a gas engine, easily managed and applied, a small winnowing machine gives out a continuous current of air. The addition of a little ice affords the necessary coolness. This admirable engine may be used with advantage in many situations. Imagine, good reader, the delight, after being closely cropped by Marsh, of having your head iced by the application of an arctic current! At a dinner-party, again, how we should bless the host for ordering John to turn on a Polar gale for a few minutes. In short, iced air, if this weather continues, will be as much in demand as iced drinks.

A theatrical speculator once set up an iced theatre in New York. I think it was New York; but wherever it was, the theatre was an

iced one. The auditorium was cool to the ~~nth~~-cucumber power. There was an afternoon performance, and pedestrians in the broiling sun found the attraction of the announcement too great to be resisted. The theatre was soon crowded with a paying audience. For the first quarter of an hour the effect was delicious. In half an hour every one was perfectly cool and comfortable. In three quarters, some here and there, thought they felt draughts. After an hour was over most of the audience began to feel a little chilly. Some, during the entr'acte, returned to the sun, over-heated themselves and came back to the theatre. During the third act the exciting drama was interrupted by sneezes and coughs. In the fourth there was a row in consequence of several persons in the front seats insisting upon putting their hats on. The next day, and during the following week, the manager was inundated with letters threatening lawsuits for damage to health sustained by visiting his iced theatre. Poorer people, who had affected the gallery and pit, which in return had considerably affected *them*, called upon him with swollen faces, husky voices, lumbago, bad coughs, incipient catarrhs, and painful rheumatics, all brought on by sitting in the new iced theatre. The manager did the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances. He promised immediate redress to every one, and immediately left New York for London.

WHO is it says that in this hot weather we ought to wear cabbage leaves on the head? Is this what is meant?



A FRENCH paper gives an odd mnemonic rhyme for those who desire to remember in chronological order the councils of the Church:—

Ni—Co—E—
 Chal—Co—Co—
 Ni—Co—La—
 La—La—La—
 Lu—Lu—Vi—
 Pi—Con—Bâ—
 Flo—La—Tri

Which, being interpreted, stands for,—Nice ; Constantinople ; Ephesus ; Chalcedon ; then Constantinople twice ; Nice ; Constantinople again ; Lateran four times ; Lyons, that is, Lugdunum, twice ; Vienne ; Pisa ; Constance ; Bâle ; Florence ; Lateran ; and Trente (Tridentinum).

HERE is a trifle for an album, if anyone keeps that style of book on the drawing-room table now-a-days. It is from *Paris-Caprice*, and arose out of a divorce case:—

O charmante Mariquita !
 Que ton premier mari quitta,
 O charmante Mariquita,
 Heureux l'autre mari qui t'a !

CHERUBINI was standing in a doorway, trying to shelter himself from the beating rain, under an umbrella rather the worse for wear. A gentleman passing in a cab recognised the maestro, and, pulling up, politely placed the vehicle at his disposal. Cherubini accepted the offer ; and the kindly stranger, who had acted thus solely in the interests of art, on taking Cherubini's place in the doorway, requested the loan of the umbrella. "I never lend my umbrella," returned Cherubini, and drove off.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 34.

August 22, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXI.—CHORDS THAT VIBRATE.

WHEN Henri Dupont de Laporte told the Dowager that Olivier could inform her better than anyone else of all that had happened at the fête given by M. de Moranges in the forest of St. Germain, he told her what was strictly true, only the word *all* was susceptible of two readings. According to one reading the all was nothing; according to the other, the nothing was by far too much. But this was Olivier's secret, and it was not one he was likely to impart to his mother.

In truth, it would have been hard to say to whom he could have related what had passed, for he avoided as much as possible avowing to himself that anything had passed. And in reality what had happened? Simply that which will happen when the system of marriage (consequently the social system) is based upon the exclusion of love.

Though Claire was as lovely as it had ever fallen to the lot of a woman to be, she was not lovely to her husband, for she loved him not, and was not trained to think it wrong to marry without love, but on the contrary. What then could become of these two?

Olivier thought life a dull job, but not very much more so since his marriage. He had found out how to deceive his guardians, in early days, and whether his wife or his mother were the deceived party, did not much matter, so long as he was free to do whatever he liked without any disagreeable results. "Whatever he liked." Yes! but did Olivier like anything? Well there was the rub—and our friend Aspasia was right in her appreciation of M. de Beauvoisin. He rather liked music, certainly a particular kind of music, that which appealed solely to the senses, or came under

the head of mere amusement. He was liable to be impressed by a beautiful voice, and Claudine had an unmistakeably beautiful one.

One day, as I have said, this voice trembled with passion, and the first note of a chord was struck which at first died away in silence. Olivier was as yet careless of Claudine, but Claudine was charged towards Olivier.

Olivier had got to be the daily visitor at the Hotel de Moranges, and his uncle seemed used to his presence. He seemed even to have taken a sort of liking to him, and when M. de Moranges arranged the splendid fête he offered to his Hungarian guest, it was natural that Claudine should be confided to Olivier. When evening came on, M. de Beauvoisin sat by the Sphinx at the gorgeous dinner presided over by his uncle. She was singularly beautiful that night, but silent beyond her wont. On the other side of her sat the Hungarian Count, and the remarks he permitted himself upon her beauty were such as to rouse Olivier into paying unusual attention to her.

When the banquet was over, the whole party adjourned to the miniature theatre that M. de Moranges had obtained leave to have constructed for a dozen hours in the centre of one of the clearings of the forest.

The theatre was a band-box naturally,—a thorough miniature, in the Trianon style, exquisitely pretty, not too glaringly lighted; but in it, as M. de Moranges himself said, on entering it, one thing had been omitted: a public, namely, of wax-work spectators. At this omission, the donor of the fête was inconsolable. "I ought to have thought of that!" he exclaimed, as he cast a rapid glance over the necessarily unoccupied benches, which, few and well-contrived as they were, and masked by bushes of flowers, could not be otherwise than empty.

In the centre box sat M. de Moranges and his Hungarian friend, and two other men of such rank and fame that they stood apart from all others. In the proscenium box to the right, sat the Sphinx; in that to the left, our friend Aspasia, who, on that evening, free from con-

straint, and more or less left to her own devices, was Mlle. de Mourjonville with a vengeance. The fair Aspasia had her court, and played sovereign in it with the greatest possible ease; far outdoing Claudine in that respect; Claudine showing herself, as has been noted, singularly taciturn and inanimate on this occasion.

I have said that Olivier's attention had been drawn towards Claudine by the openly expressed admiration of the Hungarian Count; and, as he sat beside her in the box, he could not choose but remark to himself how strangely beautiful she was, and what a singular charm was hers. It was not her beauty only, it was the spell which, on that particular night, belonged to her, and was, as it were, the emanation of her whole being. All women, in the fatal hour of triumph of this kind, move in an atmosphere of their own, and, when they subjugate the senses of poor mortals, they are veiled in the goddess-cloud, which renders them invincible. It may be but for an hour, a moment, but that moment may destroy a life, and it comes almost certainly once. It had come for Olivier de Beauvoisin.

A heavy atmosphere gathered round those two as they sat side by side listening in silence to dangerous music, and the very air filled with perfume and love-charged looks.

"I fancy connoisseurs think her singing admirable," said, slowly and languidly, Claudine, as though she felt she ought to speak; "but how coldly she sings!"

"I would rather hear you sing!" replied Olivier, in a whisper.

Why did he speak so low? He couldn't tell; but he couldn't have spoken louder for the life of him.

Another long silence; and then,—

"One would really think your friend, Count Dupont, was paying court to Aspasia," observed Claudine, in the same slow and oppressed tone. "Look at him; how absorbed he seems by her."

"He will never pay court to anyone," murmured Olivier; "he is bronzed."

"Ah!" The word dropped from the moist ruby lips of the Sphinx, lingering as it dropped with curious significance.

"You do not like my friend Henri," pursued Olivier, as though forcing himself to speech by a strong effort; "yet he is an intense admirer of yours."

"Of mine?" and the question was commented on by a slow but negative shake of the head.

"Of yours," repeated Olivier. "Why should

he escape the common lot?" and his voice sank lower with each word he uttered, and he fed with his eyes upon the flush which each word called up on the magnolia-pale surface of Claudine's pale brow and cheek. "Do you know," he added, coming closer to her, so that the perfumes of her hair and of her breath wrapt him round. "Do you know that Henri has a legend about you? He says he saw you once, long ago, down in the country, near to us. A strange idea, isn't it?—quite a dream. But he persists in it."

The whisper was hushed on Olivier's lip by the effect of what he had said. The flush died out on Claudine's cheek and brow, leaving them paler than any magnolia leaf had ever been, the lids closed over her dark, dangerous eyes, and an involuntary shiver passed over her limbs as she tightly grasped the arm of the chair on which she sat.

It was the affair of two seconds; when Claudine spoke again it was in an altered tone, and on indifferent subjects. She looked no more at her companion.

When the theatrical performance was over, M. de Moranges and his guests went to pay their compliments to the great artists who had enchanted them. Aspasia insisted on dragging off Count Dupont to see how the machinery of a theatre was worked (as though she had never before had an opportunity of acquiring this knowledge).

Olivier and Claudine stood alone upon the peristyle that had been erected as an entrance to the temporary little opera house. In front of them lay the forest, with small snaky white paths winding through all its greenery, and catching here and there in the dim distance a white ray of the moon.

M. de Beauvoisin tendered his arm to the Sphinx, and silently they went towards the forest paths, till there soon was nothing around them save the dark leafy wealth of the solemn wood, with the silver flood of the moonlight breaking in upon the mossy sward, and the smell of the earth and of the flowers rising up into the night air.

For sometime neither spoke, but the breathing and the gait of either were unsteady, faltering under the mysterious weight that was oppressing both.

"Claudine," said Olivier, in a scarcely audible voice; "were you hurt by what I told you just now of Henri Dupont? why were you so?"

And saying this, he took in his the soft hand that lay heavy on his arm.

No answer came in words; but the bounding

pulse responded—her head sank upon his shoulder, as an overladen flower that inclines to earth. Their lips cold and trembling met.

Love has countless different modes of expression—passion has but one. It is the same always; the same which compelled Francesca and Paolo to read no more that day, and which will doom to misery and ruin so many countless myriads of souls in this our inexplicable existence.

This was what had happened at the fête of the Marquis de Moranges, and at which Henri Dupont never guessed. Was it all? or was it nothing? That is as it may be—it was perhaps neither, but simply, as Mercutio says, Enough.

CHAPTER XXII.—KINDRED MINDS.

AT somewhere about the same time when what has been related in the last chapter was taking place between Olivier and the Sphinx, Claire de Beauvoisin was seated in a small room on the second floor of her hotel, her hands crossed over a book that lay open on her knees. The room was simply furnished, hung with chintz (a pale grey ground covered with clusters of field flowers), but there was not a trace of luxury in it. It was lighted by one lamp on a table near the window, the rest of it being in deep shade. Near this table sat the young marquise, alone, and with the air of a person who is watching. The third quarter after nine had just struck, and was repeated from the several church clocks in the neighbourhood. When a long note, sounded by the house-porter upon the timbre, reached Madame de Beauvoisin's ears, she was not certain that, instead of announcing a visitor, it was not merely the third stroke of the last quarter of the hour. For what visitor was likely to come? and at all events none would disturb her, for she had given orders to close the doors, and say she did not receive. But it was a visitor nevertheless, for a footstep was audible upon the small staircase leading to this room, and a footman presented himself at the door, saying,—

"Madame la Marquise, it is Monsieur le Vicomte de Lancour, who—"

"It's only I, Claire," added a man's voice, and passing quickly before the servant, Victor advanced into the room, and, holding out his hands to his cousin, added, "I have a message from Olivier; of course you wouldn't refuse to let me in—besides, I won't keep you a moment."

Claire had started up at the sight of her

cousin Victor, and had come forward a few steps, but without extending a hand to the unexpected visitor. She looked embarrassed and not pleased. The footman left the room and closed the door.

"Olivier is detained," began M. de Lancour; "it is not his fault if you are told so late, it is not my fault either—it is an accident; but Olivier can't possibly go with you to the ball; he thinks you had better go with his mother or your mother."

"I am not going to the ball," replied Claire; "and, pray don't speak so loud; Pierre is there," and she pointed with her hand to the dark part of the room, where stood a cradle hung with clear muslin curtains.

"You don't mean to say the child's ill," rejoined her cousin, with genuine and tender anxiety.

"I was seriously afraid he was so a few hours ago; but he is better now, and sleeping quite calmly. I had forgotten all about the ball."

"Well, Bouffémont would be ill-pleased if he heard that," said Victor, with a smile; "he fancies this house-warming ball of his is an object of European interest. There is not a *cocodette* of the great world who will not be there, and they say Madame de Varignan's dress is to cost thirty thousand francs!"

"What message was it you brought?" inquired Claire, re-seating herself, and pointing to a chair, which her cousin appropriated to himself.

"Simply this: Olivier had intended to be back in Paris in time to take you to the ball at Bouffémont's. He found (just before dinner, I suppose, for his telegram is dated half-past six) that this was not possible; and then telegraphed off to me to tell me to put myself at your service, and advise you to go either with the Dowager or with Madame de Clavreuil. I didn't dine at home. The telegram was brought by my servant to the club, and I only got it twenty minutes ago, and came off to you instantly. You see it was nobody's fault."

"Olivier was out of town, then?" observed Claire.

"Olivier is at St. Germain, at the great fête given by his uncle—"

"By M. de Moranges?"

"Yes; Olivier has become quite a favourite with his uncle."

Madame de Beauvoisin looked at her cousin Victor with a strange expression of something verging on contempt. "I did not know," said she, "that Olivier was an *habitué* there."

"Perhaps I have done wrong, then, to tell

you," rejoined M. de Lancour; "but I thought you knew it. You must not forget that you yourself are on very good terms with your uncle Moranges."

"I meet my uncle Moranges abroad," said Claire, "chiefly at aunt Clementine's, and I do like talking with him extremely; he is so much more agreeable and better informed than the younger men of our world. But with my uncle in his own home I have nothing to do, and I do think that they who go there do wrong."

"One must not be over hard," said Victor, turning a paper-knife round and round in his fingers; "one never ought to judge—one never knows all."

"I hope I never am hard upon any one," responded Claire; "I try not to be so."

Perhaps she had given to her words more expression than she intended, for M. de Lancour seemed in no hurry to break the silence that followed them. At last:

"When did your boy fall ill?" asked he.

"In the middle of the day. I was just going out to drive, when, as usual, I ran up to see him before going out, and found him hot and uneasy, and with a sudden cough that alarmed me. I sent for the doctor, and for aunt Clementine; and for three or four hours he was very restless. But it seems it was nothing but the cutting of a tooth. The potion they gave him calmed him, and since the last two hours he has been quite quiet. Aunt Clementine dined with me up here beside his cradle, and only left me at nine o'clock."

"May one look at Pierre?" asked Victor, breaking the silence that had established itself between the two.

"If you do so very quietly, so as not to wake him. Stay! I will give you a light," and rising, she lighted a taper in a flat candlestick, and accompanied her cousin to the child's bed. Victor raised the curtain with the touch of a practised nurse, and bent over the cradle, while Claire shaded the light with her hand.

The baby was sleeping soundly, with evident moisture upon his rosy skin, and on one cheek just a tiny flush remaining of what had marked the passage of his few hours' fever.

"Dear little fellow," murmured Victor, in just that tone of genuine fondness which—whatever be the other feelings in the mother's heart—will not leave her unsympathetic. And then he looked scrutinisingly at the sleeping child, touched his forehead cautiously, saw there was no fever left, and as he turned away, said again, "Dear little fellow!" and returned to his seat opposite to the Marquise, having

first bid her put aside the curtains that were round the cradle.

"But they say he should be kept warm," objected she, obeying all the same.

Victor smiled. "Nonsense!" said he; "that is the worn-out science of stupid, worn-out doctors; a child should have air."

"How can you possibly know anything about children?" inquired the young marquise.

"Because I have been twelve years a soldier," replied he; "and he must be a sorry soldier who in that time has not learned how to take care of his own species, whether men, women, or children. I limit my doctor's skill, you see, at this moment to human beings, but an officer who should not be a veterinary surgeon would have learnt only half his trade; if a man does not learn an immense deal in the army, he runs the risk of forgetting nearly everything. Most men do learn, luckily."

Claire shook her head. "That is not what people generally say in our world," observed she.

"Claire," said Victor, at a later period of this conversation, "listen to me once, we do not meet often now. Do you think I cannot trace your mother's hand, and above all, the hand of that execrable mother of Olivier's, in your altered manner to me? Do you think I don't know what they have been saying to you? Do you think I don't see the difference in you, Claire? Do you think you have not hurt me more than any other living creature upon earth could have hurt me?"

There was a tender reproachfulness in Victor's tone as he thus spoke that stirred Claire's heart, and made her turn pale, while tears gathered under her drooping eyelids.

"That saintly aunt Clementine, too," he pursued; "do you think——"

"Stop," interrupted Claire; "you do her injustice. Aunt Clementine has altogether another creed. I believe she thinks that everything may be forgiven where there is a real attachment;" her voice was very low, and she spoke with hesitation.

"So much the better for her. But then, in God's name, Claire, my own Claire, why did she allow them to marry you to Olivier?" The words burst from him involuntarily.

Claire, pale as death, looked at him, speechlessly, but looked at him full in the face, stared at him vacantly with her large, hopeless eyes.

"Forgive me, dear child," said he, gently. "I have let myself be carried away by my extreme affection for you" (the Marquise had in

one second recovered all her self-possession) ; "we were brought up together, dear, though I was ten or eleven years older than you ; you were my little sister—you were a child whom I could still take on my knee when I left St. Cyr (and how you admired my uniform that day !) ; you grew gradually into the sweet, lovely, darling girl you were last year, while I was battling through life in God knows what out-of-the-way places ; every time I came back you were more charming, lovelier, dearer, and so glad, so happy to see me, Claire ! and then, one fine day, when I return home from Algeria, I find you gone—gone to Italy with your husband—married to Olivier de Beauvoisin."

"You will, I presume, scarcely deem it a proof of friendship to speak ill of my husband to me?" remarked the Marquise.

M. de Lancour rose, took a few steps forwards, and then backwards, and standing in front of his cousin, "Claire," said he, sadly, "it is evident that you have been taught to think so ill of me that you cannot understand me any more. I will not importune you longer, but I have said too much not to say more. When I lost you, Claire, I lost the sweetest, best thing a man can have in life—a true and loving sister. That ought not to have been. The man you should have married, ought to have been my brother for the love I bore you, and to you, my married sister, Claire, I ought to have been able to come and confide all that is painful and irretrievable in my existence ; but the eternal system was practised with you as with all others. A man, —no, a fortune, a name, an estate, was fixed upon, and your establishment was planned out and achieved ; you never dreamt of resistance, no one ever dreamt of rescuing you ; the same thing had been done for centuries and submitted to by everybody whom everybody else ever knew, and therefore why should you be an exception. Had I been here, Claire, I would have appealed to you, and prevented the sacrifice, for you were better worth than that, my poor, dear cousin—at all events, better worth then."

"Worth very little now, do you mean to imply?" demanded the Marquise, but more in sadness than in anger.

"No, Claire, dear," rejoined Victor, "I do not mean anything of the sort, and I will prove it to you. I am not in pain for what the world, unworthy as it is to judge, will call your worth. I am in pain for your happiness. Marriage as we practise it in this country leads to misery, for if sin be avoided the entire nature is narrowed down ; all human beings to be worth

anything must love, and therefore, my own dear cousin Claire, do your best to love your husband !"

"I do so," rejoined she, defiantly.

"No, Claire, you do not, for he is morally a stranger to you, as you are to him. It won't do, dear child, there is misery in it. Bring up that boy there," and he pointed to the child's cradle, "to do the very reverse of all that his forefathers have done ; teach him to love ardently, deeply, but to be bound where he has loved, to love purely ; teach him that there is no dignity, and no happiness out of a married life based on love ; and Claire, my dear little sister, Claire, force yourself to love your husband, devote yourself to the study of him, know him, find out his better points, educate, fashion, transform him ; there is something in everyone, bring out that something in Olivier."

"There is nothing!" muttered Claire, as though speaking to herself.

Their eyes met, and both looked blank.

"And you told me you loved him!" exclaimed Victor mournfully.

They did not speak long together after that, but when he was gone Claire went to her child's cradle, knelt down by it, and hiding her face in the coverings, prayed and wept. Every word of Victor's was the reflection of what she felt in her own heart, and what it seemed now too late to feel, and the lessons he tried to teach her were no longer applicable, for the one, only one for whom she would have risked and sacrificed everything, was devoted to another woman, and imploring her to do her utmost to love another man. "It was so hard?" thought Claire.

CHAPTER XXIII.—IN FOR IT.

A WEEK had passed since the fête given by M. de Moranges at St. Germain.

It was early in the day, and Olivier was in his stable, (the stable he looked down into from the plate glass over the chimney piece in his room). He was walking up and down, with the eternal cigar in his mouth ; by his side walked Count Dupont de la Porte : the stable was for the moment empty, and the two men were speaking low.

"So that you suppose the Dowager actually never knew anything at all about it?" said Henri Dupont, continuing a conversation already begun before.

"I don't believe she ever guessed at a single incident ; but then, you know, the Abbé Lan-nion was such a screen ! his fright was some-

thing ludicrous, because he never could, to the last, understand the matter as it really happened, nor conceive how his proselytising, and above all, his political zeal, could have got me into such a scrape; he thinks to this hour he did his duty in trying to convert Mardonnet; what's more, he is convinced he did convert him, and he would act over again just as he acted before, if all were to recommence; but it was marvellous to see how for two years he always managed to get money whenever it was required."

"What! so the abbé furnished the means of stopping Mardonnet's mouth till you were of age?"

"Naturally. I was but nineteen; there were two years to run, so six or seven times we had to furnish instalments to Mardonnet."

"Well, I wonder the fellow didn't try to frighten your mother," propounded Dupont, stopping short in his lounge.

"No one would attempt that," rejoined Olivier. "Bless you, she's as well known as the white wolf; not only down in our country, but even here in Paris. You just go and ask anybody connected with affairs, or with the Bourse, any Jew, or any broker, about the Dowager Marquise de Beauvoisin, and see what they'll say. Frighten her? No one ever did that; besides, what stopped Mardonnet was, that he knew if she was applied to, he would lose his money."

"How do you mean that, Olivier?" exclaimed Henri. "You don't imagine, do you, that your mother would have refused to repay what you really had borrowed?"

"My mother refuse!" echoed the Marquis; "of course she would. I was a minor, and she could not only have refused, but have prosecuted Mardonnet for conspiracy, and I don't know what besides."

"But the disgrace to your name?" interrupted Dupont; "the shame, the scandal? she would have recoiled before all that?"

"Not she," affirmed her son: "and Mardonnet well knew that, and left her in peace. Refuse, indeed," he continued, "I should think she would have refused; and quite right too."

"Right, Olivier?" said Count Dupont, in a severe tone, and looking his companion full in the face. "Right! why, then, if that's your creed, didn't you imitate her example? Why didn't you refuse to pay? or why didn't you tell her yourself, and make her help you out of the scrape?"

Olivier evaded his friend's gaze, turned pale, and then scarlet, took his cigar from his lips,

then put it back and drew a tremendous puff, then coughed from having half strangled himself. At last—

"You take one's words so literally," stammered he, still coughing, and looking the very picture of embarrassment. "Of course, if I had really meant to be dishonest I could have been so easily; but, you see, I paid in the end. I only say what my mother would have done;—my mother's a tough one. But you do catch one up so, Henri; one says things one don't mean."

"It's a bad practice, Olivier," replied Dupont; "and there are things that ought never to be uttered even in joke."

They lounged on a few paces in silence.

"And so," resumed Count Dupont, "the abbé provided you with funds for two whole years?"

"Yes: it didn't come to so very much after all. Twelve thousand francs about. But, Lord! he got it for the asking; old ladies gave it him, and thought they were buying eternal salvation by chapel building. He could get any sum in a given time."

"And I presume you repaid him?"

"I should think so: he took me ten per cent. interest, which he swore was for the poor."

"And what made Mardonnet marry Camille Leblond?" inquired Henri.

"Why, her money, to be sure," replied Olivier; "she has been a milch cow to him. She brought him no inconsiderable sum at once; and she got him the appointment of cashier to that bank that was founded somewhere in Moldavia or Wallachia, and where they went two or three years ago to live. Besides, to say the truth, I believe Mardonnet was in love with her."

And the Marquis indulged in a laugh that prevented him from seeing the expression of disgust upon his friend's countenance.

"Were you?" asked Dupont.

"Not I," was the rejoinder.

"Then all that money was spent, and all that scrape got into, without any sentimentality?" remarked Henri. "It was insanity with premeditation, was it?"

"Well, you see, Roger and Gaston both ran after the girl; and Gaston was rich, and could spend a good deal, and, of course, I couldn't be outdone by him;—and Camille was immensely the fashion."

"So we note down then: item—no love," said Dupont.

"Well," retorted Olivier, "I don't think I'm exactly the sort of man to go falling in love;"

and he appeared to feel a proud satisfaction at being able to make this statement.

"We say: item, no love," pursued Henri. "Tell me frankly, Olivier, was there any amusement?"

"I should say none in particular," was the answer; "on the whole, rather a bore,—as those kind of things always are."

"And yet it cost tolerably dear," resumed Count Dupont. "Well, my good fellow, I never knew the rights of the story before, and I used to regret that I had been absent when it all happened; but now I see I shouldn't have been of much use to you."

He went his way, and Olivier mounted the stairs leading to his splendid blue and silver furnished room.

He had scarcely been in it more than a few minutes, when his own confidential valet entered, and informed him that a lady was in M. le Marquis's ante-room, and requested to see him upon most urgent business.

"It is the second time she has been here this morning," said the man; "she came about an hour ago, and M. le Marquis had just gone down into the stable with M. le Comte Dupont, so she went away, and said she would come again."

"Is she young or old?" asked Olivier.

"It is hard to say, M. le Marquis," replied the valet, "she is so very thickly veiled; but from the voice I should say young, and from her dress it is easy to see that she is a great lady—the richest of everything she has on!"

"Well, Leroux, I suppose she must be let in," said M. de Beauvoisin, in a sort of half-victimised tone, and rubbing the back of his head with an air of great perplexity. "I hope there's no family complication impending anywhere," he muttered, as his servant left the room.

The rustle of silk was heard winding up the staircase, a luscious, spicy perfume invaded the room, as through the open door stepped the form of a veiled woman. M. de Beauvoisin bowed, as the door was closed, and pointed to a seat, saying, very politely,—

"Madame, may I ask to what I owe the honour—"

But as the lady advanced towards him, and still standing, took off her veil, the words died upon his tongue. He started and turned pale with unmistakeable alarm.

"You, Claudine!" he exclaimed; "you here! What can have made you commit such an act of madness?"

"You!" she replied, coming closer to him, and laying her hand upon his arm. "Why

have you never come since the other day? You said you would come the next day, and I waited at home till evening—I said I was not well, and could not go out driving—but you never came; it was a week yesterday."

"But I have been," faltered Olivier, "I have been twice."

"Yes," she resumed, "at times when you knew there would be no one in; you came the day of the *Matinée* at the Pré Catelan, and on Sunday before the return from the races; you knew I should be forced to go to both."

Claudine was much altered during this week, far more beautiful than before, but of quite a different beauty. All the sleepy repose had fled from her countenance, and the latent beauty that Henri Dupont had foreseen in her on that rainy night in the courtyard at Clavreuil, had sprung to life with strange, nay, terrible intensity. The lustrous eyes were full of flame, and their lids no longer heavily drooping over them, seemed drawn upwards by the action of the hard, sharp, relentless eyebrow (the Medusa-like feature of the face, as Henri Dupont had at once divined). Her lips, no longer like wet rubies, were dry and unequally red; the smooth satin of her skin was disturbed, and dark shadows lay upon it, and the hand she had laid upon M. de Beauvoisin's arm burned like an ember just snatched from a furnace.

Olivier, it must be avowed, felt uncomfortable and helpless, as he became, with one glance, aware of the sudden alteration in the Sphinx. The woman no longer lay dormant in Claudine. Was this anyone's fault; hers, or his, or whose? That was too much of an enigma for Olivier's faculties; but the whole affair, as he mentally styled it, was unpleasant.

What was he to do? Why, of course, get Claudine to go away as fast as possible; but how? He scarcely knew what to say to her, as she stood gazing at him with her terrible eyes, and still holding his arm with her burning fingers.

"Tell me why you have never come?" she recommenced; "why did you break your promise?"

"My dear creature," stammered Olivier, "I must take care of—of your reputation;" and when she had released his arm, and was looking him through and through, he first perceived what a foolish speech, in his confusion, he had made.

"My reputation?" she repeated, in a tone of such bitterness that it frightened him. "What is that? Do not say things of that kind to me, or I shall kill myself." (Olivier

shuddered.) "Concealment is our only policy, and I will answer for nothing being found out, if I am not driven mad by doubt of you." She came nearer to him once more, and took his hand in hers: "I will be as gentle and obedient as a dog," murmured she, "so long as you do not cease to love me; but if I fear to lose you, I shall go mad. I have not slept for a week, and, this morning, I resolved to tell your uncle everything;" (Olivier was stunned by this unexpected blow;) "but then I thought it was best to try and see you first, and so I came. I was desperate, for I had not even the hope that you were ill! I heard indirectly of your goings and comings at the club."

"How did you contrive to get away alone?" inquired Olivier, anxious to know what was the measure of imprudence committed.

"I said I was going to church to hear a mass for my mother," she answered, naïvely. "I do go sometimes, and then I go alone; Aspasia only comes on Sundays and great feast days."

"Well, you must make haste back now," observed Olivier, "or we shall all be in danger of detection: in ten minutes the breakfast-bell will ring, and my mother breakfasts here to-day. When she is in the house, I am never safe, for she might come up here."

"I will go directly," responded Claudine, "and do whatever you bid me, so that I am sure of you. But you will not stay away any more? You will come as you used to do, every day?"

"Yes, dear," was the rejoinder of the vanquished lover.

All the menace and all the fierceness of disappointed passion had expired in the whole being of the Sphinx. She laid the scented waves of her fair hair under Olivier's chin, wound her arm about his neck, and spun her Dejanira web around him naturally, and not meaning any harm.

Olivier's fate was sealed. Claire de Clavreuil's husband, the man she had, unloving, espoused, and who loved not her, was imprisoned in the toils of a Traviata, to be extricated therefrom as it might please blind chance.

"Olivier?" whispered Claudine, as, half-disengaged from his embrace, she still clung to him, with looks that seemed as though they would never loose their hold; "tell me now, why you did not come?"

He hesitated, passed his hand over his forehead, and then, looking at her, said,—

"Because I felt you were an awful danger

for me, Claudine; and, hang it, so you are!" he added, in a more decided tone.

"But you won't try to escape from it any more, will you?" she murmured, nestling her head once more into his neck.

"Oh, no," rejoined he, with an accent she did not understand; "it's no use trying now: I'm in for it."

What Olivier's reflections might have been upon his present situation when once Claudine was safely gone, it would be difficult to tell; they were cut short by the entrance of the Dowager through the door communicating with the rest of the hotel, who came to ask him if he had not heard the breakfast-bell.

THE CRITICAL TEMPER.

THERE are two popular errors about sympathy of which I desire to say a few words. This power of sympathy is the most mysterious in the human heart, the most potent in its influence on human education, the purest and the most constant source of human delight. Its causes, its processes, and its effects are not half enough studied. And the two errors in regard to it which I want to discuss are: first, that sympathy implies a gushing strength of feeling; secondly, that it is opposed to the critical temperament. In reality, they are but separate aspects of one and the same error; but it may be convenient to consider them as distinct.

Women are apt to fall into the first of these errors. Strong of feeling themselves, they reproach men for not being equally strong; and their reproaches take the form of saying, You have no sympathy. They claim to themselves the glory of being very sympathetic; and men have the discredit of being rather the reverse. Now the truth lies quite the other way, though in venturing on this opinion I daresay that I shall be supposed to maintain a paradox. If, however, there be a semblance of paradox in the opinion, it is only because people do not sufficiently attend to the force of words, and thus confound feeling with fellow-feeling. Women are full of feeling: in their constitution there is a predominance of it. If it is not in them absolutely stronger than in men, at least it seems to be more frequently the rock of their strength. But then it must be remembered that feeling is not fellow-feeling, and that we may be strong in the one and yet not in the other. In point of fact, exceeding strength of the one generally implies considerable weakness of the other. Thus, sup-

pose that you are engaged in a quarrel, the very force of the feeling with which you take your own side deprives you of power to sympathise with the other; whereas I, a mere spectator, who have no feeling of my own on the subject of the quarrel, can sympathise with both sides. Sympathy with both sides! That is what the people who talk most about sympathy never understand. They have failed to observe that sympathy does not simply mean emotion: it means adaptability of emotion; the capacity which man or woman possesses of forgetting himself and becoming some one else.

My thesis, then, is that he who feels with only one side is deficient in sympathy. He is deficient in the power of adapting himself to either side; and I believe it will be found that women are, as a rule, more deficient than men in this power. It is far more difficult, for example, to convince a woman of error than a man. This is because she feels so strongly—takes her own part so determinedly as to be unable to sympathise with the other side. A man is far more ready to admit that his adversary is in the right, or at least is not without excuse. It is the very nature of sympathy to see the other side and not only to rejoice with them that rejoice, but also to weep with them that weep. What is death to the frogs is laughter to the boys. I confess I am sorry for the frogs, but I hear one of them call me a brute, and declare that I fail of sympathy because I can also look at the transaction from the boys' point of view, and feel the pleasure which they (and grown men too) take in death-dealing sport. This is what women mean when they say that men fail of sympathy. Their own sympathy is nearly all of the one-sided kind. And their complaint of men that they are wanting in sympathy really amounts to this that they are not such partisans as women. There is a tendency in womankind to make of every man either a god or a devil; they do not often sympathise with the latter. They seldom learn to agree with Thackeray in thinking that black is not so very black, and that white is not so very white. Thackeray got the name of a cynic because he could sympathise with bad characters as well as with good, and because he was oppressed with a sense of the likeness of men one to another. People do not like to be told of the smallness of the difference that separates the best of us from the worst. The chief of the apostles declared himself to be the chief of sinners; and it is the very key-note of Christianity that all human distinctions are as nought; that

the first shall be last, and that the last shall be first.

All things the world which fill
Of but one stuff are spun,
That we who rail are still
With that we rail at one.

Now see the point at issue. I am attempting to show that strength of sympathy does not imply great strength of feeling; that a nature which is very sympathetic, and which passes easily from one stage of feeling to its opposite, cannot be possessed very strongly by any one feeling. The most striking characteristic of sympathy is its mobility—its power of changing from one mood to another. But the very power of changing implies that no one mood is persistent; and why is it not persistent?—but for this very reason, that its domination is not despotic. There are thousands of people who feel in their own persons and feel strongly; but they have no power at all of feeling with persons who are in positions which they are never likely to reach. They can feel for and with the murdered man, for example; but they have no power whatever of feeling for and with the murderer. But this is not strictly speaking sympathy. Or at least the fellow-feeling which is at their command, is a fellow-feeling with conditions of life in which they can easily imagine themselves to be engaged. They scarcely get beyond the range of their own egotism. They enter strongly into parts which they imagine that they themselves might play. Now the power of sympathising with various parts may be more or less limited; but it seems to be clear that in proportion to its range the fellow-feeling excited must be more or less languid; and that what sympathy gains in range it loses in force. The point of points to be determined, however, is this—which is most characteristic of sympathy? that it should be limited to the range of your own egotism—your own interests, habits, pursuits, and parts; or that it should extend beyond the range of your own individual preferences and surroundings, and should in the very act of comprehending the whole of human nature become faint in its manifestations? A sympathy with our own particular preferences and habitudes as these are displayed in other people is indeed scarcely entitled to the name of sympathy; it is but a subtle form of egotism. Sympathy proper gives us a wide range of fellow-feeling with aims and motives and acts which are never likely to influence us personally. But if this be granted, I make out my case. The sympathy which women demand is intense but limited—it is partisanship—it

is a disguised form of egotism ; the sympathy which men yield is various and comprehensive, and by reason of its susceptibility in a wide range of opposite sensations, it must be comparatively feeble in its grasp of any one. It does not follow that because A. and B. happen to be like each other and have many points of agreement, they are therefore to be described as sympathetic. They sympathise with one another, no doubt, because they are the double one of the other ; but to all the world besides they may be unfeeling brutes—in a word, unsympathetic.

But if this view of sympathy be accepted, it saves me very much from the further necessity of exposing the fallacy of the other notion on which I proposed to remark—that sympathy is not critical. If criticism means the art of finding fault, it would, of course, be absurd to identify it with sympathy ; but if it means perfect understanding and just judgment, then it is impossible for it to exist save in sympathy. So long as your idea of sympathy is that it is partial—taking wholly to one person in a crowd, to one side in a quarrel, to one phase of feeling—of course you cannot see in it even an approach to criticism. But see clearly the mobility of sympathy, that is, its power of adapting itself to opposite sentiments, and of comprehending opposite sides, hate as well as love, laughter as well as tears, hope not less than fear—and does not such a conception imply that it must contain within itself more than any other faculty of mind the power of just judgment ?

Nor let it be supposed that I am broaching any new doctrine of sympathy when I say that it is thus nearly allied to justice. The doctrine is not much accepted because we are all more or less egotists, and in practice we account those only as sympathisers who sympathise with and reflect ourselves. If you sympathise with my neighbour to my hurt, I shall not call that sympathy ; I at once give it a bad name—it is the partiality of blind love. But though the doctrine is not accepted in current modes of speech, it should be remembered that he who of all in this country studied most carefully the nature of sympathy, has been so struck with the justice of it that he has seen in this one faculty the arbiter of human conduct, and on it has based the whole system of moral philosophy. All I have ventured to say is that sympathy is compatible with the critical temperament and that criticism without it is void. But Adam Smith says that it is to be identified with conscience and with the sense of propriety. All the proprieties of human life, he

says, and says truly, are determined by our power of sympathising with them ; and then he goes on to say the same thing of virtue—that our notion of it is determined by sympathy. Whether he be right or wrong in this matter, yet at least he has a good deal to say for himself. Thus it may be wrong to give way to anger, or to return blow for blow ; yet as a matter of fact we are disposed to sympathise with retaliation when it is not excessive, and our notions of the virtue of concession are so far limited. And if Adam Smith be supposed to go too far in his theory of moral sentiments, when he makes sympathy the groundwork of all our ideas of morality, at least I cannot be much wrong in setting it up as the foundation of justice. It is impossible to be just save in connection with the power of sympathising more or less with the culprit. You quarrel with your servant for some trivial mistake, and scold him ; you think yourself sympathetic because you are hot-tempered, and you think me unsympathetic because I do not take your part. If you were really sympathetic, you would be able to make allowances for your servant's mistake, and would not get into such a fury about a nothing.

A friend to whom I have urged these views, turns upon me with the remark, that it comes to a question of head or heart ; that I make sympathy too much of the head ; and that he thinks it is more of the heart. The fact is, that sympathy is an affair of the heart, but it does not flourish except in combination with a quick intelligence. A man may have strong feelings without much intelligence, but he cannot have mobility of feeling—he cannot be quick to sympathise with you unless he is also quick to understand you. There is an understanding of the heart ; and, when we seek for sympathy, we seek less for approbation than to be understood. Differ with a man as much as you please ; it will not hurt him ; but, at least, take care to understand him. Perfect sympathy is thus an offshoot of culture and civilisation. It does not exist in ignorance and barbarism. You, the civilised man, can sympathise with the savage far more than he can sympathise with you ; and it is an utter fallacy to suppose that emotion ceases to be emotion because it comes of knowledge. There is a case in point which is perfectly well understood. It is notorious that men often do cruel things merely from want of thought. They are not unkind, but they are inconsiderate. And so of sympathy—it does not cease to be of the heart because it implies consideration, and because the craving for it culminates in heightened intelligence.



[Aug. 22, 1888.]

A TOWN COUSIN IN A FIX.—By Miss PATERSON.

Once a Week]

H. Paterson

FOUL PLAY.

THE world is so wicked and so old, that it is hard to invent a new knavery. Nevertheless, certain writers are now practising an old fraud with a new face, and gulling the public and the press.

Nothing baffles the literary detective so much as a nameless knavery. I begin, therefore, by depriving the fraud in question of that unfair advantage, and I call it—

THE SHAM SAMPLE SWINDLE.

Examples.—1. A farmer prepares his sample of wheaten grain for market. His duty is to put his two hands fairly into the bulk and so fill his sample bag. But one day, in my experience, a Berkshire farmer picked his grain for show; that is, he went through the sample, and merely removed the inferior grains. He stood in the market with the sham sample, and readily sold twenty load of grain at more than its value. The fraud was detected, and the farmer driven out of the market.

2. Suppose some malicious rogue had access to a farmer's sample-bag, and were to remove the fine grains, and leave the inferior—that would destroy the farmer's sale, and be also a sham sample swindle. Of course nothing so wicked was ever done in agriculture; but there is a baser trade in the world than agriculture, and plied by dirtier hands than those which scatter dung upon our fields.

3. I read one day an article in a Quarterly Review, in which these two expressions occurred more than once, "the author of *Robinson Crusoe*," and "the author of the *Lily and the Bee*." Now, Defoe wrote several stupid stories, and one master-piece; Warren wrote several powerful stories and one foolish rhapsody; yet here, in the name of science (for criticism is science, or it is nothing) is Warren defined by his exceptional failure, and Defoe by his exceptional success; and that is one form of the sham sample swindle. [N.B. The dead are apt to get the sunny side of this swindle, and the living the windy side.]

4. A writer produces a great book. With all its beauties it is sure to have flaws, being written by man, who is an imperfect creature. The sham sample swindler picks out the flaw or flaws, quotes them bodily, which gives an air of honesty, and then says, "*We could give a host of other examples, but these will serve to show the general character of the work.*"

The swindle lies in the words italicised. They declare a sham sample to be a true sample;

and, observe, this is a falsehood that cannot fail to deceive the reader. For why? The grain of truth that supports the falsehood is shown; the mass of truth that contradicts the falsehood is hidden.

5. A great work of fiction is written; it is rich in invention and novel combination; but, as men of genius have a singularly keen appreciation of all that is good, and can pick out pearls where obscure scribblers could see nothing but rubbish, the author has, perhaps, borrowed one or two things from other written sources, and incorporated them happily with the bulk of his invention. If so, they ought to be pointed out to the public, and are, of course, open to stricture from unlearned critics, who do not know to what an extent Shakespeare, Virgil, Molière, Corneille, Defoe, Le Sage, Scott, Dumas, &c., have pursued this very method, and how much the public gain by it. But the sham sample swindler is not content to point out the borrowed portion, and say honestly, so and so is not original, the rest may be. His plan is to quote the plagiarism, and then add, "*And that part of the work we do not quote is all cut from the same cloth.*"

He tells this lie in cold blood, with his eyes upon the truth; and, as I said before, it is a fraud that can never fail on the spot, because the borrowed part of the work is in sight, the bulk of the work is out of sight.

So much by way of general description.

I come now to a remarkable example: Several journalists, not blessed with much power of reasoning on literary subjects, are repeating that *Foul Play*, a three volume novel, which originally appeared in this magazine, is a servile copy of an obscure French drama, called *Le Portefeuille Rouge*.

Not to waste time on echoes, I have traced this rumour to its source, a monthly magazine, called the *Mask*. Here the writer, in a form, the modesty and good taste of which I shall leave to the judge in whose court I may select to try the proprietors of the *Mask* for the libel, conveys to the public a comparison of the two works, and contemptuously comments upon the more brilliant and important of the two.

He conducts the comparison on a two-fold plan. First he deals with the incidents of the two works. Secondly, with the dialogue. But how? In the first branch of comparison he suppresses $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of the striking incidents in *Foul Play*, and at least $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of the strong incidents in *Le Portefeuille Rouge*, and, then, by slightly twisting the few incidents that survive this process, and by arbitrarily wording this double sham sample swindle in similar

language (which language is his, not ours), he makes the two works appear much alike in incident, although they are on the whole quite unlike in incident.

Secondly, he comes to the dialogue. And here he is met by a difficulty none of the sham samplers who preceded him had to face. He could not find a line in *Foul Play* that, had

been suggested by a line in *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. What was to be done? He hit upon the drollest expedient. He selected a dialogue from *Le Portefeuille Rouge* and set it cheek by jowl, not with parallel passages in *Foul Play*, which was what his argument demanded, but with a lame and incorrect translation of itself. Here is a specimen of his method :—

LE PORTEFEUILLE ROUGE.

KERVEGUEN.

Pour rien au monde, je n'aurais voulu vous laisser seul ici ; mais, d'un autre côté, quels risques n'auriez-vous pas courus en vous embarquant avec nous? . . .

HÉLÈNE.

Quoi ! mon père, auriez-vous donc l'idée de parti sans lui?

KERVEGUEN.

Le bâtiment que je monte appartient à l'Etat, et je ne saurais prendre avec moi un homme condamné par les lois françaises.

HÉLÈNE.

Injustement condamné, mon père ; M. Maurice est innocent.

KERVEGUEN.

Dieu m'est témoin que je le souhaite de toute mon âme !

And so on for *seventy* speeches. By this method it is craftily insinuated to the reader that seventy speeches of *Foul Play* could be quoted to prove the plagiarism, though not one speech *is* quoted. Curious, that a manoeuvre so transparent should succeed. But it has succeeded—for a time.

Unfortunately for truth and justice, the sham sample swindle, being founded on suppression, has the advantage of brevity ; whereas its exposure must always be long and tedious. But, since in this case it has attacked not my ability only, but my probity in business, I

CHARACTERS IN LE PORTEFEUILLE ROUGE.

1. Duromé, a banker and loose-liver.
2. De Folbert, a daring, middle-aged ruffian, fearing nothing, loving nothing. The trite monster of Melodrama, that never existed in nature.
3. Maurice, a young layman, interesting by his sufferings and adventures, but as to character, utterly commonplace.
4. Faustin, Duromé's servant.
5. Bouquin, a sailor.
6. Le Père Lajoie.
7. Daniel.
8. Garnier, a surgeon.
9. Vestris.
10. Chasse.
11. Le Comte de Kerveguen, captain of a vessel,—who has got a daughter.

THE PLACE WHERE FOUL PLAY OUGHT TO BE.

KERVEGUEN.

For nothing in the world I would not wish to leave you ; but, on the other hand, what risks would you not run in your embarking with us?

HELENE.

What, my father, had you then the idea to go without him?

KERVEGUEN.

The ship which I mount belongs to the State, and I should not know how to take with me a man condemned by the French laws.

HELENE.

Unjustly condemned, my father.

KERVEGUEN.

Heaven is my witness that I hope it with all my soul.

hope my readers will be patient, and consider for once how hard it is, after many months of ardent and successful labour and invention, to be not only decried, but slandered and insulted for my pains !

I know no positive antidote to a dishonest comparison, except an honest comparison. A novel is not the same thing as a drama ; but no doubt they have three essentials in common. 1. Characters. 2. Incidents. 3. Dialogue. Let us, then, compare the two works on that treble basis.

CHARACTERS IN FOUL PLAY.

1. Old Wardlaw, an honourable merchant.
2. Young Wardlaw, a weak youth, led into crime by cowardice ; a knave tortured by remorse and rendered human by an earnest love.
3. Michael Penfold, a worthy timid old man, cashier to Wardlaw, Senior.
4. Robert Penfold, his son, a clergyman, and a man of rare gifts, muscular, learned, inventive, patient, self-denying, delicate-minded ; a marked character ; new in fiction.
5. General Rolleston, governor of a penal settlement, and a soldier, who, however, has got a daughter.

12. Hélène, daughter of the preceding,—a weak, amiable girl, who parts with her virtue the first fair opportunity. This character is undistinguishable from a thousand others in French fiction.

13. Madame Delaunay, aunt to the preceding.

14. Miss Deborah, Hélène's gouvernante.

15. Jacqueline, Faustin's wife.

16. Mesdemoiselles Dufréne, Duthé, and Fel, young ladies it may be as well not to describe too minutely.

17. Ursule, a lady's-maid.

18. Marcel, a French Cockney, who gets sent to sea, an admirable character : indeed, the only new character in the drama.

19. An ape.

6. Helen (daughter of the preceding), a young lady of marked character, hard to win and hard to lose, virtuous under temptation, and distinguished by a tenacity of purpose which is rarely found in her sex. Upon the whole, a character almost new in fiction.

7. Hiram Hudson, captain of the *Proserpine*, a good seaman, who has been often employed to cast away ships. When drunk, he descants on his duty to his employers. This character is based on reality, and is entirely new in fiction.

8. Joseph Wylie, his mate, a man of physical strength, yet cunning ; a rogue, but a manly one, goaded by avarice, but stung by remorse.

9. Cooper, a taciturn sailor, with an antique friendship for talkative Welch.

10. Welch, a talkative sailor, with an antique friendship for taciturn Cooper. These two sailors are characters entirely new in fiction. So are their adventures and their deaths.

11. Joshua Fullalove, a character created by myself in *Hard Cash*, and reproduced in *Foul Play* with the consent of my collaborateur.

12. Burt, a detective.

13. Undercliffe, an expert ; a character based on reality, but entirely new in fiction. He reads handwriting wonderfully, but cannot read circumstances.

14. Mrs. Undercliffe, mother to the expert, a woman who has no skill at handwriting, but reads faces and circumstances keenly.

15. Tollemache, a barrister.

16. Meredith, a barrister of a different stamp.

17. Sarah Wilson.

18. A squinting barber, who sees a man in trouble, and so demands 10s. for shaving him.

19. Adams, a bill broker.

20. Somebody, an underwriter.

21. Nancy Rouse, a lodginghouse keeper and washer-woman, and a character new in fiction.

Now it is an axiom in literary criticism, that to invent incidents is a lower art than to invent characters ; and the writer in the *Mask* fires off this axiom at me. So be it. I find nineteen distinct characters in *Le Portefeuille Rouge*, and, out of the nineteen, fifteen bear no shadow of resemblance, in act or word, to any character in *Foul Play* : yet of these fifteen many are the very engines of the play. I find twenty-one distinct characters in *Foul Play*, and, out of these, seventeen bear no resemblance, either in deed or word, to any character in *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. Yet these seventeen are busy characters, and take a large share in the plot. As to the small balance of four persons, the two heroines are so opposite in character that no writer, whose eye was on the French Hélène, could possibly have created the

English Helen. The same remark applies to De Folbert and Arthur Wardlaw : they are both rogues ; but then they are opposite rogues. Why, they differ as widely as a bold highwayman and an anonymous slanderer.

Setting aside Incident, which awaits its turn in this comparison, I can find no character—except that of General Rolleston—which resembles a character in *Foul Play*. Kerveguen is a sailor and the captain of a ship ; so far he corresponds, not with General Rolleston, but with the Captain Hudson of *Foul Play*. But then this sailor has a resolute character and a daughter, and she is the heroine of the drama. Now the soldier Rolleston has also a resolute character, and a daughter who is the heroine of *Foul Play*. The plagiarism of character, if any, is manifestly confined to the

heroine's father, one character out of thirty-eight and more, who act, and speak, and think, and feel in the two works. How far does this correspond with the impression the sham sampler has sought to create?

We come now to the incidents of the two works, and these, handled on the above honest method, yield precisely the same result. But to work this out on paper would take a volume. Something however may be done in a shorter compass by the help of figures. *Foul Play*, then, is contained in 25 numbers of *Once a Week*. And these numbers average, I believe, 14 columns each, or rather more. The first number is very busy, and deals with crime and love. The prologue of the French drama does not deal with love at all, and with crime of quite another character. In the story the crime is forgery; and that crime remains part of the plot to the end. In the drama the true generative incident is murder. That murder is committed by a villain who had, previously forged; but the previous forgery could be omitted without affecting the plot. The fundamental incident of the drama is murder. The two fundamental incidents of *Foul Play* are forgery, and the scuttling of a ship to defraud the underwriters.

From No. 1 to No. 4, *Foul Play*, though full of incidents, has not an idea in common with the drama. In the fourth number the two works have this in common, that the hero and heroine are on board one ship, and that ship gets lost. But in the drama the father is there, and in the story he is not; the hero and heroine are brought on board by entirely different incidents in the two works, and the French ship is fired by mere accident. Not so the English ship: that is scuttled by order of the heroine's lover: and so the knave is made the means of throwing the woman he loves upon the protection of the friend he has ruined. This is invention and combination of a high order. But calling upon an unforeseen accident to effect a solitary purpose, and then dismissing the accident for ever, is just what any fool can do at any moment, and it is all the authors of the French drama have attempted to do in that situation. From the 4th number

IN THE DRAMA

Hélène sides at once with Maurice, and argues the case with her father, and Maurice is almost passive. Maurice is never master of the situation. On the contrary, he tries to follow Hélène on board, and is shot like a dog in the attempt. Hélène never undertakes to clear him. All is left to accident.

to the last page but one of the 17th number, *Foul Play* diverges entirely from the drama, and the drama from *Foul Play*. The existence of those thirteen numbers (more than one half of the entire story) is virtually denied by the sham sampler in these words:—

"Construction and incidents are French, and taken from the defendant's drama."

Yet these thirteen numbers are the most admired of the whole. They are the poem of the work. They deal with the strange, the true, the terrible, and the beautiful. Here are to be found the only numbers which I received complete in form as well as in substance from my accomplished collaborateur, and it was this half of the work which drew in one week *forty notices from American journals*. Those journals, commenting on the adventures and contrivances of certain persons wrecked on the Auckland islands, remarked that *History was imitating Fiction*, and so sent their readers to *Foul Play*. History will never imitate *Le Portefeuille Rouge*, any more than I have descended to imitate *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. At the end of the 17th number of *Foul Play*, General Rolleston lands on the unknown island, and finds his daughter and the innocent convict living alone together. And in the 9th scene of the 2nd Act *Portefeuille Rouge*, Kerveguen comes with other characters, and finds his daughter, the innocent convict, and Marcel. This is a good and generative situation, and looks like plagiarism in the novel. But the moment we come to the treatment, the acts and the words of all the three interlocutors are so remarkably different in the two works, that no honest and discerning man can believe the writer of that scene in *Foul Play* had his eye on the drama. In the story the father and daughter meet alone with wild raptures equal to the occasion; a sacred scene. In the play they meet before witnesses, and the French dramatists with very bad judgment have allowed the low comedian to be present. He opens his mouth, and of course the scene goes to the devil at once.

In the subsequent dialogue and business, I find great variations.

IN THE NOVEL

Helen puts Robert Penfold on his defence, and on his convincing her he is innocent, declares her love. Then Robert Penfold becomes master of the situation, and it is by his own will, and high sense of honour, he remains, and the parting is effected. And Helen and her father undertake to clear him in England; which promise, on Helen's part, with its many consequences, is the very plot of the sequel.

From this to the end of the work, we have seven numbers of *Foul Play*, and two acts of *Portefeuille Rouge*, and not an idea in common between the two. So that twenty-three numbers out of twenty-five, *Foul Play*, have not an idea in common with the French drama; two numbers out of twenty-five have each a bare situation which looks like one in the drama, but on closer inspection proves to be handled so differently that the charge of plagiarism is untenable.

Foul Play is illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier. The said Du Maurier is a good actor, and has dramatic tendencies. He is sure to have picked out some of the more dramatic situations in *Foul Play* for illustration, and, if the incidents of *Foul Play* came from the *Portefeuille Rouge*, Mr. Du Maurier's sketches would serve to illustrate that drama. I have examined his illustrations, twelve in number; I cannot find one that fits any scene or incident in the French drama. If they were all pasted into the *Portefeuille Rouge*, no reader of that drama would be able to apply any one of them to anything in the whole composition. Bring your minds to bear on this fact. It is worth study.

And now I come to the dialogue of the works. Here the comparison is a blank. There is nothing to compare. The writer in the *Mask* dared not put seventy speeches from *Foul Play* by the side of his seventy speeches from *Portefeuille Rouge*. He dared not deal thus honestly with even seven speeches. And shall I tell you why? Because there is not one line in *Foul Play* that corresponds with a line in *Portefeuille Rouge*.

Shakespeare, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, has the following line:

I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome.

And Molière, in his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, has this line:

J'aime mieux être incivil qu'importun.

I can find no such apparent plagiarism in all the pages of *Foul Play* and *Le Portefeuille Rouge*.

I conclude this subject with the following statements of matters known to me:—

1. I have carefully examined all the MS. contributed to *Foul Play* by Mr. Dion Boucicault. This MS. consists of two or three numbers complete in form as well as in substance; and also of a great many plans of numbers, sketches, materials, and inventive ideas of singular merit and value. In all this MS. I find only one word that can have come from *Portefeuille Rouge*, and that word is—Helen.

2. I myself never saw *Le Portefeuille Rouge* until after the article in the *Mask* appeared—never saw it nor heard of it.

3. The one valuable situation the two works contain in common may have come to me from Mr. Boucicault, but if so, it came in conversation, along with many other things quite as good, and the guilt, if any, of selecting the naked idea, which is all we have used, lies with me, who never saw the *Portefeuille Rouge*.

4. I handled, treated, and wrote every line, on which the charge of unprincipled plagiarism has been founded, and I have got my MS. to prove it.

5. Any person connected with literature can compare the *Portefeuille Rouge* and *Foul Play* at my house: and I shall be grateful to any literary brother who may have the honesty and patience to do it.

6. The writer in the *Mask* has done this, and having done it, he must have known that his charge of unprincipled plagiarism was false and disingenuous. Yet, knowing this, he was not content to do me a moderate injury: it was not enough to defraud an honoured writer of his reputation as an inventor; he must attack my character as a gentleman, and as a fair dealer with publishers and managers. On this account, I am going to make an example of him. I shall sue him for libel, and, when we meet in the Court of Common Pleas, I shall repeat upon my oath as a Christian all the statements, which now I make in these columns upon my honour as a gentleman.

I shall ask leave to return to the sham sample swindle on some other occasion, and in a way that will be less egotistical and more interesting to your readers. It is the most potent swindle in creation, and all honest writers should combine to expose it.

CHARLES READE.

2, Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge,
August 13.

THE WOODS AND THE WEATHER.

THE recent severe drought in this country will have done some service, to scientific men as well as to ordinary agriculturists, if it recalls attention to a much neglected branch of meteorology,—the influence of woods upon the seasons and the rainfall. Hitherto we have contented ourselves with discussing the foreign causes that may have produced the intense heat, rather than national causes that may have favoured, now and during other sum-

mers, the existence of long rainless weather ; but we may wisely narrow our horizon, and gather up a few facts of interest illustrating the possible range of the influences in question. That they exist, and are perceptible, few will venture to deny ; for, otherwise, a little dry weather would exhaust all our streams, and not even lofty hills, when bare and rocky, would suffice to feed them, though equally powerful with woods in attracting and precipitating, but not in economising, moisture. The difficult point to settle is their precise, calculable effect in modifying more universal causes, and producing fixed climatal variations.

It is not my intention to put in issue any theory of cyclic variations, such as scientific men are now willing to accept. If they exist, the influences I shall refer to must be interpolated in their action, and if they are problematical, it matters little so far as my subject is concerned. No one can question that there have been variations in our springs, summers, and winters, and of a more or less fixed character, within an ascertainable historic period ; and, leaving out of view the grander agencies in their production, one cannot help connecting them, as the result of inductions made by many writers on the subject elsewhere, with the demolition of our once extensive woody tracts, and the excessive drainage of field and marsh. High-farming, wherever carried on, makes itself an enemy to stones, wood, and water. Two objects are thus gained, an increase in the area of cultivated soil, going steadily forward every year, and likely to become absolutely dangerous if some modern socialist theories should ever be put into practice, and war made against all apparently idle land, retained for game or ornamental purposes ; and a systematic drainage and surface dryness, favourable to the production of corn, but unfavourable as respects naturally stored provision for dry seasons. It is necessary to explain and qualify this in order to be properly understood. Boggy land, unless at high elevations, is injurious to health. Spring-frosts are invariably more cutting and destructive in their neighbourhood, and summer-heats offensive and injurious. Local histories show this most remarkably. Old plagues, such as the sweating sickness of the fifteenth and previous centuries, were most recurrent and destructive in towns and villages situate near such tracts, and gradually disappeared with their cause, leaving the district liable to fevers and diarrhoea when their water-supply has been chiefly drawn from wells sunk in these consolidated swamps. In investigating the history of a town in the

Midlands, the writer had this fact forced upon him by the most irresistible evidence.

Wood-clearings and extensive hill-tract drainage, however, are by no means the untainted good we ordinarily imagine. The effect of the first, in all cases more or less appreciably, is to diminish the rainfall, except such as may be due to general causes acting over an immense area. This has been notably seen in Switzerland, France, Spain, Italy, and America, though only witnessed on a small scale in this country. The aridity of Spain is mainly attributed by Sir J. F. W. Herschel to the absence of trees, and that is probably due to two causes : the hatred of Spaniards to them agriculturally, and the exhaustion of the country to keep up their old navies in bygone centuries. In fact, Reutzh attributes the decline of that country after Philip II. to the latter cause, coupled with financial embarrassments. The American poet Bryant has observed the same diminution. Streams, like the Cuyahoga, could once carry large vessels, and now only a skiff can pass along them. The Tascarawas is another example. "Many a boat of fifty tons burden has been built and loaded on it," he says, "at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans without breaking bulk." Now the river at New Portage hardly supplies water enough for the canal. In these, and other cases, the sole operating cause is the destruction of the forests. From the same cause our English streams are nearly all perceptibly narrowing, unless fed from heights impossible of cultivation, and in themselves sufficient to attract and precipitate moisture. Take a strong instance. Leicestershire is perhaps the highest watershed in England of its kind. Its streams empty themselves into the sea by three channels. By the Humber to the north-west, the Wash to the east, and the Severn to the south-west. It was once extensively wooded and poured down an immense volume of water, as appears by geological examination and local names, by way of the Soar into the Trent, and by the Avon into the Severn. It feeds these rivers still, but in an immensely inferior degree. Some of the feeders dwindle into insignificant rills after a few weeks' summer weather, and are readily swollen by heavy rains, so that after them they invariably leave their banks and inundate the surrounding country. This is most markedly seen in those tributaries that rise from the least lofty but the most cultivated grounds. It is, indeed, here where extensive drainage heightens the natural effect of denudation. Trees retain, economise, and more evenly distribute the rains they invite. Their annual

leaf-fall creates a humid deposit that acts like a sponge. Remain in a wood during and after a shower, and this will be at once plain to anybody. Ferns, moss, decayed twigs, crevices, and dead leaves are full of moisture, whilst the rain on the open fields has washed away into the trenches devised to carry it off, or percolated to the under drains, or evaporates under the rays of the returning sun. High drainage increases this waste. Water is treated as an enemy, and got rid of. The soil is improved, but the risk of inundations in the valleys is increased. Whole districts have been laid waste in France and Italy by these inundations, and the proof of their being caused by clearing away the woods on the hills is seen in the gradual immunity secured where the heights have been replanted. I repeat that such phenomena occur in England only on a small scale, but that they do occur hundreds of local observers can testify. It is not our science, but rather our pleasure, that prevents them from being more disastrous than they really are. Wealthy landlords are not all animated by the wheat-producing, "triumph of civilisation" spirit, and thus the game-laws save our valleys from more frequent floods, and our fields from Egyptian desiccations. Probably, when woods and plantations are assessed to the poor-rate, we may gradually come to regard them as natural reservoirs as well as producers of moisture, and a country with so large a rainfall as England will not be troubled with scorched pastures, drying wells, and diminishing reservoirs after a few weeks' drought. Our waste of water is really something frightful when we come to look seriously at it. We leave our ponds unsheltered by trees, so that they evaporate and are dry directly; we cut down trees in open fields because they are in the way, regardless of the rich grass that springs up about them, and their conservation of moisture; we treat a spinney as a nuisance, though during dry weather the greenness in their neighbourhood testifies to their use; the farmer rarely thinks of storing water for his pastures or his turnips, though twice as much as he requires for the whole year has run off his land during the spring months; and a few weeks of dry, hot, summer weather reduces us to the condition of an Arabian desert. And yet our agricultural system requires us to grow crops demanding opposite kinds of weather, and we struggle on in our helplessness, study chemistry, and think ourselves scientific farmers!

A few words about the other uses of woods. A lesser height, crowned with trees, is much more potent than a loftier, but barren, one in

inducing moisture, in retaining mists, and in sheltering from chilling winds. The writer has seen this constantly. The lower height has been involved in cloud, when the loftier one has been clear and untouched. It has been estimated by Marsh that a wood, twenty yards high, will affect the moisture and temperature of a belt of land two or three hundred yards in width. But trees act in other ways than as mechanical obstructives and dew precipitators. They equalise temperature and restore the balance of healthy air disturbed by oxygen consuming organisms. The lumbermen of Canada can bear severe winter much more easily than those who work in the open fields; and railway engineers and firemen have observed in America that they can keep up steam more readily in passing through woods than in open ground, and that the steam-gauge falls immediately the engine is clear of the shelter. This cannot be wholly due to the prevention of a current, because a train makes one of its own. The action of trees in giving out oxygen in change for carbonic acid is well known, though their importance in crowded cities is not sufficiently insisted upon. Probably London owes much of its general salubrity to its wooded squares, its trees, and parks. Air from malarious localities has been robbed of its power, in part, by their mechanical, and, in part, by their chemical activity. Thus the neighbourhood of the Virginia and Carolina swamps are healthful only so long as these protections are allowed to remain. Lieutenant Maury has even ventured to assert that a few rows of sun-flowers have protected the inmates of the Washington Observatory from the intermittent fevers they were liable to so long as they were exposed to the marshes of the Potomac; and the same fact has been noticed on the Oglio in Italy. Our late springs, like those of America, Italy, parts of France and Switzerland, are probably due to the denudation of our hills.

Noah Webster had no doubt of it, so far as America was concerned; and observers elsewhere have been equally confident and explicit. A wood is warmer in winter than the open ground, and is then really a diffuser of warmth as it is of coolness in the summer. Thus there ceases to exist this double effect when it is cleared, and so much is deducted from temperature. The spring is more forward, the summer less exhausting to the land, and the autumn prolonged, where woods abound. The sum total of these small effects may not seem very large, but cannot help influencing climate even in this country. Our May frosts appear to

have commenced within the last two hundred years, and, probably, our springs will continue later, and our summers get drier as our woody area diminishes. Re-planting has prevented us from feeling the effects of all our indiscriminate felling and burning, but we may be hereafter convinced that there was sage scientific advice in the chronicler Harrison's recommendation, that every man who "in whatsoever part of the champaine soil enjoineth fortie acres of land," should "plant one acre of wood, or sowe the same with oke, mast, hasell, or beech, and sufficient provision be made that it may be cherished and kept." At present, general causes have secured us a certain amount of immunity, but if our island should cease to be as foggy as it has been, and general agencies, imperfectly estimated, should cease to act, we shall be sure to suffer for our haste to pass the plough everywhere, and for our idle chatter about useless lands and game-haunted coverts.

IMPOSSIBLE.

THERE lies—I know not in what land,
Nor if there be such land on earth—
A little cottage, only planned
For use and simple worth.

'Tis neither rude, nor yet refined,
But bears a touch of Nature's art,
As if 'twere to its owner's mind
A fabric of his heart.

By window-lights alone revealed
Among near-clustered forest trees,
Its walls, its very roofs concealed
In vine-clad trellises.

A lone green nest upon a hill,
With fields and bloomy orchards round,
An eyelet in a landscape still,
Majestic and profound.

For there the mountain peaks are spurred
Upward in mighty leaps and free,
And there a dreamy boom is heard
Low from a sleeping sea.

Within the cot are books well-conned,
The gathered wisdom of all time,
Cherished and stored by hearts as fond
As ever beat in rhyme.

By hearts—no more ! There is no land
Where such a vision could be real.
Dearest, *thy* heart must understand
What I unspoken feel.

There may be cots, and vines above,
And mountains, and a dreamy sea,
But such a life, and such a love,
For us can never be.

TABLE TALK.

IF electricity, in its wild and natural state, be to man a furious and fitful enemy, it is, when tamed and domesticated, a patient slave, an obsequious agent. For each of the hundred freaks that it plays in the one condition, there can be set off some useful service that it performs in the other. The last electrical novelty is a really safe and burglar-proof lock, one which raises an alarm by ringing a bell or otherwise, if any key but the lawful one is inserted in it, or if any attempt is made to pick or to force it. The principle of the contrivance can be easily understood. Wires from a battery, with a bell in their course, are led into the lock, and whenever a piece of metal is thrust into the keyhole, a circuit is completed by which a current is sent to agitate the bell. If one of the tumblers alone be raised the bell also sounds. The master-key does not raise any alarm because it is covered with an insulating compound which prevents the establishment of the metallic connections requisite for the passage of the current to the bell, and, likewise, because it lifts all the tumblers at once. We have heard of tell-tale locks, but these betray tampering only after the mischief is done ; here is a protector that cries, Stop thief in good time.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Caen on the 6th August that the swallows have departed for the season. Anybody who uses his eyes may see that they have not yet left England, and also that their number this year has been much below what is usual. Some which have been in the habit of returning to nests in certain places have not made their appearance at all this year. Another peculiarity noticed by a correspondent, who lives in the country, has been the silence maintained by these birds. One of the most pleasing sounds of summer evenings is the cry of the swallow in its rapid pursuit of insects. Supposing the presence of insects in the atmosphere to have anything to do with the migration of the swallows, it may be that the small number of these birds in England this summer may be owing to the absence of insects ; for, instead of the drought having increased the multiplication of insects, as might have been expected, there have been so few in a country where they usually abound that it is hardly possible to avoid connecting the two facts as cause and effect. Nor are swallows the only birds that are missed. All through the summer it has been almost

impossible for persons walking by our hedges not to notice how seldom they disturbed birds of any kind, and this is so perceptible now that it is almost impossible to avoid drawing the inference that the old birds, finding that they could not get sufficient food for themselves, either did not lay eggs at all, or did not give themselves the trouble to hatch them. But the birds which seem to suffer more than any others from an insufficiency of food are the rooks. Great concourses of these assemble in the hard-baked fields and remain silent and almost motionless. The temporary liveliness infused into them by the late storm made a visit to the rookeries very agreeable, but the drought that succeeded soon reduced them to their former state of melancholy.

CHARLES READE rightly describes the criticism on his last novel, which appeared in the *Mask*, as a flagrant specimen of the sham sample swindle. But a not less flagrant specimen of it appears in the August number of the same periodical. There is a large cut which contains coarse, but recognisable, likenesses of various public characters—Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, M. Alexandre Dumas, Mr. Boucicault, and so on. Their names are written each below each, though this was scarcely necessary as the portraits are borrowed from well-known photographs. But the artist could find no portrait of Mr. Reade, so deemed it safe to indulge his malice towards a man greatly his superior by drawing a hideous gorilla in knickerbockers, and writing below it Charles Reade. Among a crowd of portraits, which are tolerably correct, there is an impudent libel, which has no foundation in fact, on the figure of a man of true genius. I must say that this sort of libel appears to be excessively mean, because it is apparently safe.

COLERIDGE, in his *Literary Biography*, gives a list of habits which go to weaken the memory. Amongst these he mentions the reading of newspapers. Perhaps he is too absolute in his statement that reading the papers is prejudicial to memory; but I daresay it affects some memories, and in this way. We have all of us ways and means of assisting memory; and a very common way of assisting it is by attaching some idea of place to the thing to be remembered. Thus many of us remember our Greek verbs by recalling the image of the tenses as they stood on the page. A newspaper gives no encouragement to this localising of

memories, and hence we forget much of what we read in it.

THE days on which the shooting of game in England may commence are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and though it is a common thing for a gentleman or his keeper to kill a few birds to be delivered as presents on the opening days, no man thinks of taking his gun and dog and going out to make a regular bag before the regular day, though he might do so and ask no Home Secretary's leave. In France the case is different: there the Home Secretary not only fixes the day on which it becomes lawful for a man to kill game (which, by the way, includes birds that do not come under that head in this country), but he fixes different days for different departments, which is attended with something more than mere inconvenience. Suppose, for instance, a man is invited to be present at the opening of the shooting in one department; he plays his part and is proud of his exploits, and on travelling home he takes with him, perhaps, a basket containing some of the victims of his good fortune or his skill. He forgets that in the department he is journeying to shooting is not yet recognised as a legal pastime, and he is therefore liable to very unpleasant consequences for having been guilty of an infringement of the law which prohibits the killing of game before the authorised day. This year the day fixed by the minister for the commencement of the shooting in the departments nearest to Paris, is the 30th August, which has given rise to bitter complaints on the part of sportsmen, who say that there is no reason whatever for deferring it to such a late period. They urge that all the crops are housed which could be damaged by their walking, that the game is strong enough to keep out of harm's way already, and that the time which intervenes between the 10th and the 30th August are only so many days and nights given up to the poacher to exercise his avocations in to the detriment of the lawful proprietors of the shooting. This hardship is felt to be all the more aggravating, inasmuch as the opening of the shooting season in many southerly departments has been fixed for the 16th August; so that the possibility may frequently arise of a man seeing his neighbour clearing away all the game on the frontiers of his estate for a whole fortnight before he himself dares to fire his gun, though he may have paid his twenty-five francs for his certificate, and have it in his pocket. Apart from the question of the mere

grievance, there are evils resulting from the divergence between the opening of the shooting in the different departments, which may be imagined by a comparison of the frauds and other offences that would be likely to arise if lawful shooting were to commence on the 1st of September in Kent, and that the same pastime were regarded as poaching previous to the 15th of the same month in Surrey.

ARE paroquets likely to become acclimatised or not? Certainly they could not have chosen a finer summer than the present one in which to make the attempt. Here in London we find them living, as far as one can tell, on the best terms with the sparrows in Russell Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Charterhouse, and doubtless, were they to be sought, they would be found in other localities. At Charterhouse there are seven of these beautiful little birds; and indeed it is most interesting to watch their habits as they fly from tree to tree, in company with the smoke-begrimed sparrows, the original denizens of the plane trees on Under Green. Their plumage is of a brighter green than any I have seen; and London evidently agrees with them, or they would hardly remain in one place for a couple of months together, enjoying apparently perfect health. How different it is to see them flitting about in perfect liberty and freedom, instead of the little sickly birds cooped up in a cage, with scarcely a square foot of room to move about in.

DURING the late oppressive heat, a duel would have certainly taken place between two Parisian notables but for the lack of energy arising from the state of the weather. The cause, however, was novel. "Victor," said Adolphe to his friend, "has insulted me. It can only be wiped out with blood." "Has he run away with your wife?" asked the friend. "No," was the reply; "worse." "Worse!" "Aye! he has, in this tropical July, sent me a ticket for the theatre."

A FORTNIGHT ago I gave two French riddles and insisted on withholding the answers for a fortnight. I cannot say that the answers I have received are very happy. The real solutions are as follows. Voltaire's riddle, it may be remembered, is,—My first is a tyrant, my second a monster, and my whole the very devil; but if you love my first, you won't fear my second, and my whole is perfect bliss. The answer is *Mariage*.

The other riddle is to be addressed to a pretty girl:—My first is the first of its kind, my second is first and there is none other; as for my whole, how can I speak it to you? *A-dieu*.

THE Northerners carry their revolvers at their backs in the centre of the waistband. A very nervous Englishman received this piece of advice from an American, "Waal, stranger, if you get into an argument with any crittur, an' you see his hand stealing gently round the hip-corner behind his back, be certain sure he means mischief; only don't you wait to see; you out with your six-shooter, for it's a trifling question as to who gets first shot. Now don't you stand on no ceremony with that air argumentative cuss, but fix him with a pea-bullet there and then, as if he war a de-vourin' reptile." The Englishman thanked his friend, and was always dodging about with his revolver, first in one pocket, then in another, and keeping his eye intently upon any stranger with whom he happened to converse. One day he met a cadaverous-looking Northerner who (but he didn't know this) was suffering severely from a lumbago. They conversed about the weather, and became rather warm on the subject of rain. Suddenly the lumbago man felt a twinge in the small of his back, and with a view to explaining the effect of a change of weather upon him he commenced slowly slipping his hand round behind him to the part affected. "Waal, stranger," says he, wincing with pain, and his arm gradually disappearing, "I guess I've got a—" The Englishman didn't wait for the conclusion, but whipped out his Colt and shot him dead.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 35.

August 29, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXIV.—RISING WAVES.

THE day had come when Claudine had discovered that which was hitherto undreamt-of in her philosophy; a fire had been suddenly lighted, and had made visible many objects unguessed at before. Many, but not all—for Claudine's conscience was full of dark corners and nooks, where no light had ever penetrated. It was not as if you, for instance, had been illumined by the flame of a forbidden passion; you would, of course, have seen at one glance, clearly, the whole mesh of your duties and dangers, and would have immediately done your duty and trampled sin under your heel. But then you are born respectable and incapable of wrong; you are warranted to go straight all the days of your life, and not to make mistakes, and even should you, by any untoward circumstance, swerve from the straight line, you, being like the British soldier, who doesn't know when he is beaten, will go on unheeding, and esteem yourself victorious. But Claudine was horribly in the dark, and groped about among her instincts and her duties in a most unsatisfactory fashion.

What might to you, or to any ordinarily educated person, seem anomalous, presented itself as compatible to the confused mind of this girl. Her gratitude to M. de Moranges was not in the slightest degree diminished (that she would have regarded as a crime); but she saw no reason why gratitude to him, and a very different feeling for Olivier should not co-exist so long as concealment was practised. As to most primitive natures, concealment appeared to Claudine a virtue—a kindness done to the deceived; and here is one of the main points in which the educated err when they judge the uneducated—namely, those to whom no true knowledge of right

and wrong, no genuine notion of integrity has been given.

Claudine had, since the day of the fête at St. Germain, sprung suddenly up to the topmost pitch of what was destined to be her fame. The Hungarian, to whom that fête had been given, had spoken of her beauty in such extravagant terms that the mass of men whose office it is to be the collective Paris of such Helens—the frequenters of clubs, *coulisses*, and race-courses—had momentarily adjudged to her the prize, and she was for a brief space a reigning queen.

This mainly helped her in her work of concealment, for when any woman, in no matter what sphere, becomes the fashion, it is hard in the stir and rumour around her to fix upon any one particular individual as favoured beyond his compeers. Claudine had far more her own way than before, for M. de Moranges was flattered in his proprietorship, and felt full of grace and benignity towards the woman who, being openly his, was acknowledged as the best, the most complete of her kind. This was right and proper on Claudine's part; there was a fittingness in it which pleased the marquis's exquisite taste, and he regarded her with the same favour he extended to the horse, or picture, or jewel, which might have cost him dearest. He did not, as yet, know what was the price he was destined to pay for this pleasure; but he was charmingly condescending to Claudine, and quite spoiled her, allowing her to obey the dictates of her own will in almost everything, excepting always the article of gaudy attire, and just one other item, on which he was gently, elusively inflexible. Claudine wanted to be called Madame de Savaray. She had found out that among the titles belonging to the house of Moranges existed that of Baron de Savaray, proceeding from a small estate (scarcely more than a farm) still remaining in the possession of the family, and for this appellation she longed. It was a real thing! a thousand times better than Ste. Amaranthe, or St. Pierre, or St. Romain, or any other saint of the whole calendar applied to an

imaginary name. Madame de Savaray! or even, who knows? Madame la Baronne de Savaray! for that Claudine hungered and thirsted, more even than for the flaunting stuffs embroidered in silver and gold, with which she was dying to sweep the dusty footpath in the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées. But neither of these things could the Sphinx obtain. M. de Moranges was as inexorable on the subject of the name which was in the annals of his house, and had been worn in days of yore by its maids and matrons, as he was upon that of the gorgeous wearing apparel; nor did he (luckily) understand the insistence with which day after day Claudine appeared to hanker after both.

Our friend Aspasia, too, found much to employ and please her in the increasing brilliancy of Madame Claudine's position. She indulged in hopes and prospects of gain on all sides, and being decidedly a combinative genius, thought she saw her way to serving several masters at once, and did not despair of large remuneration from the Dowager, from M. de Moranges, and perhaps even from Olivier! But that was her secret.

"You had your usual luck, Moranges, when you laid hands on that piece of feminine intelligence!" said M. de Sauveterre one day to his friend, glancing across the *salon* at Aspasia, whose back was turned towards the speakers. "She is invaluable! so amusing and ready witted, yet so full of tact, and always in her place! truly a wonderful person, and a first rate manager, isn't she?"

"Yes! she is first rate," replied the Marquis, with conviction, "and it is, as you observe, a piece of undeniable luck! But Paris is the mother earth of that kind of female; she grows nowhere else, but comes to perfection here."

"Female! female? if you will," objected old Sauveterre; "I said a piece of feminine intelligence, I never said anything else, and that is what she is, and that does grow here, and as you say, comes to perfection; but Paris don't grow women, my good friend; real, genuine women; look over there," and he pointed with his finger to where, on the threshold of the glass door opening into the garden, Claudine stood surrounded by a group of men. "Look at those outlines, Paris never grew that! *ma foi!* but she has grown into a superb creature. I could not have believed it possible such a wretched-looking half starved thing as she seemed... Well! that comes of being a connoisseur in art, I suppose. But you certainly made a glorious hit, old fellow!"

There had been a breakfast at the Hôtel de

Moranges, and some fifteen or twenty men were lounging about in the drawing-rooms or in the garden or in the smoking-room. M. de Moranges never smoked himself, and never allowed smoking in his house, except in the room set aside for that purpose.

He was standing against the chimney piece of the principal *salon*, whilst M. de Sauveterre was seated close by, when the colloquy above repeated took place. Aspasia was busy with coffee and liqueurs at a table at the other end of the room, and Claudine, as has been stated, formed the centre of a group at the window.

The Marquis, as M. de Sauveterre's words fell pleasantly on his ear, directed a long, scrutinising look to Claudine; a look that seemed to say: "If there be a flaw anywhere I will find it, and when found, impartially pass judgment on it." It was a hard, appraising look; but when it was withdrawn, it was full of satisfaction; of a quiet self-sufficing sort of pride.

Some one asked Claudine to sing, and M. de Moranges echoing the request, she went towards the piano, and obediently opened it. But with that act her obedience and passivity ceased. When she began to sing she was herself, her new and recent self, and if self-love had not thickened the fine subtle perceptions of M. de Moranges, he would surely have asked himself whence came the impassioned tones to which he listened? It was all so different; the statue had once been so plainly there, where now breathed, blushed, and glowed the soft-fleshed, living woman.

But the Pygmalion? where was he? No one asked himself this question; neither the Marquis, nor that lynx-eyed Aspasia Mourjon (women seldom recognise the testimony of that infallible witness, the voice!) But the effect produced was great, and the applause won by Claudine was enthusiastic.

The young gentleman who accompanied her, a beardless aspirant to lyrical renown, was unfortunately a worshipper of classical music, and swore by the true gods, from Palestrina down to Wagner, and had the absurdity to beg Claudine to sing something of Mozart's, which she did. Here she was at once second, or indeed third rate, singing a string of notes as her master had taught her, and totally lacking the superior intelligence required to give the higher idea, to translate the musical sense. This was a failure, and the weight of it fell entirely on the shoulders of the youth who had been so ill-advised as to petition for a sample of the Old Masters. Decidedly, classical music was a bore. Offenbach was better than that;

but best of all were the sentimental strains in which the words are everything, and in which the expression given to them proves the value of the singer.

M. de Moranges was no connoisseur in music (men of his stamp never are). But truth compels always ; and, as in the false art Claudine practised, the passion was true, so that passion compelled him, and he listened, and was impressed, carried away, before he avowed to himself his surprise.

When his guests were all gone the Marquis approached Claudine, and spoke to her, and praised her in a manner he was not used to affect. She felt her favour, and with a diffident air, and raising her eyes timidly, said she wished she might speak frankly.

"Speak with entire frankness," replied the Marquis, with an accent she had not hitherto heard, (and apparently forgetting the dangers connected with the Barony of Savaroy). "I am not in the habit of intimidating you, I hope?" This was added with more than condescension.

"I should like to go on the stage," faltered Claudine, hurriedly, and fluttering as it were under the beat of her own blushes. "Oh ! I should so like it !" she added, joining her hands, and looking more beautiful with each instant.

M. de Moranges did not answer at first. He was absorbed in his contemplation of Claudine. At last, with an expression of paternal fondness—fond, but paternal—"The stage !" he repeated, smiling, and raising his eyebrows with a sort of compassionate surprise, "foolish child ! the stage ? that is hard work for a pretty woman ! it spoils the complexion. No beauty stands it long."

Claudine knew her wish was denied, and shrank back into her old subserviency.

"I only said I should like it," she rejoined, crouchingly. "I hope you will not be angry?"

"Certainly not," was the gracious answer ; "and to prove it to you, I will take you this evening to hear Thérèse ; she is an artist in her way, and as you are getting to sing so well, it is right you should hear every one, Thérèse, as well as La Nilsson—the two extremes."

It was so very rare a thing for the Marquis to appear in any public place with Claudine, that the full extent of his benignity seemed appreciated by both ladies ; our friend Aspasia simply murmuring that she was rather taken unawares by this honour, her spring toilettes not being in thorough readiness, which resulted in a munificent recommendation to provide

herself for that evening with a mantelet of Black Chantilly lace. (Black, not white ! black was so unobtrusive !)

CHAPTER XXV.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THE evening was a beautiful one, warm and balmy, yet with just a light breeze stirring the leaves of the trees, and floating the perfumes of flowers to mortal senses. The Champs Elysées were full of busy life, carriages rolling up and down the wide avenue, and loungers on foot thronging the pavement and the spaces between the trees. The hum of the crowd rose no higher than the topmost boughs, and then merged into the stillness of night ; and down upon the human ant-hill, with its would-be importance, its agitation and its mock finery, gazed the eternal stars—those self-same stars that were at that self-same hour shining over Nature's glories, mirroring their serene light in streams and seas, piercing through forest depths, or letting their rays tremble on the crests of lone lofty hills, chamois-haunted, and even in summer snow swathed. The self-same stars !

Immutable ! yes, truly ; whilst all beneath them was composed of atoms for ever changing ; gone before you could chronicle their being.

But in spite of their short-livedness and their short-comings, these ephemeral creatures, which furnish the aggregate sum of existence in a great city, wherein it is possible there may not be one really grand human soul, these atoms are as interesting as the stars, for they suffer. All have their passion, and we know it, we who have passed through it in our time.

There they were, in crowds that evening, round the illuminated platform where Thérèse was singing ; there they were, all ;—women and men, the leaders of the great masquerade, of the noisy, gaudy, ugly, barbarously ill-dressed world of *La Cocodetterie*. Round every table sat groups of twos, fours, and more. Round one table, full in the glare of the lamps that lighted the temporary stage, were drawn together some ten or a dozen individuals worse-dressed and noisier than the rest, and who might have been supposed to belong to what is styled the lowest set, had there not been something excessive about them which betrayed affectation, the assumption of an appearance not in accordance with the reality.

In this party—some of whom are already

known to us—there were three or four women, painted, dyed, and hung about with ornaments and clothes, much after the fashion in which probably a Red Indian female would deck herself out were she suddenly let loose among the wardrobe treasures of a Paris costume-shop. The fact which chiefly bore witness to the status of these ladies in what is termed Society was the way in which they had succeeded in making themselves less good-looking than they were, which is a fault rarely committed by the professional, she whose success in beautifying herself is gauged by the result in hard cash. These, being amateurs, and accounted respectable, had mostly defaced instead of embellishing nature's work; colouring blush-rose complexions tawny, dying dark tresses red or yellow, blackening delicate eyebrows, tracing obvious violet lines on satin skins not intended to reveal veins, and in general so upsetting all nature's harmonies, that the end attained was pretty much that achieved by children when, by the help of burnt cork and mamma's paint-box, they give themselves up to a regular bout of play acting.

And their dress! who shall record the laughable errors there?—laughable, had they not pointed at the momentary eclipse of France's once great privilege, taste! The flowing lines made angular, the straight lines tortured into crookedness, puffs where there should have been plaitings, and that flattened which should have swelled, flowers tied down by glass beads, feathers crushed by silver and gold, insects crawling over lace, and birds escaping from shoulder-knots of ribbons—everywhere deformity of contour and discordance of hue, everywhere distortion and tumult such that, according to Shelley's theory of the "interpenetration of senses," ear and eye should have equally ached at the confusion.

A loud and prolonged burst of applause awarded to Thérèse extinguished the sound of minor conversations. When it had subsided, the evidence of a rather lively discussion came from the table where sat the large group of fashionable ladies and gentlemen to whom the Parisians have given the names of cocodets and cocodettes.

"Mlle. de Vieupont," says Henri Dupont, "was a very handsome highly educated girl without a farthing, whom Vouvray—like an idiot—went and married, God forgive me, for love! She was penniless, and he gave her a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year—is that a fact? Yes or no."

"Well, but," began the small young gentleman, with the squeaky voice; "I have heard

it also said that she had to suffer a great deal with Vouvray."

"Suffer!" echoed a very pretty little woman with dark eyes and a green paroquet with a plum in its beak, nestling in amongst the curls of her chignon; "who would not have suffered with such a fool as Vouvray? why the man's a perfect *crétin*."

"He proved it by marrying Jeanne de Vieupont," observed Count Dupont; "and upon my word, I hope she did suffer, that's all I can say, for, according to my ideas, she richly deserved it."

"You are a positive bear," declares a remarkably handsome blonde, with a quantity of frizzled fair hair, and a plateful of strawberries and currants on the top of her head by way of hat. "See, there comes Olivier!" and she pointed to where a new comer was visible, advancing towards the table where sat the largest of the groups present. "Olivier," she added familiarly; "come here; there is room for you."

M. de Beauvoisin seemed to hesitate a moment, half-raised his hat to two ladies who were sitting at a table in the close neighbourhood of the one to which he was summoned, and then, coming straight on, exchanged greetings and hand-shakings with those around it.

The handsome blonde was apparently busy with some detail of the attire of one of the two ladies whom the Marquis de Beauvoisin had bowed to, for as she whispered to him, the words, "If it is real, it is worth ten thousand francs at least," were audible; and so, shortly after, were these: "I would give the world to know who made it, whether Félicie or Worth; couldn't you ask her? I must have one like it."

Olivier seemed to elude the commission thus half-imposed upon him, for he changed his place. By this movement the little black-eyed lady with the bird and plum in her chignon was discovered as stage directions term it, and the Marquis de Moranges suddenly added himself to the group, seizing both hands of this lively personage and exclaiming,—

"*A la bonne heure*, princess! so you have come back to us at last."

These two, plunging at once into the noisiest and apparently most diverting of conversations, the blonde lady, not used, as it seemed, to be unattended to, deliberately rose, and seated herself next to M. de Beauvoisin, and right opposite to the magnificent mantilla of Alençon lace worn by the Sphinx (for she it was), and touching the genuineness whereof she had been so anxious.

At the end of a few minutes Olivier was drawn forcibly into a whispered conversation, mixed up with dainty fan-tappings and loud laughter on the lady's part, and now and then she obliged him to bend down so low and so near to her to catch her words that her fair hair touched his cheek.

The Sphinx sat right opposite to them, silent, and feeding upon what she saw with her glowering eyes. Her lips grew with every second more tightly compressed, and her cheek paler, whilst her eyes eat, as it were, corrosively into what they gazed upon.

How long she thus sat she knew not, it seemed a long space of time; but at last she could bear it no longer.

"Aspasie," said she, in a hoarse whisper, "look across there; who is that fair woman? there! with the strawberries in her hair? I know her face."

"That!" answered Mlle. Mourjon, with a wicked laugh, "that's the famous Duchesse de Varignan."

"I thought so," gasped Claudine; "not even one of us!"

"That's as it may be," sneered Aspasie; "her set call her respectable. I believe her to be M. de Beauvoisin's mistress—but good heavens! what is the matter, madame, are you ill?" she exclaimed, as she felt Claudine's hold on her arm relax suddenly.

The Sphinx had apparently fainted.

And over this, too, the eternal stars looked serenely down.

CHAPTER XXVI.—ON THE SCENT.

WHEN Claudine fainted she did not fall senseless to the ground—as happens so frequently in romances, but rarely anywhere else; she leaned back upon her chair, and, whilst her hand relaxed its hold on her companion's arm, her head inclined towards her companion's shoulder, so that Aspasie had only to move slightly forwards in order to support the Sphinx's falling weight.

Without raising her voice Mlle. de Mourjonville requested help from two of the bystanders, strangers to her, but gentlemanly-looking men, and, without any noise or fuss, Claudine was removed from the battle-field where she had been wounded. As (like most people in similar cases) she was not wholly inanimate, she was quickly and quietly conveyed to her own carriage, and transported to the Hôtel de Moranges, under the watchful Aspasie's care.

The entire scene passed, however, under the

eyes of the two men whom it most nearly concerned, and who stirred not one step.

M. de Moranges' attention was suddenly arrested by the movement Aspasie made to prevent Claudine from falling, but he had not caught the expression of intense anxiety with which Aspasie had been questioned by the Sphinx. Olivier de Beauvoisin had, and understood the whole in an instant, though his mental faculties, as we know, were not remarkable for brightness.

But both men sat still, in the face of the stricken Traviata, because both, whatever their other faults, were perfectly well bred, and knew how to live, as the French phrase runs.

The uncle did not look at his nephew, nor the nephew at his uncle, for very different reasons; neither did they seem to have eyes for what was happening opposite to them, but watching Claudine through their eye-lids, as one would suppose, she was as though they knew her not.

M. de Moranges pursued his lively talk with the loud, rattling princess, who really had noticed nothing, and than whom the parrot with its plum in her chignon was not more indifferent. He lost not a detail of what passed (he seldom did, being an acute observer at all times), and saw two young men, both of whom he knew, help to bear away the person who did the honours of his house; but the keenest scrutiny would have failed to discover in him the faintest trace of emotion.

Olivier, too, went on whispering with Madame de Varignan, and being whispered to; but the blonde Duchess's notice had been too much riveted to the mantilla of Point d'Alençon not to perceive the disappearance of its wearer.

"I wonder what's the matter with her?" said she; "finds it too hot, perhaps."

"May be the smell of the flowers," suggested Olivier.

"Well," resumed the Duchess, casting a glance in the direction of the Sphinx's now empty seat, "I didn't think they, of that class, were so nervous. Why are they called *filles de marbre*?"

And then, after a momentary pause,—

"I suppose it's not the nerves, only the hearts that are marble."

And then they talked and laughed on, and conversation became, by turns, general, or relapsed into asides, and it was late when the pleasant group broke up.

"You may give me a lift in your brougham, Olivier," said M. de Moranges, as, having

parted from the ladies of their party, he found himself standing by his nephew's side on the asphalt of the Champs Elysées; "my carriage is gone home with Claudine."

Olivier accepted with readiness, and drove his uncle to the Rue de Grenelle. They spoke little, and, what they did say, related to the new ballet which was just then in rehearsal at the opera, and to the difficulty of obtaining good pointers.

When the Marquis de Moranges was inside his own doors he inquired for both Claudine and Mlle. de Mourjonville, and was informed that both had retired for the night, and were asleep. As he was assured by Madame's waiting-maid that her indisposition had been nothing to speak of, and merely an effect of the heat, he did not think it necessary to interrupt Mademoiselle's slumbers, which he would otherwise have had small scruple in doing, but left her to repose in peace.

But peace was not precisely the grand desideratum in our friend, Aspasia's, so recently and so widely-opened eyes. What she was bent upon was conviction, and she set to work with all the sharp cunning of her nature.

Never was anything so sisterly as the care lavished by her upon Claudine during their drive home. The latter, having partially recovered from the first shock before she was placed in the carriage, was merely struggling with the oppression and breathlessness that so frequently follow these kind of attacks. Her memory was still somewhat dim as to the immediate cause of what she was suffering; and she alighted at the Hôtel de Moranges, and, supported by Mlle. de Mourjonville, tottered into her own room, before the clear and distinct sense of what had passed re-appeared before her mental vision. But it did re-appear, and then the natural consequence of all such emotions in women manifested itself in another attack.

The sagacious Aspasia had at once dismissed the lady's-maid, saying that "Madame, whenever she had such attacks as these" (it was the first she had ever had in her life), "liked best to be alone;" that she (Mlle. de Mourjonville) was used to attend upon her in such cases, and that, in fact, the patient would be fast asleep in a quarter of an hour. Aspasia said this in such a quiet, pleasant way, and it was so particularly agreeable to the abigail to be left to her own devices, and released from any performance of any duty, that she, in her own mind, voted Mademoiselle a sensible person, and one with whom it might, perhaps, be possible to live.

Aspasia let the nervous attack have entirely its own way, merely undoing all strings, ribbons, and ligatures, establishing the sufferer comfortably on a sofa, and opening windows so as to let in air.

When the paroxysm was over, and exhaustion showed that it was so, she prepared a glass of *eau sucrée*, with essence of lime and orange flowers in it, and gently bathed with Eau de Cologne the head that lay back, inert and pale, upon the sofa cushions.

Claudine's breath went and came imperceptibly between her half-closed, slightly coloured lips, and her eyelids were shut as in sleep, while a dark blue circle hollowed itself beneath each eye. Prostration was complete. Aspasia touched the cold wrist; the pulse was barely perceptible; and not fussy, but watchful as a cat, she glided softly round her prey, seeking for the spot whence she could best pounce morally upon it.

Her first move was to impress upon her half-unconscious hearer her own complete and absolute want of suspicion.

"It was the worst of those hot, crowded places under the trees of the Champs Elysées," she said; "they invariably produced faintness" (she had herself had so many of these attacks, she knew so thoroughly well how to deal with them!) "*Tilleul* was the only thing quite sovereign;" and she obtained the swallowing of a few drops of her cordial. Then she touched the hand again; the pulse was still very weak. She put a bottle of English salts at a convenient distance from her patient's nose. "It was such tremendously hot weather, too, for the season; so unwholesome, she wondered anyone could bear it; she herself had felt very unwell for several days past. The greatest wonder of all to her was, however, the extraordinary physical strength of fine ladies; they went everywhere, did everything, turned night into day, but did not rest during the day; and yet they were always fresh and strong. How did they manage it?"

"Only see that Madame de Varignan, for instance," she added; "she's as blooming as a rose (not that I think her so handsome as do some people), and I dare say never had a fainting fit in all her life! So self-satisfied, too, as she looks! so insolently happy!"

The pulse on which Aspasia had laid her finger while thus speaking gave a little sudden start, and beat intermittently.

"Fine ladies have a fine time of it," continued Aspasia, dropping the hand she had held, as, moving to a table that stood before a glass, she began to mix some lemonade for

herself, while watching the recumbent figure of her friend in the mirror. "Fine ladies have a fine time of it, in truth; they have all the pleasures of wrong and all the privileges of right; they lay hands on whatever suits them, and nobody ever cries out about stolen goods; and they abuse the poor, unfortunate women who happen to have hearts."

She had turned round, and whilst uttering the last words, she stood in front of Claudine, whose face was bathed in tears.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed, with such an accent of innocent surprise; and springing forwards, she, with a burst of irrepressible sympathy, well nigh smothered Claudine in her arms, overwhelming her with marks of her tender commiseration, and imploring pardon for the wounds she had been blindly, unconsciously inflicting.

"I had not the slightest notion," she cried; "not a guess: if I could have had the faintest idea of such a thing," (of what, *Aspasie*?) "I would have died sooner than say a word."

"*Aspasie*?" asked Claudine, suddenly drying her eyes, dashing the hair from her brows, and fixing a look of fire upon her companion; "do people think her so very beautiful?"

Mlle. de Mourjonville had measured the depth of anxiety in the look, and, after a moment of apparent reluctance at having to avow a painful truth,—

"Yes," she replied, "she is thought in her world a great beauty; indeed, quite irresistible." This was uttered in a low, regretful tone.

Claudine sat upright, gazing steadfastly at her friend, who was kneeling on a cushion beside the sofa, and with quivering lips and nostril, and a brow knit in wrath like the Medusa's,—

"Do you believe she is his mistress?" asked a voice, hoarse with anger and dread.

The glance with which Mlle. de Mourjonville took at the entire aspect of the woman before her was a short one, no longer than a lightning flash, but it told volumes.

"No," said she, deliberately, and, as it were, driving a nail home with one knock.

"No?" echoed Claudine, her whole countenance passing through half-a-dozen different expressions in a second.

"No," repeated, stoutly, *Aspasie*, and, this time, a smile of superiority, of triumph, almost wreathed her thin lips.

The two women were locked for a moment or two in a slight embrace.

At the end of that time.

"And Monsieur le Marquis?" suggested

Aspasie; "how is he to be told? Am I to have the honour of——"

But Claudine had started to her feet, and stood pale and trembling, a very picture of alarm.

"Hush!" she whispered; "for God's sake, hush! he must never know: I would rather die!"

"Oh," remarked Mlle. de Mourjonville, arching her eyebrows, and feigning astonishment; "so you go in for concealment, do you? that will be no easy matter."

Claudine joined her hands in earnest entreaty.

"*Aspasie*," exclaimed she, "you must help us; you will promise, will you not? You will swear never to tell M. de Moranges?"

"Oh, yes," rejoined *Aspasie*, with a singular expression; "I will promise never to tell him—till you wish it."

RUDDERLESS.

NAN and Eve lived together at Appledencombe. This is not a very respectful way to speak of them, because, while Nan was but a girl, Eve was a married woman and her mother, but then she was so young, so absurdly young, to be the mother of a grown-up daughter like Nan, that it seems more natural to call her so, than by her pretty, and rather romantic appellation of Mrs. Ashley. And should it be objected that Nan is too obviously put into the more honourable position, I can only plead that Nan was by far the more important. Why, look at their lives.

Eve had married, while still but a child—a very pretty half grown-up child; she had then had Nan, and her husband had died; after which, as to all change, all excitement in her existence, there was written up against it the one word *Finis*. She was very sweet, very gracious, and the country all round loved and cherished her, as something of a gem; but it had come to be an understood thing that the story of her life had been told, and she was now only living for Nan. But a woman can be quite as loveable, and very often a great deal more useful, when the story of her life has been told, and she has leisure to devote herself to others: and Eve was, with many, to the full as popular as her little daughter. Truth to say, she was utterly unselfish, sympathetic by nature, and very fair to look upon. It was so delightful to talk to Eve, said the girls, whilst giving her a minute account of

their last fancy fair, because she knew all about it; Eve, who had walked from the schoolroom to the church, and had entered into woman's estate without ever having once shared in their pleasures. And the men, all the young men from the village, poured into her ears full accounts of their latest love affairs, and gathered from her sympathy, that she well understood them from experience; Eve, the course of whose love had run smoothly, up to the last sad ending, and who was innocent as a very child of the endless little channels through which it may flow.

Much more so indeed than her own child, who was gaining a very fair knowledge of the troubles and pleasures of that passion, upon the axis of which it is said the world that we live in turns round. For though Nan was guarded like a hot-house flower, and held sacred as a link between the living and the dead, Eve could not entirely shield her from a great many evils she brought on herself. By no rule that applied to other girls, could you read Nan. She would say one thing, mean another, and expect that her thoughts should be divined. She would sit and sparkle at her mother, all her little quaint sayings an evening through; then an organ in the street, touching, in some dreary old tune, one of Nan's most delicate chords, she would burst out crying where she sat, and when her mother, alarmed, astonished, pained, would take her in her arms to comfort and console, the room would be ringing with laughter, before the girl's tears were dry on her cheeks.

"Can't help it, mamma," she would say, "I go up and down as if all my inside were made of elastic. One moment I am down in the depths, and the next, some absurd spring inside me goes up, and it seems so ridiculous for me to be sitting howling on the floor about nothing, and you looking at me with such a long face, that I am obliged to laugh."

Which, for one of Nan's statements, was unusually correct. If there had only prizes been given for laughter and tears, how many of both Nan would have gained in a year.

Only it will be seen that she was in some sort an anxiety to her mother, even while Eve believed there was not, among girls, her equal in the world. Her whole heart was wrapped up in her child, except such portion of it as was buried in the waters with her husband, and the one great triumph of her life was Nan's first ball.

On that eventful night it was difficult to say whether she or her daughter was the more excited. She would let no one but herself put

the finishing touches to Nan's fresh toilette, and old-fashioned jewels that had belonged to a bride, now sparkled and shone on the girl's fair neck. But what would any of Nan's subsequent admirers (putting out of the question those who might possibly be artists) have thought of the piquant little belle of an evening, could they but have seen the picture *before* she started for her ball. A bedroom fitted up like a boudoir, and hung round with glasses. A girl standing up straight from among a feathery mass of whiteness, long glistening lines of drapery falling from, and lying bright beside her on the ground, and a figure scarcely less pretty kneeling in a half-dressed condition, and fastening on to her skirt hot-house flowers.

Nan, herself, looks not unlike a flower, with her blue eyes, and her lips and cheeks stained into colour; but she still requires to be looked at artistically, else you might see that the blue eyes are flashing light, and the red cheeks blazing with impatience.

"But see, dear; now look yourself, Nan. It is exactly six inches wide; you couldn't have one broader than that."

"What does it matter if it's six or sixteen," retorts Nan, "if it isn't broad *enough*? It's no use, mamma, if Jane can't go out in the village and get me another, I won't wear a sash at all."

"But your dress looks so unfinished, dear, without."

"Yes, I know that, of course," said Nan, quite unmoved, "but if it's to be a question of looking unfinished, or wearing *that*" ("that," was of course the sash held up high in the air), "all I can say is, it'll have to look unfinished."

"Now Nan, dear, don't be so impetuous."

"I'm not in the least impetuous," said Nan, who, while she declined advice and rejected hints, always denied accusations, "only nothing on earth, you know, mamma, would make me go to a ball with a—"

And so on, in fact, *da capo*, ringing the changes. But Eve forgot all that was not just gracious in Nan, when with her own heart beating painfully, she chaperoned her through the open door of the ball-room, and found there no face that was sweeter than one that had inherited the beauty of the dead. And Eve herself had never looked more like the girl young Ashley had chosen, and who had been so admired, when he had taken her with him half over the world.

That evening was a thorough success for Nan, but Eve, even while she gloried in it, yet trembled for results. She had ensconced her-

self close to a window, where she could always see the well-known puffing of Nan's dress, and where she could even catch little wafts of her talk, as the revolving dances brought her round that way.

Nan had a knack of saying the most unflattering things; with her caressing voice, and all the dimples in her face, contradicting them flatly, so that no compliment could be so delicious as Nan's little quaint attempts to set people down, and the descent was for them easy, while the blue eyes softened the sentence, and the very mouth laughed at its rudeness. But all this, though pleasant enough, and a sort of intoxication to Cavendish, a young War-Office swell, now swinging round with Nan, and inwardly vowing she was "the nicest girl out," was a considerable source of uneasiness to Eve, whose dislike to the old idea of the moth and the candle was constitutional, and who took no pleasure in watching any game, where, as well as a spider, a fly is also requisite.

"This is our dance, Miss Ashley."

This moth was known among his fellows by the name of Popham, and for him to have been scorched would have been deemed serious.

"The next, you will remember, Miss Ashley, is mine."

So spoke young Cavendish, wholly ignoring the existence of a rival.

"If you will look at your card, Miss Ashley."

"How foolish!" said Nan, balancing on one foot, to the great amusement of a would-be claimant behind her, and with all the dimples in her face in full play. "Well, you must settle, you know; it can't possibly signify to me."

"I do not hold any lady to an engagement, which she does not herself endorse."

So said young Cavendish, magnificently choice in his words, sitting disconsolately down by Eve.

"Then the dance is mine," says Popham, and Nan fired a Parthian shot.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Cavendish, and he is quite nice if you talk to him of horses, I don't think he cares much about anything else."

Cavendish smiled a little sulkily, and Eve, rather shocked, hastened to apologise. And thus it fell out, that two people very much interested in Nan, were first made acquainted.

"It was not at all fair, you know," says Cavendish, addressing Eve, and quite ready to talk, when the subject was Nan, and the listener was the pretty-looking young mother.

"That's the third time this evening Miss Ashley has done the same thing."

"It's only her way, Mr. Cavendish," returned Eve, a little absently, with her eyes somewhat out in the distance, and her pretty lips set together firmly. She did not like the look of that Mr. Popham, and she did not much fancy Nan's father would have done so either, and that was, with Eve, the safest of all standards.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Ashley," young Cavendish goes on, "your daughter and I are very old acquaintances."

And Eve came back from a somewhat long journey into the future, with all a mother's quick instinct of danger pricking round her heart.

"Oh,—I did not know."

"You don't remember me," says Cavendish, blushing like a girl. "I've been away such a time, but one of my earliest recollections is your daughter. I danced with her at a children's ball, eleven years ago, in this very house. I remember her perfectly. She had on a white frock, and black ribbons. Now, had she not, Mrs. Ashley?"

Eve smiled. He was quite right, and she liked him for remembering. At the time of which he spoke, Nan was in mourning for her father, but Eve had made it slight because her child was such a baby, and had dressed her in a white frock, and put on her a black sash (as to whose width, there had then been no question), and sewn black bows on her little short sleeves, and passed a black ribbon through her gold-brown hair. And now it appeared the little picture was vivid to another as well as to herself. Nan floating towards them, Popham in the background.

"Mamma, I don't at all suppose it's true—don't you move, Mr. Cavendish—but we've just been told there isn't a carriage to be had, and if it's a question of walking home, we shall have to start before supper." This was the time for Cavendish. "My dog-cart is put up round the corner, not ten minutes from here. Mrs. Ashley, will you do me the unspeakable favour of allowing me to drive you home?" And thus, though Popham took her in to supper, Cavendish drove Nan home at night.

And now, though the tale I would tell may seem that of a coquette, I must here beg for a distinction. It was not coquetry in Nan that made her sit through the supper with her elbows on the table, and her white teeth gleaming brightly with every sally that she uttered. It was simply that in the weak loveableness of her nature it came naturally to Nan to please. There was in her mind none

of the fixed resolve of a coquette, to make people love her and then heartlessly throw them over. Nor was it mere thoughtlessness, causing the same results, but rather a responsive power within Nan, that made her for the time in the same mood as those who were with her. And this was how it was that while, through supper, Nan's little quaint, short sentences seemed composed of white froth, highly adapted to Mr. Popham's understanding, the drive home at night found her softened, and so gentle, that Cavendish would have then and there fallen in love with her, had not the poor fellow already accomplished that desirable end with the most commendable zeal some time previous. And this was not acting in Nan. Honour where honour is due. Whatever Nan did, at the time, was natural, even though her moods were as changing as the wind, and the thoughts of one hour inconsistent with the next.

To-night, in the star-lit drive, she was so subdued and so loveable in the calm that came near her so rarely, and became her so well, that poor Cavendish had enough to do not to let Eve and his horse shift for themselves while he clasped Nan's little hand to him closely, and implored her to give it him for ever. But this, though for once the danger passed over, was what actually came to pass, bringing Nan home in the gloaming from a haymaking gathering hard by. Eve had herself been at the gathering, but had been persuaded, much against her will, to drive home, leaving Nan to walk, escorted by Cavendish, who, of course, found himself going their way. This went very much against Eve; but then it is difficult to say what little project of this kind would have pleased Eve. In the abstract, she by no means disapproved of early marriages; her own early life had been too happy for that. In the abstract, she entirely wished that her daughter should marry; indeed, no known possibility would have so grieved Eve, as for Nan to have been condemned to a life shut out from the fulness of content she had herself known with young Ashley. She had even told herself that of all those who were sighing for Nan, none were so worthy as Cavendish. But all this was quite in the abstract, and it went very much against the grain that this desirable young man should thus get a chance of pleading his cause. This, however did not much trouble Cavendish. The gloaming and Nan were both unusually pretty, and the combination, I suppose, was inspiring. Anyhow, he began, almost before poor anxious Eve was carried too far to

watch their proceedings, or gather from their gestures what the subject of conversation might be.

"Oh, Nan, Nan, you don't know how I love you!"

Did she not? Nan's little heart, though it certainly beat fast, was scarcely, I think, throbbing with surprise. And Cavendish conjugated the most popular of verbs, always, however, in the first person, singular. And Nan walked beside him, with her ungloved hand white on his arm, and her sweet eyes lowered, and all the dimples round her mouth imperceptible—left behind, perhaps, in the charge of Mr. Popham. Presently Cavendish finished up in the same manner in which he had been going on all through, "Dearest." He had made her an offer which, prosaically rendered, was an intimation that he possessed nothing, never had possessed anything, did not much think he ever should possess anything of sufficient magnitude to enable him to support a young wife; still, without binding herself to him in any way, would Nan give to him—grounds for hope? Vague, perhaps, but where would Nan's delicate perceptions have been if at this moment she had failed to understand him?

And now, am I expected to unravel Nan's heart? It were beyond me. Any ordinary mortal would have said that she loved him. Cavendish thought so, and even Nan herself, yet we judge from results. But it is not fair now thus to look forward into the future. Cavendish did not do so, nor did Nan. At his first word, "Dearest," Nan's whole heart was stirred; that loving, unstable heart, that so many were longing to gain, though heaven only knows whether the magical word, pronounced by Mr. Popham, would not have had much the same effect. At last, when they separated, they were neither of them, they said, in anyway bound. Poor Cavendish! Not bound? He was bound, at least, to a shipwrecked life, whether he for ever remained constant to Nan, or whether in his manhood he found there not sufficient to satisfy whatever in himself was true, and so, marrying lately some one far more worthy, would yet have lost his first sweet conception of woman in the last look he took of poor Nan.

Ah, Nan, why were your gifts so many, if you, foolish, could only thus use them? The love of your mother for Ashley had sanctified both their lives. Cavendish, at night, alone and musing: "Darling little Nan, what would I not give to be able to call her mine now!" Quite right, Cavendish. Had that been so, then might both of your lives have been different.

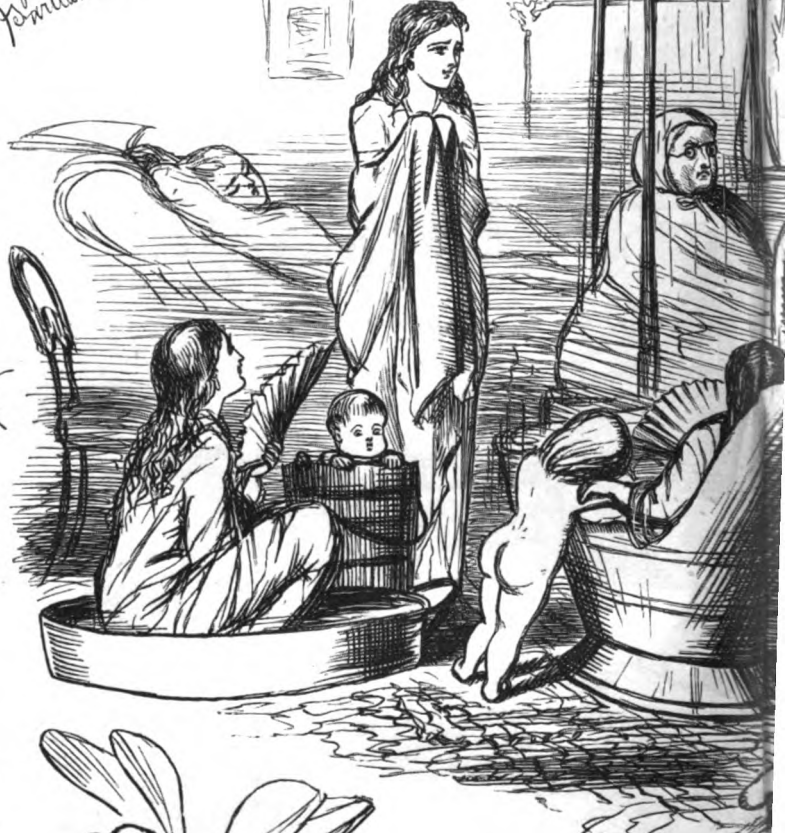
90° IN THE



Portrait of Old Lady reading
that Parliament has dissolved



Company we should like to keep



Pater taking his rest



The undoubted Mosquito he saw

We get all the
tubs & all the
spare room &
orders that we
Not at

Fragment of

SHADE 90°



A beautiful Vision



Comfortable



baths &
into the
en give
me.



Mop. Shaved



This is not a Statue its Miss Sussy taking her Rest on the floor



THE
CO.



This is not a picture of a woman sitting on the floor.

Map 2 hours

Nan would most certainly have been true to her husband, though it is open to question whether she would ever have turned into another Eve. Still, I am not at all prepared to say, that for Cavendish Nan would not have been sufficient. He would have been something out of the common who would not have been satisfied with Nan at her best.

Eve, when she heard of what had occurred, was at once in a tumult of emotions. Cavendish, in her mind, was not equal to the husband that had so long now been dead. This granted, was it not sad that Nan must put up with anything that was thus proved to fall short of perfection? But this suggestion, when hinted at to Nan, by no means met with her approval. "Good gracious me, mamma, I am sure he is good enough in all conscience. I don't know how many thousand times better than me already." That was not saying very much, but Nan was always to Eve young Ashley's daughter, and his virtues were supposed to have descended, though perhaps even Eve perceived they had lessened in the descent. Nan looked as if she thought her mother unkind, and Eve took her child in her arms, and sang to her Cavendish's praises, the sweetest of all lullabies to the girl.

But now, this story that should run so straight, swerves and diverges sadly. Cavendish threw up his home appointment, having a much better one offered him abroad, and his last walk with Nan before starting was through fields that lay white 'neath a harvest moon. Poor Cavendish, through all the changes of his after life, that walk stood out clearly before him. A flood of light illuminating the hills, and the very pretty lines of Nan's clinging figure, showing, too, her face, with real traces of grief, and glistening on the wet fringes of her eyes. Dearly as he loved her, she had never appeared to him so sweet as now in her sorrow. "Nan, my good darling Nan." And poor little Nan put up her cold hands before her face, and sobbed as if her very heart was breaking. Breaking! Eve's heart had not broken when young Ashley had died, and Eve was a true woman, with a true loyal heart that had never once swerved in its allegiance, and knew not the meaning of turning. Breaking! Nan's heart would never break. It was composed of too slight materials, was too elastic, had too much spring; possessed, in short, too much pliable power. But for all that, her grief was real, and her tears very bitter, and the wound that they flowed from very painful.

And Cavendish went off, being bound for

foreign shores, and all the passage out his thoughts flew quicker than the sea-gulls back to England. Back to England? Back to a country, back to a village, back to a dear old familiar spot where Nan lived. He would sit up high on the ship, lying his length on the paddle-box, a cigar between his lips, and his eyes on the silvery reflection of the moonbeams playing on the waves. But who shall say what he thought of, or the images that rose up before him. All I know is, the belle of the ship, having taken a fancy to his sun-burnt appearance, and got herself up to the utmost of her power, and flashed fire at him from out very dark eyes, decided at last it all was useless, since the good-looking swell smoked steadily, and would not look down from the post he had chosen, or even relax the muscles of his face. What wonder? There were other eyes shining before him. Quieter eyes as last he had seen them, and the tones of a voice sweeter far than the belle's, were ringing in his ears. The whole of the little picture he did not dare conjure up. The clinging hands, the quivering lips, the piteous little face raised towards him. Through the long summer nights, when the ship was asleep, the spirit of his dreams kept him company.

And in England, there was Nan crying her eyes out, for once totally disregarding her personal appearance. Eve was distressed beyond measure at this half-and-half sort of engagement. It was wearing the girl out, who was querulous now when she spoke, and by no means easy to please. Poor Eve ransacked her brain wherewith to charm Nan. She brought her all the cleverest books of the day, books that would once have delighted Nan, but now she only just looked at them, and tossed them unread on the floor. Presently, however, there came help to Eve. "Please, mum, Mr. Popham's regards, and the flowers, he says, are for Miss Nan." A large fragrant bouquet of white flowers; camellias, jessamine, stephanotes, white roses. A faint tinge of colour in Nan's pale cheeks. The bouquets came daily, but, after a while, as was perhaps natural, the message changed. The maid said, "If as how Miss Nan felt well enough, Mr. Popham would like to come in." Mr. Popham was by no means a bad specimen of Nan's numerous admirers. An athletic young man, and very well made. He owed a good deal to nature, but his tailor put the finishing touches. Fresh, giving you the idea of a man that was fond of his tub; and his laugh spoke well for his digestion.

"How ill she looks, Mrs. Ashley. I never

saw anyone so much changed. Not a bit more colour than her flowers."

"I don't care about white flowers," said Nan, petulantly.

"Oh, Nan! Don't mind her, Mr. Popham, she has been so ill, you know."

"I always mind her," said Popham.

And Nan, undergoing a sudden change, caught up the flowers and kissed them. "I don't mean it in the least," she said, holding out her little hand to him; "not in the very least. Say, you know I don't."

"I know you don't. What flowers do you really like, Miss Ashley?"

"Poppies," said Nan, and so long as they lasted Mr. Popham went about with a field-flower fastened in his coat, although it must be owned that he picked out the little ones.

After which Mr. Popham's visits became frequent, and about the same time, Nan's elastic spring went up, and the sunshine of her nature returned. All thoughts of Cavendish seemed to have fled from her mind, or the veil of separation, through which she now saw him, threw a general indistinctness. And so, because a blue sea now rolled between them, Nan turned from Cavendish to the fair-haired suitor standing ready by her side.

Eve did not approve of it, though she would not forbid anything that gave Nan back her old animation. She had no especial dislike to Popham; liked him, indeed, for his kindness to Nan; but her sympathies were with the absent lover, partly no doubt because of his absence. But Popham, one day, catching Nan alone, made an open confession of his love. And Nan felt pleasantly towards Popham, even as she had done towards Cavendish, and felt no inclination to tell him to desist.

"If you can love me," said Popham, "I shall stay here, of course, and be happy, but if you cannot, I must leave the place. No, don't answer me now, Nan, I shall know to-morrow. If you mean me to stay, you must wear a red poppy in your dress."

The next day Popham haunted the fields, long before the hour that Nan and Eve walked; but at last he saw them—Nan, in the background, with her eye-lashes lowered, and her cheeks as red as the poppy in her dress. Ah, Cavendish, smoke at your ease, or flirt if you will with the black-eyed belle, there need nothing now bind you to England. And what possessed Nan? Remember the title of the sketch. The girl was rudderless. Every impulse that she felt she gave way to.

But now, how was it that, with two such lovers as Popham and Cavendish, poor Nan

should presently have been no better off than many a girl who had not even had one? I am afraid it was that she had the fault of the Dutch—

Which is giving too little, and asking too much.

Anyway, Cavendish, on his return at last, chancing to fall in with Popham before he met Nan, heard, and for the matter of that gave, such a dismal account of Nan's conduct throughout, that the result was, both men gave up their pretensions to her hand; though, as Cavendish said when again he met her, he had something to do not to recommence wooing as of old. For one especial point in Nan was the value that she set on what was passing out of reach. But Cavendish was aware of the almost magnetic power Nan possessed, and would not put himself in her way. Popham, too, was perplexed at the whole revelation, and no longer anxious to undertake Nan. So both men absconded. Popham scorched, yet happily open to consolation; and Cavendish heavy at heart and bitter in his words, yet still tender over a locket that hung from his chain, and which contained a little miniature. A face set round with a long sunny curl, eyes as blue as a summer's day, looking reproachfully out at him, and lips that seemed struggling to plead their own cause. Underneath were three golden letters, which, put together, spelt NAN.

"Mamma, did you ever know any other girl so bad?"

"Hush, Nan."

"Mamma, no one ever else has done as I've done; so foolish, so vain, so weak."

"You are always *my* darling, Nan."

This was in the twilight, Nan lying all down on the floor, her brown head resting against her mother, the fringes of her eyes turned towards her.

"Mamma, do you remember when I was a little girl how you used to give me texts? You never gave me mine, mamma,—the one that applies to my life."

"What is it, darling?"

And then, in the darkness and quiet, and even whilst Cavendish held her locket close pressed to his breast, Nan's quivering lips pronounced her own sentence:

"'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'"

"Oh, Nan, Nan, you will break my heart."

"If I were to die, mamma, you could write nothing else up against me."

"They shall never write it up, Nan; never, never."

How dreary it all seemed to Eve. It was

young Ashley's daughter, this sad, little girl, who was thus speaking of her life as all past. So the years rolled on, and, even as they passed, there came news to Appledcombe. Popham, that same Mr. Popham who long ago had worn a field-flower in his coat in honour of a sweetheart, was now bringing home a young wife to walk in those very lanes where he had once walked with Nan. Nan took it very quietly; so quietly, that people put forth an old idea—that "that pretty Miss Ashley had no heart." She was still "that *pretty* Miss Ashley," though the aspect of her beauty was perhaps a little changed. There were fewer dimples round the mouth, and it was only on rare occasions now that the old light flashed from the eyes. Yet still, after all, it was Nan; Nan, sweeter in her saddest moments than any other girl at her brightest and best.

Mr. Popham's bride was a very ordinary young lady, with not half little Nan's attractions, but then she had not played fast and loose like the blue-eyed girl, who, with her mother, was among the first to call on the bride. Nan had insisted on paying this visit, and, as Nan's word was law, Eve had to accompany her; and thus, much against her will, she was again brought into contact with a quondam friend. Both Popham and Nan behaved very well, but Eve felt constrained, and was glad to get her daughter out on the cliffs, that took them a short cut back to their side of Appledcombe. The moon had silvered for herself a bright path across the waters, and Eve's thoughts had, as usual, strayed across the channel to the spot where her husband had been drowned, when she felt Nan's grasp tighten on her arm.

"See there, mamma; does not that remind you of me?"

So Eve looked where Nan pointed, out among the silver waves. Just before them was a clear bright space, and there, emerging from the darkness, was a little boat, drifting, with no aim or object, rudderless. Eve's heart ached with pain. Was there indeed a resemblance between the little boat that was tossing before her and the dear little figure that was clinging to her side?

One scene more, and I have done. A hero is coming into my story—a hero who has been in it before; but who, of his own accord, dropped out. He is coming back now, not that he has forgotten Nan's sin, but that he has forgiven it, and the longing upon him grows intense, to sit himself at the helm, and steer the little lost boat safely through calm waters to a haven.

So this last picture shows Cavendish possessed, at last, of a home of his own. A house looking out on the beach, a garden to which, as the night comes on, he can take himself and the cigar that is forbidden in-doors, and dream over all the strange chances of his life. He is not there now, but leaning over a little table in the drawing-room; beside him stands a blue-eyed girl, and they are both looking down at a picture—a drawing—a little sketch made by Nan.

The wreck of what was once a gay little boat, tossed upon the waters, clearly at the mercy of the waves. Underneath, there is the name written, RUDDERLESS.

Not rudderless now. Dearest, dearest Nan, with all the old charm round the sweet face and figure, with more than the old love shining from the eyes. *Not* rudderless now.

And Eve's heart was at rest.

ANGLOPHOBIA.

IT is very amusing to observe the astonishment with which a Frenchman or a German hears, for the first time, a cultivated and intelligent Englishman speak of England, English customs, manners, and notions. It may safely be said that every country takes as the type of every other country its Philistine element. The Englishman whom the Parisians love to burlesque is typical, not of England, but of English Philistinism; the Gaul whose filthy habits, and bumptious talk, and ludicrous gestures we in London delight to satirise is in no conceivable way a fair representative of his countrymen. Indeed, what basis would patriotic sentiment have to work upon, if we were to take as the spokesman of any nation its educated and thoughtful men? Culture tends to produce uniformity. There is a certain standard beyond which, as a general rule, men cannot go; and while among the rough and uneducated classes we find the most obvious and decided differences of character, manner, and speech, what is called good society presents us with a race of beings who have had their angles of character so smoothed down, and their differences of opinion so corrected by an intelligent sympathy, that their want of marked features produces a sort of monotony on a high level. In like manner with nations. The educated classes of different nations are much more nearly akin than the uneducated classes of the same nations. They meet together on that platform which is raised above the old hereditary prejudices, the illogical animosities,

the cut-throat rivalries which go so far in producing national pride. Nevertheless, the typical foreigner has never been banished from among us. While the individual Frenchmen whom we know are pretty much like ourselves, we cannot get it out of our head that Frenchmen, taken collectively, have a horror of soap-and-water, invariably eat their food with a knife, and spend the rest of their time in those amiable pursuits which form the staple of modern French comedy. And *vice versa*. The Englishman of the Parisian imagination is still a corpulent beef-eater, with a prodigious and stupid reverence for everything English, who beats his wife with his boots, and then sells her at Smithfield. Some one somewhere speaks of a French writer who, being desirous of showing his acquaintance with English customs, drew a picture of "the farmer of Piccadilly, drinking grogs, and playing on the bag-pipes."

Now the greatest insult that a foreigner can pay to an Englishman abroad is to take him for the typical English Philistine, and courteously try to flatter his insane self-conceit and prejudices. Disgusted beyond measure that the foreigner should suppose him to be such a fool, the Englishman at once begins to depreciate his country and his countrymen in a tone which sufficiently astonishes his companion. Nor is the educated Englishman less anxious to have it understood at home that he does not belong to that illogical race which has made England a by-word for presumption and inflated self-importance. You watch his expression when some respectable old gentleman, with a white waistcoat and a red face, is dilating on the tremendous prowess of the English army.

"May I ask, sir," he says, with terrible courtesy, "if you know the strength of the British army, as compared with that of the continental powers?"

"Bah! what has numerical strength to do with it?" cries the old gentleman—the representative Briton. "It is the valour of our soldiers—their go—their splendid physique. Numerical strength!—why, look at Waterloo!"

"At Waterloo the French were overmatched by 45,000 men."

"What?" here the red face assumes a purple hue—"the French overmatched? Yes, sir, by English pluck, by English bayonets, and by English gentlemen. We don't have our army officered by lads who rise out of the ranks on account of their cheek."

"So much the worse," interjuculates the Anglophobist; and about this point the argu-

ment is generally broken off by the intervention of a third party.

Or we will suppose him seated in a beer-garden outside Berlin, in company with a Prussian officer—not one of the blustering young military students, between whom and the Berliners there exists a constant feud. The young sparks who swagger about the streets of the Prussian capital, showing off their long, lank figures, their curled moustaches, and dangling swords, who monopolise the narrow strips of pavement, and bully the waiters in the cafés, are very different men from the self-restrained, little-speaking, energetic and bronzed warriors who have been tamed and tutored by active service. The latter are courteous to a degree—especially to strangers; in fact, they pique themselves upon being superior even to French officers in that respect. So the Herr Hauptmann puts down his heavy helmet on the little wooden table, lights his cigar, and says in his cold fashion,—

"Your army is brave. You have good soldiers—they stand fire, *nicht wahr?*"

Even in paying a compliment he does not relax his northern gravity of tone and demeanour. But to his astonishment, the Englishman, instead of being flattered, breaks out into abuse of the military system of his country.

"Brave? Oh, yes, brave enough! But do they ever get a chance? Never. Our whole military system is a chaos; and our government hasn't the moral courage to take a lesson from our neighbours. Now look at your system—do you think we Englishmen don't see its advantages? Do you think we don't see the value of a system which gives every man who is willing to pass the necessary examinations a chance of becoming an officer, which makes no distinction between the son of the war-minister and the son of a grocer when danger threatens the country, which exacts its quantum of duty from every Prussian, in whatever country he may be situated, on penalty of forfeiting his nationality? You give a man the chance of escaping with almost a nominal term of service. How? England would, as Austria does, let him off if he were the son of a rich man and able to pay the exemption: you say to him, Go, and pass your college examination. Show us that you are more valuable to us at home than in the field, and we will allow you to pass with one year's nominal service, which will scarcely interfere with your duties more than a course of gymnastics would. England! Our English army is a sort of asylum for the indigent sons of our aristocracy."

Mr. Captain opens his eyes widely, and smokes his cigar in peace—probably thinking to himself,—

"These English are not so stupid and vain as I have heard. They can see things. But for a man to sit and run down his own army——"

"What can we do?" cries our Anglophobist. "If we have allies on our side to fight for us, good. But what can you expect of an army that is officered by inexperienced boys, and directed by a lot of superannuated imbeciles? Why, all you can expect is that our soldiers should be starved, and our army made the laughing-stock of Europe; and let me tell you, Herr Hauptmann, that we in England know well that if we were to engage, single-handed, with any of the great European powers, we should be, to use one of our own expressions, 'licked to smithereens.' You don't understand?"

"Yes, yes, I do," replies the Captain, pulling his moustache perplexedly. "But, mein guter Freund, look at your navy."

"Herr Hauptmann, our navy is governed by a lot of old women, who try to patch it together with scissors and paste. Our navy remains stagnant, while you here are developing your fleet, and while France—well, look what she has done with her ironclads within the past few years, and how dexterous she is in employing every new idea which science offers her towards the rendering effective of her marine. You were not at Cherbourg, were you, when our English admirals went over to inspect the French ships? No? The supercilious scrutiny, the self-complacent pity, the absurd depreciation, the pig-headed conservatism to exploded ideas that one heard from morning till night—pah! it sickens one."

"Sie glauben nicht dasz England die Königin der See ist?" says the Hauptmann, smiling.

"The Queen of the Sea? Yes. The people who join in the choruses of our music-halls believe it, I suppose."

It would be a great mistake to consider that such speeches are necessarily the result of discontent with our present political system. They are not a protest against this party or that party; but a protest against the insufferable self-sufficiency of English Philistinism. The speaker practically says, "Well, if you go on talking nonsense about the grandeur and perfection of England, I will go as far the other way, in order to make something like a fair balance, and that we may not continue to be the butt of continental countries." Our

political arrangements only furnish a trifling part of the charges he has to bring against England. Suppose that he goes to Paris armed with an introduction to some more or less celebrated man. He dines with him. His host is profusely courteous; begs to be excused if his cook has not sufficiently understood and considered English tastes, and so forth.

"Monsieur," replies the Anglophobist, "I am charmed, for your sake and my own, to find that your cook knows nothing of our abominable English cookery. Do you not see how glad we English are to escape from home? Would you persecute us with offensive memories when we come to visit you? You do not pray for bad weather in order to accommodate English guests; why should you try to reproduce English cookery?"

"Your weather," says his host; "I understand the English weather is not nearly so bad as our *feuilletonists* say; and as for the fogs and the number of suicides—that is a joke addressed to the pit. You English are a fortunate people—the freedom you possess, the liberty of public meeting, the liberty of speech in your assemblies and your newspapers——"

"Yes, and what has it all come to? Is there any country in the world in which you will find such wretchedness and misery openly flaunting its rags in mid-day? Where else do you find such depths of poverty and vice and despair as in our great English towns? If you have the necessary average of brain, muscle, or money, England may be a tolerable place to live in, I admit; if you have not that average, you had better go and put a bullet through your brain at once than try to live in England."

Now one can easily understand how very natural all this is. A sensible man becomes exasperated by the incomprehensible, dull, bigoted self-complacency of the purse-proud Briton, and cannot help being made the victim of a mental recoil. Evidences of this counter-movement have never been so abundant as they are at present, both in our literature and in our private conversation. Educated and intelligent men have been stung into making reprisals, and there is no doubt about the superior information and acumen with which they fortify their view of the case. This reaction is very grateful in one way, and probably will have much good effect in mitigating the more offensive aspects of our insular arrogance; but we must not forget that it is quite as much a prejudice as is the sentiment which it attempts to destroy. Undue laudation of everything foreign, simply because it is foreign, is

quite as absurd—though its origin may claim a higher position—than undue laudation of everything English. You cannot convince me that it is stupid to call every “d—d Frenchman” a fool, by replying that every Englishman is an arrogant snob. There is nothing more common than to meet with men and women who won’t allow anything belonging to a stranger’s life in a foreign city to be depreciated. Once you have crossed the Channel, all the narrow pettinesses and wretched hypocrisies of English social life disappear. You come among a nation of gentlemen. The hotels are invariably delightful; the cooking superb; the bed-room arrangements most comfortable; the bill a marvel of cheapness. Then the amusements—the delights—and constant change of this sojourn abroad. You are not permitted to say that a large number of continental towns smell so abominably that one goes about haunted by anticipations of cholera; that the people one meets at many *tables d’hôte* (but they are not to be taken as representative of the breeding and manners of the nation) conduct themselves in what is a most offensive manner, not only to English visitors, but to their own countrymen; that you are as liable to be swindled by a shopkeeper there as in England; and that the theatres and other places of amusement—except in the large capitals—are almost as bad as the general run of our London theatres—which is about the worst character one could give them. Nor are you allowed to hint that the work demanded from the peasant-women is, in many districts, a shame and a crime; nor that this or the other paternal government commits, unchallenged, acts of the grossest tyranny; nor that even such an admirable system as that of the Prussian army should sometimes inflict the most painful cruelty and injustice. You are willing to admit—let us say—that French manners and cooking are, in general, praiseworthy; that the intelligence, and prudence, and wide-spread education of the poorest classes in Germany form one of the most pleasing and hopeful results of modern civilization; that the Prussian military system has produced what competent judges consider to be the most efficient, vigorous, muscular, and trustworthy regiments in Europe. But why, in addition, must one needs abuse England? If she is so feeble and old, let us give her the respect due to a venerable age. She has done good work in her day. If she has not done much for herself, she has done something for the world. If she has been compelled to accept her best music, philosophy,

classical erudition, science, and what not, from abroad, she has been instrumental in carrying these throughout the world. Nor do we think that English history is quite wanting in remarkable names. We can show a few men who have earned a respectable place in biographical dictionaries; we do not wholly lack an occasional soldier, or man of science, or statesman to rescue us from contemptible insignificance. Perhaps England is in a trance just at present. She may rouse herself by-and-by and re-assert her position among the nations; but, meanwhile, our Anglophobists, in their anxiety to demolish the Bœotian, stolid, and exceedingly offensive conceit of the typical John Bull, should take care that foreign nations do not begin to take them at their word, and estimate England as she appears in the view of a certain number of intellectual men who allow their natural indignation to lead them into an exaggerated humility.

TABLE TALK.

THERE is an odd story of red tape from Russia. In the year 1850, the Emperor Nicholas, looking over the accounts of his household, found an entry something like this:—

To tallow, for the cure of her Majesty's
cold 10 roubles.

He was puzzled, knowing that the Empress was in perfect health. But on pursuing his inquiries he found the same charge repeated day after day for years and years. He demanded an explanation, and discovered that in the year 1790 the Empress Catherine had had a severe cold; that the physician advised her to apply melted tallow to her Majesty's nasal organ; that there was none in the palace; that it had to be procured for her; and that ever since that date—for more than half a century—there was every day entered in the accounts of the Imperial household a charge for tallow to be applied to the Imperial nose.

“ONLY too pleased,” “only too happy,” “only too” this, that, or the other, should be said when occasion warrants the idea of *excess*, but not, as many people use the phrase, to imply merely an *extreme*. You may say aptly enough of a soldier that he is only too brave, only too fond of fighting, only too ready to rush forward at the first sight of the foe. Here a distinct fault of exuberance is of purpose imputed. But to tell your friend that you will be only too

glad to entertain him for a day or two, is to suggest an awkward fancy that the visit may be, though agreeable to you, rather inconvenient to your household. Indeed, the phrase "only too" is oftener misapplied than used in a right meaning.

"I BUY two cravats, which last me a whole year," said the famous Bach, "a black one and a white one. In about six months the one does duty for the other. The black, by constant use, comes rather white; and the white turns very black."

THERE is not a more excellent creature in the world than Miss Potterpate, who is governess to the children of a friend of mine. Unfortunately for her, her person, like her acquirements, is extremely solid, and is, in fact, an admirable illustration of the proverb, It's as broad as it's long. One day she was exhibiting some pictures on Scripture subjects, amongst which was one representing angels floating in the air on clouds. Master Tommy, apparently very much struck by this, to him, novel method of locomotion, said, "Are you going to Heaven, dear Miss Potterpate?" "I hope so, dear," said Miss P. "What a very heavy angel you will make for the poor cloud to carry," observed Master Tommy with some sagacity.

I THINK it must have been a little girl in the same family who made the following remark. They were being shown a picture of Jacob's ladder, when her brother strongly objected to believe in the story, because he said everybody knew angels had wings, and it was perfectly absurd to suppose they wanted a ladder to climb up to Heaven, when they could fly whenever they chose. "Ah, yes!" said the little lady; "but perhaps they were moulting at the time!"

WHY doesn't some one make a tour of Europe to cull the rich treasures of the "Livres des Etrangers." Here is one I copied some ten years ago from one of those works at Bellinzona:—"We this day left this place for Milan, proceeded as far as the Austrian line, two miles this side of Como, and *was* refused admittance into Italy, because we had not the visa of the Austrian minister at London upon our passports. We are all Americans, teatallers, strong advocates for peace principles, and as we reflect upon the brutal self-conceited and *contemptible* conduct of a few over-fed, thick-headed specimens of a long established

military government, we cannot feel otherwise than grateful to the great Father of all nations, that we were born and reared in the glorious land of Liberty, where no other passport to the best of society is required, than gentlemanly behaviour and an honest hand."

WHAT will be the issue of the contest between big guns and armour-plates? The situation is becoming ridiculous; it is the old game of pull devil, pull baker. Says the gun-maker, I'll make a gun that will smash every armour-plate in existence. Then, says the naval constructor, I'll make a thicker plate, that will defy your gun, and build a ship that no known shot will penetrate. Then, retorts the first, I'll make a still greater gun, and blow your ship to scrap iron. That's just how we are going on, and how we shall go, till vessels and guns become unmanageable. I see that machinery has been invented—presumably from necessity—for loading heavy guns without hand labour. If ingenuity is boundless, why not extend this automatic principle to the manufacture of fighting machines that shall dispense with human fighters altogether, and do battle without bloodshed?

IN this season of sparse news, sensation paragraphs are in great demand among sub-editors and paper readers. Monster gooseberries are no longer bolted, though gigantic melons are relished still. Toads in stones are getting stale, but a variety of changes are rung upon that class of phenomena. Here are three recent instances:—Some workman, digging foundations in Blackpool, Lancashire, came upon an oyster firmly embedded in the clay at a depth of five feet from the surface. The mollusk was all alive. Then in Devonshire, a piece of iron ore, dug from the bottom of a mine 74 feet deep, was delivered of a live lizard six inches long. Lastly, a London editor, citing this case, caps it with one from his own experience. He says he was cutting a piece of bread at dinner lately, when he bisected a cock-roach. This too was alive, and the fore part of its body walked about in spite of its severance from the hinder quarters. The kneading and baking had turned the insect green. Any or all of these cases may be true. Let us hope that that of the oyster is so, for it may lead to the preservation of these delicacies for the supply of our tables when there is no R in the month, unless, indeed, we lose them altogether—a possible contingency, to judge from recent prices.

BOOTS, ladies' boots, are the subject of a letter from Mr. Bonomi to the *Builder*—a strange medium for such a topic, by the way. He has been measuring the foot of the Venus de Medici, or rather (it amounts to the same thing) of an accurate cast of the statue. The erect height of the figure is, as is well known, five feet two inches, and he finds the length of the foot to be exactly nine inches, or as nearly as possible one seventh of the height. The breadth of the widest part of the sole is three and three-eighth inches, a fraction over one-eighteenth of the figure's stature. From these data, and a knowledge of her height, every lady can determine what should be the size of her boots: she may exceed the dimensions given in the formula if she sees fit, but woe to her health, and, according to Mr. Bonomi, good-bye to the symmetry of her pedals, if she tries to squeeze them into anything less. But does the Venus, or any other idealisation, represent every case of the humanity it typifies? If, as is certainly the case, some feminine extremities exceed the sculptor's proportions, others as certainly fall within them; and it is hardly likely that the possessors of these will wear boots too big for them merely for the sake of conforming to a fancy standard. The best proportion is a good fit, and upon this point English bootmakers and English dames have much need of improvement.

How often, in the course of a country walk, we meet with objects we long to have the power to record with the pencil,—picturesque combinations that may never occur again, which we would fain fix upon the paper for after consultation. It is true there are the photographic appliances, which place all men with equal technical skill upon a level; but we don't go out willingly for a stroll with bag and baggage—hamper ourselves with impedimenta that give us the appearance of being out upon a surveying expedition. Hitherto this has been the drawback to the exercise of a most beautiful art. But I am glad to find that the pencil of Nature is now placed at our disposal in a manageable form. A camera is now invented for taking landscapes, not bigger than an opera glass; a stand is improvised out of an ordinary walking-stick, and a supply of *dry plates*, prepared on the plan proposed by Major Russell, in which bromised collodion is used. Such plates develop, with an alkaline preparation, without the aid of silver. No blackened fingers, no laboratory of bottles are any longer needed, and the method of printing, whilst it is clean, enables enlarged proofs to be taken at home

at leisure. The tourist may carry in his shooting-coat pocket and in his trusty staff all the means necessary for taking transcripts direct from Nature, in her most interesting scenes. When we see what miles of foot-clogging clay a sportsman will cheerfully carry his fowling piece over for the chance of a shot at a partridge, can we doubt that the artistic pedestrian will in future provide himself with his camera, with which, in a day's walk, he may fill his folio with recollections which will give him pleasure for a life time?

WHEN I was a boy at Winchester, which I was for my sins five miserable years, the sermon on founder's day was always preached by the bursar, who never came near the place except on that day. I am bound to add that he was a wonderful good fellow, and he not only kept office the whole time I was there, but he regularly preached the same sermon, the subject being the Prodigal Son, as suited to us youth, and he began in this wise, the effect being heightened by the fine port wine tones of his manly voice:—"Although, my dear boys, there is every reason to suppose that the return of the prodigal son was hailed with every demonstration of delight and welcome by his disconsolate parents, there can unfortunately, on the other hand, be no possible doubt that he was a very dissipated young man."

WHEN Jones was at Oxford he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag, Brown, went into his rooms, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly, and dirty state of everything, said, "Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad, the only clean thing in your room is your towel!"

THE Duc de Richelieu met Restant the grammarian at the French Academy. "Moi je suis ici pour ma grammaire," said the learned man. "Et moi pour mon grandpère," replied the wit.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 36.

September 5, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXVII.—DUST IN THE EYES.

IF our wily friend, Mlle. de Mourjonville, saw that, by this new complication of Claudine's passion for M. de Beauvoisin, she became what French politicians call the master of the situation, she also perceived, at the same moment, the intersection of difficulties in which it suddenly placed her. There was fortune on all sides, and one false step, or one unlucky chance, might destroy it. For the false step, Aspasia thought she could answer that it should not be taken by her. But as far as the unlucky chance went, there was no saying what might not happen.

The Dowager might be brought, Aspasia believed, to a very large contribution, if it were proved to her that her brother's fortune was definitively snatched from the grasp of the Sphinx; but the bare notion of Olivier being the instrument destined by Providence to prove Claudine's unworthiness to his uncle, tore the entire web to pieces. It cut two ways: first, if ever it were so much as guessed at by M. de Moranges, not one farthing of his money would ever find its way to his lawful heir's purse; and the Dowager herself would be far more terrified at the idea of her son's infatuation than at that even of her brother's.

So far, then, the combination was a very unlucky one. But Mlle. de Mourjonville was a remarkably cool-headed person, who, like a good general, seized all the various aspects of a position at once, and was not easy to disconcert. She was resolute exceedingly; despised the thousand and one petty phantoms before which it is the habit of continentals (men and women) to be for ever quaking; rose at once to the requirements of the position; and took in all its different bearings at a glance.

Claudine was in love with M. de Beauvoisin—that fact must be accepted and made the

best of. Claudine's entire unreserved confidence must be secured, the total ignorance of the Marquis de Moranges must be compassed, and upon those two bases a comparatively quiet state of things being established, some wise scheme must be invented whereby later to loosen the bonds between the Sphinx and M. de Beauvoisin. For the moment, Aspasia saw clearly that any jealousy or disquietude on Claudine's part would lead to some violent explosion which would reveal all to M. de Moranges, and deprive her, Mlle. de Mourjonville, of her legitimate share of profits in the concern; therefore, there should be no outbreak of any species, she argued: *i.e.* no occasion afforded for one. She determined to take time into her counsels, and trust somewhat to the fickleness and frivolity of man's (and woman's) nature.

"Let her have her toy;" she mentally reasoned, "and tire of it!"

What puzzled Mlle. de Mourjonville not a little, was the absolutely frightful anxiety evinced by Claudine that M. de Moranges should suspect nothing. This anxiety seemed to outweigh almost the passion for Olivier, whilst at the same time identifying itself with it. Aspasia was at fault, and for that reason proceeded cautiously; but she clearly saw what a hold the dread of discovery gave her over the Sphinx, and this cord she grasped firmly.

"Madame de Varignan has one great advantage over you," said Mlle. de Mourjonville to Claudine, as they were sitting together a few days after the scene in the Champs Elysées; "she can see as much of him as she chooses."

"She seems to be always with his wife," rejoined Claudine. "What an extraordinary thing that in their world women seem to have no jealousy."

"Why should they?" retorted Aspasia; "the sort of sentiment they are taught to have for their husbands, when they marry, is of such a very calm description that how it could, by any possibility, engender jealousy would indeed be a miracle."

"But Aspasia," continued Claudine, drawing

her chair nearer, and leaning forwards with her elbows resting on her knees, "what is the difference in reality between them and us? We are after all the same flesh and blood,—we lead the same lives,—what real difference is there? Do you think they are better than we are?"

"I should say considerably worse," replied Mlle. Mourjon, with a malignant smile; "besides, if there are any what are called good ones among them, nobody runs after them—they are left to sit by themselves in a corner."

"It is just that I can never understand," continued Claudine; "there is Olivier's wife; she is what people call good."

"She's not tempted, that's all!" interrupted Aspasia.

Claudine shook her head. "No! no!" added she; "she's good, and I know it."

"Stuff!" exclaimed angrily Mademoiselle Mourjonville; "she's not had time yet to know whether she's good or bad—wait a year or two, and you'll soon see she's no better than the others—everybody's the same."

"No! Aspasia, that's not what I meant when I asked where was the difference? There is a difference between Madame de Beauvoisin and us, and I don't mind it. I don't mind her being good, it doesn't hurt me; but what troubles me are the other women, those like that horrid insolent Duchess" (and her whole countenance darkened with hate). "Why is it that a woman like the Marquise de Beauvoisin can go about all day long with her, and look in public as though she was her dearest friend; and yet, if I was to come against her in the crowd, she would take up her gown to prevent its folds from touching me! What is the real difference between Madame de Varignan and me? that does trouble me, and I never can make it out."

"Why, there is but one; that she is Madame la Duchesse de Varignan. You need seek no further—that will do."

"Well, I know," said Claudine; "but then why do the priests always tell you that we are all equals, and that sin only makes the difference? I feel it isn't true, and yet I hear them always saying it every time I go to church."

"Don't go to church," said tartly, Mlle. de Mourjonville. "It's a very bad habit in your position."

"Well, sometimes it's a comfort," suggested Claudine, meekly; "and then, Monsieur le Marquis seems to think it proper."

"Oh! Monsieur le Marquis, Monsieur le Marquis!" grumbled Aspasia; "I am perfectly certain you will not be able to carry on

this system of deception much longer. Why not make an effort, and get over all this nonsense about Olivier? it would only be the affair of a week at most. Get plenty of amusement during that time, or tell the doctors to send you to some watering-place for your health—it would be easy to do, and you would be free again in no time."

"I cannot," answered Claudine, in a low tone, but quietly; "it is beyond my strength to try and break with Olivier."

A little later M. de Moranges entered the room, and after a few phrases exchanged with Claudine and her lady-in-waiting, he inquired what their plans were for the evening.

"As M. le Marquis dines in the country," responded Mlle. de Mourjonville; "Madame had thought of taking a box at the Gymnase, and going to see the new play, with M. de Vivienne, M. de Mauriac, and M. de Nesves."

"Florestan de Nesves?" asked the Marquis, sharply, and then with a smile that seemed somehow premeditated, "he dined here the day before yesterday," added he, "and went to the Opera in your box last night."

"You know, M. le Marquis," observed blandly Mlle. de Mourjonville; "M. le Comte de Nesves was so *very* kind the other night at the Champs Elysées when Madame fainted; he was so very empressé; and called here the next day."

"And has been here every day since," added M. de Moranges; "Well, you had, perhaps, better write a line to my nephew, about to-night; get Olivier to go with you, too, to the play."

"The Marquis de Beauvoisin being a married man, of course one does not quite feel so authorised to dispose of his time," argued Aspasia, with delightful propriety, and preparing to write the note.

"Oh! married, married," repeated M. de Moranges; "what does that signify? Olivier will always do anything for me," and giving a glance at his watch, he prepared to leave the room, but turning round before shutting the door; "Florestan de Nesves is a sad Don Juan," observed he, with a laugh, "you must be upon your guard, or people will talk."

"Oh! Monsieur le Marquis!" exclaimed Mlle. de Mourjonville, with a profound expression of offended purity, and M. de Moranges was gone.

"We have found the *paratonnerre* at last," whispered Aspasia, as she turned towards Claudine, who sat still, looking uneasy and pale.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A DISCOVERY.

CLAUDINE'S desire to keep M. de Moranges in the dark, which so much puzzled Mlle. de Mourjonville, is not, after all, very difficult of explanation. To her, the state to which M. de Moranges had raised her was the realisation of a fairy tale. At first the sensation was a comparatively vague one; pleasant at all times, though uncondensed in any specific shape. But when the hour came, when the woman awoke, all these brilliant aspects, all these bright, fair, outward semblances of life, meant one thing only: the possibility of charming Olivier!

It was not so long since, that she had been poor, dirty, abject; she remembered it well, remembered it not with her memory alone, but with her imagination heated and heightened by passion. Every now and then when the evidences of luxury blazed around her in flashing lights, in dazzling mirrors, in crystals, and gold and silver plate, when every sense was solicited and flattered by what boundless wealth alone could procure, a shadow would darken all to the eyes of Claude Raynal's daughter, and a chill would pass over her that made her limbs quiver. She saw again that pale, dirty, draggle-tailed girl, crawling along the wet road, with her feet crying plash! plash! in her shoes, and at those moments she dared not look at Olivier, for she was certain he remembered it too. She heard the sentence he had passed upon her:—

"The poor are always ugly!"

He had said it, and condemned her with the words. Therefore she would not be poor.

Often, when all were at rest in the Hotel de Moranges, this girl would get up, and with a small lamp in her hand, steal away to her wardrobe, an apartment set aside on purpose for the reception of whatever appertained to her outward attire.

It was a large room furnished all round with alternate glasses reaching from floor to ceiling, and presses of pale straw coloured satin wood. On either side was a smaller room, in which in various drawers, cases, or boxes, were kept the jewels, besides the less voluminous articles of mere toilette, such as bonnets, ribbons, laces, flowers, &c. In the larger room there were the dresses only.

Here then would Claudine repair, in the middle of the night, and locking the doors inside, light all the tapers which illumined the central room, and pass the solitary review of her forces, of the auxiliaries which were to

secure her against the desertion of her handsome lover.

She would open press after press, and spread forth to view the damasks and satins, and velvets, and oriental stuffs that were to keep out of sight the phantom of the starving girl in the old torn grey shawl.

"Feed her!" had said Henri Dupont—who had admired her! even then admired her!

She would let the rich draperies drop, and scrutinise the rounded outlines of her neck and arms, and a smile of satisfaction would involuntarily curl her lips. Yes! that work was done; she had been fed and she was beautiful! but the costly attributes without which the modern lover sees no fairness in beauty's very self, they must be there also, or she would become as nothing in his eyes.

This was the secret Aspasie could not fathom: this was the chain that bound Claudine so indissolubly to M. de Moranges.

He was her beauty! he was her power! without the glory which he gave her, she would forfeit Olivier's love. M. de Moranges stood between her and the repetition of the sentence: "The poor are always ugly!" and then, unseen by mortal eye amidst the splendours of that illuminated chamber, she would fold the precious stuffs to her bosom, crush the falls of ancient Alençon between her fingers, and rapturously kiss the gems which she fastened flashing upon her arms. She was safe! Olivier could not choose but love these priceless unparalleled signs of wealth! and these signs of wealth bore name the Marquis de Moranges.

Mlle. de Mourjonville could not, for the life of her, unravel the enigma, but saw clearly that to the successfulness of the plan for deceiving M. de Moranges was somehow attached the whole soul of the Sphinx.

The resources of her genius soon quieted her as to any danger of detection by her employer, but she was not long without anxiety as to what regarded M. de Beauvoisin. One or two slight incidents served to mark, as she thought, a desire on his part to escape from the entanglement into which he had (perhaps unintentionally) been drawn, and this had each time been the signal for such an explosion of despair on Claudine's part that the sagacious lady-in-waiting felt she must quickly secure to herself the same hold over M. de Beauvoisin that she had over the Sphinx, if she were not prepared for the ruin of all her combinations.

A party to Fontainebleau had been organised with the (now) inevitable M. de Nesves, and

Olivier, at his uncle's request, had promised to take care of Madame Claudine (the Marquis abominated expeditions of this kind), when suddenly, the day but one before the appointed time for the pic-nic, Olivier announced the impossibility for him to join the party.

It was at the Hotel de Moranges. A large dinner had been given, and all the *salons* were opened. The master of the house was playing billiards with an ambassador newly arrived in Paris, in whose honour the banquet had been given, whilst in the room where the piano stood were gathered several young men, amongst whom were Florestan de Nesves, Henri Dupont, and M. de Beauvoisin. Conversation flagged. Claudine's silence was habitual, but there rested a shadow on her pale face and gloomy eyes that seemed to spread over all those who surrounded her. Our friend, Aspasia, too, was thoughtful and uncommunicative, and when not observed, concentrated all the intense sharpness of her gaze upon Olivier.

She had asked him with the most insinuating of voices, whether "nothing" could make him alter his determination touching the party to Fontainebleau, and he had alluded to his mother as though some dire decree of that undisputed puissance baffled him, and forbade his pleasure.

Claudine was besought to sing, but said she could not, which seemed true.

"M. le Marquis," suggested Mlle. de Mourjonville, to Olivier, "suppose you favour us with *La chanson de Fortunio*; it is one of your triumphs."

And so Olivier did, and very well indeed he sang it. In the middle of the praise he earned, when a moment's silence was secured,

"No one ever sang that so well since Camille Leblond," vouchsafed Aspasia, in the clearest tones of her remarkably clear voice. "Did you learn it from her?"

M. de Beauvoisin had slightly started at the first words, and then sat immoveably still; but try what he would to hide it, a keen observer might have noted a change in his countenance.

"I—I don't think I ever heard her sing it," he replied, with some hesitation.

When tea was served, Mlle. de Mourjonville, choosing a moment when Olivier was standing alone, turning over the leaves of a music-book, approached him and most gracefully handed him a cup. Their eyes met, and under the momentary look, commented by a remarkably singular smile that Aspasia gave him, the young Marquis blushed crimson.

"You did not know," said she, sweetly, but

not releasing him from the hold of her eye, "that Camille was my half-sister, did you?"

M. de Beauvoisin turned very pale, and when the party to Fontainebleau was again spoken of, he said he would positively try to get over his engagement to his mother.

"What it is to be so clever!" remarked a young gentleman just budding forth into the world; "see how Mlle. Aspasia does what she likes with Beauvoisin."

Claudine was radiant.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS.

AT the time when our tale opens, the Marquis was fifty-five, and looked his age. Neither older nor younger, but what a strong healthy man at that age should look.

He had been from his boyhood remarkably handsome, with always the beauty fitted to his age of the hour. At fifty-five he was the handsomest man of his time, and looked a king. He was tall and portly, rather stout than otherwise, as a man in the middle of life should be, if the weight he has borne already have not weakened him, and he is still ready for the load that coming years will impose.

Full of grace and dignity, at his ease with all men (and women), from potentates to peasants, the Marquis de Moranges was, to a philosophical observer, one of the chief studies which the higher classes of Paris society could offer to him, for he bore witness to a state of things, and to a race unrecalled by anything that the present epoch has to show. Look at him as he sits his broadchested, firm-footed, glossy coated weight-carrier in the Bois; see how he sits, one with his steed, enfolded, as it were, upon the noble brute; mark his elbows, his knees, and his hand! All is close, (nothing rambling) and all is steady, tight-fitting, sure, and neat. Look at him in a *salon* where men are assembled, who love to talk, and listen to him there. His words are so many evidences of a state of culture which is gone, but in which was embodied France. Whether it is irretrievably gone, time will show.

Such as he is, royal looking as Charlemagne, (but the Charlemagne of the period of the *Capitulaires*) stately, active, energetic, full of intellect and will, does M. de Moranges, at fifty-five, mature only, ripe, unmarked by one defect brought on by age, does this man seem a fitting subject whereupon a woman should try to practise deceit?

That a woman should do so—and above all, she who is nothing more but a mere woman

only—seems out of the nature of things ; but how about self-deceit? Might this man not deceive himself? Has his immaturity left him no secret of his being unrevealed? Or are there in him undeveloped springs whereof he is himself unsuspicious?

Of that portion of the human organisation, known by the name of the heart, M. de Moranges was utterly ignorant. Perhaps if one was to incline towards the over-technicality of this age, it might be hard to define what is really meant by the term, applied as it perpetually is to things wherewith it has absolutely nothing to do ; but something must be granted ; therefore we will assume that the word heart means the medium through which the tenderer affections are felt ; the chief element of unselfishness in man. This it was whereof the magnificent Marquis knew nothing.

Some men let their hearts (or what they take for granted as such) lie about, so that they come to be picked up and laid down again twenty times within a twelvemonth by which process they are rendered considerably weaker, but not better, although these kind of men aspire to being deemed tender hearted.

Others there are, who shut their hearts up, or fancy they do so, decreeing that they shall be put away, got rid of, for fear lest they should one day be troublesome or inconvenient, as though it lay within the power of a man to come to a compromise with his Maker, and escape from this or that portion of his complete humanity !

Now, Maurice de Moranges was still one of the king's pages, and had not quite attained his fifteenth year, when his precocious wisdom, prompted by a strangely developed love of self, came to the conclusion that perfect devotion to self was safer and pleasanter than devotion to anybody else.

It was a narrow creed, and a mistake ; but M. de Moranges had not yet discovered this, at fifty-five. He had lived with the truly beautiful in art, until, by dint of forging the fine ore of his nature, his perceptions had reached a degree of refinement, where the exquisite, the perfect, alone can satisfy. And he thought that a mind, thus accustomed to the lovely, could altogether do without what is conventionally termed the heart, and associate itself with senses ministered to by the impure.

When the Marquis first appropriated Claude Raynal's daughter to himself, he did so with the intention of fashioning her to his taste, of educating her, and, in a certain degree, creating her anew. But he, over-learned as he was in

all the phenomena of life, even he, had committed a tremendous mistake, for he had counted without the vulgar element, without the inferior nature that would rise no higher than its own level.

The Marquis was not long in finding out the difficulty of giving the direction he desired to his pupil, but, though disappointed on this point, his vanity was amply satisfied on others, by the celebrity soon achieved by the Sphinx ; and extremely pleasant it became to him to reflect upon his envied proprietorship of this universally admired person.

But the impossible—that, namely, which he and whosoever knew him would have declared impossible—came to pass (as it so often does) and M. de Moranges' placid vanity, that calm, serene surface which nothing had as yet ruffled, was disturbed.

M. de Moranges supposed that love had awarded to him whatsoever was in its gift, and that about love he had nothing left to learn ! The exact contrary was the truth. Love had given him nothing, and of what is in reality love, he was more ignorant than a school-girl. Maurice de Moranges had been loved too early and too much to have acquired even the alphabet of the science of loving ; that sad, sweet, sacred science, never wholly mastered but through misery and through the subordination of self to the beloved. Neither do I mean to assert that it is in such natures as his ever to achieve the greatness of a real passion, but it is in all men to suffer, and the unknown is a terrible enemy.

Since the day when heaven only knows what mysterious vibration in Claudine's now passionate voice had jarred upon some secret fibre in the Marquis' complex being, and stirred emotions lying slumber-locked till then, his perfect quietude was disturbed, but pleasantly so ; and remembering the numerous episodes of his gaily mis-spent youth, he began to foresee a repetition of them with the Sphinx.

The disturbance was but a slight one, and the selfishness remained untouched : so thoroughly so that, when in the Champs Elysées, M. de Moranges saw Claudine fainting before his eyes, the emotion caused by that event was so slight as not to be worth mentioning. He was perfectly satisfied by the accounts he obtained of her health when he reached his own house, and had the goodness before dropping off to sleep, to think complacently over several plans for future pleasures graciously shared with Claudine—perhaps even a journey to some German watering-place ; though it might be better 'after all to let her go there alone if her

health required it. Well! all that might be settled at leisure: there was no hurry. Claudine belonged to him absolutely, to do what he chose with; but it was pleasant to think that she was becoming more attractive to him, her proprietor; that she had all at once found a voice that charmed him, and was beginning to sing in a way that said something even to him! All this was agreeable, and he slept peacefully upon it.

But the next day the roused emotions suddenly condensed themselves into a new form. A name was uttered, a shock was given, and the recently-touched fibres vibrated to a different tone. This time it was an unpleasant vibration, but connected—as, according to some theories, are dreams—with the memories of by-gone events.

When Maurice de Moranges was a page, the Comte de Nesves (father to Florestan) was a reigning Don Juan of the time, and he it was who had been the occasion of the first severe lesson taught the boy, whose renown was later to eclipse that of all former conquerors. Of what he had done Nesves never guessed the importance, but though Moranges easily grew to despise the lesson and its cause, he never pardoned the giver of it. He had all his life disliked the name of Nesves, and it grated upon him harshly when Aspasia (who knew nothing of the past) pronounced it.

Like all his family, M. de Moranges was brave to excess, and he forthwith invited Florestan de Nesves to his house, and opened its doors to him just as his grandfather plunged into the movement of '89, in order to prove to himself that he could fear none.

But the jarred fibre went on jarring, and the anxiety endured. He breathed uneasily, as though there were some oppression at the heart. The heart! as if it had not been got rid of ages ago! got rid of? who knows? Kept out of sight? yes. But could it by any chance have taken to beating again? The very notion was preposterous—nay, humiliating—and the Marquis trampled it down scornfully.

CHAPTER XXX.—CROSS PURPOSES.

Mlle. de Mourjonville felt herself armed at all points, save one. She had a hold over Claudine which she knew to be irresistible. She had a hold over Olivier which she thought he would not resist, and, indeed, since the moment when she informed him of her close connection with the cause of his youthful follies, she had had no complaint to make of M. de Beauvoisin. He was docile

in the extreme, though he evinced a certain disquietude of manner whenever he happened to be left alone with her. With the Dowager, the practical Aspasia felt most of all at her ease, and relied upon her own resources for giving to that alliance an indissoluble firmness. It was with her own immediate employer, only, that the lady-in-waiting could not exactly make out her position, and what was its weakness or its strength. Yet this was, after all, the most important part of the whole scheme; for, necessary as it might be to have subjugated Claudine and Olivier, and secured the Dowager, the necessity of remaining certain of her establishment at the Hôtel de Moranges was paramount to all others. With one word the Marquis could scatter the threads of her combinations, well-woven though they were, to the winds. He had but to grow the least in the world dissatisfied with her, and her utility was at an end. Of what use could she be to the Dowager if she were dismissed from her post as companion to Claudine?

M. de Moranges, too, was the reverse of a man easy to manage, as it is termed, nor was clever management in this case a thing called for, or in any way feasible. Mlle. Aspasia might manage M. de Beauvoisin and Claudine, and, to a certain extent, the sharp Dowager herself; but in what shape could management of any kind be applicable to the head of the house, whose deputy housekeeper she was? She was his servant—there was no denying that; and the instant in which he should esteem her services less than he now apparently did would be the last of her rule. If for the double of her salary (which was high) M. de Moranges could find a person suiting him better, he would engage that person, and Mlle. de Mourjonville would be deposed. Not all her regularity, not all the economy she was capable of introducing into certain branches of the internal expenditure, nothing of all this would weigh one feather's weight with Moranges. He liked regularity and punctuality, but for economy cared nothing; on the contrary, some of his friends said there was such a deep rooted after-me-the-deluge feeling in him that he preferred waste to anything in the shape of saving. No—it all depended on one thing only, on the mere fact of suiting him. Hitherto Aspasia knew that she suited him; but she also awoke to the consciousness that, upon continuing to suit him, hung all her chances of existence.

Destiny helped her, but without her being thoroughly aware that she was helped.

When she first mentioned the name of M.

de Nesves to the Marquis de Moranges, it was altogether without a purpose that she did so. It was his manner of receiving the communication that inspired her with a purpose; for, impenetrable as he was renowned for being, the imperceptible something which flitted across his features at mention of that name, suddenly revealed to Aspasia's singularly sharp perceptions an advantage that must not be allowed to escape.

She had secured her lightning-conductor, as she triumphantly announced to Claudine, and the great thing now was, so exclusively to attract the lightning to this one object that it should not let its flashes play round any other in the neighbourhood. It was an excellent contrivance, and showed favour on the part of Providence towards that struggling and superior individual, Mlle. de Mourjonville.

Claudine learnt her lesson well enough, as it simply implied passivity on her part, and Florestan de Nesves (who was no genius) was well-received when he paid his court to the Sphinx. M. de Moranges himself so completed the plan, that no more was left for the ingenuity of others to achieve. He persisted with such disdainful ostentation to invite M. de Nesves, that our friend Aspasia determined to risk a very bold stroke, and feign concern for her employer's dearest interests. She hinted one morning, when accidentally alone with M. de Moranges, that perhaps M. de Nesves came rather often to the house; that his reputation was not quite such as to warrant, &c., &c.

But she was cut short somewhat harshly.

"What can I possibly have to fear from such a goose as Nesves?" had M. de Moranges replied with a haughty stare.

And Aspasia was considerably comforted, for she had made a step towards finding out what was passing in her employer's inmost soul—no easy task.

This mode of braving any notion of rivalry on the part of M. de Nesves, of despising him, was so different from the sudden manifestation of uneasiness that had escaped M. de Moranges on first hearing Florestan's name mentioned, that Mlle. de Mourjonville felt her employer was playing a part, was disguising himself; and that he therefore had something to hide. Besides this, too, she had evinced such a vigilant solicitude for his interests, and it would be so easy at any moment to expulse the unsuspecting Florestan from his earthly paradise, with a prodigious show of flaming swords, that our friend Aspasia had really every reason for congratulating herself upon her good luck, as well as upon her cleverness.

Destiny was about to put another capital card into her hand, but she knew nothing of it yet. She simply went her way with the known, leaving the unknown to take care of itself, which it did—taking care of her at the same time.

Mlle. de Mourjonville, about this period, informed the Marquis de Moranges that Madame Claudine's health was thought to require a little more walking exercise, and the Sphinx and her lady-in-waiting were accordingly wont to indulge in long walks in the forenoon. Sometimes a carriage conveyed them to the Bois, leaving them there to accomplish their pedestrian excursions unattended; sometimes their rambles led them into the streets of Paris, with the easily admitted object of shopping.

M. de Moranges was far too thorough a grand seigneur not to believe in what was told to him; so that opportunities were not wanting, whether for Claudine to meet the person she sought, or for Aspasia to concert measures with those whom she aspired to turn into instruments rather than allies.

It was towards the middle of June, and matters were progressing well, and the last interview Mlle. de Mourjonville had with the Dowager had shown that lady satisfied with what had been achieved. She had heard of the attentions paid by M. de Nesves to the Sphinx, for while her brother imagined himself to be the only individual in the world in whose mind a shade of suspicion had been aroused, and while all his efforts were directed towards preventing any one else from guessing at these vague suspicions of his, the entire crowd of his habitual associates were beginning to talk between themselves, and to chuckle and laugh over the probable fate of the kingly Marquis de Moranges, who alone was completely ignorant of what was passing out of doors.

"It is extremely lucky that it has fallen out as it has done," had observed the Dowager, at the close of the interview above alluded to; "nothing could have been more opportune."

Now, these words lucky and opportune, had an unpleasant sound, and conveyed an unpleasant sense to Mlle. Aspasia's ears, and she rebelled, and distinctly stated that there was not an atom of luck or opportunity in the whole business, but that she, Mlle. de Mourjonville, and she alone, was the planner, deviser, and, in short, creatrix of the entire situation.

A few seconds sufficed to put these two women on their guard, one against the other. Mlle. Aspasia had alarmed the rapacity of the Dowager by boasting too much of her

marvellous services, and thereby letting it be inferred that the reward she would claim might be disproportionately high, and the elderly Marchioness, in the sudden awakening of what was with her a master passion, had allowed the true niggardliness of her nature to peep forth, and had disquieted Aspasia upon the amount of her gains, which she fully intended should be large. Each woman had betrayed herself; which is what mostly happens when persons of decided moral inferiority concert together for an evil purpose.

"The Dowager is not sufficiently in my power," was the form of internal speech in which Mlle. de Mourjonville's convictions on parting from Madame de Beauvoisin condensed themselves.

"That creature must be squeezed dry as an orange, and then thrown aside," was the deliberate conclusion of the Dowager upon that same occasion.

Which of the two rival powers was in the end to outwit the other, we shall see later; meanwhile, one or two of those infinitely small things occurred, whose insignificance is such that no one ever dreams of reverting to them as the cause of more weighty events.

Since the diplomatic conference to which his sister had summoned him a few weeks previously, M. de Moranges had held no further communication with that lady, whose dictatorial genius had, as we know, never possessed any attraction for him. He was more than ever pleased to have Olivier about him, and engrossed a very considerable portion of his nephew's time.

"I am afraid I shall have to give up my pleasant habits of life soon," said M. de Beauvoisin, in a hesitating kind of way, one evening, as he lounged about after his usual gracefully purposeless fashion in one of his uncle's apartments.

"Why?" inquired the uncle, with active anxiety; "does my niece mean to make you go to Barèges with her? She is ordered there, is she not?"

"Oh, that is all changed now," rejoined Olivier, with increasing embarrassment; for he had had time to remark the sudden pallor on Claudine's face, and the lynx-like look fixed upon his own by Aspasia.

"That is all altered; it is not Claire." (Beauvoisin named his wife in this spot, which his uncle never did; it was the difference between the two generations.) "It is not Claire," he added; "it is my mother. Claire is no longer going to Barèges; we are all going to Beauvoisin next week."

"What for?" pursued M. de Moranges. "It has never been your custom to go down there before the autumn. What is to make the difference this year?"

The steady fire of Mlle. de Mourjonville's eyes (she was seated at a table behind M. de Moranges,) never ceased for an instant, and Olivier felt that his very bones were being searched by the gaze of those terribly ironical orbs.

"Well," he replied, not daring to look any way at all, "the difference is made by what, to me, is most supremely disagreeable: by the sudden disappearance from the world of old Carpentier, and by the decision come to by the government to let the election take place in the second week in July. It is in yesterday's *Moniteur*."

M. de Moranges tapped his forehead with his hand.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed; "the deputation! Yes, I remember all about it now; and there is no help for us. Your mother will leave none of us in peace. But I thought there were to be no elections anywhere till November."

"So we all thought," said Olivier; "but some fancy seems to have seized our lords and masters, and the election is to take place directly; as I have told you, in the second week of next month."

"Well, my dear boy, what must be, must be," observed his uncle. "And however great a bore the whole thing is, count upon me; I will give you every help I can."

"And so Monsieur le Marquis is about to become the deputy for Savre-et-Merle?" insinuated Mlle. de Mourjonville, as, somewhat farther on in the evening, she handed him a glass of iced orangeade.

It was such a gentle tone in which the words were uttered, and such a look the speaker of them sent creeping all over the man she addressed! However, there was seemingly no unpleasantness between them, for they talked together a great deal that evening, without perceiving how intently they were watched by the master of the house.

A couple of days later, M. de Moranges had an interview with his sister touching the matter of the deputation, on which she was so intent. At its close,—

"Adèle," said he, "you know I really do like Olivier—I like to have him about me—he's not bright, but he's safe, I have convinced myself of that—thoroughly safe! which is saying a vast deal as times go. Now, I should reproach myself if I did not give you a hint

that may be useful. Perhaps it would be wise to beware of Mlle. Aspasia—you know who it is I allude to." The Dowager nodded assent.

"There is no danger in mere beauty for Olivier," propounded the experienced Marquis, —(oh! the vanity of all mere experience!)—"he has a surfeit of that at home; his wife is certainly the loveliest woman in Paris, but a clever woman, a very clever woman like Mlle. de Mourjonville, may be dangerous to him. I show my anxiety for the well-being of our family by speaking as I am now doing, for the loss of that woman would be a terrible loss to me, a dislocation of my household indeed; but if you agree with me in thinking there may be danger, I will send her away directly."

"Not for worlds, Maurice! not for worlds!" retorted his sister expressively. "I know what the value of that kind of person must be to you—in your peculiar circumstances—" and she looked demurely down; "and I would not deprive you of her under any consideration."

"Remember! I have warned you," continued the Marquis. "But if you are sure there is no danger—"

The Dowager smiled.

"None!" she rejoined.

"Olivier is not clever," opined her brother, shaking his head.

"No!" retorted she; "and that will save him. It is always your over-intelligent imaginative men who get ensnared and carried away. I have taken good care Olivier should have no imagination; but thank you all the same, dear Maurice."

This was the new card Destiny had been putting into Mlle. Aspasia's hand without her guessing it.

STRANGE FOOD.

"BREAD mostly, sir; and, sometimes, potatoes. We generally manage a bit o' meat once a week, though."

"Then why, when in autumn, woods and fields produce abundance of *these*, do you not gather them to eat with your bread and potatoes?"

"What, them, sir?" (with a smile of pitying contempt); "them's toadstools: them's poison!"

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, my father," &c., &c.—the old authority for every prejudice and fable, handed down from time immemorial. "My father" knew

all things; and, in too many cases, we, his children, ignoring the fact that we live in more enlightened times, place unbounded faith in these traditions of the elders, and instil them into our children.

The old division of fungi, by the ignorant, was into mushrooms and toadstools: the former to be ranked as delicacies, the latter to be abhorred as poisonous. Modern science shows us that we may make our divisions of fungi by the thousand, and that though, as in other descriptions of plants, there are some that are noxious, yet the bulk are harmless, and many are excellent in a dietary point of view.

Botanists of the amateur order have toiled hard amongst wild-flowers, ferns, mosses, and algæ; heaths, too, have had their day, but, for some reason or other, fungi, which can show amongst their ranks beauty of form, tints of the most exquisite hue, scents of the sweetest, and flavours that would gratify the most sensual of gourmands, have been neglected, with some few exceptions, where, from their gastro-nomic value, they have, as it were, forced their way into notice. We are, most of us, familiar with the ordinary field mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*), the morel (*Morchella esculenta*), and the truffle (*Tuber aestivum*); but though they are by no means really in the highest rank, custom and prejudice have assigned them the topmost dignities; while fungi equal to, and surpassing them in flavour, are year by year allowed to rot by the ton in woods and fields, because "my father" said that they were poison.

The Russians and Italians seem thoroughly to understand these wonderful, but neglected, productions of nature; evidently seeing the peculiar position they hold—partaking strangely, though vegetable, of the nitrogenous compounds of animal life, that they are not only highly nutritious, but wonderfully satisfying, and, in many cases, so flesh-like in flavour and odour, that he who partakes of the banquet can easily be deceived.

This is no light assertion derived from book lore, but the result of the practical experience of one who is in the habit of feasting right royally, in due season, upon the puff ball's delicate brain fritters, the hydnum's scalloped oysters, the brown, piquant, juicy steak of *Fistulina hepatica* (the liver fungus), the tender lamb kidneys of *Agaricus deliciosus*, and so on—delicacies all, and spread bounteously by the lavish hand of Nature for her neglectful children.

True enough, the ordinary mushroom is

eagerly snatched up, so that a dish is sometimes almost costly to buy; but though precept and example are not wanting, and other fungi of goodly qualities are pointed out, our poor will have none of them. At times, conversations similar to that heading this paper have occurred between the writer and some Essex or Hertfordshire labourer; but, at the bare suggestion of a trial of one of these strange meats, he will laugh you to scorn, when these are no poor makeshifts for hard times—no gastronomic paddings for days of famine, but excellent and delicious food.

But probably every new attempt at introducing food has been condemned. It has been said that he was a brave man who first tasted oysters; and it has, doubtless, required some little courage to experimentalise upon the various fruits and vegetables which, in the course of ages, have grown to be common among us. The familiar argument is, that there is danger in eating fungi, for they are poisonous, noxious as the bright-eyed toad whose name they bear.

Well, it is a fact that there are some amongst them which are virulently poisonous, others again possessed of strange properties, such as will produce mania, and the semi stage of madness, intoxication. But can we not say the same of fruits and vegetables? Is not the family of the *Solanum*—from which we have the potato—famed for its life-destroying properties? Many such cases could be quoted were it needful. It is true that there are many fungi of a poisonous nature, but they cannot compete in numbers with those that are good for food, and come forth with the autumn rains for our service, but only to be shunned and despised.

The prejudice has fattened upon the food it meets with from time to time, when information is spread that some one has been poisoned almost unto death by mushrooms, although perhaps it turns out that not a single noxious specimen has been in the dish, only heedless of the strange nature of the plant—its flesh-like character, which can be seen by the way in which flies are attracted to the banquet—the mushrooms have been in a decomposing state—a state which rapidly follows the gathering; and at such times they are most unwholesome—as poisonous as fish or meat in a similar condition.

But we do occasionally hear of poisonous fungi being gathered and eaten, even as children have before now died from the effects of some bright berries they have gathered by hedge or woodland side. The more reason then for the

spread of a little knowledge upon the subject—a knowledge easily learned, and well worthy of the little pains required. Not book knowledge; for it is folly to expect our labouring classes to study works upon the subject, but information that might be diffused by any intelligent man who would take the trouble to look into the matter. There is the prejudice to get over, certainly, but still that may be done in time; and surely when the peasantry of other lands can make a regular harvest of fungi—to eat fresh, to dry on strings in their cottages, and to pickle—our labourers might be taught to go and do likewise for their own benefit. It is hard, certainly, to bend the gnarled oak; but there are the saplings, and the young labouring hind who has once dipped his fingers in a well made *purée* of *Agaricus prunulus*, or *Russula heterophylla* would be like Charles Lamb's lubberly Chinese lad, Bobo, when he tasted the roast pig, ready to suck his digits again and again, and to teach his father how to do likewise.

There is so much in favour of the edible fungi: delicacy of flavour, nutritious properties, and abundance. But they must be gathered fresh, and well baked, fried, or stewed with the simple condiments pepper and salt; and then—But taste and try. As to the abundance, it is no exaggeration to assert, that during the height of the season, say from August to the end of October, a labourer's children could gather in wood and field a couple of good meals for a family of seven or eight in an hour: no trivial adjunct, where the head of the family is earning his nine or ten shillings per week.

But it may be said, *toujours perdrix*, &c. To which the writer replies, that in many of these homes it is frequently *toujours pain, et rien de plus*. There are fungi that grow commonly in our country places, and far more abundantly than the common mushroom—at least a dozen or twenty—easily distinguishable kinds, asking year by year to be gathered before they fall into decay, and asking in vain, though all the time they are food fit for an emperor.

There are the prejudice and ignorance to beat down; but it is surprising how good news will spread, and a little of the easily-acquired knowledge might readily be diffused by the teachers of the young. Reform will advance in all things, and the day may not be so far distant when it will be a common thing to see the poor, not less than the well-to-do, feasting upon what is now looked upon as strange food.

PARLOR SEATS



Doubtful



Safe



The wonderful binding
many seats



Gentlemen! please! you your seat with
many thanks - it may be a little out of repair
but considering how I have used
it its NOT
Surprising



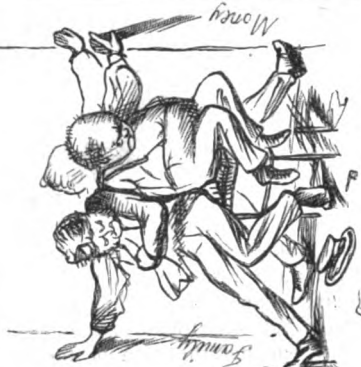
The gentleman who had lost his only
thing which makes life a joy



Buy. Buy. Buy



How the Seats are used



The active struggle



IMAGINARY LOVE.

CHRISTIANITY is said to be of vast influence in educating all the faculties of humankind; not one nor two, but all. The heathen, we are told, is but a stunted being: it is only the Christian that rises to the full height of humanity, and shows us the race of man in all its fair proportions reflecting the divine image. Now in the main this proportion is not to be gainsaid; Christianity has produced a nobler type of manhood than the world knew before. But there is one direction in which it seems to have had a narrowing (though at the same time also an intensifying) influence, and it may be well to make this fact clear. I refer to the position which love holds in the imaginative art and literature of Christian times. The Puritans considered love and all the gaieties and vanities connected with it as unworthy of the regenerate. The worship of beauty was in their eyes but a sign of carnal-mindedness; and they have been much jeered at for their want of sympathy in the dominant passion of modern Europe. And yet a Greek—though he would not have two ideas in common with the Puritan—might share with him in amazement at the place which the tender passion holds in modern regard. In classical literature and art, love is by no means so dominant as in the romantic literature and art of these Christian times. And if both the ancient Greek and the modern Puritan should agree in pronouncing the love babble of romance to be ridiculously out of place, they would have a good deal to say for themselves.

For in point of fact love holds in our imaginative literature a position which it does not hold in life. We should suppose, if we read only novels and poetry, that the one thing interesting in life is the relation of the sexes and all the little anxieties of pairing. Our literature seems to draw its inspiration from but this one passion. All other passions and interests are as nothing compared with the passion of love, and the subsidiary emotions which it evokes. Yet is there anything more true than Byron's celebrated saying in which he compares the parts which love plays in the lives of men and of women—that it is of man's existence but a part? The part is treated as if it were the whole, and we are glutted with fictions which, professing to represent human nature to the life, and which do indeed contain a great deal of truth, are utterly onesided. They commit the gigantic error of picturing the human race as engaged from year's end to year's end in the

pursuit of one absorbing interest—that of love. We boast of the truthfulness of our novels; and if we take any one for special examination we may say of it, that it contains a fair enough view of certain characters. But put aside individual tales—look at modern fiction as a whole—think of all the subjects it dilates upon—regard them in the mass—see how the children of men appear in the literary imagination to have but one dream and one life—and then say whether the sum of life, as it appears in romance, bears any near resemblance to life as it appears in fact.

Oh Love, love, love!

Love is like a dizziness,

It winna let a body

Gang about his business.

So sings the Ettrick Shepherd; and what he says of the action of love in the heart, is certainly true of love in its action on romances. All the people in the world of novels are so dizzy with love that they are unable to go on with the real business of life; we do not see them sufficiently as the world sees them, engaged in their daily work, pursuing their several ends, and living a multifarious life, of which love is but one of the elements, and an element for the most part hidden out of sight.

From constantly dwelling on the hopes and fears of love, and all the fluctuations and enchantments of the passion, there follow inevitably certain modes of treating it which are open to question. In our day, what perhaps is most evident is that the theme of love has been so exhausted, that novelists are at their wits' end to find some new way of exhibiting its vagaries. We are so oppressed with the monotony of love as it shows in fiction—we know all its ways so well—how the courtship begins, how it goes on, how it ends in marriage bells—that we seek hard for some new phases of it to exhibit. And thus in search of variety the novelists rush off to descant on the glories of illicit love, and on all the possible ways in which men and women kick over the traces. We have heroes mad for love, and heroines imbecile; love that degenerates into disease; and love that never rises beyond lust. For the honour and glory of love, it is necessary to show love doing strange and even outrageous things. Love masculine crosses the seas to marry a negress; love feminine wanders disconsolate through the world till it finds the greatest scoundrel unhung to worship and to wed. It teaches us the grandeur of masculine love that it kneels down to the beggar-girl in her squalor; it teaches us the refinement of feminine love that it bolts to perdition with

a groom. Love is made to bridge over the most improbable chasms, to gild the most amazing infamy. There is no villany, however execrable, no abomination, however loathsome, which is not supposed to be hallowed if it should seem to find a motive in love, albeit base.

These, however, are but the extravagances of novelists who are forced to invent some novelty regarding a passion which cloy us in literature with a monotony of sweetness. It is more common to find in the literature of love extravagances of a different kind—fine falsities that have accomplished infinite sorrow and mischief through their reaction upon life. Few doctrines are more baneful in their influence on modern society than the theory of the uncontrollable character of love, which has taken possession of our literature. Love being the supreme passion of modern art in all its phases, it became necessary to sound high the praises of this, which is represented as playing a part so important in human life. Above all things we must do homage to its strength. It may be fine or coarse of texture—but, if it be true love, it is important for the purposes of novelists and poets to insist on its irresistible power. The theory is in the first place that love cannot be evaded—that there is a destiny in it—that, as the saying is, you fall into it, or that you are smitten with it as with a disease,—in a word, that you cannot help yourself; and in the second place that, once fallen, you cannot escape; that once smitten you are incurable. The effect of this theory upon life is often painful. We learn to like some one of the opposite sex; we fancy ourselves in love, and we make no attempt to control what we know to be uncontrollable. So the passion flourishes on the reputation of its despotism. All men are not such fools as thus to yield to it; but there are quite enough of both men and women who submit to the passion on the faintest sign of its approach, and make themselves miserable for life because they have an extravagant notion of what love is, and think that their fate is not to be eschewed.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that love is not subject to control. Why do we not fall in love with our sisters? Simply because we know that we must not, and ought not. Perhaps you may be inclined to give me a different answer, saying, Because they are our sisters. But this answer in reality means the same as the other, although people seem to imagine that it means something different. They seem to imply that there is the same impossibility of falling in love with a sister as there is to become enamoured of a

female belonging to a different species. There is no such impossibility. Men have frequently become enamoured of women of whose consanguinity they were ignorant. The reason you do not entertain a passion for your sisters is not because they are your sisters, but because you know that they are—because they and you from infancy have been trained never to think of each other in the light of lovers—because if ever you are struck with your sister's beauty it never occurs to you that you can call this beauty yours—because, in short, you know from the moment you can entertain a thought of love, that the passion, as regards your sister, is hopeless, useless, vain, wicked—that it can, and must be controlled. Or take another case, How is it that we do not fall in love with women who are out of our own sphere of life? A man sees a princess whom, if she were of his own plebeian rank, he might covet for his bride. He cannot help admiring her, but does he think of her with love? and, if he does not think of her with love, why not but for this cause, that the knowledge of her rank exerts over his emotion an unconscious control? So that it is nearly as impossible for a commoner to fall in love with a princess as to fall in love with his own sister. The conclusion to be drawn from which is, that since the passion of love is thus shown to be capable of control in certain cases, there can be no reason to suppose that it is not controllable in all. To teach otherwise is only to propagate a mischievous fallacy. It may not always be controllable if we allow it to take possession of our minds; but it is so always if we choose to be on our guard against its approaches.

Related to this is another fallacy which the novelists are fond of setting forth, and which tends to much unhappiness. It is that true love never comes but once. The love which the romancers glorify is that which is known as First Love. It is a sensation which we are supposed to feel but once in our lives for one person. The object, it will be perceived, is to invest true love with all possible glory, and so we are taught to believe that, unlike every other passion of the soul, it blazes forth but once. The fallacy here is not so hurtful as in the former case, where the glory of love is exaggerated. Far from me to disparage a great love. Let us admit even that in process of time it may become irresistible. But I do not think that I cast a doubt on the existence of noble love and of consuming passion, because I venture to insist that, at least in its inception, all love is capable of control, and that the romancers who announce another doctrine

sow the seeds of sorrow in many a life. But the fallacy I am now noting tends in another direction, to the contempt of all attachment which is not what is called First Love. The late Mr. Bernal (father of Mr. Bernal Osborne) made mirth of the fallacy in verses which, if we are to take them seriously, err in the opposite direction :

First love is a pretty romance,
But not half so sweet as is reckoned ;
And when one awakes from the trance,
There's a vast stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should a second subside,
A lover should never despair ;
The world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

The poets their raptures may tell,
Who have never been put to the test ;
A first love is all very well,
But, believe me, the last love's the best.

No doubt these verses in all their reckless gaiety are a little too suggestive of light-o'-love. In all true passion there is a stability which opposes itself to change. But this is not to say that change is impossible, and that a second attachment must always be inferior to the first. Think of all the jealousy and mistrust that must rise out of such a theory. I sometimes read the answers to correspondents in which the penny weekly journals indulge, and I am amused to see with what persistence and earnestness their editors preach to Mary Anne, and Eleanor, who address them from the servants' hall, and from unknown backshops, that they can never love but once, and that their sweethearts, however ardent in their professions, are of doubtful character if they have ever been mated or have ever gone courting before. But if there be something amusing in the high-flown theory of love which these editors set before the uneducated and half-educated classes for whom they cater, surely also misery comes of it in the mistrust which it engenders.

What else are we to expect when modern literature and art are inspired by one passion, to the exclusion well-nigh of all else in human life ? Our regard for this one passion and all that belongs to it becomes morbid ; we learn to judge of it untruly ; we attend to its promptings with the most absurd expectations ; and, seeing the misery which it works in modern Europe through the exaggerations of romance, a man inclined to gloom might not without reason doubt whether the emotion which, as the strongest bond of union upon this earth, ought to be a blessing to mankind, is not rather a curse.

I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

I DO not care to remember how many years it is since the stage-coach set me down at the door of Dr. Bloxam's school with my two boxes. I know that I was a poor trembling little lad, cold and cramped with my long journey, and miserable at leaving home for the first time. I was thankful to be permitted to go up-stairs, and creep into bed in the large resounding sleeping-room, whither several of my school-fellows presently followed me. But I am not going to dwell upon the early days of my school-life ; I pass on to the time,—some six years later,—when I had come to be one of the older boys in the sixth form.

Hilbrow Hall faced the high-road in front ; but on the north side of its extensive buildings, there was a precipitous descent towards the Darkwater, a tidal river which flowed beneath. Several of the dormitories were built almost on the verge of this steep descent ; but only the boys in the higher classes were placed in these rooms, as it was not considered safe enough for the younger ones. In the rear of the school-house, there was a narrow lane, which rose from the banks of the Darkwater to the summit of the hill at the back of the house, and then descended on the right, towards the lower parts of the town. During the summer months, the older boys were allowed to go down to the river before breakfast to bathe, provided they were back in time for morning school. Tony Brice, a boatman and an experienced swimmer, was always in attendance at that time, as a security against accidents. The proper way down to the water-side was across the play-ground, through the garden, and along the lane turning to the left. This, however, was rather a long way round ; and so the favourite method of descent was a winding pathway, which led down the face of the precipice to the water's edge. There was no real danger in this descent in broad day light, and with proper caution ; but it would have been a fearful risk to attempt it in the dark, or even in the twilight. The feat was only once attempted, I believe, by a boy, who got out of one of the windows after hours, and was very much injured, as a reward for his foolhardiness. The doctor, thereupon, threatened to have bars affixed to the windows, unless a promise were given, that no such thing should ever be hazarded again.

It speaks well for the feeling which prevailed in the school under the doctor's administration, that a simple promise on the

part of the boys should have been deemed sufficient. But it was one of the doctor's peculiarities to treat his boys with a confidence, which never seemed to admit the possibility of their abusing it. Another of his peculiarities in the government of the school was the rigid determination, with which he exacted the most scrupulous neatness and order throughout the whole establishment. He was like a captain on board a man of war. He would have everything in its place. Nothing annoyed him so much as anything approaching to slovenliness or negligence. He reminded me sometimes of the answer an old woman once made to a gentleman, who was complimenting her upon the extreme neatness of her little cottage. "You know the old saying, Mrs. Brown, that cleanliness is next to godliness." "Yes," was her reply, "and far afore it, as I think." There was nothing prying or fidgety in the doctor's manner, only nothing seemed to escape his eye. It seemed to pain him to witness confusion or want of method. The consequence was, that we all acquired the habit of putting everything in its place. Bats and stumps were never pitched down anywhere, when we came in from cricket. Caps were never tossed on the school-room table, for any one whom it might concern to put away. The foot-ball was not left out in the play-ground, when the game was over. The training we thus received was admirable, although we sometimes thought it rather a bore.

In the maintenance of this man-of-war-like discipline the doctor was ably seconded by a humble member of his establishment, whom I must now introduce to the reader. Mary Garnett was a bright, neat-handed servant, whose duty it was to attend upon the boys in the dining-hall at meal times. She was an unbounded favourite; although she contrived to exercise considerable authority. Many a lad was indebted to her for keeping him out of a scrape, for her vigilant eye never overlooked any stray article, which ought to have been put away in its appointed place. "Master Thornton," she would say, "Missus won't be best pleased, if she sees your wet towel lying on your bed." And away Thornton would hurry to repair the oversight, only to find that it had been done for him already. "Master Borlase," she would say again, "the doctor won't let you keep rabbits any longer, if you let them get out and run into the garden." And Borlase, in his turn, would be off in great trepidation, only to discover to his great relief, that the gardener had already received a friendly hint, and the offenders had

been captured, and returned to their hutch. It was no wonder, therefore, that Mary was a great favourite, and that her quiet ways of keeping things straight were thoroughly appreciated.

It happened, that family affairs made it inconvenient for me to go home, the last Easter Holidays before I left Hilbrow. Borlase and Thornton were in the same position as myself; and so for nearly three weeks we were left very much to our own resources to find amusement and occupy our time. The doctor never accepted any invitations during the half year, although he frequently entertained his friends at his own house. But in the holidays he availed himself of the hospitality of his neighbours. Our evenings therefore during that brief vacation were often entirely at our own disposal. A fair amount of liberty was permitted us during the day, so that we presented ourselves at mealtimes; and our orders were to be within bounds by eight o'clock in the evening.

Amongst the day boarders who attended our school was a boy named John Brandon. He was universally known by the name of Jack. His father was a surgeon residing in the town, who had an excellent practice, and was extremely popular. Jack was intended for his father's profession, and was already beginning to learn it. It was his great delight to hold the patient's head whilst a tooth was being extracted. He was perfectly unmoved when witnessing the most excruciating agonies; not from any innate cruelty of disposition, but simply because he was himself almost insensible to pain. His father used to say, that he would have made a subject of his own hand or arm, rather than go without. And this was not altogether such an exaggeration as it would seem; for he had during several weeks an open wound in his leg, brought on by an accident, which must have caused him intense suffering every time it was dressed; and yet he endured the oft-repeated torture without the quiver of a muscle. This young enthusiast had an old lumber-room at the top of his father's house, which he used to call The Museum; and thither he had conveyed, from time to time, a collection of the strangest odds and ends that were ever brought together in the same apartment.

The doctor's equanimity would have been seriously disturbed if, by any chance, he had ever crossed its threshold, and witnessed its wild disorder. A deal table near the window was covered with worn-out surgical instruments, which it was Jack's delight to sharpen

for his own private anatomical studies. A tourniquet, carefully cobbled up by his own hands, was a special favourite; and it afforded him great pleasure to try it on any of his friends,—who would submit to the infliction; and, in default of an accommodating patient, he would fasten it upon one of his own limbs, and screw it up to the utmost pitch of endurance. The skeleton of a cat grinned at the skeleton of a monkey on a shelf opposite the door; and he was fond of them exceedingly. Bones of every description strewed the floor indiscriminately. But his chief possession—the prize which distanced everything else in his estimation—was the hideous discoloured skull of a man, who had been hung for murder at the county gaol. The miserable being had killed his sweetheart in the out-house of a neighbouring farm, because she was desirous of breaking off their engagement; probably, through an instinctive dread of his ferocious disposition.

We spent many a happy hour in this unique studio with Jack, during the Easter vacation; staying there to the last moment, and then scampering home just in time to save our credit.

"Are you not afraid to come up here in the dark, Jack?" Borlase asked one day.

"Not a bit of it," was Jack's answer; "I'm not afraid of doing something far worse than that."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Why, I'm not afraid of coming up here in the moonlight; and with that murdering cove grinning at you, it is enough to make a fellow feel a bit queer, I can tell you."

"I say, Jack," Thornton said, after a few minutes' silence, during which he had evidently been turning something important over in his mind, "do you think you could lend us that skull for a night or two?"

"What for?"

"For such a lark. I'll dress it up in my night-gown, and frighten cook and Mary."

"Stunning," we all exclaimed, by universal consent.

"I say, Jack," Thornton continued, "but you will lend it us, old fellow, won't you? You shall have it back all right."

As it was simply a question of unmitigated mischief, the result of our deliberations may be anticipated without much difficulty. A faded purple bag, profusely stained with pale brown spots by the many uses to which it had been applied, was produced by our host; and with the skull concealed therein, we set off home. The doctor was going out to dinner the next

day, so we resolved to postpone our enterprise till the following evening. As it was nearly full moon, it would be just the thing for our purpose, if it should be a fine night. Thornton took the bag, with its contents, up into our bed-room, and hid it underneath his bed. The next day Dr. and Mrs. Bloxam went out to dinner, and only the cook, Mary, and our three selves, were left in the house. Borlase and Thornton went up-stairs to make their arrangements, and I remained alone in the dining-hall. We thought it would excite suspicion, if we all went up together into our room.

Their preparations were soon completed. The hideous skull was so placed in the full light of the moon, supported by a bolster tied round a cricket-bat, and dressed in Thornton's night-gown, that it seemed as if it were sitting up in bed. When all was ready, Borlase came quietly down the stairs, and I went up to see what they had contrived. Although I knew what to expect, I was very much startled, as I entered the room just as St. Oswald's clock tolled nine o'clock from the adjacent tower. There was something that almost terrified me in the ghost-like creature, which sat up in the bed staring at me, with the full light of the moon streaming in upon it through the window.

"I say, Thornton," I half remonstrated, "I'm afraid this is too bad."

"Never mind," was his answer; "it is too late to think of that, now. It will be such jolly fun."

And so we picked our way noiselessly down the stairs, cautiously descending step by step. Borlase, after a while, rang the bell, and presently we heard Mary coming along the passage, carrying the tray with our supper.

"That's right, Mary," said Thornton, "I'm awfully hungry. What time will the doctor be home to-night?"

"Not till late, Master Thornton. He left orders that you were to go to bed at ten o'clock."

"How jolly!" cried Thornton: "then we have nearly an hour. I say, Mary, you're a good creature! I wish you would go up into our room and fetch me a book you will find under my pillow."

"Yes, Master Thornton; but you had no business to put it there."

And off Mary tripped on her obliging errand; whilst we followed on tip-toe to the foot of the staircase. Presently we heard a most appalling shriek. The window of the room was thrown up with great violence, and a crash of broken glass was heard at the same moment. We all ran up-stairs in the greatest alarm. The

window was wide open, and the grinning wretch in Borlase's bed was swaying to and fro in the wind, which swept through the apartment: but Mary was no where to be seen. Our room opened into the next, and we rushed in, hoping to find her there. But not a trace of her was to be discovered. We ran down to fetch the cook, and she came up with a candle; but still no Mary was to be found. We procured additional lights, and went through the whole house. We searched everywhere. Every corner and cupboard was examined, as we wildly hurried from one place to another in our anxiety. We lighted a lantern, and pried into every nook and angle out of doors; going up and down the walks, and even amongst the rows of cabbages in the kitchen-garden, in our trouble to know what had become of poor Mary. Stroke by stroke the great bell of St. Oswald's tolled out ten o'clock, and yet no discovery had been made.

We did not dream of going to bed. White, trembling, and cold, we sat over the cheerless dining-hall fire, waiting for, and yet dreading, the doctor's return. And a long weary time it was, as we cowered over the dead grate, listening to the cook's stealthy tread as she moved about in the silent passages. At length we heard the wheels of the doctor's carriage; at first in the distance, along the road, and then more distinctly, as they crushed the gravel in the approach to the front door. A startling ring awoke the echoes of the empty building; and cook ran to open the door, letting in a rush of cold night air, as the doctor and Mrs. Bloxam came in and passed on to their sitting-room. And then we heard the cook follow, and shut the door. Once more all was silent.

That miserable ten minutes of suspense! My mouth was parched, my head was burning hot, but I shivered with cold. Thornton sat as bloodless as a ghost. Borlase was silently crying, and I saw the drops trickle through his fingers and fall upon the fender. The doctor's door was opened, and cook came to us, saying, "The doctor wishes to speak to you."

"Jane," said Dr. Bloxam to the cook, as we entered, "go to Smithson at once, and tell him he must come up immediately, and he had better bring one of the other constables with him."

"And now, boys, tell me all about this sad business."

We told him the whole story, just as everything had happened. He was very calm, allowing us to recount all the circumstances quite in our own way. He only interrupted us

occasionally to ask a question or two. Much sooner than I could have thought it possible, Smithson arrived, and we had to tell all our story over again in his presence. He did not speak a word, until we had finished; and then he proposed that we should go up-stairs with him whilst he inspected the room. He went to the window at once, and looked out into the moon-light night.

"If she jumped out of this window in her fright she'll be found down there," he said, pointing with his finger down the descent. "Couldn't have stopped herself." "Scarcely think she could have done anything so desperate." "If she went that way," still pointing downwards, as he peered into the gloom caused by the mists of the river, upon which the moon was shining, "she was mad when she did it, and she'll be dead now. Jim," he said to his subordinate, "get a lantern, and see if you can find anything down there."

Jim went and fetched a lantern, and presently appeared beneath the window. We watched him, as he searched about with his light close to the ground. He did not succeed in making any discovery which helped us at all in our anxious investigation. I think it was Thornton, who now whispered that he thought he saw something white, a little way down the face of the broken ground. We all thought we could see something, as soon as it was pointed out. Jim was thereupon told to go cautiously to the edge of the descent, and try if he could make anything out of this object. He crept forward a little way, and then, stretching out his lantern in advance, its light fell upon a servant's white cap. Thornton gave my hand a grip of silent agony, and poor Borlase sobbed aloud.

"Here, Jane," the doctor whispered, "take these boys to bed in another room.—Smithson," he continued, "you had better come down at once, and we will go round and examine the path by the river side."

Smithson and the doctor descended the stairs; and we, poor lads, went to bed. I cannot describe that awful night. I shudder even now, as I recall it. It was hopeless misery. We had but the frames and hearts of young boys to bear up under an amount of terror, which would have been almost too much for strong men to endure. We all undressed in silence, and crept into bed.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful," cried Borlase, sitting up in his bed to listen, thinking he heard some sound; but all was quiet.

"Don't cry so, Borlase," I said, ready to sob outright myself; "we didn't mean it, you

know." After a while, we fell off into a wearied, disturbed sleep.

When I awoke the next morning from my troubled slumber, I found that Thornton, already dressed, was just leaving the room. Borlase was still fast asleep, with his arm lying outside the coverlet; but the nervous twitching of his fingers seemed to show that he was disquieted with painful dreams. I was sitting up, trying to collect my thoughts, when Thornton burst into the room, shouting out, "Hurrah! Mary is found, and she's all right."

"Stop that, Thornton," I said, "and don't be such a fool."

Borlase had sprung up, and looking wildly about him, he said, "Oh, Thornton, you needn't—But what did you say? I didn't hear," he added, in an excited, imploring tone.

"Why, old fellow, I said that Mary is all right. I've just seen her in the kitchen, as fresh as a lark. She said to me, as soon as she saw me, Well, Master Thornton, you won't carry on such a game as this again in a hurry, I'll be bound."

Borlase turned round, and hid his face in his pillow; and when I went to him after a few minutes, and told him he had better get up, his pillow was wet with his tears.

In order to account for Mary's re-appearance safe and sound, it is necessary to remind the reader, that when we brought home the skull Jack had lent us, Thornton concealed the bag in which it was contained under his bed. Mary found it there, as a matter of course, the next morning. We might have known this, if we had given the matter a thought, for it was very unlikely it would escape her quick eye. She wondered, when first she discovered it, what in the world we wanted with it. She scented mischief in a moment; but what particular kind of mischief we had on hand she could not imagine. She had no doubt, however, that she should be able to find out, if she kept her eyes open. And so it happened, that whilst Thornton and Borlase were up-stairs dressing their phantom, Mary was perfectly aware of their doings, and actually enjoyed a private view of their handiwork, when we had all come down into the hall after everything had been made ready. Her own counterplot was promptly planned. With a semblance of the most perfect unconsciousness she answered our bell; and when, at Thornton's request, she went up-stairs to fetch the book, he had named, from under his pillow, she uttered the loud scream which had alarmed us so terribly; and then, running to the window, she threw it up. Her object in doing this was to render her temporary

disappearance more unaccountable, as she had already arranged in her own mind a way of escaping our notice. One of the panes of glass was broken as she threw up the window, but this was an accident. At the same time her cap fell off, and a swirl of wind carried it beyond her reach. She concealed herself immediately, behind the door; and when we rushed into the room, and passed at once into the adjoining chamber, she quietly came out of her retreat, and slipped down the stairs, leaving the house by the door which opened into the play-ground. On she went by the garden-walk into the lane, intending to run down to her mother's house, which was not far distant, and remain there for half-an-hour, until she thought we had been well frightened by her mysterious disappearance.

As she was hurrying down the lane, she passed the door of a young married friend; it was partly open, and, hearing her baby cry, she peeped in. Her friend was sitting up for her husband, whom she was expecting every minute, as his boat had come up the river with the last tide. Mary took the baby, and carried it about the room until it was quiet, but the mother, in the meanwhile, had fallen asleep.

Seating herself before the fire, with the baby on her lap, she became so drowsy as to be unconscious of the lateness of the hour. She was astonished and very much alarmed, when the young sailor came in, and told her that it was past one o'clock. He went with her along the lane, but they must have arrived at the school-house some time after the doctor and Smithson had returned from their fruitless search by the river-side. Looking up at the windows, and observing that all was quiet, she concluded that her absence had not attracted much notice. She returned, therefore, to her friend's house, intending to be back in time for her morning's work, and hoping that her explanation of what had occurred would satisfy Mrs. Bloxam.

It would be some two years after these events, that I went down to Fairmead to visit the doctor and my old school. I enquired for Mary.

"Poor Mary," said the doctor, "died about a year after you left. Fever broke out amongst my boys; and it was due, under the good providence of God, mainly to poor Mary's unremitting attention and devoted nursing, that it did not prove more fatal than it did. We only lost one—of whom we were beginning to form high expectations—young Borlase; you knew him. When the crisis seemed to have passed, he took a turn for the worse, and gradually sank. Poor Mary herself was the last to be attacked, and nothing could save

her. A memorial in the church-yard was erected by the friends of the boys ; and so large a sum was collected, as a proof of their gratitude, that her poor mother is beyond the reach of want, so long as she lives. You remember the fright she caused you, which you richly deserved. You did not know, perhaps, that the whole neighbourhood would have been aroused the next morning to search for the missing girl, and that the drags were being made ready for dragging the river."

"No, doctor, I did not know that ; but, as long as I live, I shall remember the wretchedness of that miserable night ; and I have made a resolution, with respect to practical joking, that I will never have a hand in anything of the kind again."

TABLE TALK.

ANOTHER electrical novelty. By-and-by we may all have houses like that of Robert Houdin. The ex-conjuror has turned his dwelling into an abode of enchantment by means of concealed batteries and wires. Spirits invisible seem to do his bidding. He has an electrical *concierge*, and an electrical groom that feeds his horses with faultless regularity ; electrical clocks and alarums to wake his servants and remind them of their daily duties ; electrical gate-keepers, messengers, and watchmen, and minor appliances, a score. But I do not hear that he has an electrical piano, which is the last new thing. The invention is ingenious, but not commendable, because its object is to drag the pianoforte down to the level of a musical box or automaton organ. The hammers of the action are supplied with electro-magnets, which impel the former whenever a galvanic current enters them. The succession and combination of these currents necessary for the performance of a piece of music are provided for upon a principle similar to that of the Jacquard loom, and here lies the ingenuity, only the idea is not quite original. The notes of the composition are punched out of a roll of stiff paper on thin card, each hole representing one key of the instrument. The card is passed over a pair of rollers, and, as it traverses these, certain pins which drag over it fall through the holes as they are encountered, and so meet other pins below. Electrical communications are set up by this meeting, currents pass to the proper hammers, and the wires are struck as in hand-playing. To complete the mechanical character of the instrumentation, clockwork is

provided to turn the rollers and pay out the perforated sheet. All have heard of the electrical organ ; that is a good thing and is making way. In it electricity is used merely to supplant the complicated rods and levers hitherto used for communicating motion from the player's fingers to the valves of the organ-pipes. This is legitimate, and admirable, but the electrical piano is a triumph of means over ends.

It is curious to notice how much personal fatigue and inconvenience we English people will endure when away from home for what we call our holidays. Towards the end of July we begin to undergo all sorts of wretchedness—from weather, from travelling, from visiting in dull houses,—and submit to be bored in many ways which two months earlier would horrify us to contemplate. It is difficult to fancy that the hero who walks miles after wild



grouse on the twelfth, or crouches for hours in heather and damp leaves, waiting for a shot at



red-deer, is the same tame-looking grey-gloved

individual who, a week ago, sauntered up Bond Street, or dawdled in the park for an



hour, and considered he had done a day's work. Again, yachting is by no means always plain sailing, and the first few days' misery at sea often causes very particular ladies to be-



come utterly regardless of personal appearances for the time being. Of the young gentlemen who go walking tours, not a few, I fancy, are satisfied with one experience of this sort of holiday, and very often their friends receive news of them in two days from the top of a coach. Every one knows what miseries the family going to the sea-side endures almost before it starts. The packing up of all the little boots and dozens of socks; the resurrection from the nursery cupboard of wooden spades and wheelbarrows, &c.; all more or less add to the distress of papa at the railway-station, to say nothing of what he will have to go through afterwards. But the class who seem to be most regardless of fatigue and insensible to noise, are those who take their

holidays in cheap trips by excursion trains. The good people who go for a day's or



month's pleasure in this way, seem to transfer all responsibility of themselves and belongings to the railway servants who have charge of them. The good temper and patience shown by guards and porters on these occasions is quite wonderful, when one recollects that a cheap excursion by no means implies a holiday to them, and that three days in the course of a year is all the rest many railway servants are allowed from their ordinary life of perpetual motion.

HAS emancipation made the negro and his wife ashamed of their curly hair? One is led to infer so from the fact that two independent adventurers have lately lodged specifications in the United States Patent Office for hair-straightening fluids. Their sole object appears to have been to secure the authority and recommendation for sale which the stamp of the patent commissioners would carry with it, for both the compounds were useless nostrums; one was a decoction of Iceland moss, and the other dilute nitric acid. The examiner of claims had the good sense to test the efficacy of the schemes, and, finding them worthless, to refuse the patents. I wonder how many patent medicines we should have if each specific had to prove its title to the government stamp by proving its curative powers!

THE following are some notes of remarks made by the Duke of Wellington, in conversation with the poet Rogers:—

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—I never saw Buonaparte, though he was once during the battle within a quarter of a mile of me.

I heard that he asked Soult, whom he had

sent to Grouchy. Soult replied, "An officer." "One," said Buonaparte, "ah! mon pauvre Berthier, il aurait envoyé quatre."

Two such armies, so well trained, so well officered, have rarely encountered. It was a battle of giants. De Lancy was killed at my side; a ball broke his horse's back, knocked him over, and he rebounded after his fall. I was very much grieved, but there is not much time for sorrow in the middle of a battle. He was taken to a barn. I saw him next day, and he seemed so much better that I said, "Why, De Lancy, you'll be like the man in Castle Rackrent, you will know what people say of you after your death." I never saw him more. I have since read Lady De Lancy's book, which is good.

Buonaparte was as clever a man as ever lived, but he wanted sense on many occasions. His best plan of action, I think, would have been to have waited for the allied armies to have collected. He could then have singled one out, and defeated it. Such a stupendous body could never have remained assembled without confusion.

BLUCHER.—When Blucher joined after the battle of Waterloo, he came up and kissed me.

PRUSSIAN OFFICERS.—The Prussian general officers never exposed themselves as ours and the French did; no wonder the men didn't fight as well. The way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants, boys just from school, braved danger, exceeds belief.

THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.—Gordon, who was afterwards killed at Waterloo, passed the night with some Frenchmen in a Spanish village. A Spanish child was in the room, and when they were asleep he made gestures to Gordon, drawing the edge of his hand across his throat. "Why do you make those motions to me?" "I know," the child replied, "you are an Englishman by your sword and spurs."

MARSHAL SOULT.—He was much affected by appearances. One time, at the battle of the Pyrenees, when preparing for action, an owl happened to hoot, and I remarked, "Soult will not come out to-day." Nor did he; he thought we had received reinforcements.

MARMONT.—Marmont spread his army too much at Salamanca, thinking we should go off. I made a sudden attack upon his centre with my whole force in front and rear, and defeated 40,000 men in forty minutes. But he was an excellent general officer.

MASSENA.—When Massena was in the field and opposed to me, I never slept comfortably.

CLOZELLE.—Clozelle was the best general

employed against me. He gave me a great deal of trouble. I thought once I had him, but it pleased a young gentleman to go and dine in the valley a mile or two distant, and Clozelle's reconnoitring party fell in with him; whereupon the general took the alarm and was off. At Vittoria the French were expecting Clozelle; just at the time a Spanish innkeeper was brought to me by Alava. The man said, "Make yourself easy about Clozelle, I have him snug at my house, six leagues off. He is quietly lodged there for the night." So saying he left me to wait on him. I lost no time. I had intelligence both from priests and peasants, while the French could get none.

MARCHING THE TROOPS.—In Spain I never marched the soldiers more than twenty-five miles a day. They set off at five and six, and I was anxious they should take the ground by one. In India I once marched the troops seventy-two miles in a day, but in Europe our men cannot do so much. We accustom them to travel by canals or in smacks; in India they must walk. A soldier requires two pounds of food a day, animal or vegetable; the first is most convenient, as they move themselves.

THE DUKE'S HABITS.—In the Peninsula I undressed but seldom; in the first four years not once. I slept five or six hours usually, but sometimes only two or three. In India, it is not the custom to undress; I never did."

MARSHAL NEY.—I do not believe that when Ney left Paris he was resolved to go over to Napoleon: but it is impossible to answer for men in certain circumstances, or to say what they will or will not do. The Bourbons had made some alterations in the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and I was told, when Ney left Paris, he took the *old* decoration with him as well as the new.

BUONAPARTE.—At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever possessed; full of enthusiasm. Everything up to the battle had turned out favourable to his wishes. He was at his acmé at the Peace of Tilsit, and declined gradually afterwards. I always said Spain would be his ruin. A conqueror must go on like a cannon-ball; if it rebounds its course is soon over.

After his marriage, Metternich was sent to Paris to sound him and learn if he meant to be quiet and to repose on his character. His answer was, as he had told me, in three words, "He is unaltered."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 37.

September 12, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CIRCULAR.

IT was the middle of June, and the work of re-election of a deputy to fill the place of the defunct M. Carpentier was fixed to take place in the second week in July. There was no time to lose, for, although the government had not put forth its candidate, there were one or two men, as we already know, in the department who might, by setting their shoulder to the wheel, succeed in attracting to their efforts the support of the entire administration, namely both the central and the purely local.

"You are perfectly sure of the bishop, mother, are you not?" asked Olivier of the Dowager, as they sat, some seven or eight persons gathered together in conclave, in the so-called library at Beauvoisin, convoked for the express purpose of deliberating upon the circular the young Marquis was to address to the electors.

"Sure of the bishop?" echoed the Dowager. "Well! some people say one must never be sure of any one, but I fancy we are sure of the bishop; what do you say, Monsieur Tarbet?" she added, turning to a little, fat, bald-headed man, who sat at a table somewhat behind her chair, busily looking through his spectacles at some account-books. He was the family notary.

"Whether Madame la Marquise can rely on Monseigneur?" questioned this individual, shoving his spectacles down to the extreme edge of his nose, and looking over them; "I think so, though there is a good deal to be said: Monseigneur is a native of hereabouts."

"I knew him vicaire, and afterwards curé of Malleray," interrupted the Comte de Clavreuil, who was present on this occasion, a fine, tall, not intelligent-looking man of fifty, with all the remains of that remarkable beauty which

bloomed forth in the face of his youthful daughter Claire. "I knew him," he continued, "a perfectly good royalist, a right thinker; that was six-and-twenty years ago. My cousin Jean, to whom Clavreuil then belonged, took an interest in him, and helped to get him patronised by the then bishop, who gave him the parish of Malleray. It was in the days of Louis Philippe, and the French clergy thought rightly then; our present bishop got this first step of his owing to the ardour of his legitimist convictions, but he is, as M. Tarbet says, a child of the soil, and has all his family in the department."

"All his family don't amount to much," rejoined the notary; "there's his aunt Piedefer, who lives at St. Martin, and was a cook thirty years back, and has saved money; and two old spinsters still at Malleray, very poor, and of whom he takes but little notice."

"And you forget the curé of—"

"Belespoir," put in Henri Dupont, who had promised not to leave Olivier till the affair of the elections was decided; "the man who in the end will always make the bishop do what he likes."

"True," replied the notary, "I had forgotten the curé of Belespoir!"

"But I had not," observed the Dowager, with a quiet smile; "and I think we shall be able to count upon him."

"Take care of the Vivienues," suggested Count Dupont. "Belespoir is the parish of Mont-Vivienne, and Vivienne's grand-uncle is Archbishop of Chantilly."

"I mean to give a set of bells complete, and restore the belfry of Belespoir," said the Dowager, with considerable self-satisfaction.

"They can do more than that," pursued Dupont. "Reflect that their archbishop is close upon ninety. Now, what the curé of Belespoir is looking to, is a coadjutorship, and then, everything else: the cardinal's hat, the archbishopric of Lyons, Paris—everything in short."

M. de Clavreuil turned upon his heel.

"What a country!" he muttered; "in which

a shoemaker's apprentice can become what my father's uncle was proud to be." (A Clavreuil had been Archbishop of Lyons before '89.)

"And in which the son of a Corsican notary can sit on the throne of St. Louis!" retorted Henri Dupont, in the same key, but with a look of sly jubilation lurking at the corner of his eyes.

"Not the same throne," said, hastily, M. de Clavreuil; "certainly not that."

"Certainly not, M. le Comte," answered Dupont, with mock gravity; "something quite different: an inverted drum, if you like, covered over with velvet torn from the hangings of Versailles; but answering the same purpose, all the same."

This was a parenthesis in the general conversation.

"Suppose Olivier were to read us the circular he means to send out," suggested the young Marquise, who was seated at a window, bending over an embroidery-frame.

"Have you got it there, mother?" asked M. de Beauvoisin, stretching out his handsome figure lazily in his large arm-chair, and leaning his handsome head more lazily still upon the chair's back.

The Dowager laid her hand upon some loose sheets of paper by her side.

"Well, mother dear," added, blandly, the future legislator, "you wrote it, so you may as well read it."

"Hush, hush!" interposed the Dowager, "that is all very well, quite between ourselves, as we are at this moment, but, my dear Olivier, if you enter on a political career, you must really learn to have a little more self-reliance."

"Who is to teach him this, Madame la Marquise, I would beg of you to inform me?"

I am not quite sure that a rapid glance of Claire's beautiful eyes did not mutely convey some such demand as the above, but it was not noticed.)

The Dowager took up the sheets of paper we have alluded to, and tendering them to the notary,—

"Read, Tarbet," said she; and that functionary, seemingly honoured by the command, settled his spectacles, put his left hand into his waistcoat, and looked as if he thought himself about to harangue some hundreds of his attentive countrymen from the top of the tribune:

"Electors of the department of Savre-et-Merle," began the little man, "it is as the successor of a long line of ancestors, all devoted to our common country, and to the

sacred cause of order, that I present myself to you, and openly acknowledge the hope that you will choose me as the champion of your interests in the legislative chamber—"

"Beg pardon, Madame la Marquise," interposed a well-to-do-looking personage, who had till then been silent, "but they won't like that, hereabouts; they'll say it's making too sure of them."

"Well," rejoined the Dowager, rather huffily, "the word hope appears to me happy, as not implying the security which, of course, we naturally feel."

"Do you?" mumbled the former speaker (it was the medical practitioner of Malleray, a man of enormous influence), shaking his head. "Do you? I'm delighted to hear it; but you have to deal with very queer people—people who nourish the most extraordinary illusions about their rights, and the Lord only knows what all besides. If it goes against you to say that you solicit the favour of their suffrages" (M. de Clavreuil bounded upon his chair), "strike out, at all events, the open acknowledgment of your hope; they won't like it: I know them. If you absolutely hold to hope, qualify it by uncertainty; say you venture to hope."

"But, S—, doctor," broke in M. de Clavreuil, forgetting, in his indignation, everything else so utterly as to swear, just as though he were still amongst his comrades of the *garde du corps*, "What is the use of submitting to the empire if we are to curry favour with the populace, as in the days of the red republic?"

"There is no reason whatever for submitting to the empire, Monsieur le Comte," replied, quietly, the doctor, taking a big pinch of snuff, "if you can help it. And excuse me if I say that what you are pleased to term the red republic, never has had any day at all; at least, yet," he added, with a marked emphasis (like a privileged person as he was).

"No, but it will have very soon, indeed, if all your villanous modern theories go on being propagated."

"Pardon, pardon," replied the doctor, "what is it you and we all want? we want our excellent young Marquis here to be a deputy, and you are all good enough to think that in some portions of the department I can help his election. Now, if you are taken suddenly ill and send for me, you have the condescension" (there was a slight touch of irony there that made Henri Dupont hide a smile by bending down over the table), "the extreme condescension, let me say, to follow the advice I give.

You take my remedies, and have done so now for twenty years : but if I am to help you in this new sphere, you must follow my advice here too. I know these people ; you don't. They don't like you as it is, which won't prevent them from electing a deputy from amongst you, because there are others they like still less. They don't like you, and, if you don't know how to manage them, they'll avow their dislike."

"But surely, my dear Robichon, we pay court to them enough!" exclaimed, bitterly, the Dowager.

"In many respects, a vast deal too much ; and far more than is needed," rejoined M. Robichon. "But you invariably fail in all your attempts to make them think you don't wish them at the bottom of the sea. It is the way of doing it, that you have not got, somehow."

"Perhaps the evil is incurable?" suggested Henri Dupont.

"Perhaps it is," responded, slowly and gravely, the doctor ; and then reverting suddenly to his former half-bantering tone : "I don't like to think any evil incurable, young man," said he ; "it ain't in my nature. When I got Mademoiselle Claire, yonder,—I beg her pardon, Madame la Marquise!—when I got her out of her typhus fever, ten years ago, I didn't do it by thinking her incurable."

"Dear papa-doctor," murmured the young Marquise, with one of her sweetest looks directed full at the old man's face. "You know that was what I called you all the time."

"Yes, and that's why I allowed myself to speak my mind so entirely to you all—even to you, Madame," he added, turning round towards the Dowager, and bowing. "You are following the old traditions of your class, which have always brought you to grief. You will persist in fancying that everything that occurs is in some way meant by Providence for your especial benefit ; there is the mistake. You fancy the empire is made for you ; now, the empire is made for the emperor first, and next, for a set of people with whom you have nothing in common. Then you fancy that the so-called masses must be charmed to see themselves represented by the illustrious names of ancient France ; whereas, they are absolutely ignorant of ancient France ; and, where not ignorant, hostile."

"Allow me to differ totally from you, my dear friend," exclaimed the notary, who had still his left hand in his waistcoat, and wanted to be delivered of his address. "Allow me to

differ totally from you. The people of France have been blinded, ill taught, but they ask no better than to be led back into the right road."

"Whew!" whistled the irreverent doctor ; "that will take a deal longer time than we have to give to the election before us. However, try it."

"Meanwhile," interrupted the Dowager, who thoroughly well knew old Robichon's influence throughout the entire department, "suppose we modify the first phrase, and say we venture to hope."

M. de Clavreuil protested by indistinct grumblings.

"Read on, Tarbet," continued the Dowager.

"—The sacred cause of order," proceeded the notary, "is the common cause of all Frenchmen ; and that cause can never be surely upheld, fought for, victoriously maintained, save by the time-honoured possessors of the soil, by the long-descended families whose names are identical with—"

"The devil!" cried out the doctor, jumping up from his seat. "Do you seriously believe that I, or any other reasonable being, can do any good with a circular of that kind? No, thank you, I'll go home, and look after my patients, and not mix myself up in any such inevitable mess."

Much to the disgust of all present, the young Marquise was leaning back in her chair, indulging in a fit of irrepressible laughter at old Robichon's outbreak, and in this was joined by Count Dupont, who, when the first vehemence of the doctor was a little calmed, ventured to hint that the constituted authorities themselves would rebel against the tone of Olivier's circular.

"From the prefects down to the very game-keepers, you would have them all up in arms," said he ; "they lay claim to be the only guardians of order."

"And the clergy?" retorted Robichon ; "do you suppose you could be sure of them? Why, they'll always betray even the throne-and-the-altar party for the administration of the hour, because that said administration has more in its gift than anybody else."

"If the clergy did not support us," ejaculated M. de Clavreuil, dramatically, "they would be false to their faith, as was St. Peter."

"For which he was forgiven," muttered Olivier (very bright for him!).

"M. le Comte, M. le Comte!" roared out old Robichon ; "since when is the legitimist party identical with God Almighty?"

"What is that noise?" asked the Dowager,

as a great commotion was heard outside; voices, wheels, doors opening and shutting, and steps resounding along passages. "Ring the bell, Tarbet, and see what it all means."

But the man of deeds and documents had no time. The door from the vestibule into the billiard-room and through to the library opened, and the Marquis de Moranges entered.

"Thank heavens, it is you, Maurice," cried his sister; "we are all at sixes and sevens here, but you will set us right at once."

"I've nothing particularly pleasant to tell you," remarked M. de Moranges, with a smile, and exchanging very affectionate greetings with his lovely niece. "I've driven over from Brunoy as fast as possible to inform you that the government is going to put forth a candidate, and that candidate is——"

"Who?" burst from all voices at once, even from the soft tones of the young Marquise.

"As if the quickest way to know was to interrupt one," said, contemptuously, M. de Moranges. "So like women, that; and, faith! men too:" and he shrugged his shoulders. "Well, then, the government candidate is going to be Vivienne!"

"Impossible!"

"It's a joke!"

"Well played!"

"A hidden trump!"

"It can't be!"

"I always feared it!"

These were a few of the tumultuous expressions that ensued.

"What, Gaston?" demanded the Dowager.

"No," retorted her brother, "the Duke himself."

"The Duke?" thundered M. de Clavreuil.

"Isn't he sufficiently devoted to the sacred cause of order, M. le Comte?" inquired, ironically, old Robichon.

"By thunder, what a piece of treachery!" was the furious reply he got.

"The bishop's at the bottom of it all," opined M. Tarbet, rubbing his bald crown, which had become hot.

"I thought you were quite sure of the bishop, mother," urged, reproachfully, Olivier.

"Stuff about the bishop," retorted M. de Moranges; "it's the curé of Belespoir has done it all, with the prefect."

Henri Dupont stopped in the lounge he had been taking up and down the library while the talk was hottest.

"Oh," said he, pursing up his lips, and laying one hand on Olivier's shoulder, "the curé of Belespoir, is it? Well, then, never mind, old fellow; what is done may be undone yet."

CHAPTER XXXII.—GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES.

THE news M. de Moranges had brought was an ordinary occurrence enough. Until the hour when the government, having definitively chosen its candidate, announces him in the *Moniteur*, and instructs its provincial delegates, the prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors, to announce the said individual as the official candidate, until that hour, the declaration of such or such a person having secured the government support and patronage is one of the most approved manœuvres for or against those who have presented themselves as independent.

Now the department of Savre-et-Merle was not one touching which the government had any pre-conceived design; and, for anything which had yet been determined, the election would turn on the merely local influences of prefects, sub-prefects, and landowners.

At the eastern extremity of the department stood Combeville, the post town of Clavreuil, and where M. de Clavreuil would, had he cared for it, have reigned, but he did not care for it. M. de Moranges, as we know, put it otherwise, and was wont to employ the formula, "Clavreuil is a fool!" upon all occasions. The sub-prefect of Combeville therefore had not much to fear from the Clavreuil faction.

At Malleray, as we know, the mightiest influence was Beauvoisin's, and that influence had become incarnate in the Dowager. But this was recent.

Four or five years ago the real influence in the whole department had been vested in the person of Count Dupont de Laporte, the father of Olivier's friend Henri, and proprietor of the fine domain of Breuvières, which lay to the north-west, behind Beauvoisin, obliquely towards Mont-Vivienne, and was important equally to Malleray and Brunoy both. He had been four years dead.

His son had done nothing to perpetuate the paternal influence, for, having spent his early youth in times subsequent to those which had tempered the mettle of his father's nature, and made political strife his element, Henri Dupont looked at what went on from afar, and rather more as a philosopher than as a politician. He had been a great traveller, having lived in the east for three years (eight years ago), and visited India on his father's death (which was a severe sorrow to him), and spent a twelvemonth in America at the period of M. de Beauvoisin's marriage and journey to Italy.

Henri Dupont had seen too much of the world at large to be able to take delight in the steeple-interests of a department, wherein the first booby, or the first rogue who wins official favour, may lord it over the grandest intellect and noblest character in the whole nation. He really loved his country, believed in her, abstained from action, watched, and hoped. Vulgar observers set down Henri Dupont as an Orleanist. He was nothing. It might be, perhaps, nearer the truth to describe him as what alone a Frenchman can be who despairs not of France : namely, a republican.

The fortune of the Duponts was very large, and identified with more than one force in the nation. In Savre-et-Merle they possessed two considerable estates, stretching over almost the whole distance between Malleray and Mont-Vivienne ; in Normandy they were extensive proprietors, as also in the environs of Paris ; and in railway property old Dupont had been one of the earliest and largest holders. Henri Dupont was famous as an agriculturist and cattle-breeder, and carried off prizes without end, and wherever his name was mentioned it was so with respect for the exceeding uprightness and loyalty of his character. Between his father and the Dowager there had been a life-long friendship in spite of all political differences, for they were neighbours, widowed early both of them (it had been said even that they would end by marrying), and from Count Dupont the Dowager Marquise consented to accept advice.

At Mont-Vivienne, too, Henri Dupont was ever a welcome guest, and at Brunoy : whereas at Clavreuil he was ignored. The political feeling there was of a species that eschewed compromise, and once only in his life had Olivier's best friend been received by the parents of Olivier's future wife. This was a few days previous to Henri's departure for America, and just after the first preliminaries of the marriage treaty had been opened between the realms of Clavreuil and Beauvoisin. He had ridden over to Clavreuil one day in December, and been presented to the Countess by Olivier, but he barely caught sight of Claire, whom her mother managed to exile from the drawing-room. When the visit was over, and the two young men were preparing in the stable-yard for a hard ride back to Beauvoisin, so as not to keep the Dowager's dinner waiting, a singular vision, as we know, crossed their path. On Olivier's mind it left no impress : Henri Dupont never forgot the face he then saw, and the strange beauty of the hungry girl was instantly recalled to his

memory the moment he found himself, fifteen months later, face to face with the universally-admired Sphinx.

Henri Dupont was not actively an influence in Savre-et-Merle ; but it was, at the same time, an article of faith everywhere that, if he chose, the government would do anything in the world to win him over : as yet, he had not chosen. His acquaintance with the prefect was of the most purely negative kind ; and, as to the sub-prefects, he passed them over with polite disdain.

Now, how stood it with M. de Moranges ? He was, in fact, not of the department. The Moranges were settled in Auvergne for the last five centuries (their origin was Burgundian, before the first crusade, but they had migrated), and the Brunoy property had been bought during the restoration by Maurice de Moranges' mother. The dominion exercised, however, by the Marquis over his surroundings was an undeniable one ; and, had he presented himself as a candidate, he would have carried the entire department with him : nothing could have resisted him. But this was a purely personal influence, and rested on social supremacy, and Parisian repute.

At Mont-Vivienne, which occupied the whole north-western extremity of the province, was a stronghold of what might easily have been—but never was—independent authority. The Duc de Vivienne, a hale sportsman (and little else) of sixty, was in the enjoyment of something like twelve hundred thousand francs (nigh on fifty thousand pounds sterling) a-year ; yet his usual predominance in the county was utterly disproportioned to such resources as his fortune supposed. The Viviennes had no political opinions whatever. They patronised legitimism, because that was the proper thing to do ; but they were, in reality, only clerical. Out of the temporal power of the Pope, and the subjection of every other power in France to the jurisdiction of bishops, they cared for nothing. They were instruments in the hands of any member of the clergy who should take the trouble to play upon them.

There was in their near neighbourhood just such a member of the clergy as this. No sooner had the news arrived of M. Carpentier's illness, than the curé of Belespoir had resolved on becoming coadjutor of Chantilly. No sooner was the breath fairly out of M. Carpentier's body, than all his attacking forces were in the field, but called up so quietly, that no one was a bit the wiser.

The curé of Belespoir was the bishop's nephew ; and the bishop was a sworn ally of

the Dowager. But the thing was to be managed quite differently; the Duc de Vivienne was to be transformed into a government candidate (not quite identical with an official one), the prefect was to support him through thick and thin, and all imaginable lesser intrigues of sub-prefects, or any subordinates whatever, were to be trampled upon.

The curé of Belespoir triumphed completely. He secured his candidate, and the government support; and the news brought by M. de Moranges was very near being the truth; but the curé of Belespoir had overlooked one or two extremely small points of detail, as will sometimes happen with ambitious schemers on a grand scale; and these almost invisible points lay at the root of what grew to be disappointment and failure.

What the curé of Belespoir had overlooked we shall see later.

A PLEA FOR AN OLD HEARTH.

MOST Londoners must begin to be aware that the city in which they have hitherto earned their bread is disappearing. What with railway companies, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Marquis of Westminster, and other ground landlords, and the Commissioners for building the New Law Courts, we are, in fact, demolishing and reconstructing at a rate which even M. Haussman may regard as hopeful. Of the works and ways of the other corporations, and eminent persons named above, we have nothing at present to say, but are much concerned with the doings of the Commissioners. As all readers are probably aware, they have been at work for the last four months on the great block of dingy courts and alleys, which lie between Lincoln's Inn and the Strand. A clean sweep has been made of all but a few blocks of houses; and the survivors stand up gaunt, half demolished, in the midst of the waste of bricks and dust, the *débris* of their late neighbours. They have a melancholy kind of interest, those wretched, crazy, old dwellings, waiting for the contractor's gang to come and level them too, with crowbar and pickaxe, and cart them off in different directions to begin life again in a wholesomer atmosphere, as the foundations of villas and the like at Peckham Rye or Pentonville. There they hang together for the moment "by the mere beam-ends and coherency of old carpentry" and bricklaying; and you may see (if curious enough to penetrate within the hoarding) the deserted fire-places and chimney-corners, and

sides of rooms up there in the air, with the very marks on the papers of the places where pictures and looking-glasses have hung—as dreary a spectacle as one could well see, reminding one of the vanished life, the births, and deaths, and marriages, the struggles and sins, of the generations which have gathered round those cold hearths, and called those poor rooms home.

For the general British public, however, the block in question, to the west of Bell Yard and Temple Bar, had neither meaning nor significance, so let it go down without further comment. If the Commissioners do no other work for the next ten years than making this clean sweep, and letting light and air into the district, they will deserve well of all dwellers in Central London. But what about their new and last demonstration? Their mark of demolition has now at last passed over Bell Yard, and is creeping along Fleet Street to the east of Temple Bar. To me the Bar itself, let me own it squarely, fearless of architects and persons of refined taste, is not indifferent. The old gateway, over which the heads of Jacobite lords were grimly bleaching little more than a hundred years back, must go down, no doubt. The exigencies of modern traffic will prove too strong for the last of the gates of Old London. Those of us who cannot get over a certain ingrained sympathy with Dryasdust have doubtless made up our minds to this long since. But it was not without wincing, and a sort of aggrieved feeling, as if the Commissioners were scarcely dealing as gently as they should with persons whose very weaknesses deserve consideration, that I read the printed announcement the other day on Attenborough's, the pawnbroker's, of selling off, in consequence of notice from the Commission that the premises were wanted. Not that I, or anyone else that I know of, unless it be the inmates, care about Attenborough's. But three doors east of Attenborough's stands the Cock, in Fleet Street. Against that most illustrious of all chop-houses we hear that the sentence has also gone forth. Hence these lines, written in the hope that the eye of some member of the cheque-drawing class may fall on them, by whose aid an old hearth, of authentic historic interest surpassed by few in this country, may yet be preserved for our grandchildren.

I am not quite sure of my memory now-a-days, and have not the book at hand to refer to, but I am much mistaken if in Akerman's *Collection of London Tradesmen's Tokens* there is not one of the Cock. At any rate,

anyone may see for himself the image of the old token on the stout stands now in use. There is no mistaking the date of the great fireplace, which stands there undoubtedly just as it stood in late Tudor or early Stuart days. So whether the then host was a man of enterprise enough to stamp his own coin, or of credit enough to get it accepted among his neighbours in Fleet Street in exchange for Queen Bess's, matters little to our purpose. It is not on the dim legends of Stuart or Tudor times that I base my argument, though by no means insensible to their charm. For instance, I never pass that way that I do not turn the silver in my breeches pocket for good luck to the enterprising barber who shampoos and brushes hair by machinery almost opposite the Cock, in a portion of the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey; wishing him luck, the reader will please to understand, not because he brushes hair by machinery, which happens to all barbers, or that he does it in a palace, which may happen to many, but that he has faithfully preserved this old structure so far as he could, and notifies us of the historical fact by an inscription which every passenger in Fleet may read. Neither should I be pleading for the Cock were it only for the later legends of Dr. Johnson and Bozzy. It is more than probable, almost certain, that the tavern-loving big man who has left his name stamped on this particular bit of London, has laid down the law in the boxes of the Cock, and drunk punch out of some of the handsome china bowls, which now stand ranged high up on the bar shelves, unused except for purposes of contemplation, having fallen on degenerate days. Oliver Goldsmith, when in funds, has doubtless lounged in there, and overpaid the head waiter many a time. I myself have heard distinguished judges and jurists of the last generation speak with enthusiasm of their own experiences of the Cock in early life. But all this might be as truly said of the Mitre, Dick's, the Cheshire Cheese, or a dozen other places of entertainment up one or another of the neighbouring courts. There is no record of these facts stamped indelibly on the face of English literature, and the tradition of them will wax weaker, and vanish altogether in another generation with the houses themselves. But it is otherwise with the Cock in Fleet Street. *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue* will be read with delight by Englishmen five hundred years hence, in every corner of the great belt of English-speaking nations which by that time will be girdling the earth, and wherever it is read, the heading, "Made at

the Cock," of the earliest editions, and the piquant and graphic allusions to the tavern all through the poem will rouse curiosity, interest, enthusiasm, and that natural and healthy desire and longing for a visible and tangible link with the great poet and his favourite haunt, which it is the present writer's hope yet to preserve through this iconoclast age of ours.

Are my readers thoroughly familiar with *Will Waterproof*? If so, they can appreciate the strength of my case. If not, they will be eternally grateful to me for this introduction. There are great men who are bad in their shirt sleeves; who can't really stand the most searching test of all, familiarity; who have no natural playfulness, none of that delightful power of giving themselves up with "Basta, let the world slide," to the most humorous maggot that bites for the moment, without any risk of getting coarse or dull. There are others, commonly the greatest (such as Luther), who have this power in perfection, and our laureate is one of them, as every one will admit who will at our instance go off and spend a quiet half-hour with him at his favourite tavern thirty years ago.

First we have him, a law student as he was in those days (heaven save the mark), finishing the usual chop dinner in one of the snug little boxes which encircle the hearth of the Cock. He watches the waiters gliding about to other boxes, in answer to the signals of other customers (there is no shouting), conveying—

To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each;

and at last orders his wine, and flinging the reins on the neck of his fancy, lets himself revel in the canter she takes him by the help of his pint of port, "the best that ever came from pipe." As the wine moves she soon settles to her stride:—

I pledge her silent at the board;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Through many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Like Hezekiah's, backward runs
The shadow of my days;
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd:
The gaslight wavers dimmer;
And softly through a vinous mist
My college friendships glimmer.

The prospect gets wider and wider, and he

soon passes out of the narrow coffee-room, and his own memories, till—

High over roaring Temple Bar,
And, set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
But through a kind of glory.

Through the glory he soon gets to the brave,
cheery view of men and things, as old as time,
and yet always worth repeating :—

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood ;
There must be stormy weather ;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.
This earth is rich in man and maid,
With fair horizons bound,
This whole wide earth of light and shade
Comes out a perfect round.

The mood changes, and his gossip "the plump head-waiter" again attracts Will's attention, and the muse stoops into the coffee-room only to spring up again in a moment for another rollicking flight, inspired probably by the last glass of that "perfect pint" :—

The muse, the jolly muse, it is I
She answers to my call,
She changes with that mood or this,
Is all in all to all.

In her new mood she throws off the mirth-provoking legend how the mighty Cock in past years had lived a majestic private life :—

Till in a Court he saw
A something pottle-bodied boy
Who knuckled at the taw ;

how, clutching that pottle-bodied boy, he flew by farmstead, thorpe, and spire, his brothers of the weather standing stock still in amazement, until—

Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straighter,
One fixed for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

The pint is now fairly out. Will sits with his glass reversed, thrumming on the table, and inclined to take his fancy to task for trying to make

The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks !

He begins to think of that half-crown which he will have to pay ; also to call himself over the coals, to doubt whether he shall ever prove a poet after all ; to con over other views of life which he had steered clear of during his earlier libations :—

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up ;
The truth that flies the empty can
Will haunt the flowing cup :

And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches ;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

But Will throws up at this point. His fancy may go where she will, but just now nothing shall induce him to follow her in this direction. He has had a pleasant hour. Well, it is gone ; and on the whole, he thinks, let it go, where its elders and betters have gone before :—

I hold it good good things should pass,
With time I will not quarrel :
It is but yonder empty glass
That makes me maudlin-moral.

And so Will gets up to pay his half-crown and depart, when the contact with the plump head-waiter, who comes to take the money, tickles his fancy, and sets her off again ; and away she spins into the five stanzas of inimitable banter, playful but painless, with which the monologue finishes, and which have immortalised that "somewhat pottle-bodied" servitor. We have not the heart to break them up ; they move altogether, or not at all, so let him who will, go and read them again for himself.

Well, but what is all this coming to ? Do I suppose if twenty Johnsons, and Goldsmiths, and Tennysons had lived all their lives in the old tavern, that such memories would save the Cock from being ruthlessly knocked off his perch over the door, and the house from being pickaxed down by Irish labourers, and the materials sold, to make way for the new Law Courts ? No, I don't. But what I do say is this : Up and down this British Empire, and in the United States, there are at this moment thousands of men, at least, to whom the old hearth of the Cock would be invaluable. There are, first, young gentlemen inheriting great houses, none of whom seem to be able to live in their father's homes without rebuilding and enlarging. There is no historical house in England which would not be honoured by having the quaint old mantel-piece and grotesque panneling of the Cock hearth, before which our laureate has mused till the inspiration fell on him, set up in hall or study. Infinitely more valuable, however, would it be to you, my fellow-countrymen, who have heaped up wealth by your own industry, of one kind or another, and are bent on building a new house, and founding a family. Men of your class often spend large sums on pictures, statues, and the like, with this object ; but how unquestionably more effective for your purpose would it be, to transport reverently the

old hearth of the Cock in Fleet-street, brick by brick, and panel by panel, to your new home. Fancy the effect, in the third generation, of your grandson, as sheriff, entertaining the judges, and saying, as he points to the hall fire-place, "Ah, by the way, there's a piece of old-world work which should interest your lordships. That is the fire-place of the Cock in Fleet-street, which my grandfather bought, and brought down here, when the old place was pulled down to make room for the present Law Courts. Many of your lordships' predecessors have sat before that fire and dreamed of the Woolsack. They tell me it is of Queen Elizabeth's time." Now, I put it to you, gentlemen, whether that will not do more for your descendants, as English country gentlemen, than a gallery full of Titians—if you could get them?

Better still would it be if one of the working-men's clubs now starting, and about, in a few years, please God, to extinguish the gin-palace, could secure it, and transport it to the smoking-room of the central hall, which must be built, before long, in mid London. But if none of these will move hand to save the old hearth, then I put it to my fellow-subjects of the Dominion, of Australia, of New Zealand, whether they will let such a relic slip through their fingers? Why, it would be one of the lions of any colonial metropolis for all time; at any rate, as long as English is spoken or read. If my colonial brethren will not be moved, I turn to the United States, in full confidence that there, at any rate, some man will be found with enterprise and sentiment enough to secure this, probably, the most authentic and interesting bit left of the old London of pre-Mayflower days, when his fathers were still Englishmen. Even in Boston, or Cambridge, or Concord—full as that brilliant corner of New England is of memories of its own—Will Waterproof's fire-place would be an object of interest. But conceive what it would be in Chicago, San Francisco, Leavenworth! Every Englishman, worth his salt, who landed in America, would make a pilgrimage to it; and the owner would, besides, have the unfailing pleasure of reminding every one of us, "Yes, John Bull was going to let that be smashed up into second-hand bricks and firewood; but I couldn't quite stand that, so I bought it for a few dollars, and there it is, just brick for brick as it stood in the dim tavern in Fleet Street for three-hundred years and more. No, I couldn't stand that, not by a darned sight. If John can afford to let such links drop, I can't; or, at any rate, won't: and,

after all, don't Tennyson and the rest belong just as much to me as to him?" Between you all, gentlemen, don't let the old hearth disappear.

ON A CERTAIN CURIOUS CUSTOM.

ETHNOLOGISTS have found much significance in the fact that traditions, habits, and customs of a precisely similar kind are found among savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution, and differences of race. Few of those customs are more singular than that which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married. As this custom obtains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many of the Polynesians, it is assumed that these various races of men are derived from a general stock. We prefer to look upon this custom, however, as testimony to the existence of a natural law—as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries and the direct growth of individual experience. In England the satire of mothers-in-law has long been ranked among polite accomplishments; and young gentlemen who never had a mother-in-law, and who are much too circumspect ever to know what a mother-in-law is, can rattle you off stinging epigrams by the dozen. In fact, the abstract mother-in-law has been elevated amongst us to the rank of a fetish; and in our fright we never cease to pay a sort of homage, or devil-worship, to this evil deity. Whatever may be the character of our own particular mother-in-law, we all regard mothers-in-law in general as a sort of vague, indefinable evil. The young husband, indeed, is rather glad to have a scape-goat on which to hang all the inconveniences and disagreeable accidents of marriage, so that his wife may still be a delight in his eyes.

Henri Mürger, speaking of a young lady who was as near being a wife as the fashions of the Parisian Bohemia permitted, says: "Elle raccommode le linge très mal, et les querelles d'amour très bien." It is obviously of the highest importance that the ill-conduct of the linen should be blamed on somebody else, so that the wife may still be solely regarded in the light of a divine mixer and settler of love-quarrels.

But, at present, we have nothing to do with the scandal which half-a-dozen centuries have talked of mothers-in-law. We have to do with

one of those savage customs which are almost always found to be based upon physiological considerations. If we could only get at the bottom of many of those religious ceremonies which now puzzle us so much, we should find that they were the ingenious expedient of some old Egyptian priest or Indian Brahmin to get the people around him to obey this or that useful sanitary law. Now, the mere fact that this regulation, of which we speak, should be found on such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia, points to the conclusion that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature. Why was it, then, that these savages discovered that it was better for a man not to look on his mother-in-law's face? Primarily, we may suggest, because that his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind is not in the mood for the cold processes of comparison and deduction; but, after marriage, he begins to consider what sort of bargain he has made, and regards his wife with a more critical air. Let us say that both husband and wife are young, and that she is handsome. Very well; if he looks at her alone, he is satisfied. But suppose that her mother is constantly within sight; and that the mother has all the weak points of the daughter developed and rendered prominent by the progress of years. Naturally—inevitably, indeed—the husband looks upon his mother-in-law as a representation of what his wife is likely—nay, is certain to become. It is through this veil that he now looks at the daughter. He detects wrinkles where otherwise all would be smooth; he exaggerates the rounded shoulders, the stooping neck, or the knotted fingers; he already graces her with premature grey hair. We often hear juvenile philosophers talking sagely about the wise provision by which a knowledge of the coming years is denied us; but, in this case, the kindly curtain is drawn aside, and we look with horror on the ravages which Time, in our imagination, has already made. The magician's mirror shows the maiden her future lover; the far more accurate glass of the mother-in-law's face shows the husband his future wife—that is, his wife as she will be thirty years hence. Now, when two people grow old together, they either do not remark the signs of increasing age, or they charitably include themselves in the portrait, and regard the alteration as appropriate. A husband and wife growing old together maintain a perpetual youth, so far as their personal relations are concerned. But the husband who is suddenly

confronted by a picture of his wife with thirty years added on to her appearance, is in a different position. Suppose, for instance, that she belongs to a family which has a decided tendency to corpulence. The gradual process by which she might become transformed from a sylph-like creature of eighteen into a monstrous woman of fifty—one of the massive Englishwomen whom Nathaniel Hawthorne satirised—would be quite unnoticed by him under ordinary circumstances. Perhaps he himself might have some predisposition that way; in any case, the transition would be so gradual as to be quite inappreciable. Suddenly, however, just when his eyes have been cleared of the scales of courtship, and he is beginning to scrutinise his wife with the affectionate curiosity of a young husband, he is confounded by the ghastly possibility of her becoming like his mother-in-law. Instantly he flies to that respected lady, and eagerly scans her face to see whether the daughter takes after her father or her mother. If he can trace a likeness to the mother, he is rendered miserable for life. He knows what his wife is going to be. He does not see that he too may change. He looks forward, and imagines himself still a young man, with a frightful, stout old creature, possessed by a fancy for gaudy colours and inappropriate costume, for his wife. Ever afterwards, he sees her through this sickening halo of anticipation; and while appearances are quite sufficient to upset his mental equilibrium, there may, perhaps, be added the further horror of a bad temper. He no longer takes his wife for what she is; he looks upon her as though she were now the picture which his excited imagination conceives: and it was to obviate the possibly disastrous effects of such a vision constantly recurring to the mind, that those savage tribes—as we presume—prescribed the wholesome rule that a husband should never, after marriage, look upon the face of his mother-in-law.

Some people may see in this ancient custom only the evidence of a wretched parsimony. They will say that the savage mind did not trouble itself about how a wife might look, but was particular that household expenses should not be increased by the presence of an additional member. On *that* ground, we need not hope for a renewal of the custom. We are all glad to see our mother-in-law; we are delighted to observe the pile of luggage which she brings with her; and, if there is one thing more than another which we dread, it is the possibility of her fancying that we would rather have her absent. There is never any

Coast



A Retired Cove



Calm



They life preservers which ladies wear are beautiful as well as useful



Oh

SCENERY



The man who has Cigars to sell



Stormy



A yacht Scene



chino

hypocrisy in the tender welcome she receives ; and conjugal conversations, after everybody has retired at night, are solely occupied with the praises of this cheerful relative, and pious hopes that she may long continue with us. We do not even mention the fact that her occupying one of the bed-rooms will lessen our dinner-party, of next Friday, by Mr. and Mrs. Brown ; Brown being a man of common sense, and refusing to dine with anyone in the suburbs, or the country, who does not also give him a bed for the night. This is how *we* regard our mother-in-law ; but, as for the ancient Caffres, one gets more puzzled than ever by dwelling upon this custom, and seeking an explanation of it. Indeed, we must dismiss that suggestion of stinginess ; for, as the Caffres recognised the equal rights of women, and gave their women liberty to do their share (and a little over) of what work was necessary for their mutual existence, the more women there were about a house, the more easily and luxuriously did the male owner of it live. And, doubtless, if a man compelled his wife to work, he would not be likely to let his mother-in-law remain idle.

Are we thrown back, then, on the supposition that in such earlier portions of the earth's history as have escaped both human tradition and writing, the experience of mankind had informed them that it was not good for a man to be in the society of his mother-in-law ; and that this experience was translated into a social law, or custom, which was observed long after the cause of its institution had been forgotten ? Had savage penetration already discovered that mothers-in-law got up linen (or such substitutes for it as were then in fashion) and love-quarrels with equal dexterity ; and that their skill in controlling, directing, or abridging the latter, was as nothing compared to their power of initiation ? If we are to set aside, on the one hand, the notion that the Polynesian did not like to be reminded of what his wife was likely to become, and, on the other hand, the notion that he did not want to be at the expense of supporting his mother-in-law, it follows that his reasons for desiring the absence of his relative must have been remarkably similar to those which are sometimes expressed in our own day. This is a sufficiently notable discovery ; because we sometimes see it stated that a man's dislike for his mother-in-law is an unnatural product of a late civilisation. We are told that all the fine human affections are dying out before the spread of that morbid mental analysis and social materialism which mark our present time ;

and we are inclined to look upon the man who hates his mother-in-law as one of those historical monsters who commenced their career by torturing blue-bottles, proceeded from that to stealing their brother's penknife, and ultimately ended their days on the scaffold, amid the howlings and hootings of a nation. Perhaps the fact that he has the authority of generations of savages to countenance him, does not much better the position of the modern mother-in-law hater ; but it shows, at least, that the effect of a mother-in-law upon a household was perceived at a very early period of the world's history. One difference between the savage and the civilised man is, that the former at once adopts the handiest expedient with which to obtain an immediate good, while the latter has a tendency to seek for first principles, and takes care that he does nothing to injure the general interests of morality. But, in the present case, might we not accept the lesson of a venerable experience, and adopt a custom which has proved its worth by remaining permanent through so many centuries ?

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

IT is a striking illustration at once of the eventful nature of recent American history, and of the rapidity with which men rise in the republic, that the two candidates for the Presidency were, ten years ago,—the one wholly, the other almost wholly, unknown. Horatio Seymour, the democratic candidate, has never filled a national office ; the highest dignity which he has hitherto reached, is that of Governor of New York. Ulysses S. Grant—soon destined, by rapid steps, to rise to the chief command of the Northern forces—was, when the civil war broke out, quietly pursuing the modest occupation of a tanner in a far-western town. The feverish and dramatic years of the civil contest brought both, though in different ways, prominently before the public eye. Grant, after proving his military capacity by a series of victories in a subordinate rank, finally became General-in-chief, and to him was it reserved to bring the war to a successful close. Seymour, as the Governor of the most important Northern State, meanwhile became noted for his opposition to President Lincoln's conduct of the war, and gradually rose to the leadership of the Conservatives and democrats.

Two men with fewer traits in common it would be hard to find. Seymour is essentially a politician—a man of conventions and plat-

forms, of party manœuvring and facile speech-making,—shrewd in political council, profound in political history. No man could be less a politician, on the contrary, than Grant. He is at home on the field, or in the war bureau; in the political arena he is the least showy—the most awkward of men. Seymour has all that culture and urbanity which constitute, in the social sense, a “perfect gentleman.” His manner is winning and high-toned; he is particular in his dress, fluent in conversation, a man of the world and of society, gracefully and easily dignified in his bearing, both on what is called the stump and in the drawing-room. Grant, on the other hand, is little polished, and impresses one with his plain simplicity, his hard, rugged sense, the straightforwardness and pith of what he says, and, above all, with his modesty and silence. He is not a timid man; but his prevailing trait is a never broken placidity, which betokens a calm self-reliance, and an undemonstrative yet iron will. He has that self-poise, that caution and coolness, that tenacity of purpose, often found joined with a reticent disposition.

The striking contrast between the two candidates is in nothing more marked than in their personal appearance. I saw Grant for the first time on the triumphal entry of the Northern armies into Washington, soon after the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. A pavilion, facing the spacious Pennsylvania avenue, had been erected on the lawn in front of the Presidential mansion. Here were gathered all the notabilities of the Union, and the envoys of foreign states, the President himself occupying the central seat. The sunburnt and long-bearded army of Sherman, a full two hundred thousand, which had not long since made the wonderful march across Georgia, was, for four hours, passing in review before the Chief Magistrate and his generals and advisers. On the President's right, hardly observable—so modest was his dress, and so quiet his demeanour—sat, calmly observing a scene so inspiring to the multitudes who had gathered to witness it, the General of the Armies—Grant. A man about the middle height, with a slight stoop in the shoulders; the eyes large, gray, and clear, very noticeable for their expression of profound tranquillity; a square, solid, stubborn-looking head; a broad, square forehead, well formed but not prominent; a bold, straight nose; thin, compressed, resolute lips, and slightly projecting chin, covered with a short, stiff, brown beard; soft, brown hair, closely cut; a form, neither stout nor thin, but compact and hardy, giving

an idea of sturdy health and great endurance; a general expression of quiet, invincible firmness, and perfect self-content; a face sunburnt, but without a wrinkle, and having a younger and fresher look than one, having seen his portraits, thought to find: this was the appearance of the victor of Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Richmond, as, his great work over, he sat witnessing the last muster of the successful armies. An odd contrast was presented by his friend and rival, Lieutenant-General Sherman, who stood all day on the President's left hand, and who was so nervously excited that he could not keep still a moment; moving restlessly up and down, frantically fanning himself, and watching his soldiers as they passed with an emotion which he did not seek to conceal.

Grant's military qualities were little suspected before the outbreak of the civil war; while, on the contrary, his antagonist, Lee, had long been known as one of the ablest officers in the Federal service. Yet the career of the Republican candidate has been by no means devoid of interest. If he is elected he will be the youngest President who ever reached that position, being now in his forty-sixth year, while Pierce, the youngest of previous Presidents, was forty-eight. He was born in the state of Ohio, in 1822. In his twenty-first year he graduated at the National Military Academy at West Point, having shown, during the course, no indications of an aptitude for a military career, and standing twenty-first in a class of thirty-eight. His first service in the army was during the war with Mexico, in 1846. He followed General Taylor (afterwards President) to that country, and participated in all the actions from Palo Alto to Monterey. He was then transferred to Scott's army, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz. His first exhibition of gallantry in the field was in the following year, at the battle of Moline del Rey, in which action he was promoted on the spot to a first-lieutenancy by Major-General Scott. He showed himself again worthy of especial notice at Chapultepec, when he was reported for bravery by General Worth. He was soon after breveted Captain, and entered Mexico with Scott's army. He continued in the army at the close of the Mexican war, and was sent into garrison at Fort Dallas, on the Pacific coast. He seemed, however, at this period of his life, to have little taste for the army, or, at all events, for the monotony of military life during peace, and after remaining in garrison several years he resigned his commission in 1854. He repaired to St. Louis—then a fast-

growing border town—and went into business; soon after abandoned his commercial career, and took a farm. In 1859—for he seems to have been restless, and fond of change, and little successful in business and farming—he removed to the town of Galena, Illinois, where his father lived, and with him opened a tanning establishment, under the firm of Grant and Son.

It was when pursuing this occupation that he felt his military tastes revive, and that he was summoned to take part in the civil war which was just commencing. Aided by influential friends, he received, in the spring of 1861, the appointment of Aide to the Governor of Illinois. Two months later he was commissioned as Colonel of an Illinois regiment, and in another month a Brigadier-General of Volunteers by President Lincoln. He proceeded at once to the seat of war, and, during the succeeding fall, began to build up a reputation by his successes at Paducah, Greenville, and Belmont. But it was at the famous siege of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, that he won a national fame. It was there that, in response to a refusal of the enemy to surrender the Fort on his conditions, he sent the message which became so celebrated for its vigour and pith, "I propose to move immediately upon your works." After the fall of that stronghold he was looked on as one of the best Union generals; he was promoted to be Major-General, and having been put in command of several divisions, he hastened southward with his victorious troops. Pittsburg Landing, on the borders of Mississippi, was the scene of his second great triumph; and with this battle he won the command of the Army of the Tennessee. In the autumn of 1862, he began the long and memorable siege of Vicksburg, capturing it, after the people had long despaired of its fall, in July, 1863. He then marched eastward, fought the great battle of Lookout Mountain on the Georgian border, and drove Bragg into the interior. He was now regarded as the most successful and indomitable of the Union generals; and, the successive commanders of the Army of the Potomac having each failed to make a satisfactory progress against the main Confederate army under Lee, Grant was, early in 1864, summoned to Washington, and the command in chief, with special duty as Commander of the army of the Potomac, was awarded to him. At the same time he was created Lieutenant-General, a rank which had only twice before been conferred in American history—on General Washington and General Scott.

The active and bloody campaign of the early summer of 1864 is doubtless yet fresh in the minds of English readers. Grant, at the head of the main army, crossed the Rapidan on May 3rd; on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of May took place that terrible series of battles of the Wilderness, in which the losses on either side were each day counted by tens of thousands. Grant's apparent object (though that it was his real object is open to grave doubts) was to outflank Lee, and cut him off from Richmond. It is probable that the General's real object was to drive Lee before him, and force him to shut himself up in Richmond. On the 11th of May he wrote the memorable letter to President Lincoln, which contained only this sentence: "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." "Fight it out on this line" has been a favourite expression in America ever since. The siege of Richmond, enlivened by many battles and skirmishes, lasted through the summer, autumn, and winter. On the 25th of March, 1865, Grant began his final movement; the decisive battle of Five Forks followed; Richmond fell on April 2nd; and on the 9th, Grant, cigar in mouth and papers in hand, met the utterly defeated Lee at Appomattox Court House, and concluded the conditions of the Confederate surrender. The wisdom and lenity of the conditions which he imposed upon his able antagonist were remarked, and went far to give the public an impression that Grant possessed to an eminent degree the qualities of practical statesmanship. They proved that he clearly understood the issues of the war, and the object to be gained by the final victory. About a year after the close of the war he received, by act of Congress, the highest military grade to which it is possible for an American to rise—that of General of all the armies of the United States; and no one will doubt that this was the proper reward for one who had mainly contributed to the Union victory. In August, 1867, President Johnson, anxious to get rid of his obnoxious Secretary of War, Stanton, suspended that officer from his department, and called General Grant to fill it *ad interim*. Thus Grant performed for some months the twofold duties of General and Cabinet Minister. In the winter a serious misunderstanding took place between the President and Grant in relation to the War Secretaryship, after which a sharp correspondence took place between them,—it being the only instance in which Grant departed from his rule not to discuss politics in print. This misunderstanding resulted in Grant's avowed

approval of Congress as against the President, and in the adoption of him by the Republicans as their Presidential candidate. When, last May, the National Convention of that party met, no other name was mentioned in connection with the highest office; and on the first ballot for a candidate Grant received the vote of every delegate present.

This, in brief, is an outline of the career of the American who has, for the past few years, been the most prominent in the public eye. Grant's public career throughout has been attended with a modesty, simplicity, and reticence which have greatly enhanced him in the public estimation. His military government of the defeated Confederate States has been marked by a rigid impartiality. He has been proof against the seductions of politicians; no consideration has induced him to make inopportune disclosures of his political views. He has always declared himself incapable of speech-making; when he has received the ovations of his enthusiastic fellow-countrymen, he has confined himself to one or two sentences expressing his thanks for their good opinion. Appearing little in society, he does not shine in it, being unused to its graces and courtly phrases. That there is, however, a quiet humour about him, is evident from the famous despatch in which he bottled up the notorious General Butler. His habits are thoroughly those of a liver in camps and on tented fields. He is an inveterate smoker, and many are the amusing stories told of his weakness for the fragrant weed of the Havanna. One who followed him through many of his campaigns tells us, that when he was on the steamboat on the way to the victorious field of Shiloh, one of the officers suggested that he should take a glass of brandy. Grant was in the cabin, busy over his maps and charts, and had slept but little for the past few nights. "No," he said; "not brandy. But if you will bring me a dozen or twenty of the very best cigars you can find, by the time I have finished them my plans will be completed." And so he puffed away the whole night, drawing up plans, and cogitating, and calculating chances; and in the morning the pile of cigars was gone, and the battle of Shiloh was a predetermined event.

Besides the vile weed, Grant has an enthusiastic fondness for horses. During his sojourn at New York a year ago, he became intimate with Jerome and other leading men of the turf, and encouraged by his presence the growing popularity of this hitherto thoroughly English pastime. Vice-President Wade, who visited Grant during the impeach-

ment trial, with a view to ascertaining his political views, complained that the General "avoided the subject," and persistently "talked horse." Even Grant's love of the noble animal—so minute is political antagonism in its researches in America—has been brought against him by his opponents, to prove his coarseness of taste; but an English reader will be the last to esteem him less for that. Even in Spenser's time,

Skill to ride seems a science
Proper to *gentle* blood.

And the Old Testament itself says that "God hath deprived him of wisdom" who "scorneth the horse and his rider." That Grant's tastes are by no means coarse or vulgar, may be judged from the peep which some writer has taken into his library at Washington. He tells us, that tall walnut bookcases surround three sides of the library; that subjects of military science and of history predominate in the titles of the books which occupy them. But there are also works of fiction—the recreation of leisure hours—essays, biographies, philosophy, and books of general statistics and useful information. The mantelpiece is adorned by an unique cigar-stand, and here are symbols of the host's profession in a bronze drummer and bugler at either end. The only portraits which the room contains are those of Washington and Lincoln, and of Grant's friends and companions-in-arms, Sherman and dashing Phil Sheridan. There are plenty of easy chairs and lounges, for the chief is certainly fond of "laying off," as the Americans say, and taking his ease recumbent, amid clouds of smoke. Here you find Grant at his best—in his library, surrounded by his pet books and ornaments, and smoking; if you but keep politics out of the chat, you will here find him one of the most quietly-agreeable and drily-humorous of men. In various places about the library you will remark a number of curious and elaborately carved meerschaum pipes and cigarholders; there is a stack of muskets in one corner, beside them a bronze drum; and you curiously examine a cigarcase which the General quietly informs you is "from the home of Burns." There are here and there many articles of *virtu*; the tables are adorned with costly albums; a large family Bible shows signs of being frequently used; while upon one of the side-tables is a large tin-box, which contains all of Grant's commissions, from that of colonel to that of General of the Armies.

Grant resigned his captaincy in 1854, because its duties prevented him from enjoying the tranquil pleasures and attractions of his family

circle. He hates the bustle, and noise, and hypocrisy of politics ; and last summer, after his nomination for the Presidency, he left the metropolis, took a farm, and Cincinnatus-like, forgetting the politicians, set to tilling his new-gotten fields. Even-mindedness in the highest good fortune, and in the most disheartening calamity ; a judgment, cool, true, unimpassioned ; an unpretentious plainness and simplicity both of act and of utterance ; every word he speaks and line he writes timely, in place, and in character ; thoughtful, discreet, yet neither morose nor rude ; an apparent absence of personal vanity ; persistent, self-dependent courage, and a determination, which, when arrived at, resolves to dominate all things ; these are the salient qualities of Grant as they have been displayed in a brief, yet very brilliant career. A thorough American in thought and feeling, neither courtly nor polished, yet endowed with the sterling graces of honesty and love of justice, he is a representative man both of the civil war era, and of the present, with its problems needing above all a clear judgment, and a heart beating in sympathy with that of the people. Grant has never displayed any more sinful ambition than that of doing his work well, and quietly receives whatever honours his success achieves for him. He did not seek the Presidency ; but, when spontaneously offered him by the unanimous voice of a great party, he simply accepted the nomination, and in his letter of acceptance, he struck an answering chord in the hearts of his countrymen by the appeal—"Let us have peace !"

Horatio Seymour, the Democratic candidate, is in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Unlike Grant, he belongs to one of the oldest and best known families in America ; and is descended from the distinguished house of the same name in England. An uncle was United States' Senator from Vermont, and his relative, Thomas H. Seymour, has been Governor of Connecticut, and was also a rival of Horatio Seymour as a Presidential Candidate. Mr. Seymour's career has only that local interest which belongs to every prominent American politician. He has belonged to the Democratic party from his entrance into public life, a quarter of a century ago, as mayor of the city of Utica. He was liberally educated, and, early in life, was a lawyer. His suavity as a debater in the New York legislature soon won for him a prominence in his own State : the easy grace of his manner, his conciliatory mildness of temper made him equally popular with friends and opponents ; he be-

came Speaker of the New York Assembly ; he was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1850,—defeated then, he was elected to that office in 1852 ; he was again elected Governor in 1862, and his course in opposition to the war, his very able speeches, and his cautious and conciliatory measures, pointed him out at that time as the best exponent of Democratic and Conservative ideas. Mr. Seymour is essentially a man of tact. A thorough politician, in the more liberal sense of the word, a good manager of men, and outspoken in his opinions, his personal character is beyond reproach, and the persuasiveness of his oratory has done much to soften the asperities of partisan warfare in that fiercest of all American political arenas, New York.

He is, perhaps, the first Presidential candidate who has won so wide a reputation in a purely local field ; the first who has never filled any national office. In appearance, Mr. Seymour is slender and stooping, with a small chest, and a consumptive look. His finest feature is a broad, almost massive brow, to which a premature baldness has given yet more prominence. His few straggling locks are grey and curly. His complexion is pale and smooth ; and, were he less bald and stooping, he would be taken for a much younger man than he really is. His mouth is large and has a genial expression, his nose straight and thick, his eye a large, bright, clear gray, his dress careful, his manner gentle and polished. Mr. Seymour resides on an extensive farm in the vicinity of Utica, and divides his time between the care of his lands and politics. In his own neighbourhood, his fields are regarded as among the finest and most productive in that part of the country. And here, in his quiet rural home, the Democratic candidate composes those finished speeches with which, now and then, he electrifies the immense mass meetings of the metropolis. In the city of Utica itself, Mr. Seymour has a plain, comfortable town residence, discoverable by an indistinct plate, inscribed H. Seymour ; here he spends the winter months, and holds the conclaves of his party-chiefs. While Grant, at the opening of the campaign which was to decide whether or not he should rule for four years over the republic, hastened away from the political cauldron at Washington, to bury himself in the quiet obscurity of a far western farm, Seymour at once established himself at an Utica hotel, and prepared to superintend the canvass of the States in person.

Since the assassination of Lincoln, the Vice-

Presidential office has assumed an importance which before it lacked; and it was the purpose of each of the parties in choosing their candidates, to place a man in the second place, whom they could trust in the event of his becoming President.

Schuyler Colfax, the Republican nominee, is best known as a popular presiding officer over the national House of Representatives. He is forty-five years old, and rose to his present elevation from an humble condition. He began public life as an editor; the vigour and not offensive firmness of his articles soon called attention to him, and he was elected to Congress, in which body he has succeeded in winning the esteem and respect of all parties.

General Blair, the Democratic nominee, is the son of a veteran journalist and politician, a former Republican, and was one of the bravest and most efficient officers of the Union army during the war.

Such, in brief, are the careers and characters of the various candidates; and, on the 3rd of November, it will be known to which of them the American people prefer to confide their destinies during the ensuing four years—years which seem likely to have a momentous influence on the future of the Republic.

TABLE TALK.

AN abundance of hawthorn-berries is generally considered to indicate a severe winter. If this supposition is well-founded, and a part of the county of Kent may be taken as representing the rest of England in the matter, then the approaching winter will be very hard indeed. Long hedges and trees may be seen so thickly covered with berries as to be of a bright red, in some cases entirely obscuring the leaves, notwithstanding that a very large quantity were shaken off by the high winds lately.

THE Insect Exhibition held in Paris has led to the formation of an Agricultural Entomological Society. The objects of this society are the propagation of useful insects, and the destruction of noxious ones. The mischief caused by the latter is more easily seen than the means of destroying them; though it is not always so strikingly apparent, as in the case of the invasions of the Plain of Sebdon in Algeria, in 1845 and 1866, when this plain, which is about twenty miles in length, and from seven to ten in width, was overrun by locusts in four hours, and every particle of

vegetation devoured. The smaller insects, some of which are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, are not less formidable on that account. This year an enormous quantity of plums and other fruits has been destroyed, and it is not an uncommon occurrence for the greater part of a field of wheat, turnips, or colza, to be eaten up; in Belgium, for instance, it was estimated that in 1846 a third of the oat crop was devoured by the *cecidomyia*. Nor are the ravages of insects confined to plants: the most stately forest trees have been destroyed by insects too insignificant to be perceived, or when perceived, to be suspected of producing such great results. Some may remember, or may have read of, the efforts made to discover the offenders who, night after night, stripped slices of bark from the trees in St. James's Park; watchmen were appointed for the express purpose of detecting them; but the discoveries they made were of a negative character, amounting to proof that no human being had been near them. This led to the discovery that the destruction must have been the work of insects. Other facts of the same kind have occurred in France. In 1835, an immense number of pines were destroyed in the forest of Rouvray; thousands of oak trees at another time were cut off as by an epidemic, in the wood of Vincennes, and on another occasion, a large proportion of the trees on the boulevards perished from the same cause which laid bare the avenues of the Mall. Extensive destruction of this kind only occurs occasionally; under ordinary circumstances Nature sends the remedy along with the complaint, and if the insects do an unusual quantity of mischief, it is when from ignorance their great enemies, the small birds, have been slaughtered so mercilessly as to leave no check to their propagation. The French archbishop who so zealously defended the cause of the little birds, has been furnished with statistics by some of the exhibitors. An inspector of forests, named Millet, made a careful examination of upwards of twelve thousand jays, taken in their nests, and in nearly all of them he found remains of noxious insects. He also examined the stomachs of more than three thousand crows and rooks, captured in their nests, or shot in April, May, and June; and in all of these he found the remains of cockroaches, and in very few instances did he discover any grains of wheat. The conclusion at which he arrived was, that birds which commonly devour grain invariably feed their young on insects. Almost as great an enemy to cockroaches as the birds, is an exhibitor, named Varangot. Full twenty years has he waged

unceasing warfare against them, and after many experiments, he has found that by a roasting process an oil may be extracted from them capable of being used for lamps, or, mixed with grease, of being used for the wheels of carriages.

A DEEPER reverse of fortune could hardly be imagined than that which has befallen the Foscari family. The King of Italy sent them £20 the other day to relieve their necessities, and a Venice paper states that they were recently competitors for the post of house-keeper of one of the palaces given by their ancestors as a school for high class instruction.

A DEACON of the Russian Church, addicted to mechanical tastes, has given the post-office of his capital a novel letter-box of his invention. It gives a receipt for every letter dropped into it. Deposit your missive, and a ticket is thrust out to you, bearing a stamp showing the year, month, and day of the posting. Not a bad contrivance as far as it will go; but I fancy the good inventor himself would doubt the extent of its powers if he were to see the hall of St. Martin's-le-Grand at two minutes to six P.M.

GREEN pigments have been in such bad odour for years, on account of their real or imagined poisonous influence, that chemists have laboured hard to find a form of the favourite colour that shall be above suspicion. Success appears to have crowned their experiments at last; for we are told that a new preparation of a salt of chromium yields a green colouring powder, that leaves little to be desired. It is brilliant in tone, perfectly harmless, and possesses other requirements of technical character. It will be known, when it is known, as Imperial Green.

THE lightness, variety, and refinement of French taste show themselves in the manufacture of cakes and sweetmeats, as well as in more important matters. Every visitor to Paris must have been struck by the pretty aspect of a French pastrycook's shop, and also by the cheapness of the articles, combined, as is always the case, with a certain elegance of shape. Indeed, the luxury displayed by Guerre or Siraudin would remind us that we are in the land of the *Grand Monarque*, while, on the other hand, the exuberant spread of pastry in the Rue de la Gaîté clearly shows how in

France the poorest and most humble classes know how to imitate and participate in the refinement of the higher in state and the more wealthy. What a subject the cakes of a nation would present for a psychological enquiry—for a subtle analysis. What volumes of *Mémoires à Servir* might be obtained from the able distillation of this one theme. Take the confectionary changes the Parisians have seen. Can we not, for example, remember in the April of our earliest youth, those appetising *gateaux de Nanterre* that were sold, and cried for, on the Place de la Concorde? Half-a-dozen old women, with their wizened heads encased in the orthodox square-patterned kerchief of the southern peasantry, purveyed the delicacies to the *Messieurs Bébés* of the age. A dominant figure among them was that of *la belle Madeleine*. I cannot say at this distance of time whether any peculiar fineness of flavour in her wares had given her name to history, but I can assert that it was the right thing to purchase of the *belle Madeleine* if possible. The complimentary epithet had, no doubt, been bestowed upon her in jealous derision, as Madeleine was certainly about the most hideous old Frenchwoman—which is saying something—that it has been my fortune to behold. She was known by this quatrain, set to a melody, which she piped in that shrill cracked treble peculiar to the transmigratory working-women of France:

Achetez des gateaux,
A la belle Madeleine.
Achetez des gateaux,
Ils sont beaux, ils sont chauds.

When Madeleine had dropped her basket for ever, and crowed her last note, the reign of the Nanterre cakes was over. The upstart condiment known under the name of the Savoy biscuits, has succeeded them on the Place de la Concorde; but the palmy days of the trade are over. Another contemporary with beautiful Madeleine was the *Père Coupe Toujours* of the Boulevard St. Denis, where he used to walk, talk, and do business with his numerous friends and customers; these easily recognized him, for he always wore a fanciful jacket of black velvet, enlivened with pink ribbon; on his arm he held a basket filled with *beignets à l'instar de Lyon*, and he made his proximity known by the merry rattle of his wooden castanettes. Another celebrity in his way is the *Papa la Pêche*, the inventor and distributor of the gingerbread blocks. He is to be seen at every fair in the vicinity of the metropolis, and has attained the summit of

popularity with the *gamin* class. He assembles a concourse of that infantile rag, tag, and bobtail usually attracted by the gratuitous in any shape, arranges them in a double arch around him, and proceeds with all the gravity and serenity of an archbishop, to wheel around their heads a long cord to which is affixed a monster hunch of gingerbread. The happy laughter, the baby cries, the innocent raillery are something sweet and refreshing to hear. I do not know but what *Papa la Pêche* has more broadly and intelligently understood and interpreted the true spirit of philanthropy than many bigwigs, his betters. Numberless were the sorrowful epithets evoked by the disappearance of the famous *galette* of the Gymnase, where the hungry audiences of the neighbouring theatres might procure on their way home, for the modest sum of one penny, a substantial piece of hot leafy pastry. It would seem that regret was premature, for the *pétite industrie* is in full vigour again, and is all the more flourishing as the short privation which its customers have had to endure has considerably whetted their appetites for these popular dainties. The chronicles of the cakes would scarcely be perfect without a mention of the departed *talmouses*, and the little butter-cakes of Cretenne, the baker of the Rue Dauphine, to whose shop the students of another generation and their *cavalidres* were in the habit of resorting towards the small hours for the purpose of sketching nocturnal idyls over two sous' worth of milk. In addition to these should be cited the *brioche*s of the Porte St. Denis, which have enriched two successive proprietors, and the new apple-fritters of the Boulevard St. Martin. Then, if one turn from the humble barrow or basket where St. Giles disburses his ha'pennies and looks sharp after a fair slice, to the aristocratic saloons, all marble and plate glass, wherein that "cherub of a child," St. James, languidly fingers the costly dainties, one would find materials of another kind available for a Gousset historically inclined. For instance, it is not generally known that the cake called Gateau Gorenflot was originally conceived by a few youthful gourmets of the Lycée Bonaparte (then Collège Bourbon), among whom were Guizot *fils*, now a grave professor at the Collège de France, and Taine the ingenious philosopher. The execution of the students' scheme was intrusted to a pastry-cook of the vicinity; and as Dumas and his books were then in the first flush of their fame, it was decided that it should bear the name of Gateau Gorenflot after one of the principal characters in *La Dame de Monsorzeau*.

A LITTLE charity girl was asked by an inspector of schools whether she could explain the meaning of bearing false witness against one's neighbour. "Please sir, when no one does nothing to nobody, and some one goes and tells on't."

DUFRESNOY married his laundress because he could not pay her bill. He was the author of the opera of *Lot*, and one night, when one of the actors was singing the line, "*l'amour a vaincu Lot*," (vingt culottes) a voice from the pit cried, "qu'il en donne une à l'auteur."

I HAVE made mention before of the famous College of Winchester. One of my greatest friends there was the French master, poor fellow, a kindly pleasant gentleman, who had no doubt met with misfortunes in his own country. His misfortunes were great enough in this, where he had to deal with the worst kind of ungentelemanly boy, besides possessing a marvellous incapacity for imparting the mysteries of his own language, and a remarkable ignorance of our own. I remember when the gold medals had been awarded (I think one was for Latin and the other for English verse composition—I speak of years ago), he was very much excited and interested in the matter. "Ha! ha!" he said, "when I was at the Lyceum of D—, one proposed a prize for the best copy of Latin verses. We were shut up in a room with nothing but a desk, and pens, and paper, and we had to give in our poems at one o'clock. I searched, I searched, I searched, I could find nothing. At one o'clock less a quarter, I scratched myself the head—but I found nothing. At last! my eyes walked themselves on to the wall opposite, where I see the trace of an old picture nearly effaced by the dust and the dirt. I go to it, and I rub, I rub, I rub, and I see a squirrel sitting on a tree cracking nuts. In a moment I said to myself, I hold it! I go back to my chair, and having but a minute, I write,

Tu qui semper edis, dic mihi quando bibis?
and I got the prize!"

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 38.

September 19, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—TWO TO ONE ON THE BLACK.

THE curé of Belespoir had acted, as ambitious churchmen often do, without sufficiently taking into account the forces that would be opposed to him. When he had persuaded the prefect and detached his uncle the Bishop from the Beauvoisin party he regarded victory as certain, and overlooked what he would have styled insignificant opponents. Now, of these opposing forces two were incarnate in human bodies, and had name on the one side, Henri Dupont de Laporte, on the other, Marius Dandel, the sub-prefect of Malleray; and besides these two tangible obstacles there was the anonymous and incoherent force, yclept the chapter of accidents, which has so much to say in the crises of human life! All these the haughty churchman scornfully overlooked.

And now he resolved to embark upon an enterprise somewhat more difficult than that of persuading the Duc de Vivienne to put forth his candidature for the députation; upon that namely of inducing the Dowager of Beauvoisin to withdraw hers.

A few days after the meeting for the drawing of Olivier's circular, the curé of Belespoir made a visit to Beauvoisin. It was a beautiful day; breakfast was just over, and in the drawing-room, into which the ecclesiastic was ushered, the two Marchionesses were seated, whilst Olivier made believe to read the newspapers just brought in by the post. The Dowager was busy with the perpetual white wools, Claire was playing with her child, who lay rolling on a Turkey carpet spread out for him on the floor, whilst a tall, handsome woman watched at a little distance, respectfully, the infant pleasures of her nursling. The sun came in, softened through the thick foliage of a clump

of trees, right in front of the window opening upon what might have been an English lawn.

When the first greetings were over, the curé, having seemingly made up his mind that boldness was the only policy, broached the subject of the elections with an appearance of frankness that was not without a certain charm. He was a handsome man, that curé of Belespoir, with graceful gestures, an agreeable voice, and good manners, and he thought himself certain in the long run of doing what he liked, even with the Dowager Marquise; so he made a speech about the necessity of union in the party (!) and the dangers of the church, and the duty of sacrificing everything to the defence of the temporal power of the Pope.

"I am thoroughly of your opinion," said the Dowager, "and, when our circular appears, you will, I think, be satisfied with it."

"It has not yet appeared?" interposed the curé, blandly.

"We expect it to come home from the printer's to-night," added Olivier.

"Madame la Marquise," recommenced the churchman, after a pause of a few seconds, and as though he had resolved upon the accomplishment of a difficult task, "let me appeal to your strong, nay, almost masculine sense of patriotism—to your well-known political convictions, and, above all, to the fervour of your Christian zeal. It is a sacrifice I come to ask, and that is why I ask it. No one has for years done more good to our sacred cause than you have; do not imperil that good by an ill-advised act" (the Dowager knitted her black brows)—"by an act that will neutralise all our long-persistent efforts—do not divide this already much divided province—do not weaken the defenders of our holy religion—do not give our enemies the spectacle of our dissensions—do not contest the election of the department with the Duc de Vivienne."

The Dowager laid down her wools, and compressing her thin lips looked the curé through and through with her sharp black eyes; but, compressed as were the lips, and

sharp as were the eyes, he thought he detected behind all these an imperceptibly wavering purpose.

He was preparing to follow up his arguments, when his design was opposed from a quarter he had not yet taken much notice of; Claire, leaving her boy to his nurse, had come forward and was leaning one hand upon the table in front of the curé.

"I beg your pardon, M. l'Abbé," said she, in a sweet, clear voice, "there is no difference in the religious convictions of the two candidates; you may rely upon M. de Beauvoisin's Christian zeal as thoroughly as upon that of M. de Vivienne; but there is a question of engagements taken, of responsibilities accepted and incurred, of friends compromised—a question, in short, of honour, and my husband cannot recede from the contest—it is too late."

"Bravo, Claire, bravo!" exclaimed Olivier, with unprecedented energy, and throwing away his newspaper; "bravo! that's just what it is, and you're quite right."

The situation was a thoroughly altered one, and one for which no one present was prepared.

The Dowager would now, in her inmost soul, have gladly given the whole thing up, for she did not care to see suddenly arise before her this new spirit in her daughter-in-law, this spirit which she had only vaguely guessed at, when she warned Madame de Clavreuil of the possible difficulty of managing Claire.

In Claire a sudden feeling had burst forth; the revolt of a high-minded upright gentlewoman against the petty arts of an intriguer. Perhaps the old teachings of Mrs. Griffiths prompted her, but she determined that, the first time in his life when her husband was about to take a step in public life, he should take it courageously and not flinch from the word he had once given. Her son's father should behave like a gentleman; and all the knightly blood of the old narrow-minded, unintellectual, but immaculately honourable Clavreuils, boiled over within her, and she did what was to be done.

As Claire stood upright there between those three, draped in her white robes, quivering with the strong vibration of the honest purpose within her, glowing with the flush of beauty her sudden energy leant her, she was an object of amaze to all.

The Dowager was amazed and hated her; the curé was amazed, and feared her; Olivier was amazed and thunderstruck by his wife's loveliness.

(It was not then too late for this ill-jointed pair—but it was not to be!)

Claire was alone against her adversaries, but she had the best of it notwithstanding, and they felt this, though she was not so sure.

When help came to her from Olivier she was glad, very glad.

"I have but spoken in your name" said she, turning to Olivier with a look of unconscious but irresistible sovereignty; "but I have spoken your thoughts, have I not?"

"Every word my wife has said is exactly what I feel, and I will act up to every word of Claire's," rejoined Olivier, with a vivacity quite unusual; nor was he wanting in dignity as he spoke. When he had spoken, he came towards his wife, took her hand, and kissed it, looking at her in a manner that made her blush deeply and lower her eyes to the ground.

The curé was vanquished, and, man of the world as he was, he gave a graceful air to his defeat, and when after discoursing upon other subjects he took his leave, declining to stay to dinner, he parted from all his opponents in apparently undisturbed friendship.

It was evident the curé had overlooked the young Marquise in his calculations. However it was a fight now, and would have to be fought; so he must nerve the prefect for the contest.

As he left Beauvoisin he inquired from the footman, who opened the carriage door for him, whether Count Dupont de Laporte was still staying at the château, or whether he had returned to Breuvrières?

"He left suddenly for Paris several days ago," was the reply.

"Oh!" That was all the curé of Belespoir remarked; but he said it again to himself as he was rolling along on the road, and it was a meditative long drawn out "Oh."

When the curé of Belespoir left Beauvoisin, he gave orders to the driver of the hired vehicle in which he had come there, to drive back home, namely to Belespoir, which lay not far from Brunoy. Anybody might have heard him give this order. But, when he had passed the park-gates and emerged upon the road, he stopped the carriage, and told the coachman to turn his horse's head round, and drive to Malleray.

Half-an-hour later the stately churchman, who had caused himself to be set down at the door of the curé of Malleray might be seen, wending his way on foot towards the sub-prefecture. The sub-prefect was not at home, but the conseiller de préfecture was, and with

this young aspirant for administrative honours the curé had rather a long, and we will therefore hope, a useful conversation. It was late in the afternoon when the curé fairly set out on his home journey towards Belespoir, and the last place where he had called in Malleray, was at the sub-prefectorial printing-office. He staid there for about a quarter of an hour, closeted with the director of the establishment, and about an hour after he had left, the conseiller de préfecture also paid a visit to the said director and held private converse with him.

The subject of their interview seemed to have been a pleasant one, for when they separated both appeared internally amused by some happy fancy.

"It is the story of the oyster over again!" said the printing-office director, as he parted from his visitor; "each of these clericals will get a shell, but we must mind that we get the oyster!" And both men chuckled as they shook hands.

We should like the reader to have a precise notion of the time that had been required for the events we have related in the last two or three chapters.

It was the third week in June when the Dowager marshalled her household troops down to Beauvoisin, and prevailed upon her brother to spend a short time at Brunoy in his nephew's interest. She believed Olivier would in reality walk over the course; the Duc de Vivienne nourished exactly the same belief as regarded his own candidature, and this is easily explained by the un-importance attached by the government to the election. M. de Laprunage had not come forward, no one quite knew wherefore, and Achille Bouvier, the attorney's son at Cambeville, had been held back, no one quite knew by whom. He had been for a long while held to be the one serious candidate; therefore, he not presenting himself, the course seemed tolerably clear. The government was indifferent, the prefect slow; each aspirant kept his own counsel, and thought he could rely on the same supporters whereof his rival felt also sure—so that, till their antagonism was declared, the antagonists went to work, each for himself, and full of hopeful illusions.

It was on a Tuesday that had been held at Beauvoisin the gathering we have described for the purpose of drawing up Olivier's circular. On the Wednesday this document was carried to the printing-office by Henri Dupont de Laporte, who left Beauvoisin that day not long after dawn, and passed through Malleray,

having to gain Chartres in time for the up-train to Paris, whither he had suddenly decided to go. He had, as we have said, very large estates in the neighbourhood of Paris, and there was nothing extraordinary in the fact of his presence being required on matters of private business.

But a week had gone by and not only Count Dupont had not returned, and had not written to anyone since he left, but it was impossible for the people at Beauvoisin to get the printed copies of Olivier's circular. It was on the Wednesday that the curé of Belespoir had paid his visit to the château, and, as we know, the circular was not yet out, but positively expected for that very evening—when it did not come.

Delivered over to the printer on the Wednesday, it had been promised for the Saturday, then deferred till the Tuesday (Sunday and Monday being no days); then it was faithfully promised for the Wednesday, and then, on an impatient demand sent on the Thursday morning by the Marquis de Beauvoisin, the answer made was that such an unusual stress of business had been laid on the workmen by the voluminous reports unexpectedly sent in from the Conseil d'Arrondissement and Municipal Council (concerning financial matters) that it had been impossible to execute private orders; a delay of a few days was besought. It was no use being angry or impatient, it must be borne.

There was no circular out from Mont-Vivienne either, for the curé of Belespoir, once aware of the Beauvoisin candidature, hoped to neutralise it, as we know, and did not wish, if possible, to have to avow any dissension in the Conservative party.

When he had seen, however, what was likely to be the resistance opposed by the rival candidate, and when he had overcome the first surprise caused in him by the energy and decision so suddenly shown by the young Marquise, the curé became aware of the necessity of publishing without any delay the address of the Duc de Vivienne to the electors. Needless to say that this profession of faith was entirely composed by the Curate-Dean himself.

Early in the morning of the day but one after the curé's visit to Beauvoisin, this document was also deposited in the hands of the director of the sub-prefectorial printing-office at Malleray, and a verbal assurance was confidentially given by that functionary to the bearer, that the copies for distribution should be ready within forty-eight hours.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE POSTMASTER OF MALLERAY.

"THOSE aristocrats and clericals have it all their own way, as usual. I always knew it would be so, and so I told Théophile when the *coup d'état* took place, only he wouldn't believe it."

This speech was made by old Mardonnet, the postmaster at Malleray, in the afternoon of the very day when the Mont-Vivienne circular was lodged in the hands of the printing-office director. The latter was a chum of old Mardonnet's, had been so for more than a quarter of a century, and but a few months ago had owed a great service to the postmaster, obtained through his active intercession with the Minister of —, who, as we remember, was cousin to Mardonnet's deceased wife.

The old postmaster had breakfasted at the printing-office that morning, and knew all about the new circular from Mont-Vivienne, and the old one from Beauvoisin, and was in his own mind thoroughly convinced that the electoral contest for Sèvre-et-Merle would be waged between the two great landed proprietors of the district, and that it did not much matter which of the two won.

"Except, indeed," as he remarked, "that the Duc de Vivienne was too priest-ridden and might be for restoring tithes."

Old Mardonnet was, upon the occasion in question, seated in his bureau, sorting the letters, and newspapers, and other parcels that had just come in not a quarter of an hour ago. The one bag, not a very big one either, lay on a stool beside him, and he, seated on another, extracted missive after missive and placed them in their proper order and place on a huge table before him. An elderly woman sat in a chair by the window, sewing—it was his sister-in-law, a widow, who had lived with him for the last ten years, and, like her defunct sister, enjoyed the honour of being first cousin to a minister. It was horribly stuffy in that bureau, for it was a habit of old Mardonnet's to keep the window shut while he sorted his bag. Why he did so nobody knew, but he would do it, and, as I said, the place was awfully hot and stuffy.

"Yes," he resumed, harking back to his first words; "those great people have it more than ever their own way. I told Théophile so, but he would have it just the contrary, and now he sees pretty well what it comes to!"

"Who knows," rejoined the elderly seamstress (by name Madame Héloïse Picard); "who knows whether he sees it or not? people

don't always see what is there to be seen, but what they think they see. Théophile had always wrong notions about everything."

"Well," retorted the postmaster, "he was cock-sure of becoming our deputy the moment Carpentier should, in any way, be removed; he can hardly fancy he has any chance now! (Two, three, five, six—six letters for Beauvoisin,)" he muttered, parenthetically; "he can hardly fancy he's got a chance, I should think; there's Carpentier removed for ever by death, yet, who ever thought for a moment of Théophile? He counted on his friend Dandel, the sub-prefect, (such a ne'er-do-weel), and he counted on your grand cousin, up yonder."

"On Lolo!" exclaimed Madame Picard (it was a custom among his near relations irreverently to call the great man thus, his name being Louis). "On Lolo, forsooth! as if he ever did anything for anybody but himself!" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, never mind," went on the postmaster. "Théophile persisted in believing in him, too, and now he sees how it all is. No sooner did Carpentier have that fit of his than (my belief is) the Prefect settled everything with that Monseigneur at Belespoir, and no sooner was the breath out of Carpentier's body than Madame la Marquise comes down on all our heads! And there they are now, both of them; they think nobody knows anything about their quarrels, but everybody knows all about it—it's Punch's secret! Beauvoisin against Vivienne; a fight inside the same camp, the old story over again! There are four letters for Clavreuil, and a *Revue des Deux Mondes* for Breuvrières, and there's a *Moniteur* for you, Héloïse," and he jerked the paper towards his sister-in-law, upon whose skirts it fell.

She had seemingly not much interest in it, for she let it lie where it had dropped.

"And the very instant it was seen who were likely to be the candidates, what did the sub-prefect here do? why, get out of the way! He used to be mighty civil to me, and was constantly coming in to have a chat, (so condescending!) but after Carpentier's death he was sent for by the prefect, and whenever I've met him since then he's skulked away and avoided seeing me, and the moment the Vivienne candidature came to be talked about seriously, off he went, Heaven knows where! a good friend, truly! Mr. Marius Dandel! a tower of strength! a fine protector! as Théophile thought him! just a blusterer made of India-rubber!—well! I never saw a Red Republican who was not so... Pah! I hate the whole lot of them."

"I don't believe they're half as bad as Republicans turned lacqueys," retorted Madame Picard; "like Lolo," she added, sneeringly; "a bully to those who look up, and a boot-blacker to those who look down upon 'em. Like *Lolo*!" she added, for the second time, and with apparently considerable satisfaction.

"Bless my soul! what's this?" ejaculated all at once old Mardonnet; "here's a letter from Théophile," and he adjusted his spectacles, opened the envelope, and read.

The missive was a short one, three or four lines only; but the wrinkled face of the old postmaster reddened with pleasure as he scanned them. "Well, to be sure, this is news!" he cried out. "He's got the cross, Héloïse, fancy that!"

"Who has?"

"Why, Théophile, to be sure!" replied old Mardonnet.

"The cross!" echoed Madame Picard, "and for what, I should like to know?"

"That he doesn't say," answered her brother-in-law, looking puzzled; "but here is what he does say:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I am happy to tell you that I have had the honour of receiving the decoration the day before yesterday, owing to the intervention of our cousin, the minister. I send the *Moniteur*, containing the announcement thereof to my aunt, and am your

"Very devoted son,

"THÉOPHILE MARDONNET."

"There's his letter," said the postmaster, when he had read that epistle, "and Héloïse, there's the *Moniteur* on your gown."

Madame Picard stooped now, and picked up the paper; opened it, and glanced down its columns.

"It's in the official part," observed Mardonnet; "if you can't find it, give it me."

"Here it is," said she, and she read the statement of how his Majesty the Emperor had been pleased, on the proposal of the Minister of—, to decorate M. Théophile Mardonnet, Manager (he was only cashier) of the International Franco-Italo-Daco-Roumanian Commercial and Agricultural Bank of Roumania, at Bucharest.

"That is to prevent him for ever asking for anything else," remarked Madame Picard. "They give him the cross because they either can't or won't make a deputy of him."

"Very likely," responded old Mardonnet; "but it's very pretty of Lolo, all the same! very nice, indeed!—is that all?" he added, turning

to his sister-in-law, as though he half expected his son to have been decorated several times over; "is there nothing else in the paper?—nothing of any interest?"

"Nothing of any interest to us," replied Madame Picard; "there's a long account of a reception at the Tuileries, of the King of Mesopotamia, and a report on the Chassepot rifles, and three columns on Egyptian mummies, and then promotions in the army and navy."

"Nobody we know anything of?"

"Not a soul; and then here, there's an account of the funeral of the Bishop of Pontoise, and the nomination of the Bishop of St. Germain, as coadjutor to the Archbishop of Chantilly."

"Ah! no interest whatever in all that," muttered the old postmaster, as he turned once more to his work of sorting the contents of his bag.

CHAPTER XXXV.—TEN TO ONE ON THE RED.

THERE was an alteration in Claire's manner towards her husband since the day when he had supported her and held his own ground against the curé de Belespoir. It was so slight, that, to most people, it would have been imperceptible; but Olivier felt it, and it was pleasant (in his homely phraseology he would probably have said comfortable,) to him to be in his wife's company, nay, even to be alone with her.

This was something altogether new, for, from the very time of their marriage and journey to Italy, though the best possible understanding seemed to exist between them, and though the youthful Marquise had apparently no will save that of her lord, it was evident that their accordance rested on no deeper foundation than that of good education and good manners. Since their return to Paris, this state of things had in no degree improved, but just the reverse. M. de Beauvoisin, as we know, had little or nothing in common with his wife, and their daily employments brought them together only in public, where they manifested towards each other the same invariable politeness. The even tenor of their domestic serenity was the result of good breeding—nothing beyond.

"They know how to live," used to say the Marquis de Moranges; "and that is the one only indispensable science," he was wont to add.

Till the day on which the curé of Belespoir paid his eventful visit to the château, Olivier

had continued to be more or less embarrassed by his wife's presence, and to avoid being with her unless summoned by other persons. Let no one fancy that this resulted from his entanglement with Claudine; it had absolutely no connection with it. He knew that, as far as the Sphinx was concerned, he was, as he had practically described it, "in for it," and this was agreeable enough so long as the Sphinx and he were together; but, once separated from the object of what, by ordinary spectators, would have been termed his passion, he thought no more of her.

I repeat it, Claire embarrassed him—made him uneasy; and, spite of her undeviating gentleness, impressed upon him a terrible sense of inferiority. He did not like this—no man does—and, as I say again, he avoided his wife's presence.

This it was which was altered.

First and foremost, Claire's beauty had suddenly struck him without overawing or freezing him. It was a genial impression which her whole being made upon him when she stood up and took his part, associated him with her, called him her husband, did not disdain to proclaim herself one with him. It was new, and it was delightful, and he could not help hailing the occurrence with boyish glee.

Claire, on her side, was more kindly disposed towards the man who had so openly and so unhesitatingly made common cause with her—and that, not in the face of the *curé* alone, but in the face also of the redoubtable Marquise mother. She was touched by the ready adhesion she had met with: there was something simple and unsophisticated about the obedience so warmly tendered, and Claire's generous nature could not do otherwise than overpay in gratitude any service accepted.

She was more than courteous—she was familiar with her husband all the rest of the day; and the next morning allowed him to drive her over to Clavreuil in the pony-basket. The Dowager could not make it out, but her instinct warned her that her supremacy was threatened.

Olivier felt at home with his wife, for they had something to talk of which interested both. Claire's interest in her husband's election was a lively one, for she was resolved to bring up her son to play an active part in the affairs of his country; and the first indispensable step towards this, in her opinion, was the entrance of the father into the arena of public life.

Claire loved France ardently, and loved the traditions of the past, not narrowly, but be-

cause, to her mind, the past was full of the chivalrous, disinterested glories of her race and of her land. Claire was no politician, but, like every true French gentlewoman, loved dearly whatever related to politics in the abstract, and was, instinctively, at her ease in all the combinations of *la grande politique*.

Olivier had no such impulses or aims as hers, but he entered into the excitement of the impending contest in a sportsman-like kind of way, and, besides, he thought it fitting that he, as the head of the Beauvoisin family, should represent the department.

They had, therefore, at last, a subject in common, this ill-mated man and wife, and they seemed likely to make something of it in the end, and talked of it freely and earnestly, and had opinions and exchanged them.

The day but one after old Mardonnet had received the news of his son's decoration, Claire proposed to her husband to walk across the park to Malleray, and see what letters the rural postman brought, for they were sure to meet him on the way.

It was a splendid day, with a burning sun, but with a breeze also, and their road lay through shady woods and Claire had all the pedestrian capacities of her countrywomen. She walked along with queenly steps under the leafy boughs, playing with rather than using her parasol, for a broad straw hat protected her head and face. On they went, discoursing of the coming contest, and Olivier thinking within himself that he had never seen any woman half so beautiful as Claire.

At a turning in the wood they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs at no great distance.

"We're close to the cross-road that leads from Beauvoisin to Clavreuil," said Olivier.

The sound of the horse's hoofs ceased, and then were heard closer, but with a deadened sound.

"How abominably ill one is served," exclaimed the Marquis; "that's some one riding inside our woods—making a thoroughfare of Beauvoisin—the fellow's got on the turfy paths, yet, God knows, I've keepers enough! only they do nothing."

The sounds were distinct now, and came nearer every instant.

"There is the intruder," observed Claire, pointing with her parasol at a horseman picking his way through the trees towards the very path down along which they were walking.

"Well, upon my life, that's cool!" ejaculated angrily M. de Beauvoisin; "I'll tell him at once that——"

"Hallo, old fellow! is that you? well met!"

"How delightful ! it's Monsieur Dupont !"

These were the two exclamations which burst simultaneously from the young Marquise and from Henri Dupont, for, sure enough, it was he.

"Well," said he, with a smile ; "I meant to surprise you, and it is you who surprise me, starting suddenly out of the depths of a wood like goblins in a fairy tale," and, jumping from his horse, he slung the rein over one arm, and with the other linked himself to Olivier.

As they turned back, and walked on together now, in the direction of the château, Henri Dupont could not help surveying the pair before him with a secret astonishment. He was fairly puzzled. What had happened during his absence ? There was not only good intelligence between Olivier and Claire, there was a cheerful familiarity that told of pleasant intercourse, of home-habits ; Henri couldn't make it out. Was it possible that, to use M. de Beauvoisin's own phrase, he and his wife were beginning to get on together ?

"Where have you come from ?" asked Claire's sweet ringing voice.

"From Paris, direct," was the reply.

"What's that nag ?" said Olivier, looking at the big-boned animal that came slouching behind, dragged by the rein upon Count Dupont's arm.

"That's the war-steed, or winner of the Derby, or anything else you choose, to mine host of the Black Eagle ; he keeps it for his own private use, but I persuaded him to lend it me, promising to be most careful of the precious beast."

"When did you arrive ?" questioned Olivier.

"Two hours ago ; I took the night-train to Chartres, got there at midnight ; came on to Malleray in the diligence, in the rotonde, think of that ! pounded my bones for five hours, got to Malleray, with what was left of me, ravenous ; breakfasted, obtained this jewel of a mount that you behold, and rode on here to surprise you—in which design I have signally failed."

"I'm not so sure of that," observed Claire, laughing.

"What had you to do in Paris all of a sudden ?" asked Olivier.

"What had I to do ?" echoed Henri,—
"Why, your business, my friend, and I've done it !"

"Done what ?" cried both Olivier and Claire together.

Count Dupont came to a full stop, and, with intense satisfaction sparkling in his eyes, "I've worsted the church !" replied he ; "I've stopped the Vivienne candidature."

"Henri !" exclaimed the Marquis.

"Oh ! do tell us how," petitioned Claire, eagerly.

"Well, it was easy enough," resumed Dupont ; "you know, or don't know, that I, too, have alliances amongst the Philistines. I, as you do know, have kept aloof from them, and they are (for that reason) always making advances to me, so I simply dropped down amongst them, and urged with might and main the nomination of the Bishop of St. Germain as coadjutor of Chantilly. You don't clearly understand me yet, I see, but I'll explain by-and-by. In those parts the government wants me terribly, on account of their difficulties with the general council touching the great line of railroad they are projecting ; I had only one visit to make to the Minister of —, and all was done ; the old archbishop was persuaded that he had always longed for his colleague of St. Germain, so, now he's got him, and everybody's content ! They bothered me to go and see the Emperor, but I didn't think it necessary to go that length. Is any circular out from Mont-Vivienne ?"

"None."

"And none will ever appear now," chuckled Henri.

"What, you suppose then," said the young Marquise, "that the curé of Belespoir was the sole mover of everything there ?"

"I'm certain of it," replied Henri ; "you leave the Mont-Vivienne people to me. I'll drive over there before dinner this very day, and I'll answer for it they will coalesce with us now. The duke, when he's left to himself, is the most upright and sensible of men."

"Then in reality, now," remarked Claire, "Olivier has no opponent, and comes in quite naturally."

"Of that I am not so sure," replied Henri. "On the contrary, I fancy there is a government candidate somewhere, but who it is I don't yet know, and I didn't wait for the knowledge, because I thought my presence more useful here. But I have an old friend in the Home Office, and he will telegraph to me down here, either to-day or to-morrow, if the government does fix on any one. Meanwhile have your circular out, old fellow, as fast as possible."

"But we can't get it," answered both Olivier and Claire.

Count Dupont de Laporte started two hours later for Mont-Vivienne, and didn't return that night.

The next morning he was at Beauvoisin for

breakfast. Both the Marquis and his wife were on the stone steps leading into the grand entrance when they heard from afar the wheels of the dog-cart approaching.

"All settled there!" cried joyfully Henri Dupont, as he sprang down from the vehicle and held out his hands to his host and hostess. "The Duke and Gaston, and everybody behaved admirably, and we all join together, all the decent people of the county, to back you. By the Lord! but you never did see such a face as the curé of Belespoir made (for I began with him) when I showed him the official announcement of the coadjutorship in the *Moniteur*! However, he soon righted himself, and came over to Mont-Vivienne in the evening, and held forth eloquently about the awful unreliability of the Government, and the sinfulness of any division in the Conservative party on account of the temporal power of the Pope, and so now we're all united like one man!"

"There's a telegram for you," said Claire, handing an envelope to Count Dupont, "it came this morning at daybreak."

Henri tore it open, but when he had read it:

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, "It can't be—no, that would be too strong!" and he indulged in a fit of genuine, irrepressible laughter.

Olivier and Claire looked inquiringly at him, and when his hilarity was somewhat calmed,—

"My dear fellow," he said, "it is really too great a piece of fun; who do you think is their candidate? You'll never guess, you can't guess—I defy you."

"Then, tell!" exclaimed Claire, impatiently.

"Why, Mardonnet!"

"What the old postmaster?" asked the Marquise.

"No! his worshipful son!"

"You don't mean the man who was a down-right Red, a Journalist, and of whom all sorts of stories are told?" added Claire.

"Yes, I do; him! him, himself and no other! The bosom friend of the sub-prefect of Malleray."

"Oh! how glad I am!" cried Claire, clapping her hands for joy; "it is so delightful not to have to oppose one of one's own kind; so delightful to have to fight against abominable, worthless creatures of that sort!"

"Yes, I confess this promises real sport," retorted Henri; "we'll bring this boar to bay, old boy, and get no end of fun out of him!" and he slapped Olivier heartily on the back.

Olivier spoke no word, which passed unnoticed, and Olivier turned exceedingly pale, which passed unnoticed also.

BODILY REPAIRS.

THE perfection of the handiwork of Nature leads us to ignore her wonderful adaptation of means to an end. The easy working of the human frame seems to us a matter of course, and we take no note of the wonderful mechanism by which it is brought about. If any person, however, has the misfortune to lose a limb, and seeks to supply it by some mechanical appliance, he becomes too painfully aware of what a bungler man is. In the shop windows of the artificial limb makers what well-proportioned legs we see—what dainty hands. Where mere form is concerned, Dame Nature is often outdone, and many a man would willingly exchange his ill-shapen natural member for one fashioned by a cunning artist in orthopraxy; but when it is put to the test—there's the rub. The human hand is, perhaps, the most beautiful natural machine in existence; there is no form of motion it is incapable of. When we think of the number of muscles that are brought into play to guide the burin of the line-engraver, one marvels at the delicacy of the machinery: yet the same implement, when wielded by the prize-fighter, would knock down an ox without injury to its delicate construction. In its beautiful adjustment to all kinds of work, it can only be compared with the organ of vision.

Curious to see what art is capable of accomplishing in imitation of this perfect work, I called upon a well-known artificial limb maker, in order to inspect his hands. Oh! what a falling off was there! The ordinary substitute supplied to those who have had the misfortune to lose the natural member is a very simple affair carved out of light wood, with hinged finger-joints and a thumb which by the action of a spring bends in upon the palm. This artificial digit clothed with a neatly fitting glove, presents a very tolerable appearance: by the aid of the spring thumb, carefully adjusted by the other hand, it can grip a roll of paper; but there its capabilities end. The attendant, noticing my disappointment, candidly confessed that the hand was only for ornament, adding, We recommend our patients when they really wish to use the arm, to unsocket the hand and put it in their pockets. I could scarcely help smiling at the idea of a gentleman at a dinner-party quietly pocketing his hand, and with due deliberation adjusting a spoon or fork into his stump. It appears that there is a regular set of domestic implements manufactured for this purpose, which

fit into the socket, just as implements are fitted into a centrebit. Poor men who cannot afford this assortment, are simply fitted with a hook, which enables them to lift weights or to hold a rein; or the sportsman is fitted with a gun-rest, which enables him to do a day's shooting without inconvenience. It must not be supposed that attempts, vain and impotent enough, it is true, have not been made to follow the mechanism of nature more faithfully. A celebrated artificial limb maker tells us:—"Some years since I devised a hand which, by a series of concealed cords and springs, possessed the power of grasping and retaining with some slight amount of force, any light substance placed in contact with it, the governing power being the fall of a small column of mercury placed in a tube within the arm part of the apparatus. The object I had in view was that the elbow being flexed, and the lower arm being placed at an inclined plane, the gravity of the quicksilver acting upon a kind of plug to which the centre cord was attached, should at once produce a closure of the fingers, whilst the return of the mercury to the lower end of the tube upon the arm being lowered, would permit slight springs to bring back the fingers to their starting-point. This plan did not succeed, as the joints had to be made so loose that they gained lateral motion, thus giving anything but a natural appearance to the fingers; and the metal, in spite of every care taken to secure it, continually escaping rendered useless the contrivance."

The highest effort of mechanical genius in this direction was that called forth by the mishap of M. Roger, who had the misfortune to lose his right arm below the elbow. This serious disability would have prevented his following his profession, were it not that the loss fired the ambition of a young Prussian to supply him with a limb that would serve the purpose of "histrionic declamation." It strikes one that the movements of operatic singers are so purely mechanical as a rule, that the task was not so difficult after all. Be that as it may, however, M. Von Peterson has won the admiration of all the practitioners in his art by making an arm and hand which could not only give the well-known operatic flourish, but which enabled M. Roger to grasp and draw a sword from its scabbard! The machinery by which this end was brought about may do very well for the opera, but I fear it is by far too complicated for ordinary life. We are told, indeed, that "Von Peterson's arm is not easily distinguished from the natural member, *particularly if the wearer carry it with address.*"

One wonders if in his histrionic performances he is enabled to shake his artificial member *con expression*. When it is necessary, on account of some injury, to amputate any portion of the hand, great care is now taken to leave as much of the sound part as possible. By means of a finger and thumb it is easy to attach other digits which enable the sufferer to give them motion, so that a pen, pencil, or fork is readily grasped.

The lower limb has been far more successfully imitated than the upper extremity. The Anglesea leg was in its day considered a wonder of art, and when the marquis was on horseback, few recognised the fact that it was artificial; the catgut hid at the back of the heel, served to extend the foot when the limb was straightened, and the spring in the instep, uplifted the toes from the ground when the leg was flexed in walking; but the motion of the foot is utterly wanting in lateral motion in the ankle-joint, consequently the wearer could not walk on uneven ground without considerable jar and strain. Moreover, the metal joints creak and rattle after a little time, and the approach of the wearer is thus unpleasantly heralded. In all such jointed extremities the wearers are obliged to carry pocket oil cans: occasionally the knee joint has to be lubricated—a most comic performance. A great improvement has been made upon this famous leg by giving it a ball and socket ankle-joint, which gives every motion that is obtainable in the human joint, and by means of the use of railroad car spring rubber, which acts by compression, the danger of breakage is got rid of. This leg, which is an American invention, is of course a very expensive affair, and can only be afforded by the wealthy; but another American has come into the field with a leg fitted with a solid india-rubber foot, which gives the mobility required in walking, and great stability to the wearer. In America they have a practical method of making known any new discovery, and the inventor of this artificial limb—Dr. Marks—thought no better judgment of the pudding could be obtained than in the eating: consequently, at the American Institute Fair, he started a cripple race. The *New York Tribune* thus reports this novel affair, in its issue for October 16, 1865. "The race-course consisted of the centre aisle of the Fair building, and the match was a walk down its entire length. Three gentlemen entered the lists, and gave a specimen of their facility in walking on these substitutes for natural legs. The first contestant, Mr. Bates, was a tall, heavy man, over six feet high, and weighing

over 200 pounds. He wore a pair of artificial legs he had used less than three weeks, and therefore walked somewhat unsteadily. The second competitor, Mr. Auzburger, followed, wearing but one artificial leg. He walked a fourth of a mile without a cane in four minutes, with apparent ease, and was warmly applauded. Mr. Frank Stewart closed the performance, wearing two artificial legs, applied just below the knee. He walked a half mile in nine minutes without a cane, and with so much spirit and naturalness, that he was frequently obstructed, and taken hold of by persons, who could not believe that he wore two artificial legs, and he was finally obliged to take the large stand, and exhibit the legs and feet to the audience, when he was loudly applauded."

The governments, both of England and America, furnish those officers of the Army and Navy, who have been maimed in action, with artificial limbs free of cost if they apply for them. The American officer gets one of Dr. Bly's clever imitations of the natural limb, whilst the soldier or sailor, instead of the Chelsea pensioner, or bucket and stump, we are familiar with at home, obtains one of these economical jointed legs, with india-rubber feet, which the competitors in the race proved to be so serviceable. Whilst such limbs can be made at a moderate cost, it is certainly hard that our old veterans should have to stump about on their wooden pegs. But I suppose the argument of our Admiralty would be that they have such a quantity in stock at Greenwich Hospital, that they must have them used up. Hands are now made by the Americans, of rubber, and though the feel is not exactly that of real flesh and blood, it is at least better than the wooden digit. But the artificial limb makers honestly give up the hand, confessing Nature is a mechanician in this item that cannot be competed with.

A man, now and then, has the misfortune to lose his nose. What would be the greatest conqueror that ever lived without this useful appendage? Many a man would as soon lose his life as his nose; hence the skill that is exerted to supply its place when lost. Of old, the organ was modelled, as far as possible, in the form of the old member, and then the permanent structure was shaped out of beaten silver, which was enamelled so as to match the complexion. The metal proboscis was commonly secured to the face by means of a pair of spectacles, which skilfully hid the line of juncture. There was one advantage in this artificial nose, it needed no pocket-handkerchief; but, then, it suffered the drawback of

possessing no power of smell. Gutta-percha has lately been used in place of metal; but, by means of the rhino plastic operation, the skilled surgeon has, of late years, taken all repairs of the face out of the hands of the orthopractic artist. The surgeon calls in Dame Nature to his aid at once. Having made a figure in wash-leather of the amount of skin required to form the new member, he marks the triangular outline upon the patient's forehead, with its base upwards. He now dissects the skin down to the bone, lifting the cellular tissue, together with all the blood-vessels that nourish it. The stump, or so much of the nose as is retained, having been pared down so as to give a good shape, the flap of skin is twisted upon itself just between the brows, so as to maintain the circulation, and then it is fastened upon the superstructure by sutures. In a few days, adhesion takes place, the circulation is thoroughly re-established, and a very fair proboscis is the result.

Hare lip, apertures in the cheek, are now repaired at the smallest notice, with admirable results. In short, the skilled operator thinks no more of shifting patches of skin about from one part of the frame to another, than the gardener thinks of re-sodding a bare place in the grass plot. Even lips are made, but not in this manner. Where these have to be restored, the modeller is called in, who models the feature in silver, and colours it. In these days of artificial heightening by colour, even this deception may pass muster; but all attempts at kissing must be left out, for obvious reasons.

A very ingenious method is adopted of repairing the hearing, when there has been no loss or rupture of the drum of the ear. It often happens that the shell or folds of skin which forms the outward ear is defective. Some cunning craftsman noting this, has contrived to mould flowers so that they shall fit in to the opening of the ear. I saw a pair of convolvuli thus fitted and so fastened with wires that they looked like adornments of the head-dress; and, no doubt, were very useful in collecting the sound and directing it upon the auditory nerve.

We think we have shown that art is capable of repairing, after a fashion, it is true, every conceivable damage to the outward form; but it is just as far as ever, however, from attempting to imitate the living principle within. The smallest nerve fibre, the minutest artery, show a workmanship he never even dreams of copying. Nature keeps her secret, and will continue to do so till the end of time.



[Sept. 19, 1863.]

LEFT IN THE LURCH.—By H. PATERSON.

Once a Week.]

FRENCH OYSTER NURSERIES.

AT Whitstable in Kent there is an excellent example of a well-conducted oyster-farm—a concern of magnitude, yielding a handsome yearly return to those who labour upon it. They are co-operators, these oyster farmers, and form a very happy family, with little work to do, and good pay for doing it. The free dredgers of Whitstable are all wealthy men in their way, having laws and customs of their own, and living, like most other fisher communities, a peculiar life. Oyster culture has been carried on at Whitstable for a very long period pretty nearly on the French system, so far at any rate as working the beds is concerned; but the dredgers of Kent have never yet been able, like many of the French growers, to ensure that the spat of their stock oysters should fall on their own oyster parks. Could they ensure such a result, the family—for the company is in reality a family affair—might long ago have become fabulously wealthy, as a large fall of spat from a *suite* of oyster beds is a more money-yielding affair than a gold field; this will be obvious when it is stated that in some years the company has paid to various persons a sum of over thirty-five thousand pounds sterling for brood with which to replenish their stock. As Professor Huxley said, when he was examined before a recent Fisheries Commission, “if you could find a means of compelling the spat to become fixed you might make ten thousand a year with the greatest ease.” The oyster, like many other animals that inhabit the sea, is known to be so abundantly prolific that the spat of a hundred thousand of these delicious molluscs would yield an enormous supply. Some naturalists assert that each individual oyster will throw out one million of young ones; but even if the yield per animal be half that quantity, and the spat could all be procured for future growth, it would suffice to ensure an abundant reproductive supply, as well as to provide the public with as many oysters as they could eat. At Whitstable there is said to be a stock of these bivalves always on hand of the value of 400,000*l.* At the price of, say 4*l.* a bushel, this stock would represent one hundred thousand bushels, and as there are about 1600 oysters in each bushel, the reader will be able to recognise the great importance which practical men attach to a favourable fall of spat.

But excellent and profitable as the system pursued at Whitstable is, we require to cross the Channel in order to study oyster culture in its minutiae. In France the *ostreoculturists*

begin at the beginning: they take means to ensure that the spat of their own oysters shall fall on their own beds, and that is the true way to make oyster farming a remunerative occupation. The cultivation of these molluscs is largely carried on upon various parts of the French foreshores, but the industry can be best observed at certain places. Upon the Ile de Ré, off La Rochelle, there are thousands of beds and *parcs* for the growing and fattening of this fascinating mollusc. The extension of oyster culture on that Island during the course of the last ten or twelve years has been wonderful—the growing and farming of the mollusc being now the chief industry carried on by the islanders. The spat with which the first artificial beds were stocked was in all probability washed upon the shores of Ré from some inaccessible natural scalp situated in the adjoining waters. The person who first took advantage of the circumstance of a fall of spat on the foreshore of the Island, and commenced the erection of a *parc*, was a mechanic named Hyacinthe Boeuf, and he soon found a host of followers, as most of the islanders on being shown how to proceed, commenced to cultivate, and now it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the foreshore of the island is covered with oyster *parcs* or *claires*, the first for growing, the second for fattening these molluscs. The growth of this great industry was encouraged by the French Government; grants of ground were allotted to all who applied at a merely nominal rent, so that year by year these oyster farms have gone on increasing in number and value, till now there are thousands of them on the French coast, and the farmers have hitherto been able to turn out a large annual supply of very fine oysters.

There is also a wonderful mussel farm near the Ile de Ré, where the systematic cultivation of that fine edible is carried on, and which has been a large source of profit to its proprietors for no less a period than seven centuries. The artificial system of growing the mussels was accidentally discovered by a shipwrecked Irishman of the name of Walton. To gain food, he made a net to capture sea-birds, and in order to fix his instrument of capture he had to plant strong stakes of wood in the mud of the foreshore. In a short time, great quantities of tiny mussels, driven in from some natural bed by the force of the tide, were found to have adhered to the net fixtures; these in due time grew into fine-flavoured animals, and were much relished as food by all who partook of them. The idea thus accidentally acquired was readily adopted, and improved upon. Rows

of strong stakes were planted in the Bay of Aiguillon, and these being interlaced with boughs of trees, formed an admirable holding-on place for the mussel spat. In time further improvements were devised, the mussels were transplanted as they grew, the larger sizes always being brought nearer and nearer to the shore, for the greater convenience of the farmers, who send them to all parts of France. A regular system of cultivation is carried on, and the bouchots are very profitable to the fisher folks of Esnandes, who also do a little business in oysters. It was no doubt from a contemplation of this ancient and very peculiar fishing industry that M. Coste, the modern Richelieu, who so far as its fisheries are concerned, is "recreating France," derived many of his ideas of oyster culture, which, consequent on his favourable reports to government, has been greatly encouraged by the Emperor.

Not contented with encouraging oyster culture by grants of ground to the people, the Emperor has caused model beds to be set down on various parts of the coast, in order that persons entering upon the business may have sound practical instruction in the art of breeding and cultivation. There are breeders and breeders. There are some who prefer to breed as naturally as possible, and to lay down apparatus to catch the spat, which shall as far as possible be a copy, or imitation at least, of the natural culch or bottom on which the oyster, when it has the opportunity, deposits, under certain circumstances, its spat. Some cultivators again are enamoured of the highly artificial style, and prefer to collect the spat on tiles covered with a thick coating of cement, which can be easily removed; others again prefer faggots, *i.e.*, bundles of twigs nicely bound together with hoops of galvanised wire. But the best oyster farmers prefer to lay down broken crockery, bits of stone, and similar *débris*, in imitation of the natural bottom, which is, after all, the most preferable receptacle for the spat. The most admirably constructed beds, for the artificial breeding of oysters under government control, are those which have been laid down in the basin of Arcachon, a sheltered arm of the sea, about thirty-five miles from Bordeaux. Arcachon, now a fashionable bathing resort, was at one time a fishing village, celebrated for its abundant supply of naturally bred oysters; the scalps being very extensive, it was thought they could never be exhausted, and thousands of bushels of excellent and well-fed oysters were annually sent from the basin to all parts of France, and to foreign countries as well, so great was the de-

mand for the far-famed *gravettes* of Arcachon. After the natural oyster beds had been exhausted by over-dredging, Professor Coste, of the Institute, took a survey of the basin, and very speedily contrived ways and means for its re-habilitation as an oyster farm. He predicted, in his usual enthusiastic fashion, that the 800 hectares of ground in the basin, which were suitable for the growth of oysters, would, after time had been allowed for their proper development, yield an annual revenue not less in amount than ten millions of francs! The professor's prediction must by this time have been, as nearly as possible, realised, the beds being crowded with "natives." The bay, or basin of Arcachon, is exceedingly well adapted for oyster culture; it has a fine gravelly bottom, well suited for the reception of spat and the development of the young mollusc; its waters are comparatively sheltered from the storms of the Bay of Biscay, and the spat has never been known to fail in any season. The professor's report on oyster culture, and his plans for the development of the basin, caused a great sensation throughout France at the time of their promulgation, and eager speculators of all kinds at once applied for concessions of breeding ground—a portion of the bay having been recommended to be let to the public. The maritime population were preferred as tenants, but they had to subscribe to stringent conditions, and agree to cultivate after a particular fashion.

There are three government, or imperial oyster beds, in the basin of Arcachon; these are Lahillon, Grand Ces, and Crastorbe. The first-named of these beds was laid down on the most inappropriate ground, in order to display the cultivation of oysters under difficulties. Its soil was a mere slime, totally unsuitable for the growth of that mollusc; the enemies of the animal were superabundant; and, to crown these disadvantages, there was all over the selected site a luxurious growth of many kinds of marine plants: and to promote the growth of oysters on such ground with a success that would be remunerative was the problem that M. Coste had appointed himself to solve. The tide leaving the ground dry at certain periods, the first labour requiring to be done was to clear away the slime; this was dexterously done, the mud being used in the formation of low flat dykes, which served the double purpose of boundaries and walks. In the course of these operations, not a single native, nor, indeed, any other kind of oyster, was found, although the *crasset* of Lahillon was always described as a natural oyster-bed. If oysters had ever grown in that portion of the basin,

the scalps had first been weakened by over-fishing, and finally had been exterminated by an overflow of mud and a copious growth of marine vegetation. The ground selected for the imperial oyster nursery was about nine acres, and the professor, to render it fertile, had it arranged his own way in thirty-four squares, each of which was planted with from 9000 to 30,000 oysters. All kinds of spat collectors were introduced on the Lahillon grounds, and the imperial oyster nursery there established soon became very productive. But the chief spat collector is a wooden structure formed of planks, to which faggots of branches are attached. There was originally a dozen of these collectors laid down, and in addition a large number of smaller collectors were provided, and these wooden apparatuses were supplemented with the tile collectors already alluded to. In the nursery at Lahillon there was at one time, in addition to the natural culch, as many as four hundred artificial or manufactured spat collectors. In fact, it was as much a part of Coste's plan to find out the best artificial spat gatherer as to determine any other natural or economic question in connection with the re-establishment of the oyster fisheries. Oyster hives, as they are called, are therefore conspicuous among the other kinds of apparatus. These hives are simply a series of boxes made of wood, containing perforated drawers filled with natural bottom or culch, so that when the mother oysters emit their spawn it cannot escape. The tile system of collecting the spat has also been successfully tried in the basin of Arcachon; as many as 300 oysters have been stripped off a single tile. The advantage of having tiles covered with cement is obvious, for as soon as the shells have grown to the size of a sixpence or a shilling, the cement is peeled off, the shells adhering, and the tile being recoated with cement, can again be used. It may interest our readers to know that as many as 10,000 infantile oysters may be retained in the space of a cubic metre.

The spat mystery may appropriately be alluded to here. In the basin of Arcachon the spat never fails; year after year there is an abundant supply, and what is better, it is secured, and, as has been described, grown into marketable oysters. At home there has been no spat on the Kent or Essex coast to speak of for some years, but there has been a good fall on the newly formed beds at Hayling Island, where may be seen ten acres of ground covered with the young oysters of 1866-7! There has also been an announcement by Mr.

Buckland of a fall at some other places, but as three years at least must elapse before the spat becomes a marketable commodity, the fishmongers may be at their wits' end for oysters before that time. Some naturalists have doubted whether oysters yield their spat annually. There need be no doubt of that fact—it has been proved at Arcachon, at Hayling, and in the Frith of Forth. The difficulty lies in protecting the spat from weather influences; it may be washed away, or indeed be destroyed. In the case of the mussel beds we have seen that they were established from travelling spat, also that the oyster beds of Ré were formed from spat washed on shore by the tide. In the Frith of Forth, which is full of fine natural scalps, it is known that large quantities of spat are borne down from the upper beds by tidal influence, and striking against Inchkeith, have formed and yielded valuable supplies of oysters to all who have chosen to gather them—the ground on which they are found being Crown or neutral ground. In the artificial beds at Hayling no difficulty has been experienced in securing the spat. At present there are millions of oysters in beds there, some of them newly spatting, others which are one year and two years old.

Besides Lahillon there are other two imperial oyster beds in the basin of Arcachon, Crastorbe occupying a space of thirty acres, and Grand Ces which contains twenty-five acres of superficial area. All kinds of collecting apparatus are laid down in the beds just before the spawning: that is from the middle of June to the end of July; these are then protected by fences of various kinds devised to keep out the mud and prevent the intrusion of sea-weed. The oysters selected for spawning purposes—and great care is taken to provide the best ones as to shape, size, and general appearance—are then placed in and around the various devices or erections. When a spawn has been obtained—and at Arcachon, and indeed everywhere else, the spat falls annually, if not on the natural beds, then somewhere else not ascertained—the oysters are allowed to develop for a few months, after which they are gathered from off the apparatus and placed to grow in the various departments of the ground; the *appareils* being then taken to pieces are cleaned and laid aside till again wanted, the best kinds being, of course preferred. The grand secret of successful oyster culture is constant work. It is by never-ceasing labour that the dredgers at Whitstable and Essex have brought the natives to perfection. They constantly dredge and re-dredge their layings,

separating and classifying the oysters upon each occasion, changing them to different portions of their ground, picking out at the same time all kinds of enemies and dead shells. In the basin of Arcachon work is also the grand motto of all engaged in the industry of an oyster farm. Most of the beds are laid bare at ebb tide, and then the men in charge of the farms who live in floating houses or arks, turn out upon the farm to work as long as the state of the tide will admit—in other words, till the water again covers the ground. Every man engaged in oyster culture has his separate job—one inspects the spat collectors, another gathers in the infant oysters, a third man will distribute these over the different parcs; there are also men who look out for mud, that dire enemy of the mollusc; also men to gather and remove the sea-weed; men to assort the stock and dispose of quantities to be sent to the greening or fattening claires, or for the market. There is a *café* on one of the islands of the basin, and altogether there is a tolerable population in the bay, all of whom, men, women, and children find, the year round, remunerative employment on the oyster farms.

As to the pounds, shillings, and pence of the question, the following figures appertaining to the beds of Lahillon, but which may represent the outlay and income of any large oyster farm, may be relied upon; they have been furnished to the writer by the Abbé Moule of Arcachon :—

1. Clearing the soil—at 1 fr. 50c. per man per tide	2,800
2. Tools	200
3. Collecting apparatus—7,000 tiles, at say 55 fr. per thousand, (a much larger number of tiles would be required to stock completely a bed of the same size as Lahillon).	400
4. Seed—500,000 oysters, at the market value (Arcachon)	20,000
5. Keepers or guards—4 men	2,600
6. House for the keepers	1,000
7. In every case a certain number of day labourers (men or women) will be necessary at pressing seasons. Experience shows that 900 to 1000 days' work is sufficient	1,500
	<hr/> 28,500

During the second year, it will be necessary to lay out :—

Tools	200
Collecting apparatus	400
Interest of 20,000 fr., at 10 per cent.	2,000
Watching	2,600
Total	<hr/> 5,200

The following is an estimate of the harvest produced by the 500,000 oysters placed in the *crasset* of Lahillon :—

1. The produce of the tiles—7,536 tiles, forming 270 hives were placed. The upper tiles produced nothing, because the spawn which settled there was exposed to the sun, sometimes nearly three hours every tide. The general total of the tiles—leaving out the unproductive one—is, oysters 1,259,248
2. The shells of the breeding oysters, having been placed in the water perfectly clean, have served as 500,000 excellent collectors, and have reared—oysters 2,680,000
3. A reference to the plan of the oyster bed will show numbers of stakes erected in the squares. Each stake, on an average, carries 11 oysters. Besides these, the *débris* of shells scattered over the soil is covered with spawn. A census shows a total of oysters 1,246,014
4. An examination of some 105 of the faggots gives only result of 80 oysters per faggot, attributable to the fact that the branches soon dry when uncovered by the tide, and the young perish. Without including anything for these, we have a total of oysters 5,185,262

The value of these in money amounts to	Francs. 200,000
Deduct expenses	28,500
Balance	<hr/> 171,500

At the end of the first year, there is a value of 171,500 francs, and after deducting a sum (50,000 francs) for unforeseen casualties, there will still remain a balance of 121,500 francs. The 500,000 mother oysters may be sold the second year, but it would certainly be more profitable to leave them another year, and secure a second spawning, which would be worth a hundred times the interest at 10 per cent. on their cost. If the expenses of the first four years be added the account will stand as follows :—

First year	Francs. 28,500
Second year	5,200
Third year	3,200
Fourth year	3,200
Total of	<hr/> 40,100
And deducting the cost of the breeding now turned into cash	20,000
There will be a balance of	<hr/> 20,100

which has created a total return of 121,500 in four years, yielding a regular income of 30,000 francs per annum for the whole oyster-bed of ten acres' extent.

In the face of an impending oyster famine

from the repeated failure of the spat on our chief English beds, these figures must prove interesting to the general public. A bushel of oysters, prime natives, cannot now-a-days be obtained under a good round sum—from five to eight pounds.

The scarcity of these molluscs is now indeed so marked, that "an oyster refreshment," as Edmund Kean used to call a Haymarket supper, cannot at present be obtained without an expenditure of many shillings, as the reader may easily calculate for himself when he is told that oysters are being retailed at a cost of five halfpence each! Even in Edinburgh, where these molluscs could at one time be bought retail for one shilling the long hundred (120), the price in wholesale quantities on Newhaven Pier now ranges from four shillings to five-and-sixpence per hundred. And in the land of oyster-culture they are equally dear. In Paris, last autumn, the cost of oysters at a fashionable restaurant was at the rate of four francs per dozen. In France, although they cultivate as industriously as possible, the cultivators cannot supply Paris with all the oysters that the Parisians require. During the season before last, they could only obtain one hundred and fifty millions; and, last year, with the Exhibition, and Paris itself over-filled daily with strangers, the demand must have been really enormous. The chief provincial cities of France likewise require large supplies of the "fascinating mollusc;" and several of the more extensive oyster-farmers of the Iles de Ré and Oléron are under contract to send all they can grow to Italy, Spain, Germany, and other places at home and abroad. In England, the oyster season is more prolonged than it is in France, and the demand for oysters is equally constant and extensive. London alone, it is calculated, requires an annual supply of six hundred millions of this mollusc; and our larger inland and seaboard cities are proportionally exigent; enormous supplies of all kinds of shell fish are constantly sold in Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool; in fact, wherever the railway penetrates, it carries with it a large or small proportion of the harvest of the sea. But the organisation of our fish supply is not up to the mark. We can never again hope to see oysters at a price commensurate to their intrinsic value. The never-ceasing demand puts an end to any hope of the kind that may be entertained, for although the animal yields its young in thousands, the waste of life incidental to its growth is quite in proportion to its fecundity.

OUR RACE WITH THE MABEL.

THE Mabel was a very fast boat. She was built on the Clyde by one of the best builders on the river, and her model was beautiful. She was cutter-rigged, and everything about her seemed made for going through the water fast. Then she carried enormous sails. Her mast seemed to tower up into the air, like a very high steeple on a very small church. Her mainsail boom alone would have done as the mast of a boat of her size, but of less pretension, and over her mainsail she carried an enormous gaff-topsail. Her hull, in fact, was nothing to speak of compared with her sails; she was all legs and no body, like a great spinning-jenny; and certainly, with a light wind, when she could carry all her sail, she did spin along—she could not help it. She was a fast boat; but it was not that that roused our feelings against her, and made it the great ambition of our lives to beat the Mabel. There was nothing that we liked better than to see a boat trim to look at and fast to sail in; but then the Mabel's owners were so overbearing—so horribly overbearing. From the way they talked you would have thought that there was no other boat on the Frith of Forth but the Mabel, and that she could beat the yachts on every other river in the world. They had such nasty ways too. When you went out of an evening for a pleasure sail, with no idea of racing and with no desire to beat anybody, the Mabel would appear from some out-of-the-way bay, and, after having lain-to, until you had half-a-mile of start, would come after you, swinging along under her heavy sails. It was impossible to shake her off, unless another boat appeared that she would rather race. She followed in your wake pertinaciously dogging you. When you tacked, she tacked; when you turned home, she followed, until she made up with you; and when she passed, and shot ahead, her crew looked as unconcerned as if it was quite an accident that they happened to be going the same way as you, and as impudent as if they had come after you only to make you wild, such small victories being quite beneath their notice. Yes! they were very overbearing and very nasty, and we wanted very much to beat the Mabel; every one on the Frith of Forth wanted to do it, but she was very fast.

Last year one of my friends owned a small boat of the build used by the fishermen on the stormy seas of Shetland and Orkney, and built in Shetland for him. With two or three others who have a taste for salt water I joined

him to help to work the boat. She was a very fast sailer for her size, and a good sea-boat too ; but she was very much smaller than the Mabel, and could not in any way be considered her rival, our keel being less than twenty-one feet, and the Mabel's more, so that at the regattas we sailed in races for different classes of boats. But we had seen the Mabel's ways, and our indignation was kindled against her. We would have done anything to bring down her vanity. But the yachting season passed away, and the Mabel won all the races, and her crew became more overbearing and upsetting than ever.

But before the winter had gone far a boat was put on the stocks, far away in the Island of Shetland. She was for us, and she was to beat the Mabel. Never was the life of a boat-builder made more a burden to him, for we were very particular, and our boat was to be brought as near perfection as a boat could be brought. Every minute point was canvassed as he went along ; and his literary powers were taxed to the very utmost to describe all that he had done, was doing, and was going to do, and to understand the written instructions he received, for they were many and minute. She was to be called the Brenda. Her keel was to be twenty-two feet long, but as her bow and her stern raked forward and aft, she was twenty-eight feet "over all." She was to be rigged as a schooner, and decked as far back as the main mast, the rest being left as a cockpit or well. Every part of her was to be made of the very best timber. When the spring came our yacht was finished. All our ideas had taken form and substance and had become a boat. Our hopes were high, but as yet nothing was known on the Forth of what was in store, and we bided our time. The Mabel was drawn up on the beach at Aberdour, and her sails were stored away in some outhouse.

Our boat arrived at Granton on the deck of the Shetland steamer, and we were all there to see her put into the water. Gently she was lifted over the ship's side. It was a moment of terrible suspense as she hung in mid air, for a very slight damage to her would have ruined all our hopes. Gently they lowered her. She reached the water ; she sat upon it like a duck. We took her to her anchorage in the harbour, and in the world there is no finer place for mooring a boat than the harbour at Granton. A broad pier runs out from the shore, protected by two breakwaters, which spring from the beach about a quarter of a mile off on each side, and, running out to sea, bend round, until they leave only sufficient room for ships

to pass in and out. In the splendid harbour thus formed yachts and pleasure-boats are very kindly permitted to lie, safe from every wind that can blow, and consequently both sides of the harbour are full of boats lying at anchor. A beautiful sight it is on a bright day that fine harbour, with a crowd of steamers clustering round the centre pier, and covered all over with rowing and sailing boats, while in the background, only five miles away on the other side of the river, rises the beautiful outline of the Fifeshire hills. In this favoured harbour we selected a fine berth and moored the Brenda ; and then got up her rigging, and her sails—her mainsail, her foresail, and her jib. Then we ballasted her with two tons of iron, and made everything about her snug and nice. When she was ready, it was only a fortnight from the first race of the season. We entered the Brenda, and the Mabel was entered too. Though there were several other boats entered to sail, all the interest of the race was in the Brenda and the Mabel, and it increased day by day. Almost every one was sure that the Mabel would win, for she had never been beaten ; but some few expected, and all hoped, that pride would get a fall, and that the Brenda would come in first. And all the time we and our boat were quietly and steadily training for the race. We took her out every evening to bring her gear into good working order, and to study her ways, and to learn to work her quickly and with precision. But, unfortunately, the weather was not at all what we wished, there was nothing but light winds and smooth seas, whereas we wished for a good stiff breeze and a rough sea to try the Brenda's strength, and to show us how she would behave. Our earnest hope was, that on the day of the race, at least, there would be a strong breeze, for we feared that if the wind were light the Mabel might beat us, and we were almost certain that, in a heavy sea, we could walk away from her, and stand twice as much as she could. But the light westerly winds continued, and we got very anxious.

All this time, we had never seen the Mabel. She was over on the other side of the Frith, having her tackle overhauled, and getting her bottom scraped and blacklead, that she might slip through the water easily. The night before the race came, and the weather was worse than ever—the sea as smooth as glass and not a ripple to be seen anywhere. The five, who were to be the racing crew, all slept in the captain's lodging overlooking the harbour, and we lay down to sleep more anxious than ever. Many a time during the night one

and another rose and looked out at the window to see if there were any signs of wind, but morning broke and still it was quite calm, or only an occasional "catpaw" running over the water. Breakfast time came, and it was still the same.

We sat down to breakfast,—the five of us, moody, and awfully silent for us,—the captain sitting at the foot of the table, with one eye on his plate and the other out at the window. The conversation lagged, and what there was of it was all about the calm. The captain suddenly stopped eating, and directed both of his eyes out at the window. Without saying a word he rose and got the telescope. We all looked round, and saw a thin black line, extending over the water right along the horizon away to the north-east. The telescope made nothing of it. It grew broader and broader, and we knew that it was wind coming. In the harbour under our windows there was a puff from the west, and then, after a little, another from the east, and then all was calm again and the air felt very heavy, but the dark line grew broader and broader, and was covering the whole sea. Its nearer edge came within a mile of us and nearer still. We heard a low moaning sound and the line came nearer still. We felt a puff, and it was calm again,—then another puff and a harder one, and a harder still. The windows rattled; the boats in the harbour turned their bowsprits to the north-east; the sea rose in a hurry, and we had a strong breeze blowing, and getting stronger every minute. With us there was no more breakfast eaten, and all was excitement and joy. Even now, the Mabel could not carry her top-sails, and it was them that we feared, for we had none. If the breeze would only increase a little more we should be sure to win. In boisterous good spirits we rowed off to the Brenda and hoisted her sails. She was ready long before the time of starting. Several of the boats that had been previously entered for the race had been withdrawn, but the Mabel and two others were getting ready to go out, and all the boats in the harbour were dancing about merrily on the waves, for the wind was still increasing and it was blowing a gale now.

Half an hour before the time appointed for the start our captain went on board the starter's yacht, to learn what the course was to be and to draw lots for places at starting. In a few minutes he came back with his face very long. When we got the news out of him, it was that perhaps the races were not to come off that day, as the commodore was afraid that

we might not be able to stand the gale. It was determined that the race for smaller boats was certainly not to be allowed to go on; and our fate was to be finally decided in half an hour by a signal from the commodore's yacht. The course was to be from the harbour, first round the East Drum Buoy, that is, about two miles to the west up the Frith; then round a flag-boat moored off Aberdour on the other coast; then round the West Gunnet Buoy, about four miles to the north-east of Granton, and so home,—in all, fifteen miles, and we had drawn the windward, and therefore the best place at the start.

We waited the half hour in suspense, hoping that the wind would lull just a little,—to allay the commodore's fears. When the half hour was nearly out up went the signal to his mast-head that we were to go, and we eased our feelings by a cheer. We got on our oil-skins, for we knew that there was wet work in store for us, and the captain gave orders to take in a reef in the main-sail,—just one. He was not a man that liked sailing with reefs in if he could possibly have them out, but the wind was now very strong. When we had laid in our one reef we looked round to see how the other boats were to go. They were all hard reefed, and, as for the Mabel, she had not thought of hoisting her topsails in such a wind, and now we found that she had reefed her main-sail until it was not half its usual size, but still it was a very considerable sail. We all slipped our moorings, and took our places on the cable that was stretched across, just inside the mouth of the harbour, for us to start from,—we to windward, the Mabel next, and the other two to leeward. All was ready, the starter gave the signal, we all slipped and away; the Brenda, though she was carrying so much canvas, standing up under it as stiff as a church. We were quickest in getting under way, but the Mabel followed only half a boat's length behind, and we rushed out of the harbour together into that tempestuous sea.

For the first two miles our course lay almost due west, and, therefore, with a beam wind, and we flew along in grand style, rolling away across the waves, the Mabel keeping her place just a few yards behind us—if anything, losing. When we had rounded the Drum Buoy, our course lay almost north-east, and, therefore, dead against the wind; and we had to lie "close-hauled," and tack to windward. This was the Mabel's good-sailing point, and we had only a few yards to spare. We hauled our wind, and lay up, and, in a few seconds, the Mabel did the same. It soon became

apparent that, on the new course, she was making up with us—slowly, but surely—yard by yard. When we put about, for the first time, she was up with us. We were already lying over, in a way that would have shocked the nerves of a landsman; but our captain gave the word to shake out our reef—that one reef. In a few seconds, the reef-points were all loose; then a good haul at the halyard, another at the main-tack, and we were under full sail. We watched anxiously to see whether the Mabel would still go ahead. She was alongside of us, and to windward, for she sailed closer to the wind than we could, and still she went from us. We were often sailing gunwale under and so was she; and still she forged ahead, the spray flying over both of us with every wave. And so we beat to windward for four miles, the Mabel rather increasing her relative speed as we got into the smoother water near the other coast.

We ran into the beautiful bay of Aberdour, and rounded the flag-boat anchored there to mark our course, having been out about an hour and a quarter—the Mabel leading by sixty or seventy yards. And now our turn was come. From the flag-boat our course lay south-west for five miles, and, therefore, we sailed with a cross-sea—no child's-play on such a day. Three of our crew were put down below into the cabin, and told to remain as quiet as possible, and make the most of it; and we prepared for the tug of war. The sea was pretty smooth at first, under the shelter of the coast; but, as we went out, it became rougher. We sailing dryly, but the Mabel was evidently feeling it, and we were making upon her fast. By the time we had run two miles on that course we were up with her; and we saw that she was labouring heavily, and the crew baling with all their might, for she was taking in too much water for comfort. At the point we had now reached, the shore on the north side, of the Frith of Forth bends away far to the northward, forming Kirkaldy Bay; we had, therefore, no protection from the full force of the wind and the waves. The seas struck us more and more heavily; many of them seemed to go right over the Mabel, and she was falling far astern. The race was really over, and the great Mabel beaten. She put about, and ran in shore to repair damages, and to bale; and we kept on our course rejoicing, and with a cloud of incense—in the shape of tobacco-smoke—curling up from the cabin.

As for the other two boats, they were far behind. We rounded the West Gunnet Buoy

and lay for home, our course being south-west, and dead before the wind. We spread our sails out "goose-wings," that is to say, one on the port-side of the boat, and the other on the starboard, and ran before the wind smoothly and quietly—faster than the waves. In a very short time, we shot into Granton Harbour, having run fifteen miles—four of them to windward—in two hours and twelve minutes. The next boat was eight minutes behind us; and the third thirty-six minutes later. The Mabel did not sail the whole course, and came in some time after, crestfallen and beaten.

It is a bad thing to be vain, for then you cannot stand failure. The Mabel had been always victorious, and could not stand defeat. After her race with us, her owners sold her. She is no longer a terror to the Frith of Forth.

TABLE TALK.

IT is announced in some foreign papers that a new regulation has been added to the code of rules by which the Imperial Opera in Vienna is kept in administrative subjection in the interests of good order and public propriety. No artist is in future to appear to a call until the end of the act; and, moreover, this response to the enthusiasm of the audience is not to be made more than once in the same evening. There seems something very despotic in this interference with the expression of the public delight, and the due regard of an artist to the flattering behests of his patrons. Yet it is no doubt a salutary check on the other hand to that manufacture of triumphant successes which the system of paid applauders—technically called *claqueurs*—has led to, and which has culminated in the most ridiculous practice of repeated recalls of a singer in the midst of a performance, to the great detriment of art, from the interruption of the dramatic action of the development of the composer's ideas. Would that the sense of managers in this country might lead them to import this law, including within its operation the scene-painter. The appearance of the hatted and booted creator of the scenery before his handiwork is anything but dignified or proper, no drama ever written presenting a "dignus vindice nodus" calling for the appearance of this "Deus ex machinâ."

HARD hits in conversation are, in these days of slang substitutes for wit, such rare tit-bits, that one would almost consent to be the assailed party to elicit them. Here is one

by a lady of rank in French society, which was fired off point blank at an individual, whom we shall count happy or unhappy according as we regard him in the light either of a victim, or of a benefactor who causes a sprout of wit to grow where none was before. The patient was a doctor, who at the end of a philosophical profession of unfaith, proclaimed his disbelief in a future existence, and was thus answered: "I am not surprised, Doctor, at your materialism, and that you should think your patients too effectually killed ever to come to life again."

How exclusively and religiously the small tradesman sees the events of the world only as they can have any influence favourable or detrimental to himself, is funnily illustrated in a story I have heard of a scientific celebrity. During his sojourn at Norwich for the British Association, the thought struck him to take a round of the city incognito, after the manner of Haroun el Raschid, and endeavour to discover for himself how the proceedings of the Association were regarded by the inhabitants at large. Thinking a barber's shop was a likely place to discover the state of popular opinion, he entered one and desired to be shaved. As the operation proceeded he led the barber on to the topic uppermost in his mind, and presently asked point blank what the good people of Norwich thought of the Association, and whether they were not delighted at having among them so many clever fellows, especially as the honour brought with it so much profit. "Well, for my part," replied the barber, "I don't think nothing of it, least ways it aint profited me much. Two-thirds of these clever fellows don't shave, and the other third shaves themselves." The Doctor paid his threepence, and returned home if not wiser, in a decidedly more subdued frame of mind.

HERE is a touching love-story, with a situation in it for which I can vouch as never having appeared in print. At the mature age of fourteen, I had become a being of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart had long ceased to fall like dew, in consequence of my entertaining a fruitless passion for a charming cousin of mine, who was only seven years and a half older than myself. One fine September morning, when I was about to return to school, I came to the fatal determination of declaring my passion; and, with that view, ran her to earth in a summer-house, which overlooked the lake in

her father's grounds. I rushed in, and fell on my knees before her (I remember, to this day, how the fir cones with which the place was paved hurt them), and blurted out my love in an incoherent speech, which may have lasted three minutes, or three quarters of an hour, as far as I am able to state at this distant period. I love to think of her now, with a moderate amount of gratitude, because she did not laugh; but, helping me up, and kissing me on the forehead, she said: "Poor dear boy, and so you are going back to Winchester, are you? Mind you are good at your lessons; don't get flogged, which would grieve me very much; and here's half a sovereign for you, and—and I think you had better not keep the carriage waiting." To this day I cannot help thinking that it must have been excess of emotion which caused me to run away as hard as ever I could, with the coin safely stowed away in my waistcoat pocket.

A FRIEND of mine writing from Interlachen, and driven for amusement one wet day to the *Livre des Étrangers*, has sent me the following as a pendant to the extract given in a recent number:

Jungfrau looks to me like a lady
Sitting quietly down on her haunches,
And flinging at Goatherds so gaily
Her snowballs, and huge avalanches.
Her form, it is made to perfection,
Her bust white as marble appears;
But then 'tis a horrid reflection,
To think she is made with *Glaciers*.

And here are more extracts. This from the book at the Righi-Kulm.

Pour jouir de la belle vue
J'ai monté, un paquet sur le dos,
Lorsque du ciel creve une nue
Qui me transperça jusqu'aux os.
Je n'ai jamais vu de ma vie
Tomber en un jour autant d'eau,
Et quoique j'eusse un parapluie,
Il m'eut plus plu, qu'il plût plutôt.

This was to the address of poor Albert Smith, at Chamounix.

What a poor book am I, my only crime,
That noodles in me have their names bewritten;
Yet Mr. Smith, with indignation smitten,
Has vowed a mighty vow in London town,
That he will put me and my nonsense down!
Well may I tremble, for in prose or rhyme,
None has put down more nonsense in his time.

Again,

In questa casa troverete
Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez,
Bonum vinum, coctos carnes,
Neat postchaises, horses, harness,
Beds, divans, torches, livres.

IF you want to make a large fortune, frequent the coffee-rooms of the various hotels in England, or let me say, the "smoke"-rooms, and propound the following bet: That no one guesses within twenty-five how many bank-notes will weigh down a sovereign. I withhold the number for the present, curious to hear what your opinions are, provided they are opinions, and not experiments.

MANY are the good things reported to have been said by the late Lord Alvanley, but I don't remember to have seen in print the following. Crockford, on retiring from the management of the Club in St. James's Street, where gambling was carried on openly for many years and large sums lost nightly, gave a farewell dinner to his patrons, at which he took the opportunity of expatiating on the good use which he had made of the wealth which he had accumulated at their expense. He told them that he had considered it as a trust. "Often had he fed the hungry" (his suppers free to all the habitués were unexceptionable), "many were the naked whom he had clothed;" then he paused for an instant, and Lord Alvanley finished the sentence for him, "and the rich he sent empty away."

SOME folks, ambitious of the Vice-roy's lace,
Vow the Gazette of Mayo, (whilom Naas)
As Indian Governor, a cruel case,—
A party job,—a juggle low and base.
"Is *he*," they say,— "so very slow of pace,—
From all competitors to win the race,—
Swim like a whale among the roach and dace,—
And, in life's game of cards, turn up the ace,—
Because he has a kind, good-humoured face,
Assisted Fenianism to erase,
And rides a trifle forward in the chase?"
But may,—oh Mayo! 'ere you must retrace
Your steps,—true statesmanship and courteous grace
Contrive these inuendoes to efface,
And prove your lordship worthy of the place!

VOICES run in families quite as much as do eyes, mouths, noses, chins, tempers, capacities, complexions, hands, feet, and legs. Resemblance of thorax is transmitted from sire to son, with other congenital likenesses, and notably with the constitution that bespeaks average length of life. Sorrowful experience will often connect the well-remembered quality of "a voice that is still" with the visible signs of declining health. The music of the tone, like the flush on the cheek, was mortal; the very *life* of the voice, the clear, bell-like ring, was the ring of death. There is now and then a strange witching in these doomed voices;

and it is very painful to think that the mirth-moving accents of professed drolls have often owed their irresistible fun to disease. A certain French comedian may be said actually to have died of his comic voice. The physicians told him that the exertion of speaking would certainly hasten the climax of his malady; but to the very last he persisted in saying, "I can't help it; you really must let me go on acting; the people laugh more and more every night." And so they did, until Manager Death gave their favourite an engagement which took him a long way from Paris.

I HAD a young relation at Sandhurst, the motto of which college is, "*Vires acquirit eundo.*" On his return home for the vacation, after his first term there, his father asked him to translate it. This he did with great presence of mind, "Strength is acquired by marching;" his father gave him half-a-crown; but it was before the days of competitive examinations.

THE following riddle is by Canning:—

Totum sume, fluit—caput aufer, splendet in armis—
Caudam tolle, volat—viscera tolle, dolet.

Answer.—Vultur.

WHICH is correct—learning by *heart*, or learning by *art*? The former is the usual expression; but it is by no means clear that it conveys the intended meaning. He who impresses words or sentences or aught else upon his brain by rote, as it is called, uses some acquired or instinctive trick of mnemonics for the purpose. Schoolboys, actors, singers, and their likes, have various artifices for committing matters to memory, and their learning is by *art*; the heart has nothing to do with it. If learning by heart means anything at all, it certainly signifies a principle the very opposite of that it is used to designate—the profound acquirement of knowledge, the understanding of facts and experiences without regard to the symbols by which they are presented to the mind.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 39.

September 26, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE NEW CANDIDATE.

WHEN the scheme invented by the curé of Belespoir was ripe, M. Daudel the ruler of Malleray acted, and determined to out-wit his priestly adversary. He simply went straight up to Paris, represented, in certain very high quarters, where he knew such news would be attended to,—that clerical intrigues of the most dangerous species were likely to organise a system of religious re-action in the Department; that the prefect (poor, dear, excellent man,) was taken in, and that, if the government did not do something, there was no saying what might not happen. He was listened to, and it was decided to start an official candidate in Sèvre-et-Merle. But who? well, just no one in particular; it so happening that, at that identical juncture, those exalted, or busy in office, had no definite candidate to propose. It was a very hot summer; everybody was absent; the Home Minister was at the sea-side, and the Minister of — had consented, for the time, to take his place. This was the very man the sub-prefect wanted; the cousin of Théophile Mardonnet's mother. He whom Théophile Mardonnet's aunt called Lolo, and spoke of disparagingly.

The matter was promptly settled; the sub-prefect secured for himself a supporter in the future representative of Sèvre-et-Merle, and the Minister of — added another to the group of deputies upon whom he could count in the Legislative Chamber, and who, on all occasions, where he was personally attacked would vote for him like one man. Everybody was satisfied, and most of all, Théophile Mardonnet, whose dreams of political greatness seemed now on the eve of being fulfilled.

His friend the sub-prefect returned to

Malleray the moment he had secured in Paris the object for which he went thither. Mardonnet agreed to follow him on the next day; and on this, the eve of his first entrance on so important and so new a career, he sought aid and counsel of his Egeria, Mlle. de Mourjonville. As the Marquis de Moranges was at Brunoy, and Claudine more in the dependency of our friend Aspasia than ever, the latter could dispose of her time pretty freely, and she accordingly disposed of the evening in question in favour of the future legislator. Mardonnet offered her a dinner at Brébant's, which she accepted, but a few hours later this pair might be seen together in a small room on the fifth story of a house in the Rue Poissonnière, which Mardonnet dignified with the name of his study. Both were standing, and Mlle. de Mourjonville seemed preparing to take her departure; an open box was between them on a large table, with a secret drawer in it wide open also. Aspasia held in one hand a paper; it looked like the envelope of a letter. They had apparently been engaged in a somewhat animated dispute, for whilst Mlle. de Mourjonville looked maliciously satisfied (there was a curious mixture of bitterness in her contentment), Mardonnet wore all the marks of having suffered a defeat which humiliated and disturbed him. As he laid his fat hand on the open box,—

"Wouldn't it be better there?" said he, deprecatingly.

A sneer of ineffable contempt played over Aspasia's thin lips.

"It's because it can be no good save in my keeping, that it will never get back there again," she replied, pointing to the box; "so now play your cards well, make no concessions, come to no compromises, and therewith goodbye, for it's getting late, Camille will be coming home, and I will have no scenes of conjugal jealousy with my adorable sister."

She held the paper in her hand tighter than ever, and thrust that hand into the pocket hole of her dress, holding out the fingers of the other to Mardonnet. He kissed them, shook

his head, and accompanied his visitor to the door.

"I have always said it, Aspasia," he remarked, in an almost rueful tone; "you could make me do anything you liked! anything—and I don't half like what you've made me do to-night."

"I know you don't," was the rejoinder, "but then, pray, why didn't you put it out of my power to do it? why didn't you destroy the trace long ago?"

"Well! one don't know," murmured Théophile, "one never quite——"

"One!" echoed mischievously Aspasia; "nonsense about one! all men now-a-days are like that; you're all of you absolutely good for nothing, and yet not bad—only weaker than babies; no! no! my excellent Théophile, you are not to be trusted, whether to do wrong or right, but now I hold the position, and you can't go far wrong, so good-bye, and try and make a good thing of the deputation.—Good Lord, what geese these men all are!" she added, as she tripped down the stairs.

Early the next morning Théophile Mardonnet started for the fortunate department which was to enjoy the honour of possessing him as its representative.

Mlle. de Mourjonville was right when she told Théophile Mardonnet he was not to be trusted. He was the most unreliable of human beings, and not one bit more to be relied upon by his accomplices in wrong than by those who might perchance coalesce with him to do right. He was low-minded, flat-souled, a vulgar believer in baseness, but at the same time what his countrymen term a *bon enfant*, for which there is no equivalent in any other tongue ("good-fellow" won't do, and is wanting in the sense of total irresponsibility implied by the French phrase).

It is a great mistake to infer one defect from another, and it was precisely one of the chief causes of the blunders so often committed by princes, ministers, and other men in power, in times when they had recourse to vile instruments to work out vile ends, and thought that unlimited corruption was sufficient to insure the applicability of a man to all the designs of perversity. Corruption weakens, distends, softens, and there is no more resemblance between a merely corrupt and a perverse nature than there is between mud and stone. Mud is dirty, but won't answer the purpose of flint.

Now, Théophile Mardonnet's was eminently a muddy mind, swampy, unclean, but unsteady above all. He loved all coarse pleasures in

their coarsest shape, and, as I said, when I first introduced him to the reader, he was persuaded everyone else did so too. But these very pleasures had, by a long continuance, unnerved and unfitted him for the accomplishment of any stern purpose. He had impulses, as we have seen, and under the influence of a sensation, would commit an act of utter foolishness. When on his return from Barbaria, as he styled the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, he had caught sight of M. de Beauvoisin in the street on Easter Sunday, he obeyed one of these absurd impulses, and was moved to accost Olivier by recollections of days gone by, in which foul enjoyments had brought them together—days in which he, Mardonnet, had lost his head for Camille Leblond, and thought that lovely syren cheap at any price.

Of such men no consistent criminal was ever made, and this our friend Aspasia had not to learn. She knew that you may stick fast in these fat, flabby natures, and be wonderfully embarrassed to get rid of them, but that as to stiffening or hardening them, or making it safe to trust to them, this is beyond the science or skill of any magician.

When Théophile Mardonnet arrived at Malleray he was charmed with the notion of becoming a deputy, and believed that the fact of having a contest before him—a contest with the two leading families of the Department—inspired him with genuine delight. But this was a piece of the purest self-delusion. At the bottom of his heart Monsieur Théophile loved only easy achievements, and was persuaded that, thanks to the rivalry between the Beauvoisins and Viviennesses, he, as the acknowledged official candidate, should be elected without any trouble or over-exertion. There was no thirst for sport in the man's nature, not the slightest love of fun, and it needed but a few hours for the sub-prefect to find this out. Marius Daudel was of the lean kine, sharp, keen, and eager, and worth ten of Mardonnet's species, and at the very outset he suspected his friend would turn out a failure. But he was not of a nature to be so promptly foiled, and he resolved to carry his candidate through, whether the latter helped him or not. Marius Daudel was not disposed to stick at trifles; he knew his colleague at Combeville would go all lengths in a campaign against Royalists and Jesuits, as he styled them, and therefore, relying on his own energy, and prepared to have recourse to the most unscrupulous devices, Marius Daudel regarded the election for Sèvres-et-Merle as thoroughly secure.

Two days after his return from Paris, the sub-prefect boldly made his appearance at Beauvoisin and expressed himself well-pleased with Olivier's circular (which had been suffered to come forth, and had been placarded in the streets of Malleray the day before), but he added that he sincerely regretted to be incapable now of doing anything save oppose all independent candidates, seeing that the government had determined upon bringing forward a special champion of their own, to whose support he, as the head functionary of the *arrondissement*, was, of course, committed. He hoped the Dowager and her son would take into consideration his official position, and ascribe only to its necessities any acts of seeming hostility to which he might, in spite of himself, be obliged; and when he took his leave it was with a certain air of cordiality, especially with Count Dupont de Laporte, who made him feel extremely uncomfortable, and from whose good-natured off-hand familiarity he could not make himself free.

On leaving Beauvoisin he repaired to Mont Vivienne, where he was politely received as usual, but where he obtained the confirmation of what he had till now refused to credit; namely, that the so recently rival candidatures had merged into a single one, and that the Vivienne party would strain every nerve to secure the nomination of the Marquis de Beauvoisin. For this Marius Daudel was not prepared, and it rather disconcerted him. He had heard on reaching Malleray on his return from Paris that the duke had retired, but he fancied that it might be possible to neutralize his opposition to Mardonnnet, by his rancour against the neighbour who had but so lately been in the field against himself. To find the Vivienne and Beauvoisin factions united, and pulling heartily together, was a disappointment, and the sub-prefect could not quite conceal that he felt it to be one. It puzzled him too, to explain; he did not clearly see what could have brought it about. Why was the wily curé of Belespoir, who had been all for the duke, now so energetically all for the marquis? It was perplexing and exceedingly vexatious.

"It will divide the department, Monsieur le Duc," said incautiously the sub-prefect.

"I am sure we ought to feel proud of such an admission from you," rejoined courteously the curé of Belespoir, who was present, "for it shows us that in your esteem the forces of the two parties are well matched, and that we who have nothing to offer, save the devotion to what we call the right, can have an equal

chance with the nominees and functionaries of the great imperial government."

"You will count no votes in the towns," retorted snappishly the sub-prefect.

"We shall see," responded mildly the curé, "the rural populations may——"

"Oh! there, I beg your pardon," interrupted Marius Daudel, growing angry under the biting perfidy of the churchman's eye and smile, "there you have no chance whatever—the peasant is devoted to the imperial dynasty body and soul!"

"But God forbid that we should harbour a thought against the imperial dynasty!" exclaimed the curé; "we also are devoted to it. Since when, my dear M. Daudel, is the fact of a deputy's aspiring to independence of opinion to be set down as identical with hostility to the glorious family now sitting on the throne?"

"I'm sure I don't know!" ejaculated Daudel, growing savage and striving to conceal it; "but I know it is a great pity to divide Departments in this way—and only just see; here is an official candidate, and what does he find? Why, all the large landed proprietors in a league against him: you, Monsieur le Duc and the Marquis de Beauvoisin, and the Comte de Clavreuil, all——"

"You forget Count Dupont," observed provokingly the curé, "a great proprietor, but a confirmed Liberal—an advanced one—not of what is termed our set——"

Marius Daudel was enraged.

"Well!" he retorted. "Say everybody—all the possessors of the soil! You really must not be surprised if the imperial government, which is sprung from the people, and reigns for the people, sees in such leagues as these the determined opposition of a caste, of a clique, to the interests and desires of the many—you must not be surprised if we retaliate, if we have recourse to all means in the way of resistance. You drive the government, you drive us, its agents, to extreme measures."

"I trust we shall know how to combat them, sir," said the Duc de Vivienne, with dignity.

He had scarcely spoken hitherto, leaving the curé to repel the functionary's attacks.

"It is not our wont to fly from danger, and as you are good enough to think that our forces are so nearly matched, why, we will loyally try to carry off the victory, and hope that the government will not condescend to resort to such means as honest gentlemen must always remain in ignorance of."

The sub-prefect left Mont Vivienne dissatisfied, and as he passed before the Post-office at Malleray to reach the sub-prefecture, who

should he see mounting his horse at the old postmaster's door but Count Dupont, who bowed to him in a most disagreeably patronising way.

While Marius Daudel had been making his recognizance at Mont-Vivienne, Henri Dupont had gone straight at the head-quarters of the enemy himself. He had made a descent on the old postmaster, and sat an hour with him and with Madame Héloïse Picard, talking freely and pleasantly of the coming contest, and pitying old Mardonnet for the share of odium he would come in for later, and wondering at the simplicity with which his son had allowed himself to be caught in the government trap.

This told on both sides. Old Mardonnet, firm-seated in his conviction that whatever was, was for the sole benefit of aristocrats and clericals, and the other great of the earth, came easily over to the idea of his son being a madman for dreaming of an electoral contest in the conditions Count Dupont described; and Madame Picard set M. Théophile down as a fool for not perceiving that the government (and above all, Lolo, as she termed the minister of —) were taking him in.

Henri Dupont rode away laughing to himself over the impression he had produced at the post-office, and made the young Marquise share his hilarity when he recounted to her the scene.

Monsieur Théophile disliked exceedingly the aspect of affairs as described to him in the most discouraging manner by his relatives, and when he sought comfort from his friend the sub-prefect, he only got reproached for his lack of pluck.

It was evident that the independent faction was in the ascendant, and things looked brilliantly for Olivier.

As the late post went out (the Paris bag was called for at ten at Malleray, and often, when there were few letters, only made up after supper),—

"There's Théophile's handwriting," remarked Madame Picard, looking at the letters lying on the table before old Mardonnet; "addressed to a woman too: I wonder who she may be?"

The postmaster took the letter up:—

"Mademoiselle de Mourjonville, 300, Rue de Grenelle," mumbled he, reading the address, "ah! well, he's always the same, always after women!"

Madame Héloïse turned up her nose with an absolute jerk, sniffing powerfully.

"I thought," she said with disgust, "that when men went and married such creatures as that woman," (this was her way of alluding to

Madame Théophile née Camille Leblond) "they kept to them."

"Perhaps generally," opined old Mardonnet, "but Théophile is incorrigible—a very Don Juan! Women will be the ruin of him."

"Pah!" cried Madame Héloïse, as though vindicating the superiority of her entire sex with one word, "such nasty coarse tastes as men have!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.—BELOW THE MARK.

THE election was fixed for the 14th of July, and the 5th had come and passed.

I wish my reader to remark this date, for on the 5th of July, amongst the letters which were delivered to the Marquis de Beauvoisin after breakfast, there was one which arrested his attention in no ordinary degree. He said nothing, but, lighting a cigar, sauntered forth and smoked under the shade of the trees on the lawn. If anything really did disturb him no one noticed it.

Olivier rode out that day alone, and did not return to the château for dinner. But when dinner was over, a stable boy from the Black Eagle at Malleray brought back the Marquis's horse, and also with it a slip of paper addressed to the Dowager, on which the Marquis had written in pencil that a telegram just received obliged him to go up to Paris on business, but that he should be at home again in thirty-six hours. He desired that the dog-cart might be sent to Malleray on the next day but one, early in the morning, so as to meet him at his descent from the Chartres diligence, which, as we know, corresponded with the Paris-Chartres night-train.

This was a very odd proceeding on Olivier's part. The Dowager was so used to managing her son's affairs that she was at a loss to conceive how he could have any business of which she should not be better informed than himself. The young Marquise was annoyed, and thought that her husband made a mistake in absenting himself, even for a day, at a time when his presence was so indispensable; and Henri Dupont was fairly bothered (I cannot find another word for his peculiar feeling on the occasion) because, in spite of himself, he believed in neither the business nor the telegram.

However, at the appointed time, on the following day but one, that is on the 7th of July, early in the morning, the dog-cart was sent to Malleray and duly brought back the Marquis de Beauvoisin, who, as he had said, had returned from Paris by the Chartres night-train.

He had been as good as his word, and had

only stayed away thirty-six hours, yet there was something constrained in his manner on his return home, and in the manners of those who met him there.

His father-in-law had come over from Clavreuil to report progress as to what was doing in Combeville, and Madame de Clavreuil this time accompanied him. From all sides good news came in. Monsieur Tarbet, the notary, sparkled all over with joy, and maintained, against the sceptical doctor, that the populations in France, the masses, as they are now denominated, were in a far more healthy frame of mind than was generally believed, and perfectly disposed to rally round the old traditional families the instant the latter showed a real interest in public affairs. Dr. Robichon himself was forced to admit that Olivier's chances were vastly better than he had at first supposed possible; but he persisted in it that everything was owing to Count Dupont. "It is his influence does it all," growled the Æsculapian democrat; "his grandfather was a Jacobin, his father an Orleanist, and he is a Republican (if he's anything at all!)."

Tallard, the Marquis de Moranges's factotum at Brunoy, drove over perpetually with wonderful accounts of the state of things in that part of the province. The Marquis was absent and would only return in a few days, but he had written to the Duc de Vivienne, a letter which had absolutely electrified that entire clan, and the sub-prefect of Brunoy (an honest man as we have said, but feeble and totally unfit for his post) had admitted to the Tax-collector (who had repeated it to his wife) that it was quite impossible to make any way against the united forces of all the great proprietors leagued together.

And there, in fact, lay the whole secret; for once there was union, real and perfect union, and against the government too!

The curé of Belespoir and his uncle, the bishop, were pulling together heartily with old Robichon and his democrats; and while the Mont Vivienne faction was stirring up the peasant forces that inevitably support immense territorial wealth judiciously employed, the *tiers-etat* of the towns rallied to a man round Henri Dupont de Laporte.

The prefect was beginning to feel so uncomfortable in his new position that he had already conferred with his secretary-general (who had never liked Marius Daudel) upon the necessity of sending up a report to Paris to say what a mistake the sub-prefect of Malleray had made, and how probable it was that the government would be reduced to suffer a great defeat in

Sèvre-et-Merle. The Corsican at Combeville was left untouched in this document, not even alluded to; it was safer to censure the Parisian, and so, paving-stones of blame (cart-loads of them) were being got ready wherewith to crush the meddling intriguer, the Bohemian penny-a-liner (the secretary-general styled him thus when he had confidential chats with his prefect) at Malleray.

Marius Daudel himself began not to feel thoroughly at his ease, for he was quite aware that his only hopes rested upon complete success. He aspired to govern the whole Department, but he did not require to be told that he himself would be the first victim if, instead of securing the nomination of a thorough-going Imperialist deputy he should prove to have only set the country by the ears, and united together against the government all the various forces of the opposition. He had not counted on the Viviennes and the clericals giving unanimous support to the Beauvoisin party, and bold as he was, and "capable of everything," he was perplexed. Then, too, he got no encouragement whatever from his own pet. Old Mardonnet was for ever urging the madness of attempting to make head against the great people, as he called them, the landlords and the clergy; while Madame Héloïse Picard giggled, viciously derisive, over the ridiculous idea of having trusted to a minister, and that minister your own cousin, too.

All this home discouragement was odious to Monsieur Théophile. It bored and pierced into him, grated on him till not his teeth only but his very bones felt on edge, and his patience, oozing away with his courage, he (if the expression be allowed me) desponded energetically. Like all weak men of his kind, he was furious with those whose feet he would have kissed had they obtained all he wished for without giving him any trouble. He grumbled at Marius Daudel for not having rendered to himself a clearer account of the position, and snarled at Mlle. Mourjon for not having saved him from his own ambitious dreams. He would have bitten the hand of his Egeria had he dared.

Meanwhile Henri Dupont had been so active, and so intelligently served by his various allies, that Olivier's chances did with each day seem to become better and more certain. Olivier himself, however, had relapsed into his indolent ways of heretofore, and the old torpor re-asserted itself so manifestly over his nature that, far from being the one central point of the agitation that was kept

up around him, M. de Beauvoisin had the appearance of a spectator rather indifferent than otherwise to the exciting game that was being played.

His wife found no trace of the bluntly laconic but firm determination with which he had supported her against the curé of Belespoir. She regretted this, and was sorry for his lukewarmness, in not only his own cause, but the cause, as she thought it, of all upright, honest men, against an unrighteous government; but it could not be helped. Olivier's nature was not to be changed; but he was certain to be the Deputy for Sèvre-et-Merle for all that. Henri Dupont had so managed matters that the victory was now as good as achieved; and a signal victory it was; and from many quarters at once, from Paris and from the provinces, there came letters to the young Marquise, and to the Dowager, as well as to Count Dupont, full of congratulations and compliments upon the excellent example set by the independent electors of Sèvre-et-Merle. Claire was very proud of the general public esteem which (whether Olivier personally contributed to win it or not) would surround the name Olivier, as her husband, made her wear, and which was to be inherited by her son.

The day after M. de Beauvoisin's return from Paris, Count Dupont, who had been the whole night on the road, driving from one end of the department to the other, and marshalling his forces with consummate generalship, burst into the library at Beauvoisin, where the members of the two families of Beauvoisin and Clavreuil were seated alone, and, with an explosion of triumphant glee,—

"By the Lord!" exclaimed he, unceremoniously, and shaking hands with each one in turn. "By the Lord! but that has been well played!" and dusty and travel-stained as he was, he let himself drop into an arm-chair covered with delicate-tinted old tapestry, and indulged in a good hearty laugh of self-gratulation. All watched him eagerly (except Olivier, who was seemingly half-asleep upon a rocking-chair), and on Claire's sweet countenance laughter seemed only waiting for a word to break forth in the effervescence of its brilliancy. "Yes, they are out-manœuvred this time," recommenced Dupont, when he had drawn breath. "But what tricks will they not be up to to-morrow? Imagine what they had been at! Three days ago I found out that through the whole Combeville district—yours, Monsieur le Comte" (and he bowed to M. de Clavreuil)—"the principal villages had received not one

copy of Olivier's circular, and the inhabitants hardly knew that any canvass for an election was going on."

"Ah! the Corsican!" muttered M. de Clavreuil.

"Yes, the Corsican if you will," echoed Henri Dupont, "but still more the invention of the man at Malleray, who is the master-spirit (the Corsican is a mere subaltern, mischievous as the plague, but a subaltern). Well, what they had imagined was to enjoin upon the tavern-keepers in each locality (they're all their own spies, all of 'em to a man!) to get hold of the hawkers of Olivier's circular, make them drunk, then seize the papers they came to distribute, and lock these up till some agent of authority came to ask for them. I found this out luckily so I got together twelve of my keepers, fellows I can trust, and caused them to be beforehand with the sub-prefect. They've been at work for twenty-four hours throughout the eastern end of the Department, and there's not a tavern or wine-shop keeper who can stand on his legs in the whole Combeville district! my fellows are as sober as judges, and Olivier's circular is in every man's hands! There's my work since yesterday."

"Bravo! bravo!" came from all sides, mixed with laughter so hearty that no one noticed how silent Olivier was.

"That is all very well," remarked M. de Clavreuil; "and has been a lucky hit for this once, but they (the government people) will begin again; and if they are resolved (as I believe) to carry their official candidate through, they will resort to such means that, do what you will, they will get the better of you. Suppose they falsify the votes, seeing all else fail, (they have done it before now), what redress have you? Who watches over the urns, pray? Why, they and their hirelings!"

While his father-in-law was speaking, the Marquis de Beauvoisin seemed interested by what he said, and looked at him attentively.

"I am so persuaded of what you say, Monsieur le Comte," replied Henri Dupont; "I am so persuaded that if they are determined to go all lengths (and Daudel is wholly unscrupulous), they can always carry any election (subject to the public exposure that the vanquished party can provoke later); I am so persuaded of this, that I have another plan in my head, and I shall probably execute it to-morrow morning."

"And that is?" questioned Claire and the Dowager both at once.

"And that is, to pack up the official candidate himself, and send him within forty-eight hours from this, back to his Boulevards."

Many-toned were the exclamations of admiration at this declaration.

"I have reconnoitred the position narrowly these few days," continued Count Dupont, "and I am now morally certain that that vagabond, Théophile Mardonnet, would give his ears to be out of the mess. He did not reckon on a fight, he has not the nerve for that; nor, do I believe, has he a past that can bear inspection, and inspected it shall be; if any one will take up my wager, I will lay one, that by to-morrow night's coach to Chartres I expedite Monsieur Théophile, ticketing him, 'fragile,' and bear the news of his sudden departure to his friend the sub-prefect without the said worthy having so much as guessed at what was going on."

"Well, if you could manage that—" opined M. de Clavreuil.

"That would be first-rate," interposed the Dowager.

"By this time to-morrow it shall be settled," said, gaily, Henri Dupont, "and now I'll go and get rid of all this dust."

"One moment, Henri," objected Olivier as his friend jumped up from his seat, "you have not asked my opinion; and—" he hesitated, and bending forwards on his rocking-chair, so that no one saw his face, "and," he continued, "I'm sick of the whole thing, and don't mean to be a deputy at all!"

He uttered the last phrase loudly and with great volubility, and, leaving his seat, walked towards a window, turning his back to everybody in the room.

It is difficult, in such cases, to describe the impression produced, and which embodies itself differently in each individual; but, above the various ejaculations which greeted M. de Beauvoisin's sudden proclamation, the one word "Olivier!" pronounced sternly by his mother, was distinctly audible. For the first time it, apparently, failed in its effect.

"He is only jesting," observed Henri Dupont; "how can you seem to take him in earnest? But it is an unseasonable joke," he added, more seriously, and going up to where Olivier stood. "You must remember, my dear fellow, that you no longer stand alone here now; you have set in motion the forces of the opposition in the entire Department, and all this is long past a joke."

Olivier turned suddenly round, and was, this time, evidently at bay.

"I am not joking," he exclaimed; "but I am tired of being made a puppet of, and I will be so no longer. I hate parties and politics, and will have nothing more to do with them.

I have been dragged into all this—as into everything else—against my will."

"Olivier!" burst forth in Claire's pure tones, in strong reproachfulness.

"I will not be bullied or cajoled," he continued. "I will not be treated like a cypher in my own house. I will have my own way like other men, and do that which pleases me. I have my own tastes and my own pleasures; and politics have nothing to do with them. I tell you I am sick to death of the whole thing, and it is I who retire from the contest. I have written to the prefect to tell him so; and, as I defy you to make a deputy of me without my consent, I wash my hands of the whole business. I will hear no more of it!" and, with these words, he overstepped the threshold of the window and was gone.

Consternation was many-tongued upon this extraordinary behaviour of Olivier's. The Dowager said he must be insane; M. de Clavreuil was for strong measures, and forcing him to do his duty; Henri Dupont recommended a few hours' patience; and Claire, concentrating her indignation into one sentence,—

"These," said she, "are the fruits of the education you have given him;" and, looking with haughty contempt at the Dowager, she left the room.

Late in the day, Count Dupont caught sight of Olivier in a passage leading to his own apartment. One glance sufficed to show him signs of dejection in M. de Beauvoisin, which ill contrasted with the strange fierceness of manner he had so recently affected. He darted forwards, and, before his presence was perceived, he was standing close to his friend, and held one of the latter's hands in his own.

"Olivier," he said, with affectionate earnestness, (for the countenance he looked upon gave him no desire to do aught save try to soothe), "my dear, good, old fellow, we are far too firm friends for any discussion whatever to sever us. Is it possible you can be serious in what you said this morning?"

Olivier's face was terribly haggard and drawn. He answered nothing, but stared at Henri Dupont as though looking through and beyond him.

"My dear Olivier," continued Henri, "what has happened?"

"Nothing at all," replied Olivier, eagerly. "Happened? why, what should happen?"

"But why, then, this sudden retreat?" urged Count Dupont; "think it well over, my dear Olivier."

"I have thought it well over," was the answer, but this time gently made, though in

a tone and with an expression that struck dismay into the hearer.

"And must it be?"

"It must be."

"Olivier," hazarded Dupont, "Claire—your wife—" (he felt the hand he held in his quiver) —"you will lose—is there no means of—"

"None; I cannot help myself, Henri," he added, in utter helplessness; and then, as though suddenly remembering a part he had forgotten to play,—"*it is unbearable!*" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with a flurried manner; "*it is unbearable that one can't have one's own way!* No friendship can stand such tyranny!" and, breaking violently from Henri Dupont, he rushed into his own room.

The letter M. de Beauvoisin had received on the 5th of July, contained these words:—

"If the official candidate is not elected, things that occurred seven years ago will be brought to light, and utter ruin ensue. There are people here who have proofs. If you can pass a few hours here to-morrow, I may be able to help you; if not, I see no safety anywhere. Rely on my friendship,

"ASP."

UNINTENTIONAL LYING.

THE reply of the old Scotchman to the Psalmist's exclamation, "I have said in my haste that all men were liars," which Dean Ramsay records, might be indefinitely extended. "Deed, Dauvit, my man, if ye had lived in this parish, ye might have said it at your leisure," is true of all parishes. The amount of unintentional lying which every man, who can speak at all, utters every day, is precisely one of those social wonders which are too near us to be observed. Not mis-statements of fact through ignorance, which cannot properly be called lying, but the unintentional and harmless exaggeration which it has become the habit of society to use. When a Chinaman proclaims his emperor to be the elder brother of the moon, or insists that his house, his wife, his children, and all that is his belong to you, he does not intentionally lie. The custom of his country dictates such expressions as the equivalent of certain meanings, and it is those meanings only which he desires to convey to you. Among ourselves, the most obvious instances of this habit lie in the signatures of letters, in which a man professes himself to be the obedient servant of another man whom he

never saw, and whom he, perhaps, cordially despises. Indeed, it is to be remarked that when people begin to quarrel these expressions of exaggerated courtesy are heightened a hundred-fold. Moll and Sal have a slight difference. Presently, Moll becomes Mary, with a look of reproach in Sal's face. Then Sal becomes Mrs. Somebody; and, finally, the two women hurl "*Madam*" at each other, and endeavour to tear out each other's back-hair. When Tom and Harry begin to address each other in letters as "*Sir*," it means that they are already in private consultation with a solicitor.

But the most common unintentional lying which exists in every parish, is the careless exaggeration of facts which are somewhat loosely fixed in the memory. There are some men who have won a brilliant reputation in society by experimenting on these vague limits. They are the story-tellers, who, with the main point of an occurrence in their mind, can crowd into the picture chance lights and trifling points which make the central group tell. Who would quarrel with such delightful persons over the little bit of romance which they introduce to heighten the effect of their tale? Facts are very good in their way, but we can always get plenty of them; and, at the best, they are not very enticing fare. What we want in society is a skilful cook who, by the exercise of a little discreet dressing, will serve up the plain elements of food in a manner to excite our surprise and pleasure. He must not over-do it. There are some bunglers who deluge the meal with a coarse sauce of their own, and the sauce is all that we see. When such men tell a story at a dinner-table, you will see the groundlings laugh, but the judicious will elevate their eyebrows; and, in the drawing-room, ask how S. or Z. could be such a fool as to tell such a —. Mr. Thackeray used to say that he did not tell a fib often, but, when he did, he lied boldly and well. What we cannot tolerate is the unnecessary lying of a man who tries to make people smile by an unmistakable "*crammer*." This is vulgar work. The true story-teller does not abuse that latitude which everybody is inclined to give him. He plays about his subject with an artistic grace and ease, never permitting himself to go so far from it as to incur a charge of coarse invention. We allow him to change locality, dialect, and time. If he has told a story at one time about his uncle, we forgive him if he fathers it upon some notorious parliamentary man, who happens to be the subject of conversation. Only, he must not do

so to the same people who heard him laugh at his uncle. Caution is necessary to the wittiest of story-tellers. As a rule, the stories which have any great fun in them, apart from the incidental peculiarities conferred upon them by the invention and wit of the story-teller, are very few, and seldom met with. Perhaps we know the facts of the funny anecdote which sets all the table in a roar; these facts are of the dullest and most common-place kind. *Per se*, they could not make anyone laugh. Are we not indebted, then, to the skilful manipulator who transforms this worthless material into a luminous jewel of wit or fancy?

The man is not a liar; he does not intend to deceive. It is merely his good-nature and his intellectual quickness which prompt him to amuse you by his playful exaggerations. He does not encroach upon your pocket like a begging-letter impostor, nor raise a feud between you and your friends like a mischief-maker, nor seek to serve any purpose of his own like the ordinary liar. He beautifies what he touches, for your delight. You might as well quarrel with the sun for altering the hue of the willows by a river-side; or impeach the veracity of the moon because, to make a beautiful picture, she hides away the squalor of a great town, and touches tenderly and lightly upon points which otherwise you would never have seen. If social conversation were to be limited to a bare statement of facts, what a lively pleasure we should have in each other's society! The most entertaining man among us would be the editor of the last new "Dictionary of Universal Reference;" and the favourite study of young ladies would be that charming volume "Things not generally considered to be worth the knowing."

There is another kind of unintentional lying which is very common. Men—and more especially women—who have neither the wit nor the good-nature to please people by skilfully manipulating facts, permit to themselves a certain slovenly inaccuracy of statement in order to avoid the trouble of remembering.

"You have visited Paris, I suppose?" you ask.

"Oh, yes; a dozen times."

They do not actually intend you to believe that they have been to Paris twelve times, when perhaps they have not crossed the Channel above six or seven times. Accuracy of statement costs the trouble of remembering; and when the thing is of little moment they do not care to incur that trouble.

"You saw Patti in the *Figlia del Reggimento* this last season?" you ask.

"Yes."

"Charming, was she not?"

"Delicious."

Now, as it happens, it was Miss Kellogg whom the lady saw in the part. But then she had seen Patti, and many another singer besides, play *Maria* in former years, and she does not concern herself to remember whether it was really this last season that she is thinking of.

"Our two little girls are quite of an age," says one lady to another: "my Nelly was ten on her last birthday."

"Yes," says the other lady, carelessly, though her girl is nearly twelve; "and what a darling child she is?"

"Pleasant spot!" says an artist to his visitor. "Yes, I should think so; I painted the whole of this picture there out of doors."

The fact is that a recurrence of wet days compelled him to make a succession of tentative sketches out of doors, while three-fourths of the real labour of the picture was executed inside. Is he going to stop half-an-hour to explain to a non-artistic person how that process is possible, and how the picture was got up? No harm is done, in the estimation of the persons addicted to this habit, by such rough, loose statements. Men who would not utter an intentional falsehood to prevent their ears being chopped off, let statements notoriously untrue escape them by the dozen, simply out of laziness and habit; they do not stop in the middle of a conversation to see that their hearer has not misapprehended what they have been saying.

"Well, perhaps he did think I said seventy instead of seventeen, when talking of the birds killed by the punt-gun. But what's the odds? He has forgotten all about it."

There is yet another form of unintentional lying which is common. It consists of those exaggerations into which some people are always hurried when they endeavour to impress you forcibly with the truth or magnitude, or force of what they describe. Women are particularly addicted to this habit; perhaps because they find the men around them so dull and unimpressionable that a little additional vigour and colour must be employed in awakening their attention.

"I *know* there are rats in the house," exclaims mamma, vehemently, "for the servants are continually telling me of them, day after day. The place is simply infested with rats, and we shall have them running over the drawing-room floor presently."

The foundation for this prophetic cry is

merely that one rat has been seen twice by the kitchen-maid. But what would the florid person with grey whiskers, who sits at the head of the breakfast table care or do in the matter if his wife limited herself to the plain facts of the case?

"Go to Mrs. Hillyard's!" she says, at another time; "I actually have not an article I can put on."

And yet go to Mrs. Hillyard's she does, and certainly not in that Paradisaical condition her words might lead a literal-minded person to expect. After all, this form of exaggeration comes into the same category as the Chinese hyperbole which we formerly mentioned. Nothing more is meant by the words than a certain pre-arranged equivalent. As we get acquainted with people, we discover how much they are addicted to exaggeration—what percentage we must take off everything they say. There are some men (there never was a woman of the kind) who exercise an extraordinary circumspection over their talk, and who make every expression, as near as they can, an exact and literal equivalent of the corresponding fact. As a rule, they succeed; but occasionally they are hurried into the sweeping expressions which most of us are in the habit of using.

"Bah!" they cry, when no partridges are to be found, "there isn't a bird in the whole blessed county!"

We once heard a man of this sort reply to some exaggerations of his wife by saying, in an injured tone, "From morning to night you do nothing but exaggerate." Which was the bigger exaggerator?

Indeed, the most careful man cannot prevent himself being drawn into the utterance of these unintentional lies at which society, by common consent, winks. The question is, suppose he could wholly cure himself of the habit, whether it would be worth his while. The chances are that he would worry his life out in trying to conform to a gratuitously unnecessary virtue.

THE FAIRY LADDER.

THE snow was in the valley,
The wind was on the moor,
But in Sir Lorrich's castle
The blaze shone on the floor.

"Now open to me, porter!
Now ope to me, I pray!
Or I am like, so cold it blows,
To perish on my way."

"Who knocks, who knocks, my porter?"

"A beggar man, sir Knight."
He swore an oath that he would have
No beggars there that night.

"Now open to me, porter!
Now ope to me, I pray!
The wind doth cut me to the bone,
I shall be dead ere day."

The knight uprose in anger:
"Perdition fall on mine,
If I do ope my doors this night
For any beggar's whine!"

"A wanderer's curse fall on thee,"
The beggar wight did cry,
"And may those wild words be fulfilled
For thy ill courtesy."

The Knight rose with the morning
And called his daughter dear,
Garlinda, fairest of the fair,
A maiden without peer;

Full loud he called Garlinda,
But answer made she none,
Full long they sought her up and down,
But his dear child was gone.

Then forth he rode in sorrow,
And bitter was his mood;
From morning until ev'ning
He rode as he were wood.

Then homeward in the twilight
Returned the doleful Knight,
When he was 'ware, beside the path,
Of an unearthly wight.

"How fare you, noble master?
How fare you in your quest?"
He mopped, and mowed, and grinned at him,
As though it were a jest.

"Look up, my noble master,
And you will see your child."
"O, where! O, where!" the Knight he cried,
And wept as he were wild.

"Last night I asked for shelter,"
The little man replied,
"Last night I came amidst the storm,
But shelter was denied.

Last night thou said'st in anger,
Perdition fall on mine,
It is fulfill'd, and thou may'st weep
For that harsh word of thine."

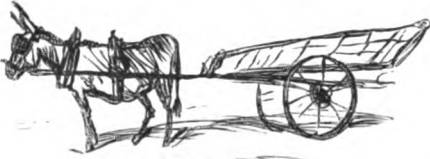
"Who art thou, elfish being?"
"I am the mountain gnome;
Henceforth thy child remains with us,
Our rock will be her home."

Then on that rock's high summit
His dear child he did see,
And at the sight his heart beat fast,
And then sank suddenly;

INCIDENTS DURING THE



A Theatre Scene
Charles has gone to get a
conveyance



What he gets



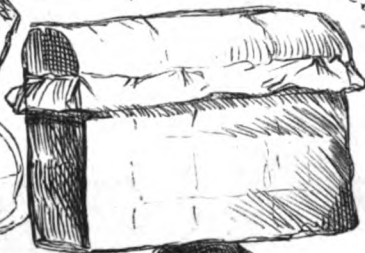
Going to the

Oh no we do not break the Law we take our families out for a drive



Ma how do the

E LATE CAB STRIKE



A Wonderful fact

Now Mum I dont know what
I shall do, for my horse is at home
healing 'is 'ed' off



Station



Waiting for a Cab

For well he knew no mortal
 Could scale that rock's steep side,
 "Ah! woe is me!" he beat his breast,
 "Ah! woe is me," he cried.

"You shut your door 'gainst strangers;
 Take lesson of the gnome,
 For he has ta'en your daughter in,
 And given her a home."

The sturdy Knight was broken,
 His strength was turned to sloth,
 And in his pain and sorrow,
 He swore another oath:

"Whoe'er will bring my daughter,
 Shall have her for his bride,
 And half the treasure in my chests,
 And half my land beside."

Ten years passed o'er Sir Lorrinch,
 Ten years of dolesome gree,
 When home came gallant Ruthelm
 From distant Hungary.

They told him all the story,
 They told him of the oath.
 "To free the maid, for such a prize,"
 Quoth he, "I'm nothing loth."

"Look up, sir Knight! be cheerful!
 Look up, sir Knight!" said he,
 "An' you will give me her to wed,
 I'll set your daughter free."

For seven days he wandered
 About the demon's rock,
 While still within the gnomes all laughed,
 And his attempts did mock.

For seven nights he slumbered
 Beneath the mountain's shade,
 And ever dreamt of his hard quest,
 And of the prisoned maid.

And ever as he wakened
 His eyes met demon eyes,
 A demon face peered into his,
 Then fled with mocking cries.

Woe was the gallant Ruthelm
 When seven days were gone,
 And down beside the rock he lay,
 His hapless fate to moan.

"Cheer up! sir Knight, be gladsome!
 You will not win her so."
 A little woman, wrinkle-faced,
 Stood smiling at his woe.

"Who art thou, little woman?"
 "The sister of the gnome
 That keeps thy fair Garlinda
 Within his mountain home."

"Away! away! thou fairy,
 And do not mock at me."
 "I do not mock, I only come
 To ease thy misery."

For he and I have quarrelled,
 And I would wreak my spite."
 "Now blessings on thee, fairy!"
 Cried out the joyful Knight.

"To-night go to yon valley
 And whistle three times three
 On this small horn, and at the call
 A fairy thou wilt see;

Then to him tell thy story,
 And he will do thee right,"
 With that she gave a little horn,
 And vanished from his sight.

Right joyful was young Ruthelm,
 So glad that he did sing,
 And shouted loud, so light of heart
 Was he at this strange thing.

So went he to the valley
 And whistled three times three,
 And, at the call, a little gnome
 Yclad in grey did see.

"What is it, noble stranger,
 What is it thou wouldst have?"
 His tale Sir Ruthelm told him then,
 And of his help did crave.

"'Tis well!" the fay made answer,
 "Contented shalt thou be."
 He put his finger in his mouth
 And whistled whistles three;

And all about the valley,
 At that third whistle loud,
 Upsprung, from thicket, brake, and bush,
 A merry goblin crowd.

Each sprite bore on his shoulder
 A mallet, saw, or pick,
 And much aghast was that young Knight
 To see them come so thick.

All night there was a clamour,
 The sprites worked merrily,
 And plied their tools with cunning skill,
 It was a sight to see!

And, lo! at day's first dawning
 A ladder tall appeared,
 A ladder wrought by fairy hands,
 Against the steep rock reared.

Right joyful was Sir Ruthelm,
 Right glad was he of cheer,
 And up he went those fairy steps,
 To his Garlinda dear.

And there he found her sitting,
 As fair as maid might be,
 The mountain gnomes were silent now,
 They had no mockery.

But a moan as though of sorrow,
 And a cry as though of pain,
 Came wailing from beneath the ground,
 Then all was still again,

As Ruthelm took the maiden
By the hand, and bent his knee,
"Sweet love, thy father mourns thee,
And plaineth grievously ;

But his tears will turn to laughter
When thy arms about him cling,
Ere night to Lorrich's portals
Bright joyance will we bring."

So long she there had lived,
Still, like a child was she ;
She kissed Sir Ruthelm on the mouth,
And thanked him gleefully.

He took her round the supple waist—
A burden light was she—
And bore her down the fairy steps,
As gently as might be.

"Well hast thou done, Sir Ruthelm,
Well hast thou done, brave Knight,
Take thou the half of all I have,
For it is thine by right.

Take thou the half of all I have,
And this my daughter dear,
So much comes to thee as thy right,
Thou Knight without a peer.

I have no son to follow me
So thou that son shall be,
And of free gift I now bestow
The other half on thee.

My years are many, and my arm
No longer lifts the sword,
As it was wont in days of old,
So be thou Lorrich's lord."

So Ruthelm wed Garlinda,
And Lorrich's lord was he,
That night they held the marriage feast
With mirth and revelry.

And from that day no wand'rer,
Way-worn, who sought for rest,
Was ever turned from Lorrich,
And Lorrich's walls were blest.

THE STORY OF A NOSEGAY.

ONE of the most celebrated civil actions that the annals of the Irish Bar record, was the libel case of B— against Grady, tried at the Limerick Summer Assizes of 1816. The story of it is worth telling. Both plaintiff and defendant were of the social rank of gentlemen, and both were well known in Irish society and beyond it. Tom Grady came of an ancient Milesian family. He was a member of the Irish Bar, an accomplished scholar, and a man of rare mental endowments. An infirmity in his sight obliged him to use spec-

tacles, and, for that reason, he was called, Spectacle Grady, to distinguish him from another barrister of the same name. Gifted and ambitious, he had hoped to win fame and fortune at his profession ; and he soon did attain reputation as a lawyer, but he attained more as a wit. He had a talent for satire which he did not control ; and its free exercise ruined him. Tom may have dreamed of a chief justiceship and a peerage too, but he got no higher than an assistant-barristership. O'Connell used to say that "No one but Tom Grady could have ruined Tom Grady."

After practising for some time, Grady retired from the bar and became, as a fellow lawyer said of him, "An exile from society in his own house." His whole nature changed ; the pleasant diner-out became an unpleasant misanthrope, at feud with his family, and many of his friends. In his voluntary and strange retirement from society, he became a student of literature, but perversely chose that which would vex his mortified spirit, not solace it. He read the satirists of Rome, England, and France, and from them learned how to wound those he hated. He possessed the thought and fancy of a poet, but he seldom wrote in a tender or ennobled mood. His fingers loved to tighten round the haft of the scalping-knife rather than to strike the harp-strings. He became famous as a satirist ; for the base and mischievous he had a merciless weapon ; but it is to his credit that he spared the virtuous and good. His satires were not more read for their power than for their elegance and polish. They pleased the classic taste of Grattan and the keen fancy of Curran ; and were highly thought of by men of such opposite casts of mind as Moore the Poet, and O'Connell the Tribune.

Of B— it is now time to speak. He was of a moral deformity and hidcousness that made him a monster. The number and nature of his crimes would exceed belief if they were not repeatedly sworn to in courts of justice by men of rank and unimpeachable character, as matters of fact and repute. He settled in London, married a handsome woman, and entered the circles of fashion. From this period blots began to gather on his reputation. One night at Miles's Club—where play ran frightfully deep—he was caught cheating at *quinze*. In this game the five is the winning card. He was detected playing the five of clubs unfairly, and, when seized and searched, a reserve of five-cards were got in his sleeve. He always sat with his back to the wall, and it was under the pretext of adjusting a shade

or bonnet he wore, to protect his eyes from the light, that he used to contrive to slip the cards out of his sleeve as he wanted them. He had won enormously on previous nights at the same Club, and from Charles James Fox to a greater extent than any other member.

Expelled from English society, B—— went to Paris in 1787. Though the political heaven of France was then darkening over with the thunder-clouds of the Revolution, the godless pleasure-seekers of the French capital heeded not the nearing danger in the least; and B—— enjoyed its dissipation for two years, with a gaming-table profit of over ninety thousand pounds. In 1789, human heads, uplifted on pikes, warned him to fly, and he returned to Ireland: attracted thither, no doubt, by the opportunities for advancement its torn condition then offered to a clever unscrupulous man with money at his command. He purchased a demesne at Castle Connell in the county of Limerick. Situated on the noble Shannon, Castle Connell is as lovely a spot as there is in Ireland. To get a footing in the county was his first care, and with that object he sought to have his name put upon the Grand Jury panel. But the story of Miles's Club was known in Limerick, and the Limerick gentlemen sent a deputation to the High Sheriff to warn him that if he summoned B—— he would not have a respectable Grand Jury. The Sheriff, who was as proud as they were, replied that he knew what his duty to the county was, and that a Blacklegs would never be summoned by him. B—— did afterwards succeed in becoming a Grand Juror. He found a less punctilious Sheriff in a person named Morgell, but when he entered the Grand Jury box, a number of gentlemen stood up and left; and he was so mortified, that he did not enter it again for seven years. Morgell and he would appear to have been congenial spirits, for the Irish Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, said in public, "I think Crosbie Morgell cheats every body!" B—— next intrigued to be put in the Commission of the Peace. At first, Lord Clare, the Chancellor, would not hear of such a thing; but B—— soon brought him to his senses. There was widespread and formidable disaffection in Ireland at that period. Rebellion was gathering its forces. Scions of the most illustrious Irish houses, country gentlemen, merchants, and barristers, were enrolled members of the United Irishmen, and B—— availed himself of the troubles of the times to gain his object. He bought a printing press, and issued inflammatory papers among the people, and was even known to distribute them himself.

Some poor peasants he incited to resist a Royal proclamation were hanged; but his plot succeeded. Lord Clare gave way, and made him a magistrate, in which capacity he distinguished himself by hunting down persons whose loyalty he had assisted to corrupt. The Chancellor afterwards made him High Sheriff for the county of Limerick, invited him frequently to his table, and held out hopes of a baronetage. To some who expostulated, Clare justified himself by saying that B——, with his wealth and cleverness, was a man who could be dangerous to the government, and that he had made him a magistrate to keep him from the rebels. But B—— never had any notion of becoming a rebel. It was only a pretence of his to frighten Lord Clare. Rebellion was a game in which he could gain nothing and might lose all. A man of his vitiated morality never seriously meant to have cast in his lot with the pure spirits who led the United Irishmen.

With all his tactics and honours, B—— could not get the Limerick gentlemen to associate with him. He might, perhaps, in the end, have succeeded in forcing his way into their ranks, but for a strain of wickedness in his character which he could not subdue. He aggravated his quarrel with society by offending it afresh, and broke its most sacred laws, when to deserve its pardon at all he should have incurred no new reproach; Limerick was scandalised by the number of his mistresses. He treated his wife with brutality, and she fled from him. He affected to be an atheist, and spoke of Divine subjects with ribaldry. He lured young men of property to gamble. He was accessory to the elopement of a clergyman's wife with a marquis; the guilty pair met in his house, and it was there the elopement was planned. To split up family friendships he violated his oath and revealed the secrets of the Grand Jury room. But his worst crime was the seduction of his wife's sister, an orphan girl, whom he invited to his house under a pretence of pity for her forlorn condition, and whom he tempted to stay with him after his wife had left. It may appear incredible that a single individual could be guilty of crimes so many and so great; but guilty of them a Limerick jury believed him to be. He had a dispute about a corner of land with a gentleman whose property adjoined his, and this gentleman spoke of him in the Limerick Club as "a rebel, a whiteboy, a blacklegs, and a knave." He took an action for libel, and laid his damages at £5000. The defamatory words were amply justified by

evidence. The judge—Chief Baron O'Grady—left the case to the jury without a word of observation, and the jury, without quitting the box, returned a verdict for sixpence, upon which the defendant, prompted by Tom Grady, who happened to be his counsel, handed B—a shilling, with a request that he would take the price of his character out of it and return the change.

But I must come to the libel; and first to the occasion of it. Baffled in all his efforts to regain his lost position, he lived excluded from society for years; associated with by none except the dissolute; but he held to his purpose with a tenacity that shows that his was no common-place character. In 1806, the principal banker in Limerick failed. He saw his opportunity, and seized it. As a wealthy and accommodating banker, it would go hard with him if he did not break the pride of the needy gentry of an Irish county. He became a banker; obliging and accommodating at first, it seemed as if the brightness of his guineas would dispel the clouds that hung over him. He kept a luxurious table as an auxiliary to his money, and the more impoverished of the Limerick squires who came to him for loans accepted his invitations to dinner. As he brought back his wife and lived with some show of propriety, he might, perhaps, even then have gained his point; but he could not keep his hands from unlawful gain. He was prosecuted for usury according to the then existing law, convicted and fined.

In 1810, Tom Grady applied to B—for a loan of £1300, offering good security. The transaction was completed, and B— let Grady have the money for two years. At the end of that time he suddenly and uncivilly demanded it. He was too wealthy to be in any strait for a sum so moderate, and it is likely he called it in with the abruptness he did in retaliation for some freely uttered sarcasm of Grady's. The money was at once repaid, and the two men quarrelled. Grady revenged himself on B— by saying bitter things of him, and the feud between them grew deadly. B— was the first to use pen in it. Gentlemen of Limerick and the metropolis continually received anonymous letters, in which the character of Grady was assailed, and there can be no doubt but that B— was the author of them. At length a foul lampoon appeared, in which Grady was charged with robbing the Post Office and murdering his nephew. The lampoon was circulated through the post, and respectable witnesses said on their oaths that they had heard a printer

named Monk acknowledge he had printed it for B—; but when search was afterwards made for this man, it was discovered that B— had bribed him to leave Ireland. Grady sharpened his scalping-knife. His revenge was delayed, but it was terrible. It took the form of a satirical poem mockingly called *The Nosegay*. Grady's name as author was on the title-page, and that B— was the subject of it there could be no mistake, for he was all but named. It created an immense sensation in Irish society, and the first issue of one thousand copies was bought up in a few weeks.

B— immediately commenced an action for libel; but Grady, nothing daunted, brought out a second and enlarged edition, embellished with a portrait of his enemy, and three other engravings, illustrative of the poem. He had contrived to have a sketch made of B— by a practised hand, and from it the portrait was engraved. The cast of the man's face was mean, and the expression cunning and sensual. Grady had its ugliness and evilness heightened without impairing the correctness of the likeness. With half-closed eye and protruding tongue this portrait of B— has a most repulsive look. In the other pictures—which, by the way, are copper-plate, and very well done—the likeness to him is preserved. One of them portrays the scene in Miles's Club. Another: B— as a fox escaping from the chastising hand of Nelly Cusack, a peasant girl celebrated for her beauty and good luck in life: and the third represents him alone at midnight in the agony of a horrid vision. Spectres and infernal shapes are round his bed, and seem about to carry him off body and soul to the place of torment. It is a picture well-conceived and well-drawn. Grady dedicated his satire to Tom Moore. It contains many passages of violent sarcasm, written in a style which is sufficiently vigorous, and which Irishmen think worthy of Pope and of Swift.

The poem supposes a Court of Justice before which B— is summoned for trial:—

Come * * * *—for tardy justice takes her seat,
Convicted usurer! convicted cheat!
In every mischief, actor or abettor,
Self-vaunted infidel, and tampering traitor,
In daring prim,—in principles unbuckled;
Reluctant subject—voluntary cuckold.

The poem then proceeds to paint with graphic force the crowd of witnesses assembled for the prosecution. A passage follows which will not bear reprinting here. It refers to unhappy women seduced by the prisoner,

and charges him with revolting crimes. The affair at Miles's Club is next dwelt upon.

But see aloft, and near the sheriff's box,
The black-browed spectre of poor Charles Fox ;
See, with one hand his angry eyes he rubs,
And in the other holds—the five of clubs,
While on his front, in burning letters shines,
Thy wealth and infamy—THE GAME OF QUINZE.
He thought (for all your bonnet) you played fair,
Nor once supposed a sharper could get there,
Till, to his cost, the sad reverse he found ;
In six nights lost you sixty thousand pound !

Grady thus alluded to the wretched victims of B——'s scheming :—

See, round the court some gibbering phantoms glide,
By thee to treason urged, who traitors died.
Can none remember when, in 'ninety-four,
High Treason's standard thro' the State you bore,
At every post thy darling theme rehearsed,
And manifestoes through the crowd dispersed :
And, while sedition round your horses smoked,
Your hoarse harsh voice like horrid raven croaked ?

After recounting all the infamies of his victim's life, and distorting the vagaries of it into crimes, Grady concludes by arraigning him for trial, but saves him by a special plea that is as bad as anything in the satire.

I arraign thee on no moderate plan,
The blasted enemy of God and Man ;
Of God, whose Majesty you make your sport,
And coarse and vulgar blasphemies support,
With stupid arguments and impious pride,
His Son reviled, derided, and denied.

Who clothes the earth? who formed the immortal soul?
Who shaped the concave, and who fixed the pole?
Whose hands the winds, the waves, the lightnings guide?
Who steers the planets, and who stems the tide?
And thou, the vilest of His worms on earth,
Deny his essence, or deride His worth,
And, sedulous of mischief, choose the time
To plant the seed, and propagate the crime.

Thus far the foe of God—now let me scan
How stands the dread account 'twixt thee and man,
Is there one evil word you have not spoken?
Is there one human tie you have not broken?
Is there one vice a stain to moral reason?
Is there a crime from swindling up to treason?
Produce the catalogue and let me hear
Even one exception in your black career.
Or take the decalogue and read it through,
Is there one line inviolate by you?
Is there, through all this wilderness of doom,
One virtue found to glimmer o'er the gloom?

Thus, justly charged, irrevocably stained,
My task is done—and now you stand arraigned.

Culprit, make ready ; how will you be tried?
God and your country ! both you have denied.
What ! not a word ! how dare you cringe to me ?
Well, then, I'll save you by a special plea.

By Magna Charta, as the law appears,
You must be tried by twelve men of your PEERS ;
But if none such, why then you may defy all,
Elude Grim Justice, and refuse a trial.
My Lords, how say you? Is not this the law?

THE COURT.

The law is so—you've saved him by a flaw ;
The objection's fatal, and, howe'er depraved,
For want of peers the culprit's life is saved.

THE SENTENCE.

But lest, henceforth, the country's peace he vex,
For SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX,
The Court awards, he quits forthwith the nation,
Under strict rules for instant transportation ;
Such sentence once before condemned to meet,
Banished Great Britain—BANISHED AS A CHEAT !
No power of money competent to o'erwhelm
The indignant feelings of *that* moral Realm :
We cite the precedent so sound and true,
And, for our character, transport him too.

Within his range let Nature all appear
A teeming torment, savage, vast, and drear,
Where every noxious growth profanes the ground,
And deadly Nightshade spreads her poison round ;
Where, for the myrtle, eglantine, and rose,
Prime minister of Fate, the upas blows ;
And while fanged adders nestle in his breast,
Let ravens croak him from reluctant rest,
And panting toads and hissing serpents there
Exalt the fiercest horrors of despair.

In the numerous notes to the satire Grady as it were poured brine on his victim's bleeding wounds, and in the dedication to Moore, he says :—"What apology shall I make you for drawing off your mind for a moment from the contemplation of everything that is beautiful in the moral and physical world, from lovely nymphs on beds of roses, inspiring bliss and breathing perfume, delighting earth, and resembling heaven, to the perusal of a portrait such as mine? It is said of Salvator Rosa, that his monstrous powers in the delineation of savage nature were acquired by his having passed the early part of his life with a banditti in the most hideous forests, and amidst the most formidable mountains ; and if I have any merit in the execution of my picture, it is entirely to be attributed to having, for a long time, minutely considered and deeply studied my original."

B—— laid his damages at £20,000. The trial absorbed the public attention. The foremost men of the Irish Bar were retained on either side. For B—— were three men who afterwards reached the Bench : one of them is still remembered as a great judge. Grady had O'Connell, who was even then the chosen leader of a people marching to victory ; Burton, afterwards a judge, and one of the most famous

names of the Irish Bar and Bench ; O'Regan, the friend and biographer of Curran, and two other men of talent.

Grady's counsel could have taken advantage of a blunder of their opponents and had the trial stopped, but that would have balked him of a full revenge, and though he ran the risk of ruinous damages, he would not consent. O'Connell, roused by the case, delivered a smiting invective against B——. "I shall follow him," he said, "from his first ill-omened dawn above the horizon, until I show him culminating in his meridian, and emitting thick pestilential flashes through the darkness that envelopes his western career ;" and he did so without mercy. The evidence of witnesses from the county aristocracy and the clubs of Dublin went to establish as matters of fact or of general report, many of the charges and imputations contained in the satire. Burton, whose oratory had not the terrors of O'Connell's, but was more refined; reviewed this evidence in a speech that added to his reputation. He described B—— as "affrighted by his own hideousness, rushing for relief upon society, and by horrified society thrown back upon himself."

The judge charged, and the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for five hundred pounds, the fortieth part of the sum claimed. Two reports of the trial that were announced, were bought up by B—— before ever they appeared; but Grady, with unconquerable enmity, issued one himself, with a searing preface, in which he taunted his foe with the poor result of the trial. The charges in *The Nosegay*, he said, ranged from "swindling up to treason," and were in number about forty. He had, he supposed, proved only thirty-nine of them, and for the unproven one the jury had given the fortieth part of the damages demanded; or, perhaps, it was that they had given the plaintiff sixpence in the pound on his valuation of himself! B—— on his side enlisted a mercenary Limerick journal, and through it sought to convince the public that the jury knew Grady could not bear heavier damages than they gave against him.

The *Nosegay* is now extremely rare. The wretched man, whose ill-fame it perpetuated, had the stock remaining with the publisher at the conclusion of the trial, seized under an order of the Court of the King's Bench, and his emissaries destroyed as many copies as they could make out and buy.

Death has long since put both the satirist and the sinner out of sight, and Time has almost put them out of mind.

TABLE TALK.

IT may save the lives of some of those who appear to be doomed to perish in a watery grave, if the following suggestion is borne in mind by persons who are near the spot; it is made by one who has been a swimmer nearly all his life, and who accustomed himself to diving constantly for a considerable period, and therefore knows what he is writing about. Many of the deaths, indeed most of those that occur when bathing, take place near the shore, and are caused by the sudden immersion of the bather in a hole where the water rises above his head, possibly only to the extent of a few inches, and from whence he might easily escape if he only had the presence of mind to keep himself straight and raise himself above the surface by giving a slight spring to see in what direction the land lies, getting his lungs full of fresh air and making his way out of the hole in the same way he probably got into it, by walking. Persons however who are not accustomed to the water seldom have any presence of mind when they encounter accidents of this sort; indeed those who are accustomed to it but are not able to swim, are just as stupid, and waste the precious moments during which they can keep the water from entering their lungs, in wild struggles, instead of attempting to realise their position. I can remember an instance where a boy with whom I was bathing slipped into a hole at the bend of the river, from which he could have walked with hardly any inconvenience, but instead of taking this course he began to kick out in every direction, and his face presented a series of contortions so hideous and so rapid in their change that though it occurred years and years ago the picture is as vivid as when it happened. In such clear water there was no difficulty in walking under it and laying hold of the arm of my playmate and dragging him back into shallow water, and thus saving his life. Now, whenever we read that an individual is suddenly engulfed in this way, we are told, if a swimmer chanced to be near, that he rushed in, swam to the spot, and dived after the drowning person, sometimes succeeding in catching hold of the victim and bringing him to the surface; not unfrequently wasting his own strength in vain efforts to effect what he might readily have accomplished by a more judicious employment of his strength and courage. To dive, especially with the clothes on, is not such an easy operation as it may appear, and is

attended by a disturbance of the water, an expenditure of muscular force, and an interference with the regular action of the lungs, for which there is not any necessity. Let a man when he is performing such a bold deed cease from swimming when he reaches the spot where he expects to find the person he wants to save, and suffer himself to drop quietly to the bottom on his feet. He will then have all his wits about him, will remember in what direction he has to go if he has come from the land, and will be able to select the part by which to grasp the drowning man and so to keep himself from being seized in a way that would be likely to result in the drowning of both. It would astonish many a swimmer to find how long he can preserve his strength, and continue his search, if he operates in this quiet way.

POLITICIANS have been occupying themselves lately with the question: Peace or War? and there can be no doubt that nothing but the difficulty of forming trustworthy alliances holds France's hands. Austria is profoundly desirous of peace, but the central position which she occupies in Europe, touching as she does Russia, Prussia, Turkey, Italy, and Bavaria, will make it hard for her to remain neutral in case of war. That she will strive to do so is certain, but in case of her being driven to arms it appears to me that one possible combination has been forgotten. In spite of the very clever Prussian manipulation of the German press, there leak out facts which prove conclusively the discontent of Germans generally under Prussian dragooning. What if Austria, despairing of peace, and losing hope of having time to consolidate her new confederation, were to turn round to Germany and proclaim a programme of liberty, a free parliament, reduction of armaments, and perfect freedom of religious opinions? A few years ago such a course would have drawn all Germany to rally round her. Is it impossible that Baron von Beust may, at some supreme moment, reverse his present policy, and turn his eyes from the savage East to the civilised centre of Europe?

How completely we are the creatures of habit. Sailors are proverbial for their powers of climbing, and land-lubbers look with awe upon their feats among the rigging of a ship. Yet I saw some sailor boys the other day creeping, in the slowest and most timid fashion, down a steep sandy slope near some gravel pits, and counting the descent as a perilous

enterprise, though the children of the towns-people are accustomed to sport as freely, and slide as merrily, on the very same spot, as if they were lizards. The fear and caution of the sailors were ludicrous to a landsman—quite as absurd as would be his own first attempts at climbing to the topmast of a frigate. During a temporary mutiny of the sailors on board a troop ship, I once saw a party of artillerymen mount the rigging and begin to reef topsails in a gale. The seamen were shamed into returning to their duties.

TOM MOORE spoke truly when he said that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night. Only we must steal for a good purpose, not for pleasure or dissipation, else we are losers instead of gainers by the theft. Moderate night-work does no hurt to bodily or mental health, but rather the contrary, I fancy, and I speak from experience. Note how well, and to what old age, nocturnal toilers and watchers retain their strength and faculties. Look at astronomers, whom in our mind's eye we always regard as snowy-locked, yet vigorous-minded, strong-framed men. And are they not, as a rule? Remember Galileo, living to seventy-eight, Hevelius watching till he was seventy-six, and Copernicus till he reached seventy. Take our English astronomers royal, too. There was Flamsteed who, in spite of a disordered body, toiled by night and by day, harder, as he said, than a cornthresher, and yet reached seventy-three; Bradley, who did as much night-watching, ran out the allotted period of three-score and ten years; and his successor, Maskelyne, told four-score all but one year. Then call to mind grand old Herschel, whose daily labours and night watchings lasted so long, and were performed so well that he may be said to have done the work of three lives, and he reached the good age of eighty-four. And have we not his son, a giant in science, who stole hour after hour from the starry nights of his youth, and gives us now sparkling essays and sound lessons fraught with the experience which seventy-six years have gathered to his garner? Lastly, learn that Maedler, who is now seventy-four, came to the British Association Meeting a few weeks back, and told the savans something that proved his eye—after an operation for cataract—and his intellect to be as good as they were when, thirty years ago, he made his noble map of the moon, a work that must have involved night watching enough to send an ordinary

eight-hour sleeper into an everlasting doze. Whoso wishes to rob the night to the best advantage, let him sleep for two or three hours, then get up and work for two hours, and then sleep out the balance of the night. Doing this he will not feel the loss of the sleep he has surrendered.

SOME weeks ago there appeared in these columns an account of a portable photographic apparatus—a camera no bigger than an opera glass, a stand for it manageable as a walking-stick, and a set of dry plates prepared on the plan of Major Russell, which the tourist may carry in his pocket. Where are these things to be obtained? is the demand of correspondents who are too numerous to be answered individually. The answer is to be found in the advertising pages of the *Photographic Journals*. Here is one called *The Illustrated Photographer*, where it will be seen that Messrs Negretti and Zambra, of 153, Fleet Street, advertise a pocket camera, and walking-stick tripod stand; and where Messrs. Lancaster and Son, of Colmore Row, Birmingham, and Messrs. Edwards and Bults, of 20, Baker Street, London, have similar advertisements.

WITH a new Romantic Play in prospect at the Lyceum, written by Lord Lytton, it is amusing to look back at Alfred Bunn's note on Sir E. Bulwer's drama of *The Lady of Lyons*:

August 30, 1838.—Saw Charles Kean perform Claude Melnotte. A more red-hot Porte St. Martin, Surrey, Coburg, or what you will, melodrama was never seen * * * A man who writes a bad play, and yet asks 500*l.* for it should be avoided (at all events by managers) by public proclamation.

The Lady of Lyons soon became a stock piece, affording an advantageous opening for every aspiring performer, and a safe, inexpensive card for provincial managers to play.

My Aunt Selina, a most worthy woman—I assure you I would not raise a laugh against her for the world—prided herself on nothing so much as her accuracy; and as she was, and never had been other than provincial, she sometimes plunged into blunders so monstrous that it was better to let her die in ignorance of them. She has gone, the property is now divided, and it can do no harm to tell upon her. Whenever she travelled up to London she saw and heard wonderful things. "Yes," she said; "and I was at St. Paul's Cathedral only last Sunday, and heard a ser-

mon—impossible to describe it! So searching! So lofty! It seemed not to issue from the mind of a single man; it was full of such varied experiences—I forget his name"—her reputation for accuracy was at stake; "I heard it, but I have quite forgotten the name of the preacher—a portly gentleman. I think;" here she ventured upon a mild touch of emphasis, so that her accuracy might never be impugned; "I *think* he was the Dean and Chapter." Peace be to her memory!

Do you wear paper collars? Some folks must use them extensively, for they constitute a tolerably important item in American manufactures. There are some forty factories in the States devoted to their production, and one alone of these turned out during the last year sixteen millions of collars. The process of making them is simple enough. Piles of sheets of paper of the proper quality are placed under a punching machine; a die descends and cuts out the shapes wholesale. Then the separate pieces are strengthened by a scrap of cloth where the button-holes are to come, and the holes are punched at a hand-press. Then they are embossed or otherwise stamped to imitate the texture and stitching of their linen progenitor, and lastly they are folded and curled into shape. A fidgety tourist, an American, lately declared that paper collars had completely spoilt the pleasure of his ramblings. Wherever he went, collars met his too sensitive eye; the court-yards of hotels were strewn with them in all stages of destruction, worn, torn, soiled, and spoiled. He found them under seats in waiting-rooms, in shady haunts and quiet nooks; trod them under foot at pic-nics and gatherings, and encountered them bestrewed over every scene he sought to enjoy. This poor man was to be pitied, not on account of the collars, but for the perturbable condition of his mind. There are many like him.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 40.

October 3, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—SEVERED.

TWO months had passed by, and the first days of September had come. Things did not exteriorly seem much altered, but deep chasms were yawning between some of those who still appeared to be standing side by side.

Claire was severed from Olivier, and she knew now how near she had been to unity with him. It is one thing to be married and indifferent, another to be married and divided. Between the two, there had been an intermediate state, in which, as I have said, the young Marquise had been drawn by circumstance towards her husband, and the every-day habits of wedded life becoming cheerfully established, these two had well-nigh drifted into a certain oneness that, with time, would have grown to imitate affection. Claire rendered to herself no account of this till it ceased. Henri Dupont rendered to himself the clearest possible account of it the instant he saw this pair together, and was so rejoiced, that, when the whole fabric of coming domestic harmony was suddenly threatened by Olivier's conduct about the election, his grief was profound and bitter.

Henri had had great hopes for his friend when he returned from Paris at the end of June, and was met, as we know, in the woods by M. de Beauvoisin and his wife,—*together*! He had never ventured to hope that any tender feeling would spring up between Olivier and Claire; but of a kindly, affectionate good understanding, he all at once thought he perceived symptoms, and he was delighted in proportion to his surprise. As with all things unexpected—perhaps even undeserved—Henri held more to his new discovery than if it had been a matter of course and long foreseen consequence. It was much more than that;

it was a bit of luck—therefore unreasonable; therefore belonging to those hidden treasures that Fate stores up wherewith to gratify blind mortals, and over which all mortals without exception rejoice with childlike impulse. What we have calculated upon, we have already enjoyed in anticipation; when it reaches our hand it is discounted—realised; we know all about it; but of that which is vouchsafed to us all at once, of that which comes to us by chance, we know nothing, and therein lies its charm. There is no one so flat or so low, so prosaic, or so hard, or so narrow, who is not gladdened by the touch of the inexplicable. It is a fresh proof of the mystery of our being, and whether we avow it or not, we all of us rejoice in whatever for even one second makes us dream.

Henri Dupont, plain-sailing and practical as he was, held to any little bit of the unexpected as we all do; prized it unconsciously far above any well-deserved long-foreseen result, and was inconsolable at its loss. It was utterly improbable that the young Marquise should take to liking the husband who had been awarded to her; she was so immeasurably his superior! she was so lovely, so intellectual, so high-minded!

Henri, when he thought of her to himself, characterised her in his own mind as so royal, that her condescending to place herself on M. de Beauvoisin's level was not a fact to be in any way reasonably looked forward to. Olivier did not deserve Claire; that was the plain truth; the logical thing therefore was, that he would not obtain her. But here all at once the most illogical and improbable thing had occurred, and the beautiful, and superior, and regal Claire, had condescended in a certain degree to her slow-witted, dull, heavy, inferior mate; and pleasant intercourse, a cheerful exchange of gentle courtesies, would be established between this pair, their child would grow to be a strong link, and some of the sunshine of life would be there for them to bask in. Olivier would be led by his wife, rescued from the Dowager; it was his salvation;

and Henri Dupont counted on the generosity of Claire's nature for becoming attached to what so completely depended upon her.

It was this satisfaction of his which had been overthrown. Annihilated almost as suddenly as created; but annihilated, as he felt, for ever. There could be no mistaking the feeling with which the young Marquise regarded Olivier when he retired from the contest which, in her opinion, he was in honour bound to carry on. It was a feeling of unmitigated contempt. She would never more relent now; never more soften towards the man whose name had been given to her, and whom she looked upon as a discredit to that name.

Claire behaved harshly, it may be said. Perhaps so,—but Claire was too young not to have the excess of her finest qualities; too young to be kind where she did not love; too pure not to have with the bright truth of steel some of its hardness. Claire judged Olivier unworthy, condemned him from the height of a tribunal, whence she deemed it a disgrace ever to descend, and was irrevocably severed from her husband. She judged him all the more severely, too, that she had been recently so near relenting in his favour.

In the Department, the effect produced by the retirement of M. de Beauvoisin was, perhaps, on the whole, less startling than might have been supposed. The Duc de Vivienne was the only person really incensed at first, for he felt himself compromised, and left in the lurch; but his nephew, Gaston, having, at the end of a week or so, made him perceive the chances which Olivier's inexplicable retreat opened in the future before his own candidature, he became gradually pacified, and contented himself with grumbling against the young men of the present day, who did not know their own minds. M. de Clavreuil's anger at the notion of his son-in-law having retired before an antagonist so ignoble as Mardonnet, was counteracted by his joy at the fact of so near a relative not playing any part whatever (even that of an independent deputy) under the Imperial *régime*. Henri Dupont, whose irritation should have been liveliest, considering that the security of the election was solely owing to his own untiring efforts,—Henri Dupont was silent; sadly so, it is true, but his silence screened M. de Beauvoisin from any immoderate attacks from other people. Claire alone was implacable, for she neither noted, nor cared to note in Olivier that which caused Henri Dupont's compassionate indulgence; a certain air, namely, of deep regretfulness which every now and then stole

over Olivier's features, and gave them an expression they had never worn before—an air of hopeless dejection.

This was of rare occurrence, however, but Henri had noted it, and felt pained. Something told him Olivier had a reason for retiring from the electoral contest against Mardonnet—a reason other than the mere purposelessness and feebleness of character which were imputed to him; and what pained him most was that a voice within him warned never to probe Olivier's conscience upon this point with questions. A veil was drawn, and Henri Dupont, out of his very friendship, dared not lift it. To Count Dupont de Laporte, educated as he had been, by a really distinguished man, Olivier had always appeared as morally and intellectually friendless, and in that lay the root of his attachment to him. He pitied him for the little that had been made of him, and disliked the Dowager (as the Dowager shrewdly guessed) for the total absence of heart she had evinced in the education of her only child. The boy was not worse than other boys; he was not quick-witted, but he was otherwise not more deficient in judgment and common sense than the ordinary run of his compeers. He had no bad instincts, but was, on the contrary, rather of a kind and gentle disposition. Lazy, because slow, and therefore easily dependent, all the defects progressively acquired by Olivier had been grafted upon him by a determinedly perverse process of bringing down, instead of bringing up.

Some days before the election, Olivier left Beauvoisin, and spent the months of July and August between Paris and Homburg and Baden-Baden. To the latter place Madame Claudine had been ordered by the doctors for a slight affection of the larynx, and there she was established for some weeks, with her sagacious lady-in-waiting—the now, to her, indispensable Mlle. Aspasie.

Claire, taking her baby with her, passed the month of July with her mother in the Pyrenees; the month of August at Arcachon for the benefit of sea-bathing; and the month of September at Clavreuil, the home of her girlhood.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE OLD HOME.

IT was late in the afternoon when Madame de Clavreuil and her daughter arrived at Clavreuil. They had breakfasted at Angoulême, and settled to find a sort of dinner-supper on reaching home.

Having seen her child and his nurse comfortably established in their quarters, Claire proceeded to her own apartment. It was the one she had occupied before her marriage; she had particularly petitioned for this arrangement.

When the young Marquise crossed the threshold of her room a flood of soft mellow sunlight poured golden in through the large, open window, and lighted up all the old whereabouts of her maiden days. Claire had thought she should so like to go back to other times—that she should so enjoy reverting to her period of girlish freedom; but she was doomed to disappointment. Other times were altered, and so was she; and her girlish memories would not consent to afford her any enjoyment now, but just the reverse.

She threw off her travelling-attire, and proceeded to examine curiously the various details of her former abode—to see that all was as it was wont to be. All! but what was all? She was not the same, and the consciousness of that truth struck to her heart with a sudden, bitter chill.

The wind swept in, as of yore, through the window; the meadows, with their grazing herds, lay green; the ancient trees threw their broad shadows over the ground as heretofore; the same sun wrapt the earth in the same glory—but where was the Claire who had once so loved all this?

She had never been in her own country home since she married; and, in that home, the man whose wife she was had never been a familiar idea, nor had even his name been ever a household word. She turned from the window, and felt miserable.

On the mantel-piece stood, amongst other things, a flower-pot of rare old china, a birthday present of her aunt's. The earth in it was hard and dry as the desert dust; but the sapless stalk and leafless branches of a dead rose-tree were still there. Once, at a family gathering at the château, just two years ago (during the last summer of Claire's girlhood), she had worn in her hair a bright, blood-red rose, broken from the plant that stood withered and blackening there before her—that rose she had given to her cousin Victor. She thought he had asked her for it—thought he cared for it—she must have been mistaken, but she had given it to him.

When the young Marquise went down to dinner, she had not found time to change her dress.

"You look ill, Claire," remarked Madame de Clavreuil, with gentle solicitude. "You

are quite feverish, and your cheeks are burning red."

Claire said railway travelling always made her ill, and that she would go to bed the moment dinner was over.

"You must get well soon," said, gaily, her father, "for there are to be great festivities this month; at Mont Vivienne the whole province is expected to muster for a shooting-match; and, at Tours, there are to be *carrousels*, and races, and heaven knows what. By-the-bye, you did not know that Victor's regiment is garrisoned there, and means to carry off all the prizes. They've been there about a fortnight; he came over here to see me yesterday, and is enchanted at the notion of being our neighbour, and of seeing you again."

The ensuing days brought visitors to Clavreuil; all the neighbours came in succession, and among the very first was M. de Lancour.

Claire thought him a little altered in his manner towards herself, a trifle graver than he had used to be, and he seemed to be always watching her, never to take his eyes off her. She was rather inclined to be angry at this, and, unless when strangers were present, and good-breeding constrained her to politeness, she would every now and then indulge in sharp speeches to her cousin, or in curt answers to his questions. He had a way, too, of sending for little Pierre that provoked her. It was as if he thought she was not sufficiently tender for her child. It was a tacitly conveyed lesson, and that wounded her. He would get the child's nurse to give him into his arms, and would pass a whole morning in playing with him. It was under his careful teaching that the little man first learned to stand and walk steadily alone, having till then always hung on to some protecting petticoat, and it was due to Victor also, that the zoological utterances of babyhood were transformed into a few intelligible words.

"There," said he, one day, leading the pretty boy up to the young Marquise, "listen to him; he says 'Good-morning, mamma,' like a Christian; it has not taken quite a week to teach him."

Madame de Clavreuil laughed. "Upon my word, Victor," said she, "you have mistaken your vocation; you were born to be a nurse-maid."

"All soldiers are," he replied. "I will bet that any man in my regiment (let alone myself) will do more with a baby than a legion of *bonnes* will. We know what we want of the child, and we've plenty of patience."

"Whilst you naturally think women have none, and never know what it is they want," suggested Claire.

"Women very often do not know what they want, my dear cousin," he repeated, quietly; "it is not their fault, but the fault of their education."

"Well, I know that I for one like better to hear a baby speak its baby tongue than the prim words you make it repeat like a parrot," retorted the young Marquise.

"I have a strong objection," added M. de Lancour, "to anything that degrades a human creature, even in its very earliest stage of existence, and it is degrading to make of it a pet animal or a plaything; a baby is not a toy, not a thing which is to amuse the people about it."

Claire was silent; she thought her cousin was in the right, but would not say so.

Just at this moment Pierre's nurse came to fetch him for his after breakfast airing, and Henri Dupont came in from the garden with a letter in his hand.

"I have a line from Olivier," said he, trying to look as though that were the most every-day subject in the world. "He writes from Homberg; he will be at home next week."

No one responded to this announcement, and what was going on before went on after it, and as though it had never been made. Madame de Clavreuil bent over her embroidery-frame, Claire, lying back in an arm-chair, dallied with her crochet needles, Count Dupont studied a newspaper, and M. de Lancour watched the weathercock on one of the towers of the château with seemingly intense interest.

Half an hour later Claire and her cousin were alone, and she, perceiving this, made a move as though to retire also.

"Claire," said the Vicomte, in a tone of voice which always made her attentive, "don't disturb yourself pray—I am going directly," and he rose, "but I want you to answer me one question before I go."

The young Marquise laid her work on one side, and seemed prepared to obey.

"When it is stated amongst all of you here," he began, "that Olivier is coming home, what does that mean? where is the home he comes to?"

"Well, his own, I presume," replied the Marquise, "Beauvoisin, of course."

"And you, Claire?" added Victor, but in a tone so gentle that it could not by possibility excite irritation,—"and you, my cousin?"

"Oh! I," she replied with just a little

hesitation, "I shall stay on here with mamma. I am so very happy here!"

"No! Claire dear, you are not," interrupted Victor tenderly, "and that is it which pains me, pains me sincerely."

His voice was so kind, so affectionate, that Claire was compelled by it, and blushing, looked down in silence.

"My dear Claire," he recommenced almost in a whisper, "are you separated from your husband?"

"Certainly not," was the answer; "how absurd! what could make you fancy such a thing—but really after M. de Beauvoisin's extraordinary conduct this summer, I may be excused if I take refuge for a time with my father and mother in my own old home," and then, for the first time, Claire poured forth the story of her husband's behaviour about the election, and the disgrace which, according to her, had been thereby entailed upon all connected with him.

M. de Lancour listened attentively. "My dearest cousin," said he, when she had ended her story, "disgrace is too strong a term—disgrace is not inflicted upon an honourable name and family by the mere fact of one man not precisely knowing his own mind. When you were made to marry Olivier, those who chose him for you might have known that he was not a genius or a man distinguished for strength of character; but it is too late now to mend matters—you must take him as he is, and make the best of him; a man may become a good honest father and head of a family, yet have no capacity whatever for being a minister or a parliamentary orator."

"But his faithlessness to his engagements, to his friends?" interposed Claire; "it was positively dishonourable to——"

"Hush! hush! dear Claire," replied the Vicomte, "dishonour applies to worse and sterner deeds than these—besides, look at those who might have a right to complain: look at the Viviennes, and at Henri Dupont; they seem to bear but small enmity to Olivier. Why should you be more unrelenting than they are?"

"It really is too bad of you!" cried Claire, jumping up from her seat and, in the heat of her annoyance, looking straight into her cousin's face, "it is wrong, this perpetual defence of what you know to be indefensible."

"Claire!" said Victor, gravely, "what is wrong is, your perpetual way of making the worst of whatever Olivier does: he is Pierre's father, he will be your companion through life—make the best of him in God's name! It

is for your own sake I speak, and out of the great affection I bear you; every man has some good points—find out his, and don't quarrel with him if he refuses to gratify family ambition; let him go his own way—he has always seemed to me inoffensive enough as far as that goes; try to make his home and yours happy, but don't worry his life out about politics—it's the rock many a superior woman has split upon; leave him alone for the love of mercy, and don't persecute him beyond his bearing. He may turn out very tolerable as times go, and yet find it totally impossible to make of himself a politician."

Always the same advice! always the same monotonous defence of her husband! Claire could not forgive her cousin for this.

CHAPTER XL.—EVERYDAY LIFE.

BUT the young Marquise and her cousin were not always of different opinions every time they met; they had in reality so many tastes and feelings in common that, when others were present, and there was no wayward desire on Claire's part to be ill-natured or aggressive towards M. de Lancour, she was so thoroughly charming that he could not choose but admire her cordially, and indulge in a quite allowable pride in his lovely cousin.

It is mostly from these general meetings that preferences spring, for on such occasions women especially like to shine, and even if devoid of vanity wish to please: whatever is best in them comes out. Whereas, when two people are alone, you can never be perfectly sure of what the hidden currents are; diffidence, or pride, or touchiness, or a queer perverse hostility, may so disguise them (to themselves even, and involuntarily) that the impression produced may be the exact reverse of that contemplated or desired. It is only where they are absolutely indifferent that people are perfectly natural, and indifference is born of and engenders nothing.

Now in society the young Marquise de Beauvoisin had a charm that subjugated everyone. She had read a great deal, and that in three languages, and was possessed of a quickness of perception and a liveliness of imagination that made her conversation singularly attractive, and gave to all she said an incontestable originality. She was besides this a really good musician, but upon the subject of music she had notions of her own, which somewhat stood in the way of any general appreciation of her talents by the public. She held

music for a thing precious and delicate in the extreme, and would not consent to regard the interpretation of a great master, or the expression of your own thought in sound, as a mere diversion introduced to get rid of time between a quadrille or a game of croquet. No; upon this point Madame Claire was obstinate, and in spite of her gentle mien, and her soft fawn-like eyes, nothing in the world would induce her to make music with those who were not musicians, or for those who did not sincerely love the art. But there were in the neighbourhood of Clavreuil some few persons who found grace in Claire's eyes, and so it sometimes happened that a whole evening would be spent in the enjoyment of Weber, Mendelssohn, or Beethoven. Once persuaded that kindred spirits were around her, and that she was truly giving pleasure to her hearers, Claire would pass hours at her piano, and identify herself with the master-souls she evoked. She played Chopin beautifully, for her professor had been a Polish lady whose instructor was Chopin himself; but she could only on very rare occasions be induced to play his compositions, for she seemed to divine in them something too painfully intimate to be lightly indulged. She would often when alone play Chopin half the night through, but that was another form of self-communing in which she much delighted, and which seemed to exercise a peculiarly calming influence over her. Claire was not thought to be, nor did she think herself, of a poetic temperament, but the poetry within her exacted its dues all the same, and luckily for her she paid her tribute, although she did so unknowingly. Therein lay her charm.

This charm M. de Lancour soon felt. Like most men of the African army, he had had time to read and cultivate his mind, and perhaps the very disadvantages of what, for the last three or four years, had been his position in society, had obliged him to create employments for himself which made him independent of the mere crowd out of doors. The world in Europe generally nowadays, but above all in France, is becoming indulgent in the extreme to men who have run away with other men's wives, and made unto themselves eccentric homes; but still, in spite of all this indulgence, and even in France, where, as we have said, it is greatest, there is a difference; there are degrees in the cordiality or familiarity extended towards those who have overstepped certain boundaries. For instance, so long as Claire was unmarried, her father and mother would have only invited M. de Lancour down to

Clavreuil on special occasions, family gatherings, when the claims of a nephew and first cousin could not be overlooked. Till the unfortunate connection with Madame de Mottefort was a patent and public fact, Victor had been a sort of elder brother to Claire, and though the repugnance to the name of Lancour was, as we know, strong in this Legitimist centre, the great military distinction won on so many occasions by Victor, had made his uncle and aunt proud of him personally, in spite of every other consideration. The terrible mistake (that was the form under which it was alluded to) committed by him in regard to his colonel's wife, coincided with his longest sojourn in Algeria, so that till Claire married, she had scarcely any opportunity of remarking that her cousin was in less familiar habits of intimacy with her family than before.

Now that Claire was married, things wore altogether another aspect. She depended solely on her husband, and, if he chose that the Vicomte de Lancour should pass all the days of his life in his house, no one on earth had anything to say about it. Victor's private affairs were now tacitly ignored by everybody. His regiment was garrisoned at Tours, within a dozen leagues of everybody's chateaux, near enough to render its presence available, and far enough off to destroy all necessity for prying into the family lives of its officers, so that the Vicomte was accepted by the surroundings of his new garrison as a most welcome addition to the society of the Department. And what became of Madame de Mottefort, where she was, or whether, indeed, the semi-conjugal connection between her and M. de Lancour lasted still, all this was, by common accord, left in darkness, and unquestioned. People agreed to take Victor as he was, and he was a remarkably agreeable, well brought up, highly educated man; really distinguished, let alone the military renown he had won, and wore with such charming simplicity.

It was quite natural that Victor should be attracted to Clavreuil, it was so very nearly his own home; the Comte and Comtesse de Clavreuil were the nearest relations he had in the world; and, now that Claire was a married woman—however much he might regret the marriage that had been made for her—the fact of her marriage allowed of the most perfectly familiar intercourse between him and her, and, in his loyal and brotherly devotion to the young Marquise, he was determined, if it were possible, to bring her to make the best of Olivier.

Victor was not long before Claire's intellec-

tual superiority struck and impressed him; and, as he was totally free from all embarrassment, and all complication of thought, as far as Claire was concerned, he sought her society more and more when others were around them, and less when there was any chance of their being alone, simply because he perceived that his cousin was not always amiable with him in the latter case, and was invariably charming in the former.

It was seldom now that a day passed without the Vicomte (with or without one or more of his brother officers) coming over to Clavreuil. The regiment was well composed, and the corps of officers consisted principally of young men of birth and fortune, who, during the Crimean War, had adopted many English modes of life, and were noted for their elegant and expensive habits.

Victor established relays of horses at his uncle's, so that for the men who had three or four horses at command, the dozen leagues' ride from Tours was of no consequence; and a small detachment of the —th Dragoons was almost always to be found at Clavreuil.

Another cause of intimacy sprang up soon between M. de Lancour and his cousin. Claire was not over strong in health, and old Robichon, devoted as he was to all narrow, antiquated French notions about his patients, could not avoid admitting that horse exercise would be beneficial. He would have preferred swimming—it seemed to him more *normal*, as he said—but still, as there was no river near, and no bathing establishment anywhere in the Department, he agreed to accept riding as a substitute. He did not like it, he said, but, at the same time, he did not deny that at Tours he had known of cases where it had been beneficial; true, the patients were English, which made a great difference: Robichon holding that the British female is a nondescript, for which nothing is suitable which regards proper respectable women—"women like every-one else," as he termed it. However, the riding was decided upon, and the duty of teaching devolved upon M. de Clavreuil and upon Victor, whose equestrian feats were renowned even among the Arabs.

As Claire was ignorant of all fear she quickly rode well; but attained sooner to proficiency than to enjoyment. That the exercise did her good, as far as health went, was undeniable; but the set rides she was made to take under her father's supervision, caused her but small pleasure, and when she had performed about a dozen such, varying between a foot's pace, a dignified trot, and a circumscribed canter,

she was as far as ever from understanding what the rapture of riding could, in man or woman, possibly be.

"It seems to me very like what the dancing of a minuet at court must have been," she opined, and both M. and Mme. de Clavreuil thought she spoke properly.

One day, towards the close of September (Olivier was expected to arrive upon the morrow), Claire had gone to take her usual ride with her father and cousin, when, at about two leagues' distance from the château, M. de Clavreuil was met by his steward in the dog-cart, and earnestly entreated to accompany him to an outlying farm, in which some repairs were pressingly necessary, said the man. Her father at first proposed to the young Marquise to accompany him; but she had had enough of her ride, and said, besides that, she should be home too late, that there was a dinner party, and that she must have time to dress. The steward urged his request, and Victor suggested that he might be trusted to convey Claire back to Clavreuil, which was agreed to by the Count, after he had elaborately described to his nephew all the various turnings of the road he must take.

They parted: the Count going off with his steward in one direction, and the young Marquise, with her escort, preparing to take another in order to reach her home.

The day was a fine one; but there had been rain in the early morning, and the wind blew from the west, an unsafe quarter.

M. de Lancour and his cousin ambled on quietly, keeping, as they thought, to the instructions given to them by the Count; but at the end of half-an-hour,—

"We must have taken a wrong road," said Claire; "for there to the left is the church of Belloy with its double steeples—it lies on the road to Blois, and our way goes towards the road to Chartres."

As an excuse for Claire let it be said that, according to the habits of her kind, she knew no more of the country lying beyond the park precincts of Clavreuil than if she had been in Central Africa; and let it also be remembered how difficult it is to find your way in a land all plain, where between you and the far horizon lie only the same monotonous breadths of flat or gently undulating ground, brown or green as the case may be, intersected by small lines of road, all hopelessly alike, and with no salient objects to guide you as landmarks.

They had lost their way; that soon became evident; and while they were engaged in acknowledging this fact to themselves, the wind

began to rise and a dark shadow to steal over the plains around them.

"There's a shower coming on," said Claire; "and no shelter to be got anywhere."

"As to shelter," replied M. de Lancour, "there is but one shelter in rain, my dear Claire, and that is hard riding. If we can find our way we must ride for it; that is all—I will not be responsible for your catching an inflammation of the lungs."

"There, it is coming down!" cried she, as a rain-drop or two speckled her glove; "now, what are we going to do?"

"I'll tell you!" suddenly exclaimed Victor, looking intently at something he descried to the right: "we must come up with that waggon out yonder; look! you can see it moving in the distance—where that is, there's a road—come!" and off they went across the fields, and as they rode, Claire following her cousin unhesitatingly, the rain began to come down steadily, the sky grew grey all over, and the wind blew hard.

They got near enough to see distinctly the waggon within a few hundred yards, it was on a high road, and two men walked beside it. There was a ditch between the field they were in and the road.

"We must jump it," said the Vicomte, and they had jumped it before Claire knew what she was doing, but she did not find it unpleasant.

When they came up with the waggons, and inquired their way, they discovered that they were five leagues from Clavreuil, but their road home was no very difficult one. They had to ride straight along that, which was the Tours-Blois road, through two villages named to them, till they got to the turning into the high-road from Tours to Chartres. Then, their route was simple enough.

"It is an hour's work," observed Victor; "but now, Claire, we must ride in good earnest, for the wind is cold, and you would be chilled in no time; give Medjé her head and trust to her entirely."

Medjé was an Arab mare of Lancour's, that he had lent to his cousin for her riding lessons.

Claire did simply as she was bid, and off they went at a pace that evidently procured the greatest possible enjoyment to their horses.

And this was the first thing that communicated itself to Claire. She felt the joy of the bounding animal under her, and was suddenly transported into what was like a new element. There was a plenitude of life in it, a healthy sense of power, that carried her away out of herself and made her feel triumphant she knew

not why, but the sensation was as of triumph. She felt as though she were flying, borne upwards on a cloud, or upon the crest of a wave, or upon the wings of a bird, but detached from earth, and so utterly secure! She was too young a horsewoman to guess at danger, and only felt the glory and pride of the quick rhythmic motion.

The rain poured down, the wind blew, the sky lowered, but Claire thought it all enchanting, and never drew rein till she found herself turning into the long avenue leading up to the château.

Never had she looked so beautiful. On her cheek was a bloom, and in her eye was a light that, lovely as she had always been, made her of a totally different beauty now.

As Victor helped her out of her saddle: "Well done, little Claire!" said he; "why you ride like an Amazon."

"Oh, Victor!" she exclaimed, naturally and joyfully as a child; "that is riding; let us have another ride like that to-morrow," and, transformed for the moment by the strong sensation of an innocent childish pleasure, she looked at him as she would have looked at Henri Dupont, or any one comparatively indifferent to her, and was in fact absorbed by the thoroughly new joy that she had just tasted.

"Get away as fast as you can," urged Lancour; "and change your clothes from head to foot—you're drenched to the skin."

"Never mind that," she replied, laughing; "only promise me such another ride to-morrow—it's absolutely divine!" And on receiving his promise, readily given, she darted indoors.

WRONGED, AND HATED FOR IT.

ODISSE quem læseris.—That is our text—a trite text. The hatred one comes to feel, and then to cherish, towards the person one has wronged—that is our theme. The terse text of Tacitus is become an accepted truism. It is one of the commonplaces of stock quotation.

Indeed, Macaulay taxed the present Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon—on the score of this self-same text—with being a little too fond of uttering moral reflections in a style too sententious and oracular; and the Whig critic quoted from the Conservative historian this instance to his purpose: "Strange as it seems, experience shows that we usually feel far more animosity against those whom we have injured than against those who injure us; and this remark holds good with every degree of intellect, with every class of fortune,

with a prince or a peasant, a stripling or an elder, a hero or a prince." This remark, observed Macaulay, in his review of Lord Mahon's *War of the Succession in Spain*, might have seemed strange at the court of Nimrod or Chedorlamer; but it has now been for many generations considered as a truism rather than a paradox. "Every boy has written on the thesis *Odisse quem læseris*. Scarcely any lines in English Poetry are better known than that vigorous couplet:—

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon, who have done the wrong.

The historians and philosophers have quite done with this maxim, and have abandoned it, like other maxims which have lost their gloss, to bad novelists, by whom it will very soon be worn to rags."

At the risk of being ranked with lower even than bad novelists, it is proposed in the following paper to illustrate this trite text, this threadbare truism, by instances and allusions, gathered here and there; in the belief that even a truism may be inspected with interest under side-lights from opposite quarters,—the interest lying in the diversity of ways in which various minds regard and exemplify the text. Worn to rags it may be; but there are such things as *purpurei panni*.

Here, for instance, is Sir Mulberry Hawk, who, when he began to dislike his dupe and victim, young Lord Frederick, measured his dislike, as men (we are reminded) often do, by the extent of the injuries he had inflicted upon its object. "When it is remembered that Sir Mulberry Hawk had plundered, duped, deceived and fooled his pupil in every possible way, it will not be wondered at, that, beginning to hate him, he began to hate him cordially." Sir Walter Scott illustrates the text in a conference between Buckingham and his tool, Edward Christian; where the former winds up a characteristic speech with the jaunty bidding, "Never be downcast, man; I forgive thee, I forgive thee." "Your Grace is of a most merciful disposition," is Christian's sneering reply, "especially considering it is I who have had the wrong; and sages have said, that he who doth the injury is less apt to forgive than he who only sustains it."

Mrs. Gore tells us of Augustus Hamilton and his maltreated, patient wife, whom he almost hated the more for the forbearance which kept her silent under strong emotion, that, "he was conscious of having used her too ill not to wish to wreak further vengeance on her head." So with the Laird o'

Grippy in John Galt's tale, when estranging himself from the son whom he has wronged of his inheritance. "Conscious that he had done him wrong—aware that the wrong would probably soon be discovered—and conscious, too, that this behaviour was calculated to beget suspicion, he began to dislike to see Charles," &c. Still, in this case it is to be noted, to Claud's credit, that so much was there of the "leaven of original virtue in the composition of his paternal affection," that this disagreeable feeling never took the decided nature of enmity. "He did not hate because he had injured."

The Edinburgh Reviewer of Lord Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton, was candid in his censure of the great seaman's culpable disregard of domestic ties, and of his neglect, almost cruel neglect, of one whom he was bound by honour, as well as religion, morality, and law, to cherish. This neglect, the consequence of an illicit passion, seems (as frequently happens in minds otherwise virtuous) to have "rankled to a degree of hatred, from the workings of self-reproach." Nor can a more melancholy instance, adds the Reviewer, be found of the maxim, that we are apt to dislike those whom we have wronged, and thus preposterously to visit upon them the sins of our own injustice. Familiar, or cheerful, or affectionate intercourse with those who have been wronged, is truly said to be generally out of the question; and the closer the intercourse, the less easily is it restored. "To forgive artistically," in the words of an essayist on social subjects, parents or friends ought to go so far as not merely to pass over, but to ignore what has been done. But even if they can bring themselves to this "gentle hypocrisy," the difficulty will not have disappeared,—“for those who are the wrong-doers will probably have a more tenacious memory, and not be easily ready to do the same.”

Gibbon owed many things, both in matter and manner, or mannerism, to Tacitus; and the famous apophthegm of the Roman historian is again and again illustrated by the historian of Rome, *Proprium humani generis est odisse quem laeseris*. Thus, in describing the murder of Para, king of Armenia, in the fourth century of our era, Gibbon writes: "After his return to his native kingdom, Para still continued to profess himself the friend and ally of the Romans; but the Romans had injured him too deeply ever to forgive, and the secret sentence of his death was signed in the council of Valens." So in the instance of Arcadius and his too powerful minister, Rufinus: "The emperor would soon be instructed to hate, to

fear, and to destroy, the powerful subject whom he had injured." And once again in the case of Genseric and the nobility of Carthage: "It was natural enough that Genseric should hate those whom he had injured." Cleomenes, says one historian of Athens, chafed at the failure of his attempt on the Athenian liberties, "conceived, in the true spirit of injustice, that he had been rather the aggrieved than the aggressor," and feeding up a cordial dislike to those he had wronged, set to work to wrong them anew, and with better success this time.

When Thomas Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, comes to treat of the mysterious feud that separated husband and wife in 1816, he remarks that if there be any truth in the principle that they "never pardon who have done the wrong," Lord Byron, who was, to the last, disposed to conciliation, proved so far, at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of aggression. It is observable that Byron himself cites the adage, in a letter he wrote to his wife seven years later, one paragraph in which closes thus: "I assure you that I bear you now (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember that, if you have injured me in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have injured you, it is something more still, if it is true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving."

Lucius Mason, in *Orley Farm*, no sooner finds that the property he has been enjoying has rightfully belonged all the time to another, than he begins to wax wroth with that other whom he has thus and for so long a time, however involuntarily, wronged. "His head, he said to himself, should never again rest under a roof which belonged of right to Joseph Mason. He had injured Joseph Mason—had injured him innocently, indeed, as far as he himself was concerned—but he had injured him greatly, and therefore now hated him all the more."

La Bruyère, in his pithy way, enunciates the double-faced or two-eyed proposition, with its negative pole, so to speak, that we violently hate those whom we have deeply offended, just as we foster a growing regard for those to whom we have done a kindness. "Comme nous nous affectionnons de plus en plus aux personnes à qui nous faisons de bien, de même nous haïssons violemment ceux que nous avons beaucoup offensés."

There came a crisis in the relations of the Emperor Domitian with Agricola, when the prince plainly intimated to the general that he dared not again employ him; and Agricola is

said to have discreetly refrained from soliciting employment. If he was named for an important government, it was, says Dr. Merivale, with the understanding that he should himself decline it; but the emperor took what was deemed a base advantage of his moderation, in withholding the salary of the office, which, it seems, ought in fairness to have been pressed upon him. "Domitian knew that he had now openly mortified a gallant and popular officer, and he began to hate the man he had injured, such, as Tacitus reminds us, is a common infirmity of our nature. But Domitian's temper, he adds, was prone to take offence, and the more he dissembled, the more was he implacable."

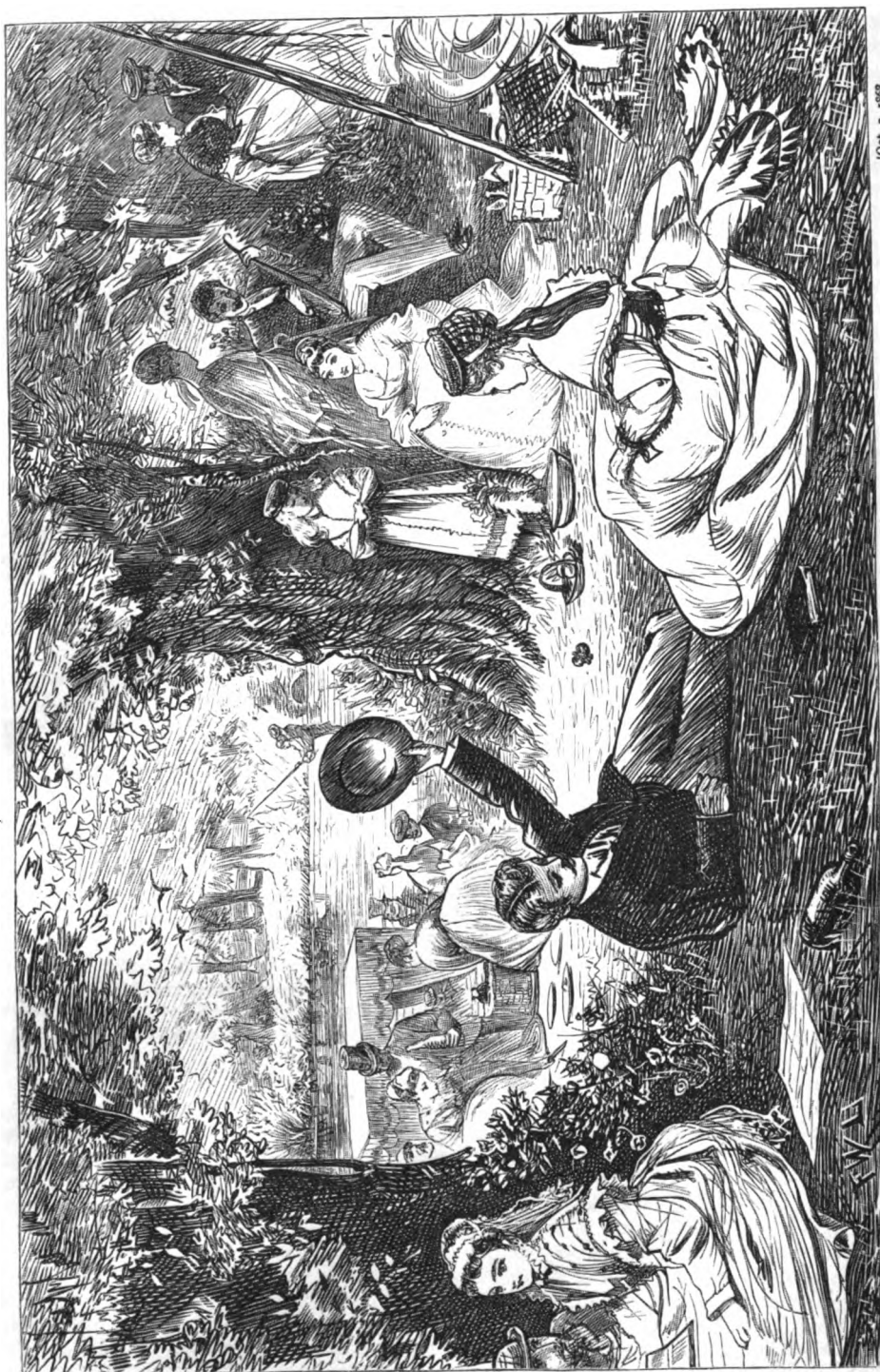
Sir Charles Grandison, in his stately, sonorous way, apprises a clerical correspondent, "I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcilable enmity of a man whom I have forgiven for a meanness, and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness than I was him his fault." And as with Richardson, so with Fielding, the theme is once and again a topic for illustration. Booth's friend, the colonel, is described as eager in quest of any the shallowest reason for hating the man whom he could not help hating without any reason—at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. And Mrs. Bennet, in the same story, relating her step-mother's success in setting her father against her, and making him use her ill, declares her to have been unable so perfectly to subdue his understanding as to prevent him from being conscious of such ill-usage; "and from this consciousness," she goes on to say, "he began inveterately to hate me. Of this hatred he gave me numberless instances; and I protest to you, I know not any other reason for it than what I have assigned, and the cause, as experience hath convinced me, is adequate to the effect." Rousseau was quite of the same mind when he emphatically asserted, as the alleged result of manifold experience on his part, that "la haine des méchants ne fait que s'animer davantage par l'impossibilité de trouver sur quoi la fonder; et le sentiment de leur injustice n'est qu'un grief de plus contre celui qui en est l'objet." In another of his autobiographical works, where he is expatiating after his peculiar and peculiarly aggrieved manner on the rancour of his alleged foes, all and sundry—he says of the doctors, to whom he *had* given cause of offence, that possibly they might become reconciled to him, but that as for the *oratoriens*, whom he had loved, in whom he had reposed confidence, and whom he had never offended—they, he

was persuaded, would for ever be implacably hostile to him: "Leur propre iniquité fait mon crime, que leur amour-propre ne me pardonnera jamais."

Beattie says in one of his letters, that Lord Monboddo had never pardoned him for calling Captain Cook a philosopher, and probably never would; but what made the doctor hopeless of regaining the judge's goodwill was the *odisse quem laseris* maxim; for, he adds, "I think he did not use me quite well in the preface to his *Metaphysic*, and when a man uses you ill, he seldom fails to hate you for it." Swift introduces the truism in his *Modest Inquiry into the Report of the Queen's Death*. It is a common observation, he says, "that the offended party often forgives; but the offending party seldom. It is one of the corrupt sentiments of the heart of man to hate one the more for having used them ill; and to wish those out of the way who, we believe, ought in justice to revenge the injuries we have done them." In this last particular may be descried an efficient reason, in cases not a few, for the cherished hatred observable in the wrong-doer. Fear and apprehension keep him uneasy, and the object of his uneasiness is increasingly the object of his dislike. Again, in the Dean's *History of the Four Last* (or should it be *Last Four*?) *Years of Queen Anne*, he gives this finishing touch to his portrait of the Earl of Sunderland: "The sense of the injuries he has done, renders him (as it is very natural) implacable towards those to whom he has given greatest cause to complain; for which reason he will never forgive either the queen or the present treasurer."

As Charles Fox is said to have never forgiven George IV. the falsehood which duped him into denying in the House the Fitzherbert marriage, so is it said of his Majesty that he too, on his part, could never prevail upon himself to forgive Mr. Fox for having so much to pardon. That is a very suggestive passage in Holy Writ, which tells us, in the midst of Saul's devices and stratagems to injure David, and because of the failure of them, that Saul became David's enemy continually.

It has been wittily said of continental hotel-keepers and lodginghouse-keepers, in whose bosoms the fleecing to which they have subjected you in bygone years, stirs up hospitable emotions as often as you visit them again, that of them the old saying of *odisse quem laseris* is most emphatically untrue; for the more they have been able to injure you, the less do they hate you.



[Oct. 3, 1883.]

THE PIC-NIC.—By F. W. LAWSON.

Once a Week.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

In anonymous writing it is to be presumed that an Editor agrees in the opinions which he ventures to publish. Here is an exception to the rule. Probably no Editor could publish the series of Dialogues, the first of which follows, if in so doing he were bound to accept all the opinions and expressions contained in them. On the other hand, they are, as a whole, so vigorous, that despite serious objections which every reader may find in them, it would be unfair to withhold them from publication.

I.—BETWEEN LORDS PALMERSTON AND BROUGHAM.

PALMERSTON.

WELCOME, my Henry, to these pleasant plains,
Where Peace, or Apathy, for ever reigns.
Daily I've wandered by the solemn shore,
To watch the souls that Charon ferries o'er,
Hoping to meet you. But I grieve to say,
I've waited for you many a weary day.

BROUGHAM.

I would, by Jove, you'd waited sometime longer ;
Though old in years, my mind was never stronger ;
On every theme, no matter how abstruse,
I still could reason deeply, and deduce
The hidden consequences. Nor less kind
Had Time been to the body than to mind :
In the delights of Life I yet could share,
Could well enjoy a dinner *Aux trois Frères* ;
And much prefer—in goblets of Bordeaux,
Bright Burgundy, or muddling-brain Clicquot,—
To join live mortals in a round of toasts,
Than sip weak nectar with a lot of ghosts.

PALMERSTON.

Brougham ! blaspheme not. Being here, I think
You're far too wise to quarrel with your drink ;
And though I own that nectar is too poor
To please the palate of a northern Boor ;
'Tis so far potent that it brings to light
Failings a mortal would keep out of sight ;
And Souls, who yet the beastly vice inherit,
Oft get more fuddled than becomes a spirit.
No doubt, you're sorry to have crossed the Styx ;
But what's the use of kicking at the pricks ?
You'll cotton to a state that's free from strife,
And soon prefer it to an active life—
For here, all men their mortal hatred smother,
And Blucher treats Napoleon as a brother ;
So little politics affect the morals,
Pitt jokes with Fox about their earthly quarrels.
The bitter rancour of religious feud
No longer breaks upon our quietude :
Luther and Tetzels wander side by side,
Mary is meek, and Knox hath lost his pride.
The poets and the painters live in peace,
Musicians, too, their petty squabbles cease.
At times, the Critics love to snarl and bite,
But Cerberus soon stops the paltry fight,
And, growling fiercely, without judge or juries,
Just hands them to the mercy of the Furies.

Then grieve no more. You had of Life, I wot,
A greater share than falls to most men's lot.
Or you may go to Lethe's stream—for in it
All shades become oblivious in a minute,
And wander, ever after, fast asleep ;
Nor can they hear, nor feel, nor laugh, nor weep.
Plenty of blockheads lap it : but, I think,
They're none the wiser for the muddy drink.

BROUGHAM.

No drop of Lethe's stream my lips shall pass ;
Men cannot say that Brougham is an ass.
What you have said, no doubt, is very true,
And I might feel as you do—were I you ;
But though grim death to purer joys gives birth,
I've still a longing for my mother Earth.
Nor cared to go, feet-foremost, from my door,
To take an airing in a Harsee-and-Four.

PALMERSTON.

When Time those clay-clogged feelings shall efface,
You'll find Elysium a right pleasant place.
The sun shines ever on this blessed spot ;
The climate equable—nor cold, nor hot.
There's naught to do, except to eat and drink,
Or sleep your fill ; you need not even think ;
But lo ! old Minos beckons you away,
You have some slight formalities to pay.
Yet tell me, ere to Pluto's tent you lie on,
How wags the world, and how's the British Lion ?
Is the beast wide-awake, or is he snoring ?

BROUGHAM.

Oh, as for that, the brute is always roaring
Louder than ever ; but the charm is o'er.
The world is so accustomed to the roar
That nations spurn it and, from fear exempt,
In ways I dare not mention, show contempt.
The frequent change of keepers makes him stupid.
'Twas not so formerly. And you, old Cupid,
Spite of his stubborn nature did not fail
To make him bellow, or to wag his tail
Just as you pleased.

PALMERSTON.

What ails him ?

BROUGHAM.

There, I'm puzzled ;
I think he's mad ; but yet he won't be muzzled.
Against his keepers ev'n he vents his rage ;
And now, no longer chain'd within his cage,
He roams abroad, throughout the night and day,
The terror of all folks who cross his way.
England, in short, is going to the Devil,
And there's no master-mind to stay the evil ;
Could you once more on yonder Earth appear,
All might be well.

PALMERSTON.

You flatter me, I fear.
In my hot youth I had some little power
To sway the current of the passing hour ;
To deeds of fame the people's heart I stirred,
And foreign nations trembled at my word.

But men are fickle, and so fond of change
 In any shape, I cease to feel it strange
 That people, with a folly suicidal,
 Could labour to dethrone their former idol.
 Though, to the last, I held the reins of State,
 The team I drove grew turbulent of late,
 And, far too proud their leader to obey,
 Presumed each one to pull a different way.
 Then, no more feared, a shadow of the past,
 My very friends deserted me at last ;
 And though I still had power to make men laugh,
 Methinks the world grew weary of my chaff,
 And chuckled at my death.

BROUGHAM.

Nay, don't be cross,
 Barring the Russell lot, all mourned your loss ;
 But men are not long guided by the dead,
 And scarcely in the grave reposed your head,
 When every foe, who had sneaked out of sight
 Whilst you were living, crept into the light.
 Bright, proud of freedom, made a deafening row,
 And tiny Russell yelped a shrill bow-wow ;
 No more was Gladstone's voice in silence sunk,
 Whilst Beales with ecstasy got fairly drunk.
 As to your party—each man took his way :
 All wanted to command—none to obey.
 The mighty phalanx, to your name allied,
 Was handed down to Russell when you died.
 With such a weak untrusted chief to lead 'em,
 What marvel that the ranks abused their freedom ;
 And, straying from the camp in temper fizzy,
 Got one by one picked up by artful Dizzy ?
 Disorder followed—and, no longer awed,
 Vice—in its vilest features—stalked abroad.
 Respect to Law or Right it ceased to pay,
 And Government grew weaker day by day.
 A Statesman blubbered, as a last resource,
 Where blows—not tears—had been the fittest course
 To stem the torrent : and to such a state
 Had Virtue, Wisdom, Justice, fall'n of late,
 That men of station, scrupled not to share
 In flatt'ring Beales and persecuting Eyre.

PALMERSTON.

Was Government so weak—so void of shame—
 It could not shield one who had every claim
 On its protection ? Or, to honour dead,
 See the storm gather round the victim's head,
 Nor raise an arm to stop the blast uncouth
 Of that blind zeal which Bigots mis-name—Truth ?
 Had I been living, such a shameful scene,
 So scandalous—so base—had never been.
 No paltry fear my firmness had unmanned ;
 I would have ta'en my servant by the hand,
 And o'er him spread my mantle. Yea, in spite
 Of foul abuse from Jacob or John Bright,
 Or Mill, or Buxton, and the spiteful foes
 So ready on the dead to hurl their blows—
 The arrant cowards ! Would that Heaven's thunder
 Had burst—

BROUGHAM.

Hush, Palmerston ! You make me wonder.

I don't object to anything you've said ;
 But still, methinks, you told me that the dead
 Their mortal hatred smother in the dust,
 That Politics—

PALMERSTON.

My friend, your censure's just ;
 Remember—if with anger I still boil,
 No man can shuffle off his mortal coil
 In a brief moment, or assume the staid
 And solemn manner that befits a shade.
 I've scarcely got accustomed to this place,
 Nor can I yet all stains of Earth efface.
 I own I freely drink, to keep me jolly,
 And nectar, as I said, brings out man's folly.
 But tell me—In this terrible disaster,
 Was the poor nation left without a master ?
 Could no one take the fallen reins in hand,
 And strict obedience to the Law command ?

BROUGHAM.

Daily it seemed more difficult to rule,
 Authority became a patient mule ;
 Nor Lords nor Commons had the slightest power,
 Beales and his Ragamuffins ruled the hour.
 He leads a mob of Ruffians to the Park,
 Who batter down the railings for a lark ;
 Or just to show—what no sane man refutes—
 The right of Britons to behave like brutes.
 When tired, at last, of their disgraceful fights,
 And smashing windows of Adullamites,
 To Carlton Terrace march the teeming ranks,
 To get from Gladstone's house a word of thanks.

PALMERSTON.

The paths of Politics are far from clean ;
 And brooms that sweep must gather dirt—I ween.
 But yet 'tis strange that Gladstone no shame feels
 To be the tool of such a thing as Beales.
 Or that to be of working-men the pet,
 His true position he can so forget
 As to descend on politics to gabble
 With vulgar Potter and his noisy rabble.

BROUGHAM.

We can't expect good taste from Beales or Potter
 No more than tenderness from a Garotter.
 He who would be of People the Elect,
 Must entertain no thought of Self-respect ;
 But, of his subjects doomed to be the slave,
 Like Finlan bluster—or like Bradlaugh rave.

PALMERSTON.

The People's Friend has fallen much of late ;
 From Fox to Beales, the step indeed is great.
 But if he's such a pest—why not attack him ?

BROUGHAM.

Beales would be nothing without Bright to back
 him ;
 And even Gladstone, by his silence showed
 A sneaking kindness for the croaking toad.
 I rate a man—whatever his condition—
 According to the worth of his ambition ;
 Who wins the favour of the wisest—prize him ;
 But if he trades on Ignorance—despise him.

Fallen indeed, a nation must be deemed,
When Self-respect no longer is esteemed.
That men—called Statesmen—should assist the
power

Of Ignorance and lawlessness to shower
Their blighting blasts on every influence
That tends to human welfare, shows a dense
Perception of the duty that they owe
Their country. Yes, 'tis best to be below,
Since Ignorance the voice of Wisdom braves;
And they—who should be rulers—are but slaves.

PALMERSTON.

By Styx and Acheron—the prospect's bad;
Too much of Freedom drives a nation mad.
Your truth I do not question; but a change
Has come upon you which is rather strange,
For you were once a Radical, you know.

BROUGHAM.

In early youth, most needy men are so;
For Wisdom is conservative, and few
When young can judge betwixt the false and true.
If you would step into another's shoes,
There's everything to gain—and naught to lose;
Flatter the mob—by winning its applause,
You'll find it ready to assist your cause.
Let no weak scruples enervate the will;
What reck's it if the means be good or ill,
So that the end is gained? And when, by force
Or fraud or other stratagetic course
Fortune at last your labour deigns to crown,
'Tis pleasant, sure, to kick the ladder down;
And, blest with wealth, and every worldly prize,
Laugh at the fools who aided you to rise;
Tear off the mask—be Radical no more—
But a true Tory to the very core.
The love of Power drowns every righteous feeling,
And men are liberal enough in dealing
With other people's rights; but, when their own
Are placed in jeopardy, they change their tone.
If Beales or Bright their wishes could obtain,
No longer Radicals would they remain;
But—ceasing in seditious speech to glory—
Become as orthodox as any Tory.

PALMERSTON.

There's no great difference, except in name—
Whig, Radical, or Tory—'tis the same
Low, selfish end which actuates the will
And justifies the means—or good or ill.
His right to rule alone the Tory claims;
The Whig pretends to cherish nobler aims,
Nor fears on Poverty some gifts to shower,
So the concession weakens not his power.
The Radical—more honest in his aim—
Professes spoliation without shame,
And—prone the conscience, prone all law to
smother—

Makes use of either one to rob the other.
But such base views a ruler should disown,
Nor be a slave to party. He alone
Is worthy to be called a Statesman who
Can sway *all parties*.

BROUGHAM.

Yes; and such were you.
Whilst you were living, Bright was forced to keep
The spirit of Democracy asleep—

PALMERSTON.

No more of that! You told me my decease
Was scarcely followed by a reign of peace.
You said the Liberals began to bustle,
And—scorning to be led by Johnny Russell—
Broke up the Government. What followed then?

BROUGHAM.

Derby came in accompanied by Ben,
And as Reform had caused the rising storm,—

PALMERSTON.

I hate the word—it should be called Deform.

BROUGHAM.

The poor Conservatives had nought to do
Except to make Reform their watchword too.
And though to the position they were strange,
They had a leader who could make them change
Opinions which they cherished—wrong or right—
And teach them to believe that black is white.
Resolved on dishing Gladstone and the Whigs,
And looking on his followers as Pigs,
The artful Dizzy—there the cursed bore is—
By the joint aid of Radicals and Tories,
Carried a Bill, so sweeping, that it made
Ev'n Bright and Gladstone for the time afraid.

PALMERSTON.

Thinks he, by that, the sinking ship to steer,
And make men turn Conservatives through fear?

BROUGHAM.

Nothing is certain. Bright may yet eschew
His tenets.

PALMERSTON.

What! can Dizzy teach him too?

BROUGHAM.

'Tis possible. I know not Dizzy's mind—
Who fails in *that* need not be very blind—
And what results from leaping in the dark,
'Twere idle now to question. But the Ark
Of State is tottering beneath the blows
Hurl'd at its sides by friends as well as foes,
And Providence alone can stay the fate
That surely must o'erwhelm it—soon or late.

PALMERSTON.

By Jupiter! I can't believe it. What!
Have common-sense and wisdom gone to pot?

BROUGHAM.

'Tis party-spirit rules throughout the state;
Reason and justice have but little weight;
What Bright desires must Gladstone not deny;
What Gladstone wills must suit the smaller fry.
The public press—to Intellect untrue—
Strengthens the might of the destructive crew;
Authority to Folly hands the reins,
And force of Lungs o'erwhelms the force of Brains.

PALMERSTON.

When madness thus a nation can assail,
Kindness and mercy are of no avail;
The ball, once pushed, must roll on to the end,
And all things in its course to blazes send.
Nor, till the Deformation be complete,
Can Justice yet again resume her seat.
One remedy there is; but still, I doubt
If there be strength or will to work it out—
“Doom oily Gladstone to a life-long night
Of penal servitude, and hang John Bright.”

BROUGHAM.

But, surely, in a land of Liberty,
So unrestricted that each man is free,
Without control to follow his own bent,
And openly defy the Government—
Although I doubt the wisdom or good-breeding
Of such a vile and damnable proceeding—
’Tis scarcely treason to employ the power
Which Freedom gives, to overthrow the Tower
Of State and give Democracy the sway.

PALMERSTON.

Then *make it so*—that’s all I’ve got to say;
There is no tyranny with vice so stained
As that which springs from Freedom unrestrained;
I’d rather see a Despot on the throne,
Than bask in Liberty to Licence grown.
Look at the past. It lived indeed in vain
If from its history we cannot gain
Some lessons for our guidance or our warning.
But I am tired of talking, so—good-morning.
See, Minos with two keepers comes this way:
Hasten to Pluto’s tent and humbly pay
The homage due unto your future king;
To calm his wrath you’ll find it no light thing.
And as for Proserpine, I scarcely know
What you can do to melt that heart of snow;
For though, like all the rest of womankind,
She dearly loves a flatterer, you’ll find
Her quick to see if your respect is sham
Or earnest.

BROUGHAM.

Proserpine be —. Good-bye, Pam.

WEATHER INFLUENCES.

THE idea that the prevalence of suicide in this country is owing to our bad weather, is precisely one of those hasty and illogical inferences which are characteristic of the popular Gallic mind. The constant gloom of bad weather ought to acquaint us so thoroughly with moods of depression that suicide would never occur to us. Look at Scotland, for example, where suicides are rare. Why are they rare? Simply because a succession of Scotch Sundays has so accustomed the people to pro-

longed despondency that any sudden misfortune cannot sink their spirits any further. One has only to spend a dozen Sundays in Glasgow or Edinburgh to become inoculated against suicide. Lower you cannot get *on land*, as Artemus Ward used to say. So far from our November fogs driving people to jump over Waterloo Bridge, they ought to train and educate the mind to bear any calamity. A man who has taught himself to eat prodigious quantities of opium, feels scarcely any effect from milder forms of intoxication. We can educate our mental sensibilities as we educate our muscles; and the more we exercise them, the more they will bear. The Frenchman, for example, who talks so absurdly about our English weather, if he were to live for a few months in the Highlands or in the north-west of Ireland, would break into a series of epigrammatic rhapsodies over the beautiful weather which we enjoy in England. Besides, we deny the right of any Frenchman to pass an opinion upon English weather. His doing so is only a weak pretence by which he hopes to make us, and his own countrymen, believe that he ever strayed more than a hundred yards from the Haymarket during the time he resided among us. A Frenchman is only competent to express an opinion about that particular section of our English atmosphere which hangs over Leicester Square. The Englishman of the French drama, who is exiled from his home, and talks in pathetic terms of “the rolling prairies, the savage precipices, and splendid glaciers of his native Middlesex,” has about as good an idea of England and English climate as the young Parisian who, should a ghastly sense of duty drag him off to the Thames Tunnel or Cremorne, returns with a light heart and a happy instinct to the delicious precincts of the Alhambra.

Dr. Johnson would never admit that the conditions of the atmosphere had any effect on the mind. Many a time the gentler and more sensitive Boswell looked up to and admired the fine fortitude and stoicism which rendered his master impervious, not to rain, but to the mental consequences of being wet. When Bozzy had been drinking too much over-night and wished, next morning, to attribute his low spirits to the gloominess of the weather, his “venerable friend” became indignant over such puerile weakness. He did not believe in man being so much a creature of the elements as to get miserable simply because the sun did not shine. Off his splendid rhinoceros-hide the feeble influences of sun and

shower glided like boiled peas. He was not afraid of having his coat spoiled by the rain. He had no particular care about the conservation of his complexion. He had no standing oats, no crops of hay, no orchards of plums to keep him uneasy. He was not responsible for the success of pic-nic, or water-excursion, or croquet-party. No wonder, then, that he could flourish a shadowy hand in the face of Jupiter himself, and defy the god's uttermost vengeance.

We do not think, however, that Dr. Johnson's indifference to weather-influences entirely settles the question, any more than a man's being blind affects the respective merits of mauve and violet. Dr. Johnson was so far like our typical Frenchman that he did not place himself in a position to judge. A long residence in the heart of a great city had deadened his perceptions in this respect. In Fleet Street, the weather seems to be always the same; and the only difference you detect is that sometimes you are annoyed by dust, and at other times by mud. The atmospheric phenomena of Bolt Court are decidedly limited; and when a man has a habit of finding the roof of a tavern—say the Mitre, for example—over his head, he becomes indifferent to the silent suggestions of the barometer. But the more receptive Boswell, hailing from a country in which one's temper is tried a dozen times in a day by the vicissitudes of the weather, was always ready to dilate upon atmospheric influences. A glimpse of sunshine, even in a dingy London street, seems to have stirred his blood with joy. "It was a delightful day. As we walked to St. Clement's Church, I again remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world. 'Fleet Street,' said I, 'is in my mind more delightful than Tempe.' Johnson.—'Ay, sir, but let it be compared with Mull.'" One is puzzled to know whether Boswell is more mendacious, or Johnson more unintelligibly profound, in this celebrated passage which has been so often quoted.

There are many people, however, who are simply victims to the weather. Atmospheric influences play upon them as the wind plays on the strings of an Æolian harp, with the difference that the Æolian harp never utters discords in reply. A leaden sky weighs upon them with a crushing weight, and suggests all manner of unpleasant anticipations. Then the gloomy side of life comes out. The bitter sayings of friends are remembered; the old groundwork of forgotten quarrels is again exposed; uneasy questions arise as to the

future; one gets tired of life. A sort of indefinable dread is the general mental influence of this dull and threatening sky—a faint continuation of the superstitious fancies which mark the childhood of nations and men. It is not merely the physical discomfort of travelling in bad weather which makes one so anxious not to begin a long journey on a disagreeable day. It is the mental depression which we fear. One does not wish to start for a continental holiday-trip in the midst of gloom, and darkness, and disappointment; we are conscious of having been defrauded of that accompaniment of cheerful spirits which alone renders a journey bearable, and the most philosophical of us cannot dispel that dislike to an inauspicious beginning which has been transmitted down to us through countless generations, and in modified forms, from the people who watched the flight of birds, the track of hares, and other signs in order to fortify themselves against the future. This, doubtless, is one great reason why we dislike dull weather; and another is probably that the bad physical effects of such weather have taught us to entertain for it a corresponding, though perhaps unconscious, mental aversion. The warm sunlight, stirring and quickening the "chemic action of the blood" commands an attendant spiritual love and admiration; and our delight in fine weather is the instinctive prompting of a physical need. Why do the strong, saline sea-breezes blowing in upon the shore, the clear light of the horizon, the grateful colours of the water and sky, and the odour of seaweed and shell-fish produce in us a sort of divine self-satisfaction which becomes the parent of all sorts of generous emotions? It is the direct physical action of all these things which prompts us to do all manner of kindly deeds. Flirtation rages at the sea-shore simply because the increased briskness of the circulation, and liveliness of the digestive organs produce a corresponding activity of the spiritual powers, and the most startling idealisms come quite naturally to a man. In good weather, with nothing to ruffle the temper, and with cooling sea-breezes compelling one to eat prodigious breakfasts, one cannot see that Florence's nose is decidedly pug, that Emily's eyes are of a tender green, or that Alice blunders through one of the easiest of the sonatas in a manner sufficient to set one's teeth on edge. Fine weather at the sea-side transforms Florence's profile into that of a Clytie, makes you believe that Emily's eyes are of a heavenly blue, and causes one to ask why one might not for ever lie and bask in the

sunshine, and hear that divine rippling of Alice's music for ever round one's ears

An experienced manager of pic-nics will tell you that if you have a bright day, you have everything. If you have warm sunlight lying on the green woods, and the banks of the river, and on the white still surface of the water, you may bear with perfect fortitude the discovery that some one has forgot to put salt in the hampers. Sunlight, in fact, is a sort of coloured glass through which you see all things roseate and beautiful. In the fine light the most elderly of young ladies forget to say bitter things, and become tender and confidential; while, as regards their younger sisters, one lies among the long grass of the river-bank, and scarcely overhears their murmuring talk, and wishes that somebody would play the *Venetianisches Gondellied*, that so one might dream of heaven. With a threatening sky overhead, nothing goes right. One wishes that some of the people who chatter so much were pitched into the stream; fancies that the pie is rather old and smells of a pastry-cook's; is quite certain that the claret did not cost more than 18s. a dozen, and that red ink would be a preferable beverage; hopes that the girls won't object to one or two members of the party slipping across country and getting home by train instead of returning by the river.

The case is precisely similar with regard to a croquet-party. It is not that the game may be interfered with by a shower, or that certain summer garments may suffer—though these possibilities may also be considered—but, it is the general mental coma which is produced by dull weather. On a bright, cheerful morning, one becomes independent of the game. With a generous magnanimity you see your particular friend, of the opposite sex, roquet your ball into the meadow; you do not harbour thoughts of vengeance. You charitably help on your enemy, and you do not grumble if you are surrounded by players who would test the patience of Job. You can at any time lift your eyes from the lawn and rejoice in the extended sunlight of meadow and plain. It is enough that you are alive; you require no further excitement or pleasure. Cloudy weather, on the other hand, brings into play all the weaknesses and pettinesses of the human mind. Little jealousies, secret animosities, ancient rivalries are all revived and revealed; and he is happiest who can most keenly satirise his neighbour. As a general rule, it is only in disagreeable days that you will find an angelic young creature, with dove-like eyes, and the sweetest, most innocent smile, suddenly break

out into a grin of malicious satisfaction as she sends her enemy's ball spinning into a rose-bush some eighty yards off. Young persons who are engaged—and who have the least desire to fulfil their engagement—ought never to play croquet in dull weather. The temptation to quarrel is almost certain to be too much for them. The most disastrous consequences, extending over two lifetimes, have been brought about by the accidental obscuration of the sky by a passing cloud. On a sunny day, a lover may hope for forgiveness, whatever he has done; on a dull day, he had better go home at once, instead of making matters worse.

Indeed, the effect of weather on the temper is a subject which has never been sufficiently studied. It is of the highest importance to everybody; but especially to those who have any piece of diplomacy on hand. Had Jeanie Deans appeared before Queen Caroline on a wet morning, would her Majesty have been so ready to forgive her for her unintentional rebukes, and interest herself in Jeanie's behalf? A wife when she wants an unusually big cheque from her husband, a clerk when he wants a holiday from his employer, a neighbour when he wants the loan of your best breechloader for a few days' shooting down in Berks, ought to beware of the effect of bad weather. They should choose a fine, cheerful day; and, if they can combine good weather with the opportunity of laying hold of their victim just after he has dined, the victory is secure. It is true that a too long continuance of good weather—as we have lately proved—becomes so tiresome as to provoke that very impatience and resentment which, by right, ought to accompany bad weather. Here, in England, we cannot understand why such a strange absence of rain should be; and the problem, accompanied by the great heat, irritates us. In such an unusual case, the wary diplomatist will seize the first anticipation of change; and, on the appearance of cooler weather, prefer his or her request. But just consider how the late weather must have perplexed many of those anxious applicants. For nearly three months we had almost uninterrupted heat. Morning after morning—as all those unhappy people rose—broke in precisely the same manner; and, meanwhile, the temper of the proposed victim was getting no better. Every day the task became more dangerous; and we can understand how many a clerk waited on despairingly, how many a household was secretly pinched for want of certain luxuries, simply because no cooling north-easter would come and moderate the electrically irascible condi-

tion of this paterfamilias or that employer. During this winter, we shall doubtless be reaping the literary fruits of that long season of drought. The vexed author, sitting in the solitude of his own chamber, and unable to vent his irritation upon any individual scapegoat, must have revenged himself upon humanity in general; and we may already make sure that the publishing season will open with quite a harvest of bitter satires. Indeed, we recommend authors who are about to publish, to state that such and such portions of their book were written during the dog-days of 1868. That will be a plea for leniency which no philanthropic critic will refuse to recognise. His sympathy will at once be called into action; and he will kindly overlook those faults of hasty construction, bad grammar, and occasional incoherency which one must naturally expect when the thermometer approaches one hundred degrees in the shade. It will further be curious to find, in our winter books, how many authors have had the courage to praise summer weather in spite of their sufferings at the moment of writing. But by Christmas-time we shall have forgotten the heat of midsummer, and may, perhaps, be looking back towards it with a vague longing.

THE PANCAKE.

ONCE on a time there was a goody who had seven hungry bairns, and she was frying a pancake for them. It was a sweet-milk pancake, and there it lay in the pan bubbling and frizzling so thick and good, it was a sight for sore eyes to look at. And the bairns stood round about, and the goodman sat by and looked on.

"Oh, give me a bit of pancake, mother, dear; I am so hungry," said one bairn.

"Oh, darling mother," said the second.

"Oh, darling good mother," said the third.

"Oh, darling, good, nice mother," said the fourth.

"Oh, darling, pretty, good, nice mother," said the fifth.

"Oh, darling, pretty, good, nice, clever mother," said the sixth.

"Oh, darling, pretty, good, nice, clever, sweet mother," said the seventh.

So they begged for the pancake all round, the one more prettily than the other; for they were so hungry and so good.

"Yes, yes, bairns, only bide a bit till it turns itself," (she ought to have said "till I can get it turned,") "and then you shall all have

some—a lovely sweet-milk pancake; only look how fat and happy it lies there."

When the pancake heard that, it got afraid, and in a trice it turned itself all of itself, and tried to jump out of the pan; but it fell back into it again t'other side up, and so when it had been fried a little on the other side too, till it got firmer in its flesh, it sprang out on the floor, and rolled off like a wheel through the door and down the hill.

"Holloa! Stop, pancake!" and away went the goody after it, with the frying-pan in one hand, and the ladle in the other, as fast as she could, and her bairns behind her, while the goodman limped after them last of all.

"High! won't you stop? Seize it. Stop, pancake," they all screamed out, one after the other, and tried to catch it on the run and hold it; but the pancake rolled on and on, and in the twinkling of an eye it was so far ahead that they couldn't see it, for the pancake was faster on its feet than any of them.

So when it had rolled awhile it met a man.

"Good day, pancake," said the man.

"God bless you, Manny Panny!" said the pancake.

"Dear pancake," said the man, "don't roll so fast; stop a little and let me eat you."

"When I have given the slip to Goody Poody, and the goodman, and seven squalling children, I may well slip through your fingers, Manny Panny," said the pancake, and rolled on and on till it met a hen.

"Good day, pancake," said the hen.

"The same to you, Henny Penny," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast, bide a bit and let me eat you up," said the hen.

"When I have given the slip to Goody Poody, and the goodman, and seven squalling children, and Manny Panny, I may well slip through your claws, Henny Penny," said the pancake, and so it rolled on like a wheel down the road.

Just then it met a cock.

"Good day, pancake," said the cock.

"The same to you, Cocky Locky," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast, but bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to Goody Poody, and the goodman, and seven squalling children, and to Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, I may well slip through your claws, Cocky Locky," said the pancake, and off it set rolling away as fast as it could; and when it had rolled a long way it met a duck.

"Good day, pancake," said the duck.

"The same to you, Ducky Lucky."

"Pancake, dear, don't roll away so fast ; bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to Goody Poody, and the goodman, and seven squalling children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, I may well slip through your fingers, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, and with that it took to rolling and rolling faster than ever ; and when it had rolled a long, long while, it met a goose.

"Good day, pancake," said the goose.

"The same to you, Goosey Poosey."

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast ; bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to Goody Poody, and the goodman, and seven squalling children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, I can well slip through your feet, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake, and off it rolled.

So when it had rolled a long, long way farther, it met a gander.

"Good day, pancake," said the gander.

"The same to you, Gander Pander," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast ; bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to Goody Poody, and the goodman, and seven squalling children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Poosey, I may well slip through your feet, Gander Pander," said the pancake, which rolled off as fast as ever.

So when it had rolled a long, long time, it met a pig.

"Good day, pancake," said the pig.

"The same to you, Piggy Wiggy," said the pancake, which, without a word more, began to roll and roll like mad.

"Nay, nay," said the pig, "you needn't be in such a hurry ; we two can then go side by side and see one another over the wood ; they say it is not too safe in there."

The pancake thought there might be something in that, and so they kept company. But when they had gone awhile, they came to a brook. As for piggy, he was so fat he swam safe across, it was nothing to him ; but the poor pancake couldn't get over.

"Seat yourself on my snout," said the pig, "and I'll carry you over."

So the pancake did that.

"Ouf, ouf," said the pig, and swallowed the pancake at one gulp ; and then, as the poor pancake could go no farther, why—this story can go no farther neither.

TABLE TALK.

AN incident of the late war in Bohemia was told me the other day on such excellent authority that it is impossible to doubt its truth. During the battle of Nachod, the first engagement between the Austrian army and the Prussians under the Crown Prince, Colonel Tegethoff, brother of the admiral, and chief of the Intelligence Department, drove out from Josefstadt to question the Prussian prisoners, accompanied by an officer of his department. They found that the various corps of the Crown Prince were in a critical position, marching through the passes in long columns, the heads of which were only then debouching from the defiles. The bulk of the Austrian army was within a day's march of the column led by the Crown Prince in person. Returning to the fortress they wrote a report, and Colonel Tegethoff delivered it in person to General Krismanic, the man who had been placed on Benedek's staff to guide his strategy. "Can you vouch for the position of the Prussian army?" said Krismanic. Tegethoff hesitated for a moment—then "I cannot speak with absolute certainty as to the Northern Prussian armies, they are too far off and on the march, but I do vouch for the position of the Crown Prince's army." Very well," replied Krismanic. "And now, sir," said Tegethoff, "now that I have done my duty, may I ask what you propose to do?" "I shall send the Austrian army against Prince Frederic Charles," replied the pedant, unable to conceive a plan different from that prepared weeks before. Tegethoff put his hands together in an attitude of supplication. "For God's sake, sir, do not so. Throw your whole force upon the struggling army of the Crown Prince near at hand." The prayer was in vain, the troops were kept back to the astonishment of all observers, and were neither in time to stop the Crown Prince, nor to strike Prince Frederic Charles before he effected his junction with his relation on the fatal field of Königgratz. If I am mistaken in some of the words used, the sense is as I have related it.

THE harvest moon is sadly out of time this year ; that is if, according to the astronomer's precept, we regard as the said moon that which will be shining at about the date that stands at the head of this page. But upon this point there may be difference of opinion. When the savans are appealed to, they disclaim the term *harvest moon* as not pertaining to their science ;

but if pressed for a definition, they give it that it is that full moon which falls nearest to the autumnal equinox, or the 21st of September; and they base their selection upon the fact that the astronomical conditions which produce the early moon-rise night after night are most favourably fulfilled by the moon of that date, or the nearest to it. But this may throw the harvest moon, as it does this year, into October, altogether too late for the purposes which they who believe in final causes would tell us the said moon is ordained to answer. The full moons that fall near the end of August and middle of October are in nearly as good orbital conditions for producing the early rising as that which happens at about the time of the equinox: and this complicates the question as to which is the harvest moon, by giving us several moons to choose from. After all, it comes to this: that theoretically and astronomically the harvest moon is the full moon nearest to September 21, but practically and agriculturally it is that which best suits the harvester, on whatever date it may fall.

WHAT do my lords and the gentlemen of the House of Commons think of a vote recording scheme, an apparatus that will enable them to register their ayes or their noes without rising from their seats? The Assembly Chamber at Albany is fitted with such an accessory, it appears. Two dials are set up in the house, one for the yeas, and the other for the noes, and each dial has a suite of numbers upon it corresponding to the numbers of the members' seats. Each seat has a pair of handles, like bell-pulls—one *for*, the other *against*—communicating with the respective dials. When the member pulls either of these his number on the desired dial makes a motion to show that his vote has been registered, while at the same time his figures are stamped upon a strip of paper for the use of the tellers. All the members can vote at once, and the tale of votes recorded on each side can be read off in a minute. So far as divisions are concerned, at least, my lords and gentlemen have reason to envy the representatives of Albany.

A LITTLE while ago some one lifted up his voice through that leviathan speaking-trumpet, the *Times*, to complain of the heartless jeers with which the unhappy sea-tost steamboat passengers were greeted on their landing at Folkestone, and declared such want of common sympathy, or even its serviceable substitute, common politeness, disgracing us in the eyes

of foreign visitors to our shores. I fear much that the offence thus denounced is beyond the censor's reach, as belonging to a certain constitutional brutality belonging to the otherwise immaculate Briton—perhaps forming part of that hard grit in his nature on which, as on a diamond pivot, works the delicate machinery of his numerous and complicated virtues. I am fortified in this position by a passage I lately lit on, quoted from Fielding's *Journal of his Voyage to Lisbon*, whence he never returned. He tells us he was carried on board at Rotherhithe, being completely helpless. This wretched plight, and his death-stricken countenance as he passed through rows of sailors and watermen, won for him, not piteous looks or compassionate utterances, but "all manner of insults and jests on my misery," and the great satirist of mankind winds up with the following calm and admirable remarks: "No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind to a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shows itself in men who are polished and refined in such a manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition of which at our birth we partake in common with the savage creature."

THE foreign correspondent of a daily paper the other day lost a fine opportunity of showing both his wit and geographical knowledge all at one stroke. Speaking of General La Marmora, who has gone to Carlsbad, he says, that not all the waters of Germany can cleanse him of the mire in which he had lately plunged himself, and there stops; when he might have added "not even his own namesake, the sea of Marmora."

THE celebrated Père Hyacinthe has been preaching a sermon at Paris, in which he gives a new definition of the term heretic. He says that those who are born "outside the (Catholic) Church," but have in their hearts a sincere love of the truth, and would follow that truth if they saw it, are not heretics. "What constitutes heresy," the preacher said (as we gather from

his sermon published in a French religious monthly called the *Correspondant*), "is that spirit of pride, of revolt, and of schism, which broke out in heaven when Satan, dividing the angels of light, tried to reform the Eternal theology and work of God in the world." According to Père Hyacinthe, nineteen out of twenty average educated Protestants are not heretics in the eyes of his Church.

THE newspapers lately have taught us to know
How some strong-minded hens are attempting to crow;
But, dear ladies, beware :—take the word of a friend,
That, when rivalry comes, all affection must end.
With the brightest of *spoons* 'twould be war to the *knife*,
In political contests 'twixt husband and wife, —
And the sentence of doom might be sudden and brief,
If a feminine subaltern jilted her chief.
We men take a pride in concealing our chains,
And would like to be thought to monopolize brains;
So I'll give you this maxim, my counsels to crown,
If the stockings are blue, keep the petticoats down.

A LUGUBRIOUS tale has been the round of the papers about a certain American inventor, Vester by name, who has made a coffin with a mode of exit from it, in the event of the occupant being buried alive, and who suffered himself to be interred by way of experiment upon the practicability of his contrivance. He only stayed below half an hour, however. One may often remark that inventions, good and worthless alike, come in pairs. And so I find that a Frenchman has been turning his ideas in the same direction as Mr. Vester. He calls his device a Respiratory-Advertising Apparatus for Precipitate Inhumations; and it appears to consist of a funnel-shaped tube, with a mouth-piece at one end, which is led through the coffin-lid and rises to the surface of the ground, so that the unfortunate tenant who should awake to a sense of his position can shout for relief from it. Without doubt, there have been many cataleptic patients who have narrowly escaped precipitate inhumation. The Archbishop of Bordeaux told a startling story to the French Senate, two or three years ago. It was reported in the *Moniteur* at the time, and it is preserved in a recent work, from the pen of one Dr. Felix Gannal, entitled *Mort réelle et mort apparente*. His eminence the archbishop had been relating two instances of apparent death in which he had prevented premature burial, when he went on to recite a third: "Je citerai encore, Messieurs, si vous le permettez, un dernier fait. En 1826, par une des journées les plus chaudes et dans une église entièrement pleine, un jeune prêtre fut pris en chaire d'un

étourdissement subit. La parole expira sur ses lèvres. Il s'affaissa sur lui-même; on l'emporta, et quelques heures après, on tintait un glas funèbre. Il ne voyait pas; mais, . . . il entendait, et tout ce qui arrivait à son oreille n'était pas de nature à le rassurer. Le médecin déclara qu'il était mort, et, après s'être enquis de son âge, du lieu de sa naissance, il fit donner le permis d'inhumation pour le lendemain. Le vénérable évêque, dans le cathédrale de qui prêchait le jeune prêtre, était venu au pied de son lit réciter un *De profundis*. Déjà avaient été prises les dimensions du cercueil: la nuit approchait, et chacun comprend les inexprimables angoisses d'un être vivant, dans une pareille situation. Enfin, au milieu de tant de voix qui résonnent autour de lui, il en distingue une dont les accents lui sont connus; c'est la voix d'un ami d'enfance. Elle produit un effet merveilleux, et provoque un effort surhumain. Le prédicateur réparaissait le lendemain dans sa chaire. Il est aujourd'hui, Messieurs, au milieu de vous" (*sensation*), "vous priant, après quarante ans écoulés depuis cet événement, de demander aux dépositaires du pouvoir, non-seulement de veiller à ce que les prescriptions légales qui regardent les inhumations soient strictement observées, mais d'en formuler de nouvelles pour prévenir d'irréparables malheurs."

THE brewers have now another rival in the field. There can be little doubt but what the introduction of light claret and other cheap wines into this country, must have diminished the sale of beer amongst the middle classes to some degree. But during the last hot weather the sale of Vienna beer was attempted on a small scale in the city, and it was found to take so with all classes that there are now no less than five establishments where this beverage may be procured in London, viz. three in the business parts of the city, and two in the Strand. When first imported into England, it was thought that the Germans resident amongst us would patronise the favourite drink of fatherland; and they do so: but Englishmen seem to like it quite as much as they do, and the quantity consumed is every day increasing. Have our tastes changed, or has our beer degenerated in its quality? It is to be feared that the brewers will have but themselves to thank if there is a material falling off in the quantity of malt liquor consumed in England.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 41.

October 10, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE BALL.

THIS gallop through the rain produced so strong an impression upon the young Marquise that for the next few days her whole mode of being seemed modified. She, who was habitually so quiet as to be almost grave, was now possessed by the love of active movement; and she whose chief occupations had been sedentary and intellectual, was learning to feel all the exhilarating influence of exercise in the open air.

Madame de Clavreuil was, if the truth must be told, just a trifle shocked at the change in Claire's manners, and she was terribly afraid of her so perfectly well-trained daughter and pattern for young French wives becoming inoculated with the dreadful fast habits of Englishwomen—of those boisterous, hoydenish persons of whom she had heard and read, but of whom she thanked heaven she had never counted one in her own individual acquaintance.

There was a buoyancy now in Claire that added a fresh and altogether a different charm to the charms for which she had hitherto been remarkable. It was for the most part a purely physical modification she was undergoing; it was the sudden and healthy assertion of a force as yet undeveloped within her; but the mental portion of it existed too, and this led her to feel that for the first time she had found a genuine distraction. She knew now of a real remedy for discouragement and despondency, knew that there was a means by which she could momentarily escape from the pressure of sad thoughts; and she resorted to it eagerly.

There awoke in Claire de Beauvoisin that which lies dormant in every well-constituted healthy human creature, namely, the thirst for life. She longed to live, to feel, to enjoy, to

test the power of being within her, and prove upon herself her own capacity of vitality. She was not the first upon whom the passion of riding has seized in such a conjuncture, not the first to whom the "rapture of riding" has been a refuge.

Every day was devoted by the young Marquise to a riding party, and I am sorry to have to record that the minuet-like performances of the Count, her father, were somewhat undutifully set aside. Claire rode for riding's sake, rode hard, and for the love of the mad rush through the air; whilst to her father riding was an art, and he practised it correctly, never violating rules or precepts. M. de Clavreuil would still accompany his daughter in her excursions, but as she now mostly surrounded herself with comparatively unscientific cavaliers—men whose school had been the fantasia of Arab chiefs—the Count was unceremoniously left to his *haute école*, and distanced by the irregulars of Claire's cavalry.

The day after the young Marquise's memorable ride in the rain, Olivier arrived, and though his advent was palpably indifferent to his wife, yet, woman-like (I won't attempt to deny it), she took advantage of his coming to get her new enjoyment sanctioned, and she was content that her husband should be one of her constant attendants, because, as her husband, his presence authorised any excess of equestrianism she might choose to commit.

This again was a little bit of unconscious dishonesty on Claire's part, who was otherwise the most loyal, honest, conscientious person breathing: she knew that her sudden taste for horse exercise would please Olivier beyond description, and she meant to profit by this disposition of his, without in the slightest degree rewarding him for it. These are the small moral frauds committed by the best and most exemplary women, and for which, as education and society are at present organised, no one has the least right to blame them.

But life blossomed forth in Claire upon all points at once. She expressed more promptly and vigorously whatever impression she re-

ceived. When she drew, her strokes were more masterly ; when she played, her touch was more full of soul ; when she spoke, her words illumined her thought instantaneously—life, in short, was brimful in her, and running over. There has probably never been man or woman to whom this has not once happened, only neither they nor those around them may have noted it.

The Department had been busy with several events during the last three weeks. There had been races at Tours and at Blois, and agricultural meetings at Malleray and at Brunoy, besides private fêtes at different châteaux, amongst which the shooting matches at Mont Vivienne had shone conspicuous. It was not only because these latter festivities were upon the most magnificent scale, and constituted an innovation in a French province, that they created such a sensation ; it was also because they were said to be given on account of an event which would be of the greatest importance to the whole district, the approaching marriage, namely, of the Duc de Vivienne's only daughter with her cousin Gaston. And the report proved true, and by degrees the two families (both established at Mont Vivienne) confided the project discreetly to their intimate friends, and it was known that on the fifteenth of October (St. Thérèse's Feast) the wedding ceremony would take place at the residence of the bride's father, and be celebrated with little short of regal splendour. Meanwhile, this became a motive for fresh gaieties, and what were called the leading families vied with each other in offering fêtes to the future bride and bridegroom and their parents.

A ball was decided upon at Clavreuil ; invitations were distributed all over the Department, and gladly accepted. All vexation consequent upon the failure of the electoral projects of the summer having apparently worn away, the whole clan of the Vivienues promised to come to Clavreuil, as much almost as the guests of M. de Beauvoisin and his wife, as of the actual proprietors of the place, for the certain date of Olivier's return was duly ascertained before the day for the ball was definitively fixed.

Claire put the same animation into her preparations for this entertainment as she did now into everything she undertook, and anticipated seemingly a larger amount of enjoyment from it than from any of the magnificent receptions which, in Paris, left her more or less indifferent.

The night of the ball came, and with it every individual of any note or standing for

twenty or thirty miles round. People came from Blois, from Chartres, and from Tours, and the châteaux of the frontier departments contributed their quota of fair women and dancers, who would consent to dance. Of what in England would be termed the county society, no one failed ; of the official world, the Préfet and Receveur-Général only had been invited (and that by a quite unusual concession on M. de Clavreuil's part) ; but neither of them chose to come, not caring to risk their dignity as government functionaries in the midst of an assemblage of persons whose importance was derived from their birth and social standing, and whose proficiency in all the delicate arts and wiles of insolent politeness was proverbial.

Military authorities, on the contrary, were to be met on all sides, and not a general or colonel who commanded within any possible distance had been omitted from the list of the invited, or had neglected to profit by the invitation.

Clavreuil was wanting in anything that could be called splendour, but it had that which, aided by the decorative taste of the French, suffices for all the purposes of splendour, namely, space. The château dated from the time of Henri IV., and between its two enormous square towers at each end, and the eight-windowed *corps de logis* which connected them, there was a ground floor containing vast lofty halls, and rooms in which six or seven hundred people could have been easily entertained, without counting the broad and very handsome stone terrace, approached from each side by a flight of ten or twelve steps, and on which the ground floor windows to the front all opened. With the help of flowers and lights, both employed to profusion, the interior of the château of Clavreuil, on the night of the ball, looked exceedingly well, and presented all the external aspects requisite to what is denominated by those bidden to it a magnificent fête.

"How surprisingly lovely Claire is to-night," said Madame Beaudouin to her sister-in-law, Madame de Clavreuil. Madame Beaudouin had arrived two days before, to her niece's great delight.

And Madame Beaudouin was right, nothing more beautiful than the young Marquise could be imagined. She was very simply dressed, and moved about in her creamy folds of soft muslin like a young immortal cloud enswathed. It is true that if the simplicity of appearance was extreme, that did not mean that the cost of such simplicity was small, for the Valen-

ciennes which trimmed the muslin was lace of a hundred francs a yard, and twenty yards at least had been required. The price was dear, but the taste was pure—which is all that should now be asked from Frenchwomen. For her head-dress Claire wore only one large pale straw-tinted rose, with its long thick bud and its dark green waxy-looking leaves and thornless stalk; and the masses of her superb hair twined and rolled themselves in plaits and tresses round her head, or escaped in curls and waves light and cloud-like as the folds of her dress.

Madame de Clavreuil watched her daughter with satisfaction, but a satisfaction mixed, as it seemed, with anxiety, lest Claire should, in her animation, overstep the boundaries which, by immutable custom, hedged in the demeanor of women of her high rank and spotless reputation. Madame Beaudouin, on the contrary, grew joyful with Claire's joy, and brightened as her every glance followed her much loved niece about.

"As usual, my Claire is the queen of the fête," said she fondly to the young Marquise, as the pause in a waltz brought the latter close to her.

Claire turned round, and, putting her arm round her aunt's waist, with a sudden and indescribably graceful movement, "You will always spoil me, Aunt Clémentine!" she exclaimed, imprinting a kiss on Madame Beaudouin's cheek.

"Child! child!" cried the latter, laughing: "what will all the solemn set say?"

"Oh; never mind, aunt, dear!" pleaded Claire; "I never amused myself before."

"And you really are amusing yourself now, my darling," replied Madame Beaudouin, tenderly, and surveying gladly the rose-bloom of her niece's cheek, and the radiance of the smile in her eyes and on her lips.

"I think so," answered Claire, as she floated away again into the midst of the waltz with her partner.

Yes! Claire thought this was really pleasure, and she gave herself up to it, as she had done to the bounding strides of her horse, the first time she had ridden freely and unhindered through unenclosed space.

Claire did not know that what had seized upon her and was whirling her along was merely excitement, a word whereof she ignored the sense. But as life was strong within her, and she had had few of the aims for which life is spent, she readily abandoned herself to the current which offered to transport her.

The lights, the perfume of the flowers, the

music, the admiration she called forth, all combined to heighten in Claire a sense of enjoyment she had never before experienced; and for the first time (she must be forgiven for she knew not what she did), for the first time she felt a strong irresistible wish to charm M. de Lancour, to produce upon him an impression that should still leave her unharmed and to all appearance unconscious, but should disturb the placidity of his purely fraternal feelings for her. Of course this was very wrong on Claire's part, and I am not going to excuse her for it, but so it was. The one idea that drove her onwards, that, vague and undefined, subjected her involuntarily—was the idea of making her cousin Victor in love with her! There was no premeditation in all this, no *malice prepense*, no lack of virtue; there was the sudden awakening of the eternal feminine instinct in a creature full of undirected life.

Nicely scrutinised, it would have been seen that at that identical moment Claire loved Victor less than she had ever done before, but she aspired to dominion over him: to an ill-defined sort of power that, as I said before, was not to hurt her but only him; and not seriously to hurt either, for he was only for an hour to be passionately in love with her, and then forget all about it.

The truth is, that Claire's beauty and animation were such on that night, that everyone present was impressed. Henri Dupont raved loudly about her, Gaston de Vivienne (when his *future* was not within earshot) declared that she was the loveliest woman in all France; and even her own sex were agreed upon her extreme loveliness, only they said that she knew it (which always seems to be a great crime in their eyes), and that her manners were not quiet enough, which seemed to afford them consolation.

Olivier had for the last hour been watching his beautiful wife from a seat in one of the windows. Between a polka that had just finished and a waltz that was about to commence, he, after much apparent hesitation, came up to her.

"May I take one tour de valse with you, Claire?" he said timidly.

She was standing in the midst of a group of admirers, biting daintily with her dazzling teeth and ruby lips at the flowers in her bouquet of tea-roses. When he spoke, she lowered the hand that held the nosegay, and crossed it on the other snowy hand and arm, looking queenly.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said she, with dignified grace, and smiling radiantly, "I really

cannot allow you to incur such ridicule as that ! No husband waltzes with his wife."

Olivier bowed and retired, not without evident embarrassment, for he was evidently pained. Later in the evening, M. de Lancour petitioned for a waltz. Claire absolutely flashed with brilliancy, as though sunbeams were running in her veins, and then with a ringing laugh no one ever heard her laugh before or since,—

"My dear Victor!" she retorted, "you do not know how to waltz!"

At these words (which were true; M. de Lancour did dance very badly, and therefore seldom danced at all), a shout of laughter came from all around, in which Victor himself most frankly and good-humouredly joined.

"Quite right, Claire," he answered, "but really you are so omnipotent to-night, that you make one forget oneself altogether, and whatsoever one knows or does not know;—perhaps, while looking at you, I fancied I should be inspired all at once, and turn out a prize-waltzer!" And this was said with an admiration and a familiarity felt to be allowable between two people brought up as brother and sister. There was nothing more.

A little later M. de Lancour seated himself beside the Duchesse de Varignan, who had come over with the party from Mont Vivienne, where she was staying. She rarely danced, for she thought one of her great charms lay in the fulness and roundness of her outlines, and that too quick movements did not show her off to advantage. She seemed to be making herself vastly agreeable to M. de Lancour, for he remained till supper-time by her side, chatting and laughing unceasingly; and after supper, while the cotillon was at its height, Claire saw her cousin Victor cross the ball-room, giving his arm to the Duchesse, and guide her towards the terrace where, under the flower-filled awning that had been erected, they could continue their conversation probably more at their ease.

Claire's gladness was all gone. She wondered how she came to refuse to waltz with her cousin. What could have prompted her, Claire de Beauvoisin, of whom no one had ever spoken lightly, to such a piece of underbred flippancy? What business had she to indulge in such a silly, vulgar, schoolgirl-like triumph? A triumph that? What must Victor think of her? What could it possibly matter whether he danced ill or well?

Poor Claire! her little hour of fluttering coquetry was past, and she felt singularly sad.

CHAPTER XLII.—A STARTLING FACT.

M. DE BEAUVOISIN had been hurt by what had passed; more hurt than my reader may perhaps be able to understand, and far more so than he himself could by any means account for.

Here was a man, married to a woman who was indifferent to him (he supposed she was no more than that), and to whom he was tolerably indifferent; a man who had been caught in the toils of a Traviata, and who, from many causes, and whether he liked it or not, was on that side inextricably entangled; yet who, because his own wife was beautiful and admired, was suddenly seized with the desire to profit by the circumstance that legally he was her husband. A week before, he was behaving as though Claudine had charms for him, behaving in a way to make her imagine that he cared for her. Aided by our sagacious friend, Aspasie, Olivier had surrounded this intrigue with impenetrable secrecy, but Olivier was Claudine's lover all the same; that was a fact, and not to be denied. Another equally patent fact was, that in all M. de Beauvoisin's whole being there was not one quality which could enable him to appreciate Claire, or lead him to be impressed by her excellencies. They had nothing in common; he knew it, and had avowed it to Henri Dupont. Yes; but that was quite in the beginning, when they were really very distant one from the other, and when it seemed the natural consequence of marriages such as theirs that they should be so. But since then there had intervened the little episode we know of touching the election, and Olivier had felt how pleasant it was to be on terms of cheerful kindly familiarity with his pure radiant wife. It had raised him in his own opinion; it was pleasant beyond anything he had ever experienced. But it was over. For ever over. Well! Olivier's, which was a very ordinary nature, "got the better," as it is called (though the truer expression would be "got the worse"), of all this, and when, having decided to try the distractions of German watering places, he found the Sphinx in the same town with himself, he quietly reverted to the habits he had suspended, not broken off, and managed to pass his time in a sort of imitation "affair of the heart."

But when he came back and saw Claire in the new phase of her beauty, it was her beauty only that struck him, and this was altogether a new situation to him, and he could not quite understand it. When M. de Beau-

voisin made up his mind to ask his wife for just one turn of a waltz, he had lost sight completely of the high-minded sovereign lady to whose approbation and perhaps even affection he had been, a few months previously, so pleased to fancy he might aspire, and whose resentment had so lowered him in his own esteem. Her refusal now wounded him in a very complex manner; and at the end of a few moments M. de Beauvoisin left the ball-room, and bent his steps towards the staircase leading to the first floor. As he was crossing the billiard-room, which was empty, he was met by M. de Moranges, who had come from Paris two days before on purpose to be present at the ball at Clavreuil.

"I've had enough of it all," said Olivier. "Do you find it amusing?"

"Not I," responded his uncle. "I've had enough, like you; only one does not know where to go in these cases. When people have turned their houses out at windows, there is too much noise to think of sleeping, and nobody has anything to say to one; if you happen to have a taste for roaming about in the gardens, and looking at the moon, you may escape that way, but if not——"

"Well," interposed Olivier, "I was making off to the smoking-room——"

"I never smoke," retorted M. de Moranges.

"Will you sup?" said his nephew, "I'll order a cold fowl into my room up-stairs, and we can have some of that Château Yquem we had at dinner."

M. de Moranges agreed, and Olivier having taken the measures necessary for ensuring their repast, the uncle and nephew adjourned to a room on the second-floor, which was given up to the Marquis de Beauvoisin as a salon in which to receive his friends.

They supped, though, as it would seem, neither with much appetite; but to the Château Yquem they did honour.

"Oh! life is such a bore," at length said Olivier, in answer to some remark of his uncle's, "that the wonder to me is how one does manage to get through day after day."

"A bore?" repeated M. de Moranges, "that I should not quite say; a take in, yes! a mistake," he added, after a pause of a second, "a complete mistake."

"God knows it is a blank to me!" rejoined his nephew; and then, hopelessly, and throwing himself back in his chair, and examining the ceiling; "I give you my honour I don't know what to make of it; I can find nothing to do with my time."

"That may possibly be because you have

nothing to do," suggested the uncle, with a gentle irony that was wholly unperceived by his interlocutor; "but it cannot be denied that you have everything in life which, according to preachers and moralists, ought to make you enjoy it; I won't speak of position or wealth, (that would be styled worldly!) but what a home!" (Olivier ran two fingers drearily through his curly fair hair), "what a mother!" (Olivier winced), "and what a wife! there is not another like her!"

Olivier rose from the table, went to the open window, gave a stare at the moonlit landscape, and turning round, "Don't let us speak of Claire," said he, moodily; "Claire hates me."

M. de Moranges did not appear horrified or even startled by this announcement; he swept a few crumbs from the tablecloth with his little finger, and, after a pause of a second or two, "Hate is probably too much," he remarked; "she may not love you; but if you do not love her, it is not of much consequence. Do you love your wife, Olivier?"

Olivier was completely taken off his balance by the question; such a quantity of conflicting thoughts and images rose up all at once in his brain, that he stared in stupid silence at the questioner.

"There are those who declare love, I mean pure, moral, domestic love, wedded love if you will, to be the secret of happiness," continued M. de Moranges; "if it be so, you seem to me to be in the best possible condition for proving it; never had husband so adorable a wife; but that means nothing, for love is quite unreasonable."

These last words were uttered in a tone that was not without sadness.

"Uncle," exclaimed Olivier, seemingly perplexed in the extreme; "I don't know myself how it stands between Claire and me. I have always let her have her own way in everything, and we seemed to be on the best and politest terms; but somehow, in the main, we never really got on together. It isn't worth thinking of now; but some months ago I fancied Claire could really like me, and——" he stopped and breathed hard; "well, as I say, it's no matter now—that's all over, and she hates me."

"And you would love her if she would let you," observed his uncle.

Olivier, without replying, merely looked steadfastly at M. de Moranges, who returned the gaze.

"At all events, you are convinced she cares for no one else?" and the tone in which this was spoken was a singular one.

"She is too cold and too proud to love at

all," was M. de Beauvoisin's rejoinder, and there was a shade of bitterness in it.

M. de Moranges leant his head upon his hand, and appeared plunged in thought. Gradually his look fixed itself upon his nephew, and, biting his nether lip, and, busy as it seemed with some internal problem he could not solve,—

"Olivier," said he, "will you do me a service? I think I can trust you."

M. de Beauvoisin started, for the voice that addressed him was unlike that he knew; it was the voice of a man with an unsteady purpose, or who is a prey to some great anxiety—both were unlike his reckless Don Juan of an uncle.

"Trust me to the death—I will do whatever you ask me," answered Olivier, with a semblance of animation quite unnatural to him, and produced by a vague apprehension he could not account for.

"You saw a great deal of Claudine at Homburg, did you not?" asked M. de Moranges; "saw her nearly every day, and every evening?" Luckily the uncle did not look at his nephew while addressing him, for the latter grew suddenly so pale that he must have been struck by it; but his own question appeared to fill him with embarrassment, and he spoke indistinctly, hurriedly, and low.

"I saw her often; yes," rejoined Olivier, trying to look unconcerned, "more of a day than of an evening."

"And of an evening she received others."

"I think so—I am not sure—Yes! I think she received sometimes—" (M. de Beauvoisin was at a loss to discover what his uncle was driving at.)

There was another pause, M. de Moranges supported his head upon his left arm, with his right hand he drew patterns on the tablecloth.

"Did Florestan de Nesves stay there all the time?" he at last inquired.

Olivier breathed more freely, and the colour came back to his cheeks.

"I don't believe Nesves was there at all," he objected.

M. de Moranges fixed a very keen look full upon his nephew.

"Olivier, be true to me—don't go over to the other side," he said, with an expression of countenance not precisely reassuring; "I am all but certain he was there—I could almost swear to it."

"But, you know, I was not at Homburg the whole time—I went over to Baden very often, and at last staid there; besides, my dear uncle,"

(he was getting bold now), "what jealousy could you have of—?"

"Jealousy?" echoed his uncle, trying to look proud and indifferent, "jealousy! who talks of jealousy? I should think not, indeed—but I will not have her ill spoken of—and I have my reasons for what I say, and that is why I have decided to trust you. Just listen to this: last July I was in Paris, and came home one night earlier from the club than was my wont; the date is fixed in my memory, it was the 6th. Instead of going up the great staircase, I went through the ground-floor rooms, to the spiral staircase from the library to the first-floor—the window of the morning-room was open to the garden, and on the lawn I saw the shadow of a man going down the walk towards the garden gate. The man himself was hidden. I am certain that man was Florestan de Nesves."

"And—you did not attempt—you did not think of—following him?" M. de Beauvoisin's heart beat so strongly, that he found it difficult to articulate clearly.

"No!" was the reply in a whisper. "I neither followed, nor questioned—but I have tried to watch narrowly ever since. If I were your age, Olivier, I would not mind people guessing; but, at mine, one must avoid ridicule."

"But why should you suspect Nesves?"

"Who else should it be? He admires her evidently."

"Well, my dear uncle, I will devote myself to your service," assured M. de Beauvoisin; "you wish me to discover whether there really is any cause for supposing that matters have gone too far between Madame Claudine and Nesves?"

"I do," murmured M. de Moranges.

"I cannot help thinking you will find out there is nothing at all."

A sudden and fervent "God grant it!" escaped from his uncle's lips.

"And, if the worst comes to the worst," he added, trying to assume an off-hand air, "why, for a man like you, the loss of such a woman as that could be of no consequence."

"We need not speculate on the worst," replied Moranges. "I may be mistaken—I would not wrong her."

M. de Beauvoisin was lost in a maze, and, utterly ignorant of what a passion of this kind may make, at fifty-five, of a man who has never loved, he showed the surprise he felt.

"My dignity requires that I should know the truth," observed M. de Moranges, acting up to the last to what had been the part played through life.

"But if the truth were what we will hope it is not?" suggested Olivier, not very well knowing what to say.

The look that for a moment passed over his uncle's features was one that could not be forgotten when once seen. It was a pitiful combat between anguish and pride, and even the opaque perception of Olivier seized the fact of its being a life and death struggle in the soul of his uncle. As the latter stood before him now, ten years seemed to have been added to his age.

No further word was uttered, but M. de Beauvoisin recognised with considerable dismay the danger into which Claudine's passion for him was leading him. A gulf was yawning at his feet, and for the present he saw safety nowhere.

At fifty-five ! the hardest liver of the epoch ! Was this the vengeance Love took for half-a-century of scorn ?

For the moment Olivier forgot all about Claire, and his own feeling of perpetual boredom in life.

LORD BYRON IN VENICE.

THE comedy of *Giorgio Lord Byron a Venezia*, has, I believe, been represented in Venice with applause at the Apollo Theatre. There is stuff in it to have made it peculiarly agreeable to the Venetians under Austrian domination, and the flavour of their own dialect given to Margherita Cogni, must naturally have flattered them. But the play has some merit as a piece of composition. Anywhere out of England it would enjoy a fair prospect of success. The author calls it a *Commedia Storica*, of which we need not complain. He has evidently spelt his way through Moore's life of the poet, and obtained his central facts and English names from that source. Scribe, Frédéric Soulié, and Alexandre Dumas, were not at the same amount of pains when they dipped their hands into the lottery-bag of English history. The loves of noble poets seem to exercise a fascination over S. Cesare Vitaliani. Besides Byron and his Teresa, Alfieri and the Countess of Albany have been put in motion on the stage by him, and the bards in both plays know their own greatness and poetise richly here and there. In fact it is out of a comedy of action and imbroglio that the climax of the scenes is reached, proving to be a towering speech of the poet in his difficulties. In England we cannot stand this. But poets addressing their poetic brows

are tolerable and endured on the continent, where, as now upon our degraded stage, the study of character is not encouraged by the public, and a poet is a poet, just as a husband is a husband, a lover a lover, and a wife what she should not be. Husband, wife, and lover, are together a drama ready made, but, when the lover is, in addition, a poet, sentimental rhapsodies are made sure of for the adornment of the play. So a dramatic author, with a taste for the impassioned rhetoric supposed to be indulged in by poets, very accountably seeks to elevate the stale subject of illicit amours by fixing on a hero who can accuse fate, circumstance, and society, of his sins in excellent fine language. His idea of what his poet should be inspires him. But of what his poet is he gives us no notion. That is not much the fault of S. Vitaliani in his Comedy of *Giorgio Lord Byron*. Had he wished to do it, he, as a foreigner, could not have portrayed the poet of Don Juan, the friend of Clare and Hobhouse, and writer of the letters to Murray and Moore. The easiest thing to do was to accept the poet's sketch of himself in *Childe Harold*, and that exactly served S. Vitaliani's turn. If to us it is ridiculous to hear Byron spouting his Harold in confirmation of certain passing reflections upon woman—*con accento melanconico*—S. Vitaliani may retort that we are unworthy judges ; we know the real side of him too well to make allowance for the poetical ; our intimacy with the man obstructs our view of the bard. We admit enough for him when we admit that Byron had his Childe Harold moments in daily life. And, moreover, did he not hate his countrymen too well ever to show them his heart unmasked ? The Harold was the noble poet, the frank robust writer of the letters to friends in England was merely the peer. If this is good pleading, it must be great saving of time and labour to get a poet into your play.

The *dramatis personæ* are given with their respective ages, which ungallant proceeding is, in an Italian comedy of intrigue, significant and necessary. Giorgio Lord Byron is in his thirty-fourth year ; Shelley, English poet, his friend (drowned at twenty-nine), is in his thirtieth. The Countess Teresa numbers twenty-two years ; Count Giacomo, her husband (alas for Don Alfonso !) fifty. Aspasia, wife of Momolo, a tattling epicure, receives for her sins fifty-five years, to show the insurgency of a passion for laurelled Giorgio tamely repressed by antique prudery. Marianna counts twenty-five, an age when ladies can prosecute a virulent spite, if they apprehend grounds for it,

with energy. Now we have Sir Williams Sheoth, English poet, unknown to fame, forty-five years; his wife, "Mistres Arabella," no more than the traditional foreigner's Englishwoman, twenty-eight years: let lights be extinguished, and she is not so old but that she can give her husband twinges of jealousy; her sentiments are of the purest. Margherita Cogni, called the Fornarina, is twenty-three. Sir Lewis, Sir Scott, friends of Byron, are both down for thirty; Onorio, Count Giacomo's nephew, the same. Fletcher, Byron's valet, has been thirty-five years a Briton when he is called upon to conduct his faithful services in this mixed company.

Whether Sir Lewis can really be he, the Monk, who thrilled the bosoms of our great grandmothers and made the hours of midnight terrible in 1820; and whether Sir Scott is our honoured Sir Walter, we have no means of guessing. Sir Williams Sheoth, however, is as near standing for Robert Southey as possible; his eloquent defence of the character of the *Edinburgh Review*, with a powerful soupçon of his furnishing articles to it, notwithstanding. Take him for Southey, and conceive him and Byron shut up in Venice, and there is excitement to be anticipated. To some extent S. Vitaliani fulfils the expectation, but he is only dimly aware of the explosive matter he has assembled, unhappily for us! He may mean Sir Williams to be Coleridge, for Sir Williams is a Laker, and Southey and Wordsworth are named in his presence. An English acquaintance at his elbow to instruct him as to the profound wealth of his collected materials, would have prompted him to achieve historical fame for his *Commedia Storica*.

The opening scene displays a drinking party in the Mocenigo Palace: Sir Lewis, Sir Scott, Momolo, Onorio. Byron has escaped from them, and their conversation justifies him. Momolo, carrying a skinful of Madeira unsteadily, accuses the poet of having slipped away to that unsavoury quarter of Venice the Canareggio, among the fishy people.

Sir Lewis. Up with your glasses. Wine for ever!

Sir Scott. Hurrah for love!

Sir Lewis. A health to the girls, the sweet garlands of life!

The spirit of Thomas Moore is here, we see, though for some unaccountable reason S. Vitaliani let him escape bodily.

To these revellers enter Fletcher, shouting that his poor dear master has gone off to the Lido in a gondola, and is in peril from a tempest. Then Margherita Cogni, with dis-

hevelled hair, a tempest incarnate, but practical, as her sex will be, raging at Fletcher in full-mouthed, voluble dialect, to bid him fetch dry clothes, and have all comforts handy for the drenched poet, whom she greets on his entrance between passion and tenderness, sobbing and abusing him, much after the description Byron has given of her. The storm, Margherita, and the ducking, are historical.

Byron, in the midst of Margherita's rating of him, after condescending to tell her that he went out in his gondola for fresher, freer air, addresses the ceiling:—"Too terrible this eternal contrast, this struggle 'twixt good and evil. The spirit fain would take its flight to purer regions, but this miserable bondage of the flesh constrains it." A stanza and a half follows from *Childe Harold*, with the remark:—"Oh! my poor Harold, I placed a great truth on your lips." But he has breathed the name Teresa in his passing [delirium. Margherita pounces on it. Alternately furious and subtle with jealousy, she asks for the key of a certain secret door, and, "Tell me, what is the name of the foreign lady, that Roman countess, who is in and about the *casa Benzon*?" Out of this fatal amatory exclamation of the poet flows all the mischief.

Fletcher announces the visit of an Englishman. The Englishman is Shelley, and proves a serviceable friend. Margherita, accustomed to singular disguises, pronounces him upon examination to be actually a man, and retires contented for the time. Byron and Shelley converse of England, the lord chancellor, Don Juan, and a certain fair lady, who would have him suspend that wicked performance, for which Shelley holds her to be a most eccentric lady. Shelley informs his friend that he became a Carbonaro two months ago, so therefore they are brothers. At his departure Byron arrives by a devious route of soliloquy to the Ave Maria stanza in *Don Juan*. It is overheard by Marianna, who has, however, too much on her mind to be moved by it. This fair Venetian is making Byron taste the dregs of the cup of passion when Margherita appears, and the poet obtains material for his studies of the sex; but standing between two fires, it is he that receives the shrewdest blow. Margherita asks Marianna if by chance she is acquainted with the Siora Teresa. The two lovely rivals are now on the scent of the favoured third. A Roman countess is of course a provincial in the eyes of Venetian ladies; her dress, her taste, her manner, smack of it, and Teresa, well-abused herself in secret, hears Byron ac-

cused of impiety, atheism, heart-and-honour-breaking, of being the scourge of women, and a Carbonaro, while Sir Williams Sheoth talks to the beauties around him of the charms of Edinburgh. Six eager eyes are watching Teresa in Byron's presence. Shelley gives Count Giacomo, Teresa's husband, his view of the position of England, and the state of parties there: he regards it, he says, as a wicked and a stupid strife, against which the conscientious journals should raise their voices instead of exciting it.

Sir Williams. Sir Shelley, I beg you to believe that the *Edinburgh Review*—

Byron. Pardon, Sir Williams. But, if I mistake not, Shelley was speaking of conscientious journals, and, therefore, not of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Sir Williams (aside). Puppy!

Momolo (to Onorio). Tolerably pleasant for Sir Williams, a contributor!

Shelley. I have to confess it against my will; this age marks the decay of our poetry.

Byron will tell him why: it is because of the abandonment of our great models. Sir Williams laughs: "Ha! ha! hah! our great models!"

Byron. Ay! and what sort of stuff have we substituted for the works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Pope, and Milton? A deluge of insipid, villanous romances; thousands of lifeless absurdities, written in every metre, in no language; the wretched productions of the great school of the Lakers; the sublime union of a Southey, a Wordsworth, and a (all but pointing out Sir Williams, but checking the movement) a certain poetaster and anonymous writer in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Sir Williams. My lord, I make allowances for the temper with which you utter such words. The article was undoubtedly very severe on you. But the life of an author—

Byron. 'Is a continual battle on earth,' as Pope has said. The criticism of my *Don Juan* is nothing but a personal attack on the author. They say that I have painted my own infamy in my characters. Not content with stigmatising the writer, they vilify the private life of the man. They call me libertine, sceptic, egotist; I have flown to an obscure concealment to hide my shame. I concealed!—and I am in Venice, a city famous throughout Europe when Edinburgh and London were nothing more than caves for savages.

Sir Williams. My lord, is it thus that you renounce your country?

Byron. 'Tis she renounces me by condemning me to banishment. But I renounce her not, albeit for ever exiled from her. Henceforth my home is Italy. Italy gives me hospitality, fame, and a joyful welcome; my countrymen base hatred and ruffianly insults. . . As to my enemies, they are not worth contempt.

Sir Williams (barely holding himself in). You do not despise what you envy!

Byron. Envy! I? and whom? The anonymous scribe of the *Edinburgh*, possibly? Reassure yourself. And what should I envy in the man? His birth—his name—his fame? I belong to the oldest nobility of England, a descendant of kings long preceding those

to whom he, the anonymous scribe, has sold his homage. The fame of such a fellow? Who could desire the reputation—? (*He steps forward.*)

Sir Williams. My lord!

Shelley. Byron!

Teresa. Oh, Heaven!

Byron.—Of one who called journalists a race without honour, and then became a journalist; who has blessed the treachery and denounced the traitors; who reviled at thrones, and made himself the laureate of a king!

Sir Williams. Oh this is too much.

Byron (changing to banter). It is too much, indeed! You are right. I see, with pleasure, that you despise the secret scribe as much as I do.

To an Italian audience the lay figure of an abhorred Laker, put up to be overwhelmed by the hero's dialectics, and menaced by his pugilism, must have seemed all right. The Venetians expect a duel. Sir Williams Sheoth merely vows vengeance, after the incomprehensible English fashion.

Meanwhile, Marianna and Margherita work together harmoniously in a manner befitting the poet's conception of woman. The latter playing spy for the former, arms her with a little book, Corinne, (whose hero was also a British milord) discovered in the poet's gondola, when he and Countess Teresa indiscreetly quitted it for a gentle morning stroll along the Lido, and in the last page of which there is some passionate and practical prose addressed to "My beloved Teresa." It finds its way into the hands of the Count, her husband. Shelley has managed dexterously to shield her in public from Marianna's scandalous attempt to expose another letter of Byron's—hastily pencilled under her husband's eyes, and thrust between the leaves of a superb copy of the tragedy of *Beatrice Cenci*, that the author presented to her the minute before. But nothing can now save her from a conjugal scene after the retirement of the guests. The scene is very good, being exquisitely true to such circumstances in Italian life at that period. Count Giacomo (or Alfonso) leads up torturingly to the subject of the fatal *libricciuolo*, Madame de Stael's Corinne, with his eyes fixed on the tottering Teresa, and draws forth the volume to read some manuscript on the last page, as he says, that she may decide whether they are of Madame's composition. Bit by bit he repeats, staccato, Byron's passionate sentences, in which the poet entreats her to fly with him. But he presses the poor, fair, tender countess, too far, and suddenly, from "Have mercy on me!" she turns gallantly round to, "Well then, kill me!" Alfonso has made the mistake of using Biblical illustrations of her case as a barb for his reproaches. However, he is still on strong

ground: "Kill you! Do you suppose that would be a satisfaction to my wounded honour? And consider—the performance of a tragedy between us two would be—you yourself have said it—ridiculous! No; a comedy is far preferable. And I will give you a fine, a bitter, a terrible comedy, one of those comedies which crush the heart, pierce it more murderously than a poignard."

Teresa (shuddering). What do you mean to do?

Count. Simply legal proceedings.

Teresa. A process! No—it is impossible: you never would do that!

Count. I shall do it.

Teresa. An exposure! a scandal!—you would publicly dishonour me? No, no, it would be too base! too cowardly a vengeance!

Again the Count makes shipwreck of his advantage, by breathing the name of a profession, to members of which he compares her. The audience of Venetian ladies must have enjoyed immensely the fervour with which she, as fencers say, breaks ground, and delivers, short and sharp, a series of retributive straight thrusts at her husband—a woman's terrific tu quoque. The triumph of the scene remains with Teresa, and really Alfonso's defeat is entirely chargeable on himself. Commonly, she is feeble enough, and has, if possible, less character than the original countess from whom she was sketched seems to have had. But a lovely fool was the ideal poetic woman of the period. The amount of character distinguishing Teresa is scarcely sufficient to serve for an ordinary framework for her beauty. She loves her poet, and she loves her good name, which intrigue does not damage; but a public scandal will; the misfortune is that the interests of the two objects of her esteem stand opposed. Her husband's terrific threat of a process nearly flings her into Giorgio's arms on the highroad to Greece. When her husband withdraws the threat, on condition of her writing under his dictation, a farewell letter to Byron, declaring that, "in a moment of admiration for the poet she had fancied that she loved the man, and deceived herself," she, with many a *mio Dio*, writes it, and submits to the order that she shall give it with her own hands to Byron. This scene is led up to by a farcical fourth act in which all the dramatis personæ appear in dominos at a grand entertainment given by the poet with the design of carrying off Teresa while the festivities pursue their course. Marianna and Margherita contrive to thwart his scheme; but Teresa's precious reputation is saved by Shelley's inexhaustible dexterity. Sir Lewis and Sir

Scott, Arabella and Aspasia, Byron, Shelley, Teresa and Marianna, move in a quid pro quo of dominos and situations; Sir Williams Sheoth alone preserving the austerity of his island training under these enervating Venetian influences. The Count, however, is not deceived, though Margherita confesses to being outwitted when the rose-domino, whom all have been hunting, turns out to be Aspasia (aged 55), instead of Teresa. Then follows a good and touching scene, where Margherita, repentant, throws herself at Byron's feet and obtains his forgiveness. Then Count Giacomo comes before the poet and challenges him for the satisfaction of his wounded honour. Byron refuses: he cannot fight the man he has injured.

Count. Probably, in your compassion, you despise so poor an antagonist; but is it possible that the extraordinary man, famous for his poetry no less than for his courage—Byron, who has had more than a dozen duels, who has swum the Hellespont, and made the stoutest pugilists of England bite the dust—is it possible that he, for the first time in his life, knows what fear is?

Byron. Fear? I!

The outraged poet takes a pair of pistols out of a case, loads one, and saying to the Count, "Behold what is in store for you if I accept," fires at a candle and snuffs it.

After this the Count preferentially dictates the letter in Teresa's name to Byron. Byron hurls the irony of Manfred and Harold at her. The Count presents himself opportunely to rescue her from his perilous eloquence, and as she is drawn away by the conjugal hand, Shelley enters to offer him sublime consolation in the indication of the road to Greece. Byron rages with irony. A death-bed letter from one he has loved in England is brought to Byron; he reads it and falls into Shelley's arms.

Shelley. And now?

Byron. I start for Greece.

Shelley. This is well; and when covered with fresh glory you return to England, and your countrymen—

Byron. Do not think it.

Shelley. What is it you tell me?

Byron. I have a presentiment that in Greece I shall find my tomb.

Shelley. Byron!

Byron. Would I wish it otherwise? Life, my friend, is well ended in the defence of a sacred cause.

"Stands as if inspired," says the stage direction; and it must have had an inspiring effect on an audience of Venetians under the yoke. That the Austrian censorship should have passed this Milanese production for a single night is astonishing. Now that Venice is free there is a chance of its being presented as an occasional treat to travellers in the autumnal theatrical season.



[Oct. 10, 1884.]

SALMON FISHING IN NORTH WALES.—By S. L. Filders.

Once a Week.

BO-PEEP IN AUSTRALIA.

"REVENONS à nos moutons," is easy to say—though, occasionally, difficult to do. There are, perhaps, few pages of apocryphal history that retain a more tenacious grasp of the juvenile imagination, than that which records the brief but eventful story of the young lady, tenderly known to us as Little Bo-Peep. Even now, the stirring legend, almost sublime in its simplicity, comes back to us with a faint sense of that early feeling, compounded of hope, terror, mystery, and despair, that accompanied its first perusal.

One of the secrets of the extraordinary vitality of nursery-writers is, that they came straight to the point. Time and intelligence were at too high a premium to be expended in flourish or sentiment. Craving for incident was predominant. Children are always of the party of action, and for plunging into the heart of the matter.

Although the information that Little Bo-Peep had lost her sheep, prepared us in some degree for the additional tidings that she "didn't know where to find 'em," our consternation is virtually complete, nor does the suggestion that, if let alone, they would no doubt return to the fold, with their tails in their accustomed places, reassure us, as it seems to have done the party most interested. There is something strange and sinister in this augury respecting the security of tails that had never been in danger! It may be that this adviser was an intimate personal acquaintance, upon whose counsels, in moments of embarrassment, Miss Peep had been accustomed to rely. At all events, she followed the advice—and more. She fell fast asleep. Advice, too persistently urged, has been known, at times, to produce this salutary effect.

Well; she was young, hopeful, had faith in a brighter morrow. Nevertheless, her repose was yet haunted by the troubles of that exciting day. Bo-Peep's heart followed her lost charge. She "dreamed she heard them bleating."

That plaintive music roused her in an instant, and, if she found it was a joke, we can only seek a justification of that unfeeling expression in the exigences of rhyme.

But now the brief season of indecision and inactivity has passed away. The time is come for action. Grasping an instrument, cunningly adapted to her size—her little crook—Bo-Peep is on the misty hills, in chase of the woolly strays, "determined for to find 'em." From

that moment, the result is certain. It is but a question of time and toddling. She found them, indeed. And if some occult influence, prejudicial to tails, had relieved them of those appendages, all we can say is that a grave amount of suspicion attaches to the individual whose voluntary prophecy to the contrary first awakened our mistrust.

Several excellent reflections are deducible from this simple and artless narrative. Moral: had Bo-Peep exercised proper vigilance, she would never have lost her sheep at all. Consolatory: for, in that case, *we* should have lost the story. Cautionary: when Bo-Peep resigned herself to inaction and sleep, she was mocked with a delusive dream. Finally, in the fact of our young shepherdess recovering only the major portions of her favourites (they left their tails behind them) we recognise the gentle and salutary correction that sometimes awaits even those who are bent upon retrieving their errors.

We have used this old acquaintance of our childhood as an introduction to a rather remarkable story, illustrating similar principles, with the aid of similar materials. Let the sceptical spirit of the age, that has not spared innocent Bo-Peep, respect her modern representative, Mr. Andrew Morris Farquhar—who lost *his* sheep in Falkirk, N. B.; and found them, thirty years after in Australia—when we state that the former part of his history may be found in the records of the Court of Session, Inverness; the latter in those of the Civil Court of Melbourne:—

Forty years since, Andrew Morris Farquhar was a thriving young farmer, residing in the heart of the romantic scenery that distinguishes the valley of Kintail, in Ross-shire. He was descended from a very pure Celtic race, who formed a sept associated—or, who went out, as it is termed—with the powerful McKenzies. The greater part of the inhabitants of the valley of Kintail were members of this sept, and, unlike the other Celts of Scotland, were men of great strength and stature, renowned at highland gatherings for many a feat of vigour and of skill.

In this cradle of the Celtic race was born our friend Andrew, who inherited from his sire, Duncan Farquhar, one of the finest sheep-farms in the highlands. Andrew was, at twenty-five, a man of stately presence and prepossessing features, a proficient in athletic sports, an ardent sportsman, and a dead shot, alike with fowling-piece or rifle. He did not, however, allow these pursuits to interfere with more important matters, and there were few

of the larger trysts and markets at which Andrew's stalwart figure was not prominent in the busy throng.

One of the best of these is held at Falkirk, and thither, forty years since, did Farquhar one fine, but fatal day, conduct a large draft of his best sheep, the envy and admiration of all his farming brethren from the north. Among those who purchased freely from his stock, was a certain Colme Roberts, a cattle-dealer from Edinburgh, between whom and Andrew there sprang up quite a friendship, naturally assisted in its growth by such heart-openers as quaichs of whiskey, and it was probably under this latter influence that the businesslike Andrew consented to forego the ceremony of receiving his money on the spot, and to defer settlement until he and his new friend should foregather, within a few days, at Edinburgh. His two herdsmen, according to agreement, drove the sheep to the capital, and took the usual receipts for them, while the young master betook himself to Inverness, bent on a little indulgence in the pleasures of that convivial town.

Now, among the new acquaintance it was his hap to make there was one Mary Frazer, a woman, it was thought, of unchallengeable conduct and character. Great was the amazement, when this woman, after an unaccountable absence from her home, of twenty-four hours, reappeared, in a state of pitiable disorder, and preferred against young Farquhar, a charge of such a nature that conviction—according to the then existing law—might have cost him his life. Omitting details, let us state that the trial resulted in Farquhar's conviction and condemnation to death. The sentence was subsequently commuted to transportation for life; the whole of his property—which was considerable—lapsing to the Crown.

The unfortunate young man, thus suddenly reduced from a position of high and increasing prosperity to one compared with which that of the hedge-side beggar is a boon, sailed with his companions in misery, for Tasmania.

Arrived at Hobart Town, a gleam of comfort cheered his heart. A kinsman of his, resident there, chanced to hear of his arrival, and, true to his Scottish instincts, hastened to his aid. Assigned as servant to this gentleman, poor Andrew was received into the family on the footing of a friend; and thus commenced his life-long exile in comparative content.

Thirty years rolled by. Then came tidings from the old country that Mary Frazer, in the sickness that ended her worthless life, had confessed that the charge she had preferred

against poor Andrew Farquhar was entirely without foundation—herself forsworn.

Andrew heard the news with gratitude—but with little exultation. The heart and hope of his life had been cut away. At nearly three-score, it is, as old Adam says, "too late, a week," to commence anew the battle of that life, of the value of whose best rewards he had begun to entertain some doubt. Besides, though content and respected, Andrew had not a farthing he could call his own.

At this juncture, there arrived in Hobart Town another friend of Farquhar's. He was a gas-fitter, by name Donald Bain, resident in Victoria, whence he had come on business connected with his calling.

"Wha," inquired Donald, parenthetically, of his brother Scot, "do ye think was the last chiel I had a crack wi', before sailing? Colme Roberts, ye'll remember him?"

"Weel enouch," said poor Andrew, with a shrug and a sigh, as the train of circumstances, of which his unlucky deal with Roberts was the beginning, swept across his memory.

"He's a prosperous mon, the noo," continued Mr. Bain; "stots, and kyloes, and thretty miles for a sheep-walk, and a'——"

"Stockit wi' my siller," interposed Andrew, calmly.

"Your siller!"

"He never paid me for those sheep, and I couldna' claim it, after—after *that*, ye ken."

"Nae doot; nae doot," said his friend, pondering.

Presently, Mr. Bain's face brightened. He clapped Andrew on the shoulder. "Don't gie't up yet, mon; saul o' my body, we'll get ye *something* o't."

Hardly allowing his friend a moment's consideration, the energetic Donald hurried him off to the office of a solicitor of his acquaintance—a Mr. Mackay—who speedily made himself master of the circumstances, and at once took the case in hand. The resolution of Little Bo-Peep in regard to her sheep, when determined for to find 'em, was not greater than Mr. Mackay's to bring to book the rogue Roberts, who had availed himself of his friend's legal disability to shirk payment of his debt; besides, in a manner, disloyally making his sovereign a party to that very dishonest piece of business.

So "up he took" his little pen, and opened a correspondence with Colme Roberts, Esq., now a prosperous citizen of Victoria, conveying a polite request that the price agreed upon for two flocks of sheep delivered at Edinburgh, but forgotten to be paid for, with interest on

the same, for thirty-one years, should be transmitted to Mr. Mackay at Hobart Town, on behalf of his client, Mr. Andrew Morris Farquhar.

When Mr. Roberts had recovered his astonishment at the sudden re-appearance of his long-forgotten creditor and friend, he penned a courteous reply to the effect that Mr. Farquhar's rights having merged in those of the Crown, he, Mr. Roberts, could not as a faithful subject, disburse one farthing of the sum or sums referred to.

Mr. Mackay, in rejoinder, paid his correspondent a well-turned compliment on his acquaintance with the law, but had the satisfaction to inform him that a free pardon having been accorded to his client for the crime he hadn't committed, the latter was freed from disability, and proposed to commence proceedings in the courts at Melbourne without delay.

With equal politeness, Mr. Roberts returned for answer that the impression that Mr. Farquhar's rights having once lapsed to the Crown, remained there, was so strongly borne in upon his mind, that he must decline to entertain the matter further.

This move had been foreseen, and Mr. Mackay was shortly in a position to reply that the Crown had in a very handsome manner ceded its claims which devolved upon his client. He must therefore, &c.

Mr. Roberts now played his highest trump—the Statute of Limitations. This, he concluded cut the ground from under his antagonist, and saved further discussion as to the real merits of the claim.

Mr. Mackay was not unaware of the existence

of the enactment referred to. But the case was exceptional; an unjust sentence had for a period, tied his client's hands, and shut his mouth; but these bonds had been removed, and he was advised that the period of process allowed dated only from the time at which such liberty accrued.

Mr. Roberts was driven to his last card. He set his creditor at defiance, relying, it would seem, upon the defect of legal proof of the debt.

Here fortune was singularly against him. By a most remarkable coincidence, both the herdsmen who had delivered the sheep at Edinburgh, had emigrated, and were residing in Tasmania. What is yet more strange—but nevertheless perfectly true—one of these men had preserved the receipt taken from Roberts, and actually produced it in court from its travelling receptacle—the lining of his hat! The suit terminated in a verdict for the sum of *four thousand pounds*—the price, with thirty years' interest and accumulations, of the long departed muttons.

Dissatisfied with this result, Mr. Roberts threatened an appeal to the privy council in England. Farquhar's means were by this time well nigh exhausted, and the cost of such an appeal was more than he dared incur. The skill and management, however, of his legal advisers carried him through. They succeeded in bringing Roberts into terms of compromise, the result of which was an award by arbitration of three thousand pounds. More unlikely things have happened than that such a man as Andrew Morris Farquhar should return to the home of his fathers—old, indeed, but honoured—and a millionaire!

THE DEAD CID.

AS carrion crows come flocking when the royal beast is sick,
So Paynim hosts had gathered to the leaguer of the town,
To north and south, to east and west, the foeman mustered thick,
For the Cid, the Cid lay dying who could fright them with his frown:

The Cid lay in Valencia sore sick and like to die,
Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar the Cid Campeador,
Whose name was as a terror to the Paynim far and nigh,
And the weight lay heavy on him of his seventy years and four.

The hand that oft in battle had made Tizona flash
Was nerveless and unsupple, and the voice was faint and low
That in the fray had shouted, 'mid the hurry and the crash,
As the voice of ten together, and his beard was white as snow;

But the heart, the heart was steadfast, as bold as on the day
Of the lists of Calahora, or Atienza's fight,
The spirit beat within him, though the body might decay,
The spirit that had won him the name of matchless Knight.

"Come hither all my loved ones, to-morrow I must die,
So God in his great mercy did warn me yesternight,
For as I lay St. Peter came in heavenly majesty,
His face was bright as is the sun, his robes were shining white ;

"He, the holy Fisherman, looked down upon my face,
And told me this, and how a boon was granted to my prayer,
In death I still should conquer, 'twas decreed of Heaven's grace,
And when I led to combat Santiago would be there.

"Toll not the bells in mourning, no lamentation make,
Perchance the Moor might hear it and know that I was gone ;
But when you sorrow for me, for that very sorrow's sake,
Let your tears fall down in silence, and in secret make your moan.

"With thee, my Alvar Fanez, with thee be the command,
To see that all things fitting be done as hath been said ;
On Babieca place me, Tizona in my hand,
And lead me forth to battle as I before have led.

"Now must I leave you, dear ones, Ximena truest wife,
My kinsmen, and my captains, my constant ones and true ;
I pray God keep you harmless and save you in the strife,
I do not pray for vict'ry when Heaven fights for you."

The night wore late, the moon was up, no sound came from the town,
Save here and there a trumpet-call, or trample of a steed ;
The night wore late, the crescent moon upon the camp looked down
Where turbaned warriors gazed upon the symbol of their creed.

The horses were unsaddled, the helmet put away,
The watchman in the open leant idly on his spear,
With his face towards the city, and thought how still it lay,
And listened to the night wind lowing like a steer ;

When suddenly, without a sound, the gates were opened wide,
The Christian knights came pacing into the moonlight's gleam,
So silent, and so grimly, in close ranks side by side,
They seemed not as the living but phantoms of a dream.

Stark and stiff, his ghastly face more ghastly in that light,
Stark and stiff and stony-eyed the dead Cid led the way,
His long beard swept the pommel, his right hand grasped full tight
His trusty sword, and on his breast his shield unblemished lay.

"What ho ! the foe approacheth. What ho ! to arms ! to arms !"
The clang of drum and trumpet full suddenly uprose,
The turbaned Moors came hurrying from their tented camp in swarms,
And formed in rank of battle for the onslaught of their foes.

"Who is yon ghastly warrior that rideth in the van ?"
"It is the Cid who, people said, was dying yesterday."
"Now Allah guard his children, for yon's a fearsome man,
And woe betide all those who come across his charger's way."

"Who is it rideth yonder, all clad in purest white,
A blood-red cross upon his breast, a bright sword in his hand ?"
"I know him not, I ne'er before have met his like in fight ;
And see, behind him cometh, like clad, a mighty band."

King Bucar looked along the line of the advancing host,
His heart was faint within him, and, sighing sore, he said :
"Of those two knights I know not which I fear to meet the most,
For one looks more than mortal, the other like the dead."

"Give out the charge," quoth Alvar, "give out our battle call!"
 The cry arose triumphant, "Santiago and our right!"
 With sullen tramp the long line came, compact and like a wall,
 With spears couched low, and targets braced, it was a goodly sight!

Above the crash of onslaught, above the cry of pain,
 Above the rallying trumpet, and the scream of fallen steed,
 There came a strange unearthly sound like sudden rush of rain,
 That seemed to smite the Paynim with a deadly qualm of dread:

And as the sound came rushing, the warrior clad in white,
 With blood-red cross upon his breast, and flaming sword in hand,
 With all the host that followed him had mingled in the fight,
 And the ranks were rent and scattered before his wondrous brand.

Men knew him then, and shouted: "Praise God, the day is won.
 'Tis blessed Santiago! Push onward to the fight!"
 All through that night they smote the foe, and few beheld the sun
 Of the thousands who had gathered to the battle overnight.

So did the Cid ride onward with his gallant knights and true,—
 Ride o'er the field of battle as the morning sun arose,
 And then how great the slaughter of the night had been they knew,
 And they sang loud praise to heaven for the routing of their foes.

That was the Cid's last victory; they bore him straight away
 To San Pedro de Cardena, where, with his dying breath,
 He bade them, next the altar, his aged bones to lay.
 Farewell, my Cid, so grand in life, so terrible in death.

CLEOPATRA IN A STRIKING ATTITUDE.

SOUNDLY to cuff, with her own delicate hands, the messenger that brought news of her Antony's match with Octavia, must have been to Cleopatra at once a relief and a degradation. At least, the sense of degradation in so demeaning herself followed very close upon that of relief. The poor slave that was the bearer of such unwelcome tidings—though *he* had neither part nor lot in the matter—was, in Cleopatra's eyes, a "horrible villain." Truly the first bringer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office,—as this one found to his cost. What was he to Octavia, or Octavia to him, that he should have his ears boxed, and perhaps his face scratched, by the majesty of Egypt? And Cleopatra, in the paroxysm of her fury, suited her words to her action, and may be said to have barked as badly as she bit; at any rate, her bark was as mad as her bite. The most infectious pestilence she invoked upon the innocent head of that ill-starred courier, the while she cuffed him. It was something, indeed, more than cuffling, for she struck the man down; on his rising, and beseeching her to have patience, she struck him again: and then, in her uncon-

trollable violence, fairly hurled him up and down, while threatening to spurn his eyes like balls before her, to unhair his head, and to have him whipped with wire, and stewed in brine, smarting in lingering pickle. When it came to dagger-drawing, the messenger, who had already received ample proof that the queen's temper was a "caution," thought it full time to run; and run he did, at the first flash of cold steel.

Had he waited for a thrust of that dagger—such a thrust, dealt by such a hand, as would infallibly have improved him off the face of the earth—it is questionable whether the result would have cost Cleopatra any compunctious visitings. That she had given the fellow such a good beating, did, on reflection, a little annoy her. Not at all on his account; he was quite welcome to that, and more of it; but on her own. Was it quite royal and seemly in her to have employed her hands in slapping a slave? Surely, on second thoughts, there was some failure in self-respect here. And the second thoughts of Cleopatra find Shakspearean utterance in the dignified self-reproach,—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than myself.

Not only meaner, but so much meaner. The question, what degree of rank or station would be near enough to her own to make a cuff or a

slap allowable, is merely a question of degree. And quite probably Shakspeare's Queen of Egypt would have given her *ex animo* assent and consent to the conduct of one of Shakspeare's Queens of England, in boxing the ears of a duchess. It is Margaret, wife of Henry VI., who bestows this gratuity on her obnoxious Grace of Gloster,—

[*The Queen drops her fan.*

Q. Marg. Give me my fan. What, minion! can you not? [*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman: Could I come near your beauty with my nails, I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby: Though in this place most master wear no breeches, She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged.

And so *exit Duchess*, with that blow tingling on her ear, and rankling in her heart.

Nor are there wanting in Shakspeare examples of masculine royalty behaving as Cleopatra did to the messenger. King Richard III. is wroth at the ill-news that keeps coming in, and one unhappy messenger has got no farther with his report than, "My Lord, the army of great Buckingham—" than Richard strikes him, bidding him take *that*, till he bring better news. Now, this man happens to have good news to tell—the dispersion and diffusion, namely, of Buckingham's army; and this explanation given, the least that King Richard can say and do is—

—O, I cry you mercy.

Here is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

It was shortly before Alexander the Great—as impetuous in his way as Cleopatra—ran Cleitus through the body with a spear, that he struck with his fist a trumpeter who discreetly demurred to sound at the mad monarch's bidding. Plutarch says this man was afterwards held in great esteem, because his prudence saved the whole army from being alarmed. But whatever remorse may have tortured Alexander at the death-blow he dealt to Cleitus, history records no regret, on his part, at the lack of nobility in hands that smote a trumpeter.

Some blows, bestowed by princes and potentates, of either sex, on creatures of another clay, are historical. Such is the blow that Nestorius gave to the bold monk who forbade the bishop, as an obstinate heretic, to approach the altar of his own great metropolitan church. With his own hand the bishop struck the presumptuous babbler, and anon gave him over to

the officers to be first flogged through the streets of the city, and then cast out of it.

Have we not the Grand Monarque himself so far forgetting—as Macaulay says—the grace, the dignity for which he was renowned throughout the world, that, in the sight of all the splendid crowd of gentlemen and ladies who came to see him dine at Marli, he broke a cane on the shoulders of a lackey, and pursued the poor man with the handle?

Have we not Wenzel, King of Bohemia, and, in 1378, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, drawing his sword frantically and running at a servant who waited at dinner, because the servant inadvertently let slip what none durst whisper to the king, the news of terrible Zisca being at hand? "Zisca there? deny it, slave!" cried Wenzel, frantic—as Mr. Carlyle reports the scene. But slave durst not deny. Wenzel rushing at him, himself fell down dead. "He ended by apoplexy, or sudden spasm of the heart; terrible Zisca, as it were, killing him at second hand."

Nor be forgotten Frederick William II. lifting his foot as if to kick an envoy; or his son, Frederick the Great, lifting his cane to strike an officer with whom he had been displeased in the field, and who escaped at full gallop, the king pursuing him for some time in vain. The elder of these old Fritzes was terribly addicted to the use of the cane, and dealt in blows wholesale as well as retail. There is one scene, for instance, in Carlyle, where we see his Majesty in literally personal conflict with his judges, whom, for some official dereliction, he has summoned to his presence in hot haste; swift messengers bringing them in their dressing-gowns, just as they are found shaving, breakfasting. Their apologies seem to him subterfuges, and up he starts, growling terribly, and "smites down upon the crowns of them with the royal cudgel. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal cudgel rains blows right and left; blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and several judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered, before they could get out."

And a glance is, perhaps, due to Napoleon the Great, taking Drouet by the ears and pulling them, in his rage at that officer's dilatory doings; and to the Grand Duke Constantine, not only reprimanding an officer for some insignificant offence, in a frenzy of objurgation, but following him step by step until he drove him against the wall, "venting his saliva through his teeth with his expletives," till, at last, the object of his much-ado-about-nothing,

losing all patience, tore the insignia of his rank from his shoulders, and threw them on the ground, exclaiming, "Since your imperial highness has spat in my face and on my epaulettes, I will no longer wear them." Constantine had not the grace or the knack that Napoleon possessed of winning back and conciliating those upon whom he had thus vented his ire; and well for the French emperor it was that he owned this precious gift; for such is said to have been the violence of his temper, especially in the later periods of his career, that he not unfrequently struck the generals or high functionaries who were near him.

It has been remarked that in the age of Beaumont and Fletcher, gentlemen kicked and caned their servants; the power to do so being a privilege that grew out of the awful distance attached to rank: while in Ireland, at the opening of the present century, such a privilege was still matter of prescriptive usage, and too frequently furnished the matter for a menace. But the stealthy growth of civilization, and of civil liberty in England, we are reminded, moved onwards so surely under the stimulation of manufacturing industry, (making menial service a secondary object for the poor,) that before 1750, a gentleman forgetting himself so far as to strike a servant, would have been recalled to better thoughts by an action for battery.

Noticeable among the General Orders of the Duke of Wellington is one which reprobates the conduct of officers in striking "individuals" with their fists, as quite inconsistent with their duty and with their character as British officers.

It was on a Sunday morning in June, 1662, that Mr. Samuel Pepys coming home from church observed his man Will walking along with his cloak flung over his shoulder, "which whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the footboy," writes Will's master, "I know not, but I was vexed at it; and coming home and after prayer, I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb; and he answered me that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the eares, which I never did before." Else, perhaps, had not Mr. Pepys entered the achievement in that diary to which we owe so much.

Dean Swift, again, in *his* journal—to which also we owe a good deal—commemorates the cuffs he gave with a will to his man Patrick. One day Swift could not get into his rooms, because Patrick was away with the key; and had to cool his heels in the cloisters till after

ten, when in came Patrick. "I went up," says the doctor, "shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swingeing cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled." That at least was some consolation for the strained thumb. In a previous day's entry, Swift had recorded his fury at "that abominable dog Patrick" being out when specially wanted, and neglecting to put up his master's things: "I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the Secretary [of State]." In a later one we read: "Patrick was drunk last night, but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff." The Dean does not protest too much, methinks: nay, for he'd have kept his word.

Lord Lytton works up one of his fine gentlemen into a paroxysm of wrath which tempts him to strike an inferior. His hand is clenched; but he refrains. For, "the dignity which pervaded all his habits, and often supplied to him the place of discretion, came, happily for himself, to his aid now. *He* strike a man whom he so despised! he raise that man to his own level by the honour of a blow from his hand! Impossible!" A lower titular status than that of *noblesse oblige*.

Still rings in history the echo of that box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth, old, but not yet so very infirm, bestowed on Essex,* when that impetuous earl turned his back upon her, in the presence of several of her ministers, because queen and earl differed about a certain Irish appointment. Suiting the words to the action, her most ungracious Majesty at the same time bade her whilom favourite "go and be hanged." In Mr. Landor's Imaginary Conversation between the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, the elder Tudor princess taunts the younger with having been seen to lift up the most delicate of all delicate white hands, and with their tiny narrow pink nails tear off ruffs and caps, and take sundry unerring aims at eyes and noses. So with my lady the Countess in Mr. Thackeray's story of the Virginians, where we read that Lady Lydia, before whom the household trembled, used to pinch the great ears of Dinah, her black attendant, without scruple, and pull her woolly pate, upon offence given,

* Professor Kingsley, apparently inclining to doubt, as some others do, the truth of this story—for one has found so many of these racy anecdotes vanish, he says, on inspection into thin wind—asserts, however, that if Elizabeth *did* give Essex a box on the ear, "she did the most wise, just, and practical thing which she could do with such a puppy."

or possibly without. That is an edifying incident in the travels of Dr. Wolff, where he sent by his servant a temperate letter in answer to an abusive one from Lady Hester Stanhope, who resented the notion of "an apostate Jew" entering her door. Lady Hester took the letter, read it, and desired the man to wait, that she might give him a present. Wait he accordingly did, but it was to see my lady come out with a whip, and to be by her kicked behind, and dismissed with contumely. Coming back to Wolff, the man told him that the daughter of the King of England had given him a beating.

It is not every "soul feminine" that can exercise the prim self-control boasted of by Mistress Alison Wilson, the miser's house-keeper, in *Old Mortality*, when Mause Headrigg has angered her almost beyond bearing: "If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentlewoman by my station, I wud hae tried my ten nails in the wizened hide o' her."

Mistress Catherine Peyton, again, in *Griffith Gaunt*, includes in her confession to her priest, the circumstance of her wrath against the clumsy tirewoman that combed her hair so uncouthly, and tore some of it away. "'I started up and screamed out, 'Oh, you clumsy thing! go currycomb my horse, and send that oaf your head is running on to handle my hair.' And I told her my grandam would have whipped her well for it; but now-a-days mistresses were the only sufferers; we had lost the use of our hands, we had grown so squeamish; and I stamped like a fury, and said, 'Get you gone out of the room; and I hated the sight of her.' And the poor girl went from me crying, without a word, being a better Christian than her mistress; mea culpa! mea culpa!' 'Did you slap her?' asks Father Francis. 'Nay, father, not quite so bad as that.' 'Are you quite sure you did not slap her?' says Father Francis, quietly. 'Nay. But I had a mind to. My heart slapped her, if my hand forbore. Alas!'"

The Princess Clœlia, in Mr. Charles Reade's other masterly story of *Cloister and Hearth*, buffets without ruth a handmaid who dares to approach her redolent of musk. Floretta no sooner came near the Princess, we read, than that lady's high-bred nostrils suddenly expanded like a blood horse's. "Wretch!" she cried; and rising with vigour, seized Floretta with her left hand, twisted it in her hair, and with the right hand boxed her ears severely three times. Floretta screamed and blubbered; but obtained no mercy. The antique toga of her mistress left quite disengaged a bare arm,

that seemed as powerful as it was beautiful: it rose and fell like the piston of a modern steam-engine, and heavy slaps resounded one after another on Floretta's shoulders; the last one drove her sobbing and screaming through the curtain, and there she was heard crying bitterly for some time after. Gerard, with whom the Princess would stand well, too well—and that means, in effect, ill—is an astonished spectator of the scene. And the signora, with an amazing sudden descent to humility and sweetness, asks him deprecatingly, "Are you wroth with me for beating her, Gerardo?" He gives her a piece of his mind thereupon; but to him she is too humble to take offence. Anon the artist tells her he wishes he could have drawn her as she was beating that poor lass. "You were awful, yet lovely. Oh, what a subject for a Pythoness!" But she is more eager in courtship than he; and after one of the siren's sallies of encouragement, we read that "his eye lowered in his confusion, fell on the shapely white arm and delicate hand that curled round his elbow like a tender vine, and it flashed across him how he had just seen that lovely limb employed on Floretta."—"Girls," she says to her attendants on another occasion, when warning them on a certain subject, do so-and-so, and "I'll whip you till the blood comes. You know how I can lay on when I'm roused." "We do. We do." "Then provoke me not to it;" and her eye flashes daggers, and she turns to Gerard, all instantaneous honey, with a soft "Addio, il Gerardo,"—and Gerard bows himself out of this velvet tiger's den.

TABLE TALK.

ONE of the strongest features of English middle-class civilisation is the fear of death and consequent excessive carefulness for human life. It is shown in a variety of ways, but in none more remarkably than in the denial to men of liberty to risk their own lives. Alpine climbers, steeplechasers, and adventurers of all sorts, come under the lash of the journals representing the middle classes, unless the risks happen to be run with the ulterior object of making money in one way or other. It is worth noting that no difficulty was made about the Chinese, Japanese, or New Zealand wars, for here were tangible benefits to be gained by the lookers-on. It was far otherwise with the Abyssinian campaign, though the last was called for imperatively by every feeling of honour and justice. Yet the troops, especially

the officers, were ashamed of the three wars undertaken for the opium traffic, the forcible opening of a reluctant nation's ports, and the seizure of land by greedy colonists from a race of aborigines as nearly noble as any with whom we are acquainted. The Abyssinian war was popular with the army because the honour of England seemed involved in it, and its hazards would be fully compensated by a march through the land of Prester John. Little as are the benefits to be reaped by the soldier from a campaign, the very toils and dangers have a charm in his eyes. Surely the true spirit of Christianity ought to lessen the fear of death. Lord Bacon reminds us that "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death." Huc, the Jesuit, tells us that the Chinese have so little terror in the presence of death, that a man will kill himself in the night on his enemy's doorstep in order to ruin him by the litigation that is sure to ensue. A Chinese sick man will deny himself all expensive medicine, and spend the money saved upon a handsome coffin, which he contemplates with satisfaction previous to his death. Shakspeare makes courage in the face of death one of the tests of a noble character. Most of the old philosophers held the same view. Montaigne is rather cynical about it, but yet advises men to quit life "without passion and without fear." The Americans followed Montaigne very closely in their readiness to run when there seemed nothing to be gained by standing their ground, even inventing the expressive term *skedaddle*, a word which they applied as often to themselves as to their enemies. Yet the men of no nation are, on the whole, less careful of their lives, and their typical poet, Walt Whitman, positively courts death as a good—

Whereto answering, the Sea
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word—Death.

He says to one shortly to die, "I do not commiserate you, I congratulate you." Not long ago I was talking to a Hungarian girl, a dancer, and, reasoning with her on the recklessness with which she spent her gains, asked, "What will you do when your beauty fades and you are no longer popular?" With the utmost gravity and innocence she replied, "I shall take poison." The German word for gift, expresses both a present and poison, only the genders are different. In Vienna it is spoken of as the *Erlösung* (release). The trifling disappointments in life which cause a Viennese to seek the "release," are a cause of great

astonishment to foreigners. Suicide is clearly not Christian, and argues a want of steadfastness to bear—a clearly unchristian frame of mind. On the whole I am of Montaigne's opinion, that when death can certainly be avoided, without loss of something more important, it is the act of a wise man to do so; but to dread it, or care too much about it, is folly, and argues either cowardice or superstition—both indications of unmanliness.

THE *Sicle* gives us another example of the ingenuity and patience with which the Paris *chroniqueur* introduces the most useless statistics. A little time ago we were informed as to the exact amount of paving stones required to cover the streets of Paris. This time the able collector of the *faits divers* seems to have tumbled upon an old speech of General Foy. The subject which formed its text was a proposal to give 1,000,000,000 francs, as a compensation, to the emigrants. The General exclaimed, "Do you not know that 1,000,000,000 minutes have not yet passed since the death of Christ?" Here it is that the *Sicle*, hitherto coy, bursts out into daring eloquence. We are told that the exactitude of General Foy was such that though he delivered his speech half a century ago, the 1,000,000,000 minutes have not yet expired. Indeed, next Christmas will only account for 982,368,000 minutes since the birth of our Lord. A year contains 525,000 minutes, and forty more years will be required to reach the round figure. It will not be till A.D. 1902 that the 1,000,000,000 minutes will have been completed.

WE have heard something lately of the way in which juries wrangle about their verdict. Listen to a Devonshire story thereanent. A doctor in B— had caused the death of an old woman in that town, through giving her wrong drugs. The facts of the case were notorious. However, when the trial came on, to the surprise of every one, he was acquitted. The jury were much laughed at for acquitting so notorious a culprit, and had actually to change their market-town from B— to another. Before quitting, one of them, to prove the regular and straightforward way in which they had acted, made a clean breast of it, and spake thus: "I must tell 'ee furst, us was tuked and shut up in a dark rume, wi'out vire and cannle, no wittles, and no drink, like so many dawgs—tell about Christian jury men! Us had nothin' else to do, so us simmed us

might all so well get to wurk about the business so sune as possible. So I was what they calls Vorman—'ee's the chap who has to tell the t'others what they'm to say, and to settle disputes, and keep things comfortable like; so I says, 'Gen'lemen, us must just get thro' thick y'ere business so sune as possible, and git to supper 'ome long. Do'e know what for, us be come together?' 'Why, 'tis something about thicky doctor, isn't it?' 'Ees fy! 'tis a question whether us shall take and hang 'un or no; and us 'ad better go by most votes on the subject; so if so be you'll sit still I'll axe ye all round.' So I axes No. 1: 'What do yeu say, Mr. —, Guilty or Not guilty?' 'Well, sir, you might ha' known before axin of me, that I don't care a dam either way, for it can't make no difference to me—hangin' he don't 'urt me.' 'Very true, sir,' says I; so I registers 'ee as Not guilty. 'What do yeu say, sir?' 'Well, sir, I says 'tis a case of teu [two] lives agin one. Ye u know Doctor — was our parish doctor, and it was only last Teusday week he was on his rounds, and he comes and saves my teu [two] little children as was taked mortal bad with small-pox, and now you axes me to hang un. Why, 'ee's only killed a auld weuman who must have died shortly in the course of nature, and saved my teu children against she; so I says Not guilty, sir.' 'Very well, sir,' says I, and I axes No. 3, and he says, 'I say the auld weuman deserved to die, for 'twas preuved that the very night before she died, her was a eatin' of rabbits and onions; and if yeu or I had done that at twelve o'clock o'night, and gone to bed with our bellies full of such vittles as they, why us ought to die, if us didn't; so I says Not guilty.' 'Geud,' says I; 'and what do yeu say, sir?' 'I should say none of your neck or nothing measures. Give'n a vartnight in the Debtor's Court—I've 'ad it there myself—and yeu'll find it bad enough for 'ee.' And so 'ee says Not guilty, and I turns to No. 5. 'I says,' says he, 'any person will naturally die who don't stick to Mr. 'Olloway's pills and ointment, which cured poor Mrs. Maria Jolly, after forty years hexcreuciating hagony from the wind; and I never 'eard as how her used they, so I shall say Not guilty for he.' Well, next comes No. 6, and he says, 'I says Not guilty, for I took a hoath when I was a small boy behind a counter where there steud a cruked tea-pot, with a half-crown inside it, and I was accused and wopped for 'avin' priggid em, that should I ever see any person accused of stealin' anything else, I should always swear that he who was accused was falsely sworn against.' So I came to No. 7,

and he says, 'Well, gentlemen, 'tis very pretty and very treu, all you've bin saying; but you seem to me to have overlooked one fact, that if you 'ang 'ee you don't bring *she* to life, so I should say leave both poor devils alone.' The next said, 'Take and hang 'im, for what I care,' and the others followed all; but, fortunately, us 'ad enough votes for to save his life, and that's how it was."

TO A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

THE rose's hue is on thy cheek,
Thine eyes like stars are bright,
And ebon lashes, upward curl'd,
Add to their sparkling light.

Thy flowing locks in shiny waves
Look like a gift of Fairy;
In colour like Australian gold,
Or highly bred canary!

I do not ask to kiss that cheek,
Lest I should spoil its colour;
A yellow tress I dare not seek—
The gold would soon grow duller.

I dare not let those orbs divine
Ensnare my tranced soul,
Lest the bright flames that in them shine
Die out, for lack of—Kohl.

" 'Tis false," you say, "I use no Kohl,"
Granted, but on my honour,
I little reck if their false flame
Be Kohl—or Belladonna.

WE are certainly advancing. Here is the first number of a new magazine devoted entirely to gastronomy. But why does the advanced guard of civilization that sees the necessity of such a work fix upon such a poor title as *The Culinary Magazine*? and why, in the midst of their discoursing upon the pleasures of the table, do they raise before us a horrible spectre by the insertion of a single advertisement—that of Holloway's Ointment and Pills? 'Tis the ghost of Banquo at the feast.

WHAT does Mr. Matthew Arnold mean by the combination of Sweetness and Light? Is it Bulls'-eyes?

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 42.

October 17, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LOVE, THE SAME IN ALL.

THERE was strength in Claire, and, therefore, she suffered strongly. Partly from ignorance, partly from excitement, she had been led into behaving as it was not natural to her to behave—into doing that which was most contrary to her character, to her habits of life—in a word, to her whole self. This happens more frequently to us all than we are inclined to admit, and is the cause of severe vexation of spirit.

Had Claire been unfriendly to M. de Lancour, had she treated him with coldness or discourtesy, with haughtiness or disdain, she would not have minded (she had, as we know, shown him anything but cordiality since her marriage), but she could not forgive herself for behaving towards him in a manner that it was unbecoming for her, Claire de Beauvoisin, to assume; a manner that—coolly reflected upon—must be to him inexplicable, and for which she had, at the bottom of her heart, but one explanation, humiliating in the extreme.

Claire—the pure, refined, high-minded Claire—she who, whatever happened, was determined that, to the end of time, her cousin should look up to her in his memory as to a bright, particular star—she had carried herself after the fashion of some shopkeeper's daughter (or worse), and had actually paraded a want of breeding, a stupid levity that, unless through the action of temporary insanity, it was impossible to conceive in her. She had been coquettish, frivolous, flippant, and for what? She knew, but dared not own. It was like a dream. And the penalty incurred? from that she turned in indescribable dread. Victor, whose notions about women (notions have nothing to do with actions) were so strict—what would his judgment be upon her?

Nor was that all. There was worse still. Worse? could worse then be? There was a last deep pit of anguish to which Claire, if she descended, went alone and in the dark. She shrank from seeing what was there to hurt her, but she smarted from the pain.

After a sleepless night, Claire, on the morrow of the ball, sought her one comforter in all trouble, Madame Beaudouin, and, when the occupations of the forenoon were over, the aunt and niece strolled forth together into the park.

The day was balmy and bright, and the deep verdure of summer was only here and there yielding to the more gorgeously varied autumn tints. Madame Beaudouin loved nature with an almost passionate intensity, and was an indefatigable walker. The two strayed beyond the limits of Clavreuil, talking little, but seemingly taking pleasure in the mere fact of each other's society.

The last words that had been exchanged on the previous night between Madame Beaudouin and Claire had been words of joyfulness on the latter's part. The bloom upon her cheek and the light in her eye were matched by the gladsome ring of her young voice, as she had said, "I never amused myself before!"

Why was it Madame Beaudouin felt that all this was altered, and that a shadow had fallen over her niece's joyous mood? She could not have told you, but the proof that she so felt was that she spoke to Claire upon indifferent subjects only, and did not even allude to the fête of the previous night.

They reached the edge of a road, on the other side of which was a considerable plantation of pines and larches, fine, stoutly-growing young trees. They crossed the plantation, and emerged upon a common overgrown with gorse and furze; a few hundred yards in front the ground gave a sudden dip, and beyond that the smoke curling up from a chimney showed that you were on the edge of a small valley.

"This is about the only picturesque bit in the whole country," said Madame Beaudouin,

"or, at least, in the Clavreuil portion of it; there runs the Savre at the bottom of that little ravine, and the smoke you see comes from the cottage by Mathurin's mill."

She walked on, followed by Claire, till they reached the spot where the ground dipped down towards the river, and, compared with the rest of the flat bare landscape, this certainly was, as Madame Beaudouin had said, picturesque.

Madame Beaudouin proposed to sit and rest awhile, and when her niece had seated herself by her side, "Claire," she asked; "do you mean to say that you have forgotten this place?"

"Well," replied the young Marquise, hesitatingly; "I fancy I remember it faintly, but I could not have found my way here. Mathurin is the Clavreuil miller, is he not?"

"To be sure," murmured Madame Beaudouin, thoughtfully, and as though speaking to herself, "nine years, at your age, constitute nearly half a life! but don't you remember a picnic that was got up here for you, Claire? it was in the month of July, after your first communion. You took your first communion in Paris in May, and we all came down here in June. I spent the whole of that summer at Clavreuil. Don't you remember that, to please you, we arranged a picnic at Mathurin's mill down there, and you amused yourself so immensely, that, in the evening, driving home between your mother and me, you did nothing but repeat, over and over, that, in all your life to come, it was impossible you could ever amuse yourself so much again? I remember it all as if it was yesterday."

"I think I do remember it," said Claire, in a low tone, and turning away her head.

Alas! they who love, and think they know us best, never know what they disturb when they begin to rake about amongst our old memories. From the day of that very identical picnic at Mathurin's mill, had dated Claire's first serious preoccupation of spirit touching her cousin Victor. She was a child not yet twelve, he had been two years an officer, and was just home from Algeria to recover from a wound.

Claire sat still and silent, drifting back into the past and comparing it with the present, till, absorbed in her own personal troubles, she lost sight of certain small fitnesses and gradations, and, without any transition whatever,—

"Aunt," said she, abruptly, "what is it people see in Elise de Varignan? What charm can she possibly have for men?"

Claire was jealous and one quarter of an

hour's genuine jealousy will make more havoc in a human mind (no matter how well regulated) than will a whole twelvemonth of hopeless, hidden love.

Madame Beaudouin bent forward, and laying her hand gently on her niece's shoulder,—

"Are you quite sure, my darling," said she, in reply to the question so abruptly put, "are you quite sure that Madame de Varignan has the charm you speak of?"

Claire blushed, and looked confused.

"Why," she retorted, "only look at Olivier!" (as if he, poor fellow, had anything at all to do in the case!) "Look at them all," she added, "those bold, brazen ways of hers seem to fascinate them."

"She is more than merely bold, she is coarse," observed the aunt.

"Well!" rejoined the niece, bitterly, "I suppose it is that that causes her success?"

"Don't be led into thinking that, my Claire," responded Madame Beaudouin gravely, "it is the greatest mistake imaginable; all men have a horror of coarseness in women; they put up with it, because they can't help themselves, and because they can't put it down; but they recoil from it—nay, recoil from it so strongly that they become invulnerable. Coarse women make a loveless age—like ours."

Claire relapsed into silence, and sat by the side of Aunt Clémentine, gazing in mute dreaminess at the peaceful scene before her. The rays of the sun lay palely golden upon the vine-clad rising ground on the other side of the river; the heavens were all one sheet of delicate blue, with here and there a streak of milk-white cloud; all was hushed around, save for the faint ripple of the water over its reedy bed; and the only trace of active life was to be found in the aspect of a team of oxen yoked to a cart, and standing motionless in a distant field, their outlines darkly drawn against the clear evening sky. Aunt Clémentine absorbed delightedly the calm of all around her: Claire did not. It rather oppressed her.

Five o'clock was struck by some church bell far off, and floated, as it were, whisperingly across the plains. Madame Beaudouin suggested the propriety of returning homewards, for they had more than an hour's walk before them. They quickened their pace, but once again they spoke little. As they recrossed the pine and larch plantation and approached the road, they heard voices and the tread of horses' hoofs. When they stepped upon the road, they perceived three horsemen close

behind them : Henri Dupont, M. de Lancour, and a brother officer of the latter's.

Lively greetings were exchanged, and the remainder of the way back to Clavreuil was undertaken together; the equestrians escorting the young Marquise and her aunt. Naturally, the subject of conversation was the fête of the night before; and each one had some remark to offer, or some incident to relate. Claire put on the mask which society decided she had to wear, assumed the part it was her business to perform, and was charming and graceful, pleasant and what, in a lesser woman, might be called chatty, but she was not her own self.

"Gaston de Vivienne has wonderfully improved," observed Madame Beaudouin.

"He's a very fine fellow," added Henri Dupont; "and has in him the stuff of a man beyond the ordinary run."

"If the world—his world, I mean—don't spoil it all," remarked Victor.

"He'll grow too large," opined Victor's brother officer.

"Herminie is quite delightful," said Claire; "not exactly handsome, but thoroughly charming. I don't know when I've seen so nice a girl."

"Well, they call it a love-match," resumed Henri Dupont.

"Ah!" dropped from Claire's lips, almost unconsciously.

"So I had heard," added Aunt Clémentine; "and I confess that made me look at them with interest. I am inclined to believe it is true, and that they are very much attached to each other."

"*Peste!*" ejaculated the young officer; "they have no complaint to make of fortune. Birth, rank, wealth, good looks, and a love-match to crown all! Two millions a year, and Mont Vivienne, and the wife you've chosen for yourself! I must say I call that too much."

"It certainly is a prodigious case of suitability in marriage," observed Henri Dupont.

"Perhaps," said M. de Lancour. "But I confess I have an objection to marriages between cousins."

"What an odd idea!" retorted his brother officer. "And for what earthly reason? Nothing is more common, now-a-days—it keeps property together. Why shouldn't cousins marry?"

"They do marry every day," repeated Victor; "but I can only say that, in a general way, I don't think a marriage between cousins a good thing."

CHAPTER XLIV.—LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and every day brought the young Marquise together with her cousin; mostly, too, amongst other people, so that it was seldom that Claire was seen otherwise than to her great and marked advantage.

There was, however, again a change in her. She had relapsed afresh into her old quiet ways, and Madame de Clavreuil began to feel reassured touching the danger that had once seemed threatening, of her daughter becoming like unto an Englishwoman, and fast. Poor Claire! there was nothing fast about her now, nothing at all resembling one of those fabulous British dames, rampant and noisy, horsey and self-indulgent, which haunt the dreams of proper French mothers in this dreadfully cosmopolitan age. Claire was quieter than formerly: subdued even, rather than calm, and gentle exceedingly. Her voice, her look, her step, all were softer, slower; in short, as I said, subdued; and, just as, some weeks before, there had been a rising and swelling of the current of life within her, so now its ebb-tide had come, and her joy and pride of living was reduced.

Claire had never been so lovely in the eyes of those who, when appreciating a woman's beauty, take into account her immaterial part. Olivier thought she was a little gone off, and not nearly so attractive as before; he supposed the perpetual gaieties of the province tired her. But, after all, it was no business of his.

Aunt Clémentine thought she was like nothing so much as the beautiful blush rose she had worn in her hair on the night of the great ball; but she said nothing, only she was anxiously tender to her niece.

Victor lived amongst people for whom the young Marquise was a perpetual object of interest; no day went by without his having heard her praised, without his having been himself obliged to devote to her, present or absent, a considerable portion of his attention—perhaps even more when absent than when present, for Olivier's fair wife was a theme for unceasing speculation. "Was she happy?" there soon came to be the great question. It concerned none of those who asked it, but it busied them none the less for that. That she was virtuous all knew—pure, spotless as the snow on untrodden heights—but was she condemned to an eternally unloving life? Where truth is, give but a small lapse of time, and it will appear; it was soon an admitted fact that the young Marquise did not love her husband.

How was this discovered? none could say. It simply was so, and that it was so grew to be known. Was she blamed? No! And Olivier? no more than she. It was a very common case, and as no one adverted to the fact that it was attributable to the institution of marriage upon the limited liability system—marriage without love—no one did aught save speculate upon what were to be Claire's compensations in life.

Was she to be one of those wives—so common in France—whose austere lives are built upon the renouncement of every joy; and who too often entail upon the children, to whom they sacrifice everything, the gloom of an entire existence void of love?

If so, it would be a pity. Claire was too beautiful for that; too womanly! That impressed all men.

"She is so womanly!" would they say, "so irresistible in her sweet, wifely beauty!" and then they pitied and poetised her, and came to speak of her in a way that was unfamiliar to Victor. And he too, grew to pity her, and to think of her as he had never been wont to do, and yet was totally unsuspecting of any danger.

Claire's conduct on the one hand was so perfect in her every deed, thought, word, or look, breathed such all but holy purity—and, on the other hand, Olivier was so inferior to her in every sense, that M. de Lancour soon ceased to admonish his cousin upon the duty of loving her husband. He had not the heart to do it, but with this change in his bearing towards her came another. He allowed himself to think of her as unhappy, and he unconsciously grew to suffer with his cousin Claire.

There might be danger at hand, but neither divined it. Claire was schooling herself to resignation, to the task of giving up all life's glad some brightness—all the consolation even of thinking that, had circumstances been different, Victor would have asked her for his wife—for had he not said he thought ill of marriages between cousins? Claire was trying to obliterate even the innocent sweet dreams of the past; and Victor was grieved—and for ever busy with his grief—that she whom he loved so tenderly should be doomed to lead a life so dull, so colourless, and so stale.

That was all. And so the days wore on.

In the very beginning of October there was to be an agricultural meeting at Combeville. Brunoy and Malleray had had each their fête, and the last distribution of prizes was to take place at Combeville. It was to be rather a solemn affair, for this part of the province, lying nearer towards La Beauce, was the most purely agricultural district of all, and laid

claims to respect, in the way of mangel wurzel, cart-horses, and pigs. There had been, on the side of the great proprietors, several successful attempts at improving the equine race, and M. de Clavreuil and Henri Dupont had both, upon one occasion, sent up to Paris, to a cattle show, a team or two of regenerated *Percherons* that won the suffrages of all connoisseurs. There were some adventurous spirits who had tried sheep; but, as a general rule, mutton was said not to pay, and horses and pigs remained in the ascendant—the former really justifying this perseverance, the latter decidedly bad, but filling the souls of their breeders with satisfaction. They delighted in their long-legged, large-eared, flabby-flanked pigs. Horned cattle came mostly from the opposite extremity of the Department, and several prized animals were sent from Malleray and Brunoy to grace the fête held in honour of the people of Combeville. In a large field preceding the entrance to the town, booths and stalls were erected as for a fair; and, to say the truth, there was, in fact, a fair as well as an agricultural show, and all the savages, and wild beasts, and learned dogs, and strolling-players for fifty miles round had assembled there, in order to convert the townsfolk of Combeville into their especial rate-payers.

The weather being splendid, and the Department unusually full of visitors, it was foretold that the *concours régional*, as it was termed, would be more than usually brilliant.

It was early in the day when two or three carriages, filled with the guests staying at the château, left Clavreuil. M. de Lancour was not of the number; he, and in general the inhabitants of Tours, profited by a part of the railway, and went direct. The Clavreuil party were, besides the Count and Countess, and Claire and Madame Beaudouin, a family of cousins from the south, and five or six stray men, sportsmen whose mission it was to kill other men's game, and who did so to their heart's content.

Claire did the honours of her calèche to her Languedocian cousins, husband and wife, and gave the fourth place to an *ex-chef d'escadron* of cuirassiers, who had retired from service on account of his numerous wounds, and lived universally respected in the neighbourhood. The conversation happening to fall upon M. de Lancour, the commandant became irrepressible—it was a favourite theme—and launched forth, for the benefit of the dark-eyed southern lady opposite to him, into recitals of the deeds of valour he had seen Victor perform in the Italian campaign of 1859. He could

not conceive how he escaped with life from Magenta, where he received the cross upon the battle-field; and as to Solferino, why he believed him to have withstood single-handed the attack of a whole troop of Jägers! To be sure, he was so severely wounded there that no one in the army believed he could ever recover.

Such things, opined the commandant, when you happened to witness them, did make you curious about a man's destiny. The commandant was a bit of a philosopher.

"I often wonder," he said, "what Lancour's eventual fate will be; when you see a man saved from such all but inevitable destruction, you can't help thinking he's saved for some purpose—but what?"

And Claire listened to it all in silence, and dreamily wondered, too, within herself, for what fate, sad or glorious, her cousin Victor was saved.

They reached the ground and alighted, and, dividing into groups of threes and fours, proceeded to visit the various booths and stalls, and agreed to make a general trysting-place of a knoll at one end of the field, whereon the Duc de Vivienne had established a large tent with a magnificent luncheon, and whence it was perfectly possible to see the races, which were the chief attraction of all.

Claire, with her usual kindness, gave herself up to the task of amusing her southern relative, to whom all about him was strange. She took him from stall to stall, above all among the vegetables, showing him pumpkins as big as Memnon's head, carrots and beet-roots of the size of a giant's thigh, monstrous melons, and peaches overgrown; ("All water and no sun!" as he observed contemptuously, reverting to the small, savoury, heat-cracked fruit of his own baking south.)

Then she took him to see the *Percherons*, and the pigs, and the live-stock generally, and when she had done her duty thoroughly, and shown him nearly everything, she found she was separated from all her party, and on the wrong side of the field.

This was called so by the people of Claire's set, simply because it was appropriated to the sightseers of the official world. The Mayor and municipality of Combeville had erected a grand stand, whence a comprehensive view was obtained of the whole field beneath; and into the central compartment of this stand were to be introduced all the high officials of the county. There were three compartments, one in the centre, which projected beyond the other two, and two wings. The central seats

were evidently the grand ones, for they were covered with red velvet, and upon all the hangings of this part of the edifice there were gold fringes and tassels. Here were to be seated the prefect, and the sub-prefects, and the Mayor, and the general and municipal councillors, and all the local grandees, and their families.

In the two side tribunes there was a trifle less splendour: no gold at all, and hangings of red stuff instead of velvet. The chairs, too, and benches, were hard, and straw or cane-bottomed. These tribunes were for the public.

While the young Marquise was reconnoitring her position, and the possibilities of regaining the Mont Vivienne tent, the sub-prefect of Brunoy came up to her, and, volunteering his services, besought her to take refuge in the official stand, close to which she was then standing. He offered her a front seat, worthy man! and suggested, not without some timidity, how charmed Madame the Prefectess would be to extend to her the hospitality of the tribune.

Claire was embarrassed, for she recoiled from hurting any one, and yet she felt that her father would never tolerate her being the guest of the chief government authority of the place. Her Languedocian cousin, so far from helping her, voted noisily for acceptance of the well-meant offer.

Was there no means of crossing the field? None? The crowd was immense, the gendarmes had begun to clear the course, and from the town side the dust of a long string of carriages was perceived.

"There is Monsieur the Prefect!" exclaimed the Brunoy functionary, "you have not a moment to lose, Madame la Marquise, or you will be crushed by the crowd; let me entreat of you to accept my arm—pray allow me——"

But Claire had bethought her of a compromise: she could not avoid placing herself in the official stand, but she would do so quietly, and preserving as it were a kind of incognito. In spite, therefore, of all the endeavours of the sub-prefect, and all the murmurs of the Languedocian relative, she achieved what she desired, namely, a seat on the second row of the benches in the left hand wing of the stand. There she felt herself very comfortably situated, and thanked the sub-prefect of Brunoy for his attention, as he took his leave to go and fill his more exalted position in the velvet draped centre.

The tribune was unusually high, and the seats, when reached, placed you upon the level of any lofty first-floor in a Paris house. The

stairs by which you attained to them were roughly put together, and denoted haste. A few moments after Claire had taken her seat the rush into the tribune began. The authorities were to have enjoyed precedence of everyone, but not all the efforts or loud threats of the gendarmes could obtain this; and prefect and prefectess, and all the uniformed male dignitaries, and all the over-dressed female ones, tumbled in pell mell with their less mighty fellow creatures. The throng of people was tremendous, and you might feel the boards vibrate and tremble under you, as billow after billow of the crowd came surging up.

As many ladies came into the part of the stand where Claire sat, she induced her companion to make way for them by retreating to the back seats, nearer to the door. He did not like this at first, but he obeyed, and was apparently very soon rewarded for it by the pleasures of an animated conversation with his neighbours, to whom Claire heard him loudly imparting his satisfaction at being so high up.

"You have a thousand times better view than from that tent of theirs yonder!" he declared unceremoniously.

The neighbour, however, shook his head, and said they had built the stand a great deal too high.

The young Marquise looked round, and here and there caught sight of a familiar face, and exchanged greetings with an acquaintance.

From the left wing, where she was sitting, you could see across, between the poles which supported the festoons over the prefect's seats, into the right wing.

There, there were many strangers, a few of the younger officers of M. de Lancour's regiment, and several Englishmen; and then a face caught her eye, and her heart beat. It was a face she had not seen for many months, —not seen since Good Friday, and as she gazed upon it (and she could not help gazing!) the dirge of the *Stabat Mater* seemed to ring again through her brain.

She could not detach her gaze, I repeat. Berthe de Mottefort, it seemed to her, had not improved since the day she saw her last. She was not better looking; but she looked more anxious. She was, as ever, excellently well-dressed, with that air of severe grace, and that attention to severe colouring, that become her who has only external propriety left her to observe.

Claire now felt she must cease to look, for an instinct told her that if she looked longer, her gaze would be answered, and she would

not meet Berthe's eye. She averted her glance, sent it wandering over nearer objects, and all at once encountered Victor's.

M. de Lancour was standing at the back of the central tribune, a whole deep range of seats behind the prefect's arm-chair.

Claire's eye rested on Victor's, and both so instantaneously and so thoroughly felt what was passing in each other's mind, that neither bowed nor made any attempt at bowing; they looked for one second straight into each other's souls, and then Victor, with a pained expression, looked down; Claire, blushing scarlet, looked away. M. de Lancour felt that Claire had judged Berthe, and Claire felt that Victor knew she had done so.

A signal was given, and the prefect rose to make a speech; but the tribune was far too high, no one heard him. Then other speeches followed, and then music from bands stationed beneath; then a list of names was read, the names of those who had got prizes, and in these various ceremonies a period of two hours went by.

And still the crowd mounted, and set gendarmes at nought, and thronged the ill-made stairs, and pushed and pressed to gain admittance.

All at once, there was a pause, and then a bell rang. At last! there were the races, and that was followed by one of those mysterious movements that are peculiar to thick throngs.

The human sea heaved as with a ground swell, breathed as from one chest, as the sea does; was, as it were, all one, and rolled, cumbrously disportive, in its contentment.

The movement was accompanied by an odd cracking sound. Very slight. Then the bell rang for starting:—then!—what was that?

Was it a cry? a roar? a crash? all that; yet nothing of that—other than that: a dim sense of something horrible; a vision, a nightmare, a convulsion; perhaps, who knows, an earthquake?

There was a jar, a wrench, a break, and crackings, and upliftings, and splittings, as in a rock-struck ship; a wild din of mingled voices; a wild jostle of human bodies jumbled together in heaps; a pavement of upturned faces, ghastly with dread; a giddy whirl, as of the fall from a balloon—chaotic confusion, so that men knew not whether all around them reeled, or whether their own brain was reeling.

The great stand had given way, and some two or three hundred people were being hurled, from a height of four or five-and-twenty feet, to the ground.

Some threw themselves deliriously down from the front seats, and were maimed, killed, or caught by the crowd below ; some clutched at their neighbours, some clung to poles or planks for support. The worst accidents happened at the back of the tribune, for the many had thrown themselves with one rush towards the staircase which had first given way.

Claire had risen to her feet, instinctively with the rest, upon the first alarm ; but without understanding what was passing. When she understood, one feeling predominated in her over all, and she looked at Victor.

He had no thought for her, at that hour, or for any special one ; he had thought only for all, and for his duty in trying to be of use to all. He had so placed himself as to keep momentarily an issue free at the back of the central compartment of the tribune ; for, poised upon some not yet fallen woodwork, and with his right arm holding firm to a pole that had withstood the shock, M. de Lancour bore upon his shoulders and the back of his head and neck, the whole weight of the lower portion of the roofing, which he thus prevented from crushing the struggling people who were writhing and shrieking round him. This could only endure a few minutes, for the rest of the fabric was tottering ; and every nail that loosened itself brought perdition. Behind him was space.

Claire looked at Victor, not merely fearless, but inspired with one grand, sweet purpose. A man may be lion-hearted and yet quail before such a scene as this : how much more then a woman ! But one loving thought mastered Claire now, and raised her above the consciousness of danger.

She might die with him !

That it was inspired her.

And then, as it is related of drowning men that they see even into the minutest incident of their lives in one brief second, Claire suddenly saw her empty, lonely past peopled with shadows only, and where burned but one light—her hopeless love.

A violent scream, followed by sharp, angry cries, and repeated shrieks of " Victor ! Victor ! " sounded, as it seemed, close to her ear, and she blushed in her inmost soul for the cowardly heart that could not meet death proudly, dying by his side. How much better she, Claire, loved him than did this woman !

No one in the terror-stricken crowd heeded these screams, or heard them. Claire heard them, and saw Berthe de Mottefort's panic-marked face as she struggled in the midst of the falling throng.

The scaffolding of the left-hand wing, where Claire had been seated, had not yet given way ; so that, by leaning against the pole in the corner of that compartment, she might still maintain her equilibrium, and give time for some contrivance from below to save her.

But Claire's thoughts were not fixed on safety ; they were all for him whom she had loved—she never knew how much till the near approaching infinite of death taught her her own kindred infinite of love.

It came back upon her, now, what the commandant had said ; and she saw Victor glory-crowned at Magenta and bleeding at Solferino. Saved ! Saved for what ? Why for this, to be sure—for her !

Judge her not, mothers of children, whose fathers have been your first love.

She thought not then of her baby, smiling rosily, in her own girlhood's home—she thought of the imagined happiness that had been denied her.

It was not love that beckoned her on, but love in death. The strong, holy purity of a death-marked love.

Victor did not love her ; would, living, never love her. His love was for the craven-hearted woman who, in her greed of life, cast his name ignobly to the crowd ; his love was for her who was unworthy of him. But death was so solemn, so sanctifying, that in the hour of parting with life, he might know how he had been loved.

All this whirl of conflicting thoughts tore, whirlwind-like, through Claire's brain in a few short seconds.

Victor was still at his perilous post, warding off destruction, for an instant, from the poor agonized creatures that sought to escape ; but boards cracked, planks yielded, and the roof was crushing him more and more. His footing too was unstable, and must give way. There were cries for ropes and ladders from beneath, but no one seized their purport. And where were ladders ; or where were ropes ?

There was no hope. Whoever might be saved, Victor would be crushed to death inevitably.

Inevitable ? yes. There lay the sanction—death : therein lay the charm, the hope, the certainty of union.

The Moment, divine in its impalpable, invincible power—the Moment which prompted Antony's immortal shame at Actium, and has inspired all acts of unlimited devotion—the Moment sent its resistless revelation to Claire's heart, and her resolve was taken.

How she over-stepped that space, she knew not ; there were masses of rubbish heaped up between Victor and herself : boards, benches, rent draperies, torn dresses, and, in one place, a large yawning space, through which it was difficult not to fall. But she neither fell nor stumbled ; it almost seemed to herself as though she had wings and flew.

Just as a fresh sound of demolition was heard, and a loud cry of wail and horror rose up from below, Claire, all obstacles over-stepped, reached the same unsteady footing upon which Victor was maintaining himself, and, flushed with her own ardent purpose, forgetful of all save her one aim, reached her cousin's side, and with her hand seizing his, breathed softly only the words,—

"Here I am."

It was too late.

With one tremendous crash, the remainder of what had been the grand stand fell in, and, for several minutes, only a thick cloud of dust was visible.

AMO.

WHEN he told me that he loved me,
 'Twas the flowery time of May.
 I put roses in my ringlets,
 And went singing all the day—
 When he told me that he loved me,
 In the pleasant month of May !

Still, he told me that he loved me
 In the summer-time of June ;
 When the roses blushed the redder,
 And the birds were all in tune—
 And I blushed (because he loved me)
 Redder than the rose of June !

Yes ! because I knew he loved me,
 I went singing with the birds.
 All the day I listened to him—
 All the night I heard his words.
 Dreaming nightly that he loved me,
 I was blither than the birds !

But—I didn't know I loved him !
 Till I found one summer day,
 That, in saying how he loved me,
 He had wiled my heart away—
 Only saying how he loved me
 Through the long bright summer day !

Still, he told me that he loved me,
 When the roses fading fell ;
 And the birds had all forgotten
 That sweet tune I've learned too well—
 For I love him, and he loves me,
 More than any words can tell !

PROVINCIAL JOURNALISM.

THERE is something amusing in the indignant protests which certain provincial journals are continually making against an imaginary charge of provincialism. They remind one of the Irishmen frequently to be met with in London, who only the more sadly reveal their brogue by the desperate attempts they make to conceal it with broad cockney. It is in imagining that a charge of provincialism is such a dreadful thing, that provincial journals betray the pertinence of the charge. The amount of opposition, and envy, and distrust with which the provincial writer, of a certain calibre (for the best writers in the provinces never suffer themselves to be provincialised), regards the utterances of his metropolitan brother is very curious, and, to the latter, quite incomprehensible. When the London writer sits down to his desk, it is the world, not London, nor the provinces, which he feels around him. There are cliques in London, certainly ; but there is no London clique. He cannot understand, therefore, why he should be represented as a sham god, trying to dictate self-regarding laws to a rebellious universe. He never attempted to assume the character. He was quite innocent of any intention to give offence to the preternaturally sensitive editor of the *Drumley News*, or the quick-tempered proprietor of the *Shillelagh Gazette*, by representing London as the supreme arbiter in matters of dress, or social habits, or municipal government, or anything else. But, presently, there is a storm abroad, and a dozen papers are resenting the insolence of ignoring Mudvale, or Clonmagh, or Butterbiggins in a discussion of national importance. Why should London override the other towns of the empire ? What has she done that her interests alone are to be considered—that her opinion alone should be held worthy of consideration ? Is not the whole country taxed in order to pay for the large parks, and fine buildings, and tall columns, which she coolly appropriates to herself ? And do not these petty London journalists talk as if there were no world out of London, and as though the mere fact of their living in London (some respectable country-town having cast them forth) gives them a divine right to settle the affairs of the nation out of hand ? But such places as Mudvale, and Clonmagh, and Butterbiggins, *do*, thank Heaven, exist ; they claim to be heard, and they hurl back the charge of provincial insignificance against the wretched tools of metropo-

litan self-sufficiency and pride. The chances are that after such a harangue, the provincial journal proceeds to cool itself by bursting into poetry.

In one sense, the counter-charge against London is well-founded. Our metropolitan journalists are too fond of writing of local subjects as if they must necessarily interest the whole country—and this is one of the most obvious forms of provincialism. It has often been said that London is the most provincial city in the empire; but that conclusion is derivable from false premises. It is true that London journals have constantly to write upon matters which are purely local; but many of the local things of a metropolis have a national interest. Suppose the *Times* devotes one of its longest leaders to a description of the Thames Embankment, to a eulogy upon the projectors of it, and a general expression of satisfaction over its progress, the newspaper does not appeal solely to its London readers. The nation ought to be as much concerned as the capital in the beautifying of the banks of the Thames. It is a national matter that the capital should worthily represent the nation in point of architectural magnificence. There is no more conclusive proof of provincialism than the envious grudging of the expense of improving London, *because* that expense is not shared equally with provincial towns. The Londoner is not supposed to take a foreigner to Westminster Bridge, and say to him, "Look you, these Houses of Parliament, and that fine embankment, and this handsome bridge, and the beautiful parks which stretch from behind these houses westward for several miles, are all *ours*. They belong to London. You need not go into the provinces; we cannot be expected to care for them." The probability is, that a Londoner who has seen Prague, the Viennese Gardens, the Berlin street of palaces, the Munich churches and galleries, Florence, Verona, and Paris, would be very little inclined to boast; and would be only too glad to hurry his foreign guest into the country, to astonish him with the Westmoreland and the Scottish lakes, the old-world quaintness of Chester, or the picturesque grandeur of Edinburgh. It is not in this direction that the Londoner is likely to sin. Where he does become provincial is in taking it for granted that insignificant local matters should have an importance for the country. Papers published in the provinces are provincial because they are honestly published on the exclusive behalf of this or that particular town. Here and there we find newspapers—such as the *Scotsman*, the *Man-*

chester Guardian, and the *Manchester Examiner*—which are not even in this sense provincial—which exercise an influence beyond their particular local sphere; and that influence is chiefly due, not to any marked intention, but to the general ability of the writing they offer. But the principal London journals are supposed to be published for the whole country; and they thus become peculiarly liable to a charge of provincialism in elevating insignificant metropolitan matters into undue prominence. There is also a tone sometimes audible in London journalism which suggests provincialism. When a writer delights to echo the opinions of some Fleet Street public-house as the authoritative verdict of a skilled council; when he devotes his entire energies to the removal of some obstruction in the Strand; or places the London cab strike as a topic of far greater importance than the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or the financial prospects of Prussia, he is guilty of provincialism quite as much as the editor of the *Butterbiggins Herald*, who devotes a leader to the coming of age of the neighbouring squire's son.

If provincial writers complain of the supercilious tone of London journalism, they must remember that they are partly accountable for it. The absurd reverence which is sometimes paid to a man in the provinces simply because he has made a little reputation in London, is very singular. All that a comic-singer, or a verse-writer, or a third-rate actor has to do, to acquire success in his profession, is to go to London, receive the metropolitan stamp, and return to overawe the provinces. Look at some of the criticisms of country theatres, written by local correspondents, which appear in the *Era*. A common-place company goes down from London, and the poor correspondent does not know how to describe his sentiments on being confronted by these august creatures. "Of course," he writes, "it is not for us to criticise such an array of talent." And so the Star company not only reaps more money than it could make in London, but is treated to a surfeit of indiscriminate praise, of the thorough provincial flavour. Why should this be so? As a rule, provincial audiences are as good dramatic critics as London audiences. It is surely absurd, then, that we should find in the country professional critics who are absolutely afraid of criticising this or that actor simply because the latter goes into the provinces with a trail of metropolitan glory in his wake.

There is one plan sometimes used in the

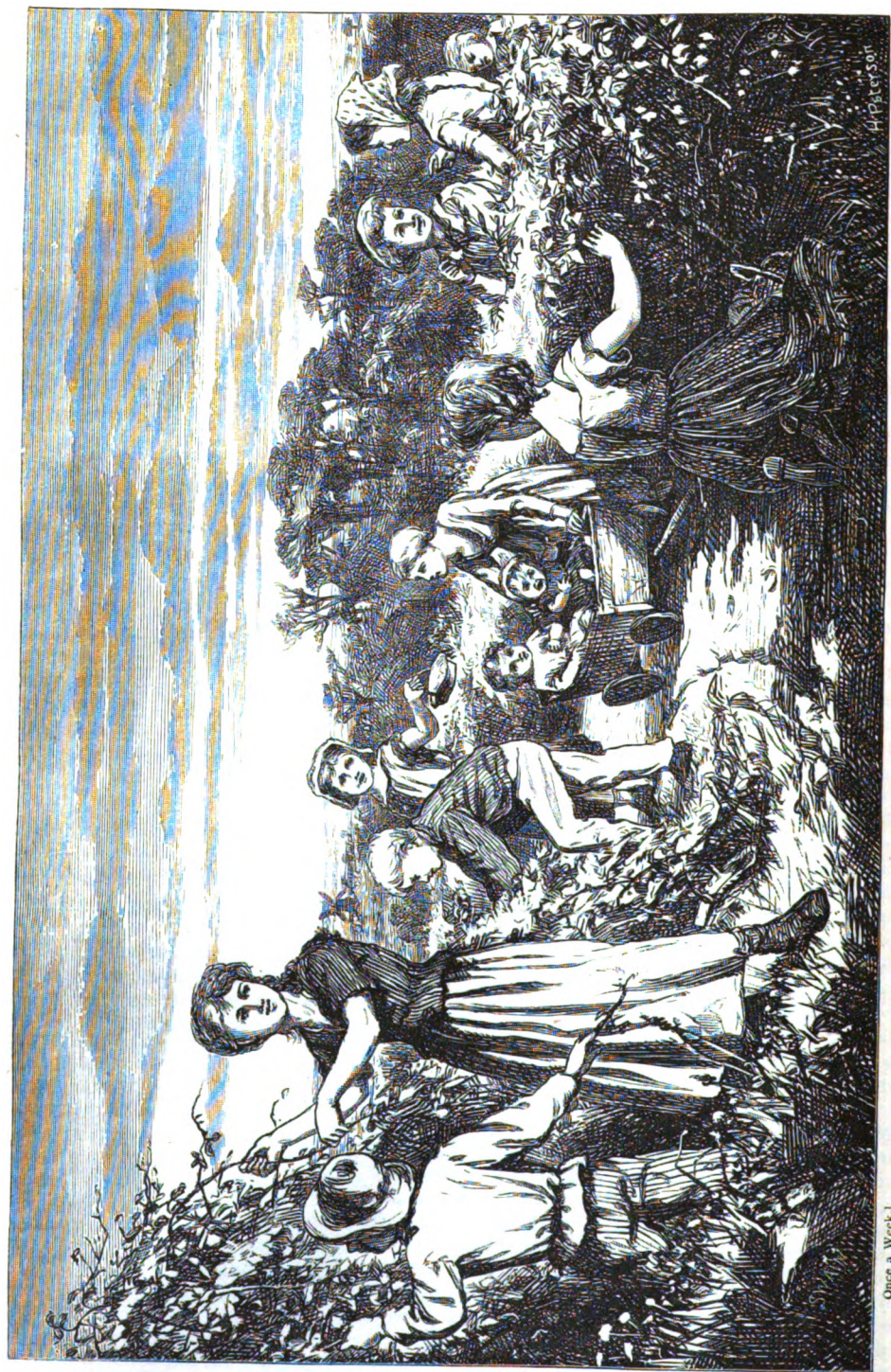
production of country papers which goes a long way to destroy their provincial tone. The *Northern Daily Express*, the *Eastern Morning News*, and the *Western Morning News*, for example, (and, if we do not mistake, there are one or two more papers in this combination,) have their leading articles, their foreign intelligence, London correspondence, &c., &c., made up in London; the same material doing duty for each paper, with the local news subsequently added in the various towns. By this means, the proprietors of these papers are enabled to engage good writers, who are not likely to be led astray by local prejudices. As a general rule, the weak point of provincial papers is their foreign intelligence. They do not seem to care anything about it. Continental affairs may be on the brink of a general conflagration; but, unless that conflagration is likely to affect the commerce of Clonmagh, the Clonmagh journals do not take any notice of it. If the visitor to any provincial town or city were cut off from communication with London papers, he would have no idea whatever of what was going on amongst neighbouring nations. He might hear that Austria had made another step towards constitutionalism, three weeks after the most important changes had taken place in the Reichsrath. The general foreign intelligence he would find would be a few paragraphs culled from the funny Parisian correspondents. Who ever heard of provincial newspapers having permanent foreign correspondents of their own; or of their sending special war-correspondents? For such matters they have hitherto relied upon borrowing from the London press. Indeed, the making up of a provincial paper was comparatively a cheap and easy amusement until a fatal rivalry suggested the employment of special telegraph-wires, when several country papers were forced to employ in London part of that machinery which the London papers already had in use.

Nor do provincial papers aim so much at serving a political party as at pleasing all sorts and conditions of men. In some large towns there is a sufficient proportion of Liberals and Conservatives to support papers of distinct political views; but, as a rule, it is local, not national interests which are studied. In Glasgow, for instance, the three chief daily papers—the *Herald*, the *Mail*, and *Morning Journal*—do not represent the Tory, Whig, and Radical parties. The *Mail* appeals to the working-classes, to shop-keepers, clerks, and so on; the *Herald* to merchants and employers of labour generally. So that the ques-

tion which most provokes animosity and discussion in the city is not whether the three-cornered constituencies ought or ought not to be abolished, but whether some servant-woman, or her master, was really the murderer of somebody else.

The writing in provincial journals is, of course, very unequal; for the best of writers would be dumfounded by having to sing hymns in praise of some insignificant horse-fair, agricultural show, town-council squabble, or the like. Many of the country papers, however, are remarkably well written; and, among others, we may name, besides those already mentioned, the *Cork Examiner*, the *Dublin Freeman* and *Evening Mail*, the Belfast *Northern Whig*, the Liverpool *Daily Post* and *Albion*, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, the *Birmingham Daily Post*, the *Leeds Mercury*, and the *Inverness Courier*, as occasionally exhibiting a width and impartiality of vision, and a literary culture, which honourably distinguish them in provincial journalism. Perhaps the most able, in a literary sense, of our provincial journals, is the *Scotsman*, which only occasionally permits itself to be engrossed by local politics.

The papers we have named have, of course, to write on entirely local subjects from time to time; but they are in no sense more provincial than the ordinary London newspaper. If the correspondence which appears in their columns is sometimes amusingly petty and absurd, so is that which we find contributed by offended Londoners to the columns of the *Times* and the *Telegraph*. The fact is, provincialism proper is not the result of position, but of a certain habit of mind. Breadth of culture is directly destructive of provincialism; and there is no man more likely to acquire that breadth of culture than the clever and shifty provincial journalist, who has to write on a dozen different subjects every month. The marked provincialism of the smaller country papers, where it exists, is clearly the result of prejudice and ignorance. Nor does it do much harm; for it appeals to a certain section of people who would only be offended by able and impartial writing; even were they capable of comprehending it. There still linger in the provinces men whose chief idea of religion is to curse the Pope, who attribute all the political ills of England to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and who are certain that Mr. Bright is conspiring to murder the Queen and erect a Republic. For them provincial journals are; and they enjoy together an exceeding and beautiful harmony.



[Oct. 17, 1884.]

THE BLACKBERRY GATHERERS.—By H. PATERSON.

Once a Week.]

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

II.

D'ORSAY, JERROLD, AND A STRANGER.

D'ORSAY.

BON jour, my friend. That stare upon your face
Proclaims you quite a stranger in this place ;
So tell me, if it please you, whence you came,
What country gave you birth, and what your name ?

STRANGER.

I come from London, and my name is Jones.

D'ORSAY.

Methinks I've heard that name before, old Bones.

STRANGER.

Jones, sir, not Bones ; I pray you, pay respect
Unto a name which,—though not now select,
Was in the ancient times, long, long before
The needy Norman stepped on British shore,
Famous in story.

D'ORSAY.

Don't fly in a passion,
But tell me, worthy Jones, what is the fashion
In dress ? I mean, amongst the Aristocracy—
I care not for the costume of Democracy.

STRANGER.

'Tis well that you are dead ; for were you living,
You might behold a change past your forgiving.
Though Dukes were mighty rulers in your day,
The common people o'er the present sway.
There's no respect for Intellect or Birth,
A horny hand is now the mark of worth.
The lower classes must the upper teach,
And dress will be as fustian as their speech.

D'ORSAY.

What you have said is past my comprehension ;
Surely the tale is partly your invention.

STRANGER.

Just as you please, fine sir ; but, strike me dumb,
The tale is as I've told it—Davus sum.

D'ORSAY.

That Englishmen should cease to pay respect
To Learning, or make slight of Intellect,
Creates no wonder. For I'm well aware
That money-making is their only care ;
And Poets, Wits, or Painters have, I deem,
Scarcely the wherewithal to win esteem :
But to deny the claims of noble birth,
Or look on titles as of little worth,—
Considering how Britons all accord
On this one point, to dearly love a Lord,—
To my mind is a thing so wondrous strange,
I doubt it. Say, how comes the sudden change ?

STRANGER.

'Twould tire your patience did I tell you how.
Besides, I'm sick of politics just now ;

Trust me, however great a Briton's pride
In rank, that feeling now is laid aside.
But tell me, what can make you lay such stress
On matters so contemptible as dress ?

D'ORSAY.

Hush ! you insult me. Dress is no mean thing.
Of Fashion formerly I was the King ;
By me was shaped the costume of the day,
And no one dared my laws to disobey.
Man, then, was judged according to his coat,
Hat, gloves and trowsers—and no man of note,
Without straps to the latter, ever stirred
Abroad—unless the gaiter he preferred.

STRANGER.

Such is the fate of Fashion's great creators !
One man alone wears straps, and Two wear gaiters.
But though I deprecate the love of dress—
Especially when carried to excess—
I must acknowledge that the costume tells
If men are Gentlemen or merely Swells.
And—to confess the truth,—I am not proud—
The present style of dress is rather loud.
Showing for foreign nations his disdain,
Of personal appearance little vain,
Dressed in a suit of Tweed, from top to toe,
The Briton his importance loves to show
By manners from good breeding quite exempt,
And for his pains meets only with contempt.

D'ORSAY.

Vulgarity and pride, I full well know,
Are qualities a Briton loves to show
When travelling abroad. But how at home,—
Does he, in suit of Tweed through London roam ?

STRANGER.

Yea. Even in the most select of clubs
You come across some ill-conditioned cubs,
At all times, in their shooting garb incased,
In bold defiance of the laws of taste.
You'll say, Such men are snobs. But yet, in truth,
I can't speak better of our gilded youth.
The fashion of their dress I'm scarcely able
To paint. It savours strongly of the stable ;
As if their only pride were to assume
A cut betwixt a jockey and a groom.

D'ORSAY.

I see. The sport in fashion now is—racing.

STRANGER.

You've hit it ; and the sport is so debasing,
Yet full of fascination, that in time
It kills man's honour and engenders crime.
The gaols are filled with victims to the vice
Of betting. Nor are noblemen more nice
In their pursuit of wealth by such vile means.
Plunged in the fight, no prudence intervenes
To check their downward course to ruin. Born
To win respect, they heed it not, nor scorn
To be on terms of friendship with all grades
Of men, aye, Epsom roughs and Sheffield blades.

D'ORSAY.

'Tis folly to expect to crush the vice
Of public gambling. Put down cards or dice,
Ingenious man will quickly find a way
To gratify his strong desire for play ;
And he, who in the fight would be victorious,
Must deem no means that prosper, as inglorious ;
No thought of self-respect should intervene —
Who picks up dirt can't keep his fingers clean.
Let's change the subject. You have told me how
Men shape their costume. How do ladies now ?

STRANGER.

Oh, just as ever—rushing to extremes.
To Fashion's changing laws a woman deems
Obedience as a virtue, far above
Good taste and common sense, or even love.
In days of yore the bonnet was so bulky,
It hid a woman's charms and made men sulky ;
Yearly it dwindled, and is now so small,
You scarcely see the article at all ;
And though attached to it are yards of string,
A simple flower or bird is all the thing.
This reckless love of change affects, no less,
The fit dimensions of a lady's dress.
Once, like a huge balloon, she loomed in sight ;
Now, like a scarecrow flits into the light.
At balls, she swaggers in a sweeping train,
Which renders all attempts at dancing vain ;
But wears the shortest dresses in the street,
To glad man's eye with something more than feet.

D'ORSAY.

You're joking now. In modesty and grace,
All other maids to English maids give place.

STRANGER.

I thank you for the compliment you pay
My countrywomen. But I grieve to say
The present scorns the virtues of the past :
If men are priggish, women are too fast.
The sweet, retiring modesty—so prized
In former time—is now, alas ! despised ;
Our girl is of her new-born freedom proud,
Her tastes are horsey, and her manners loud ;
If modesty and grace her heart enshrine,
There is no visible and outward sign
By which the inward beauty may be seen ;
Nor cares she to affect cold virtue's mien.
Her talk is all of horses and of races,
Mixed with the slang one hears in vulgar places ;
All her accomplishments and showy airs
Are superficial—as the dress she wears ;
To Art—she deigns some slight regard to pay,
Because it seems the fashion of the day ;
For reading—if she's ever in the mood,
A trashy novel is her mental food ;
Or if—to shine in Music she is spurred,
'Tis but a trap to catch a silly bird.
To win a husband, who has wealth or name—
No matter what his age—is all her aim ;
For that she sells her beauty and her youth,
And little heeds the voice of Love and Truth.

A traitor to the instincts of her heart,
She scruples not to practise any art,
However mean, the victory to gain ;
And in her mad ambition to obtain
The fleeting worship of the eye, she scorns
The modesty which Beauty most adorns ;
Nor blushes to adopt the tone of those,
Her heart must teach her to regard as foes.
To the fond worshippers before her throne,
Her eye is melting, but her heart is stone ;
And though her bosom flutters when she sees
Poets and Painters on their bended knees ;
What though on them some slight regard may fall,
She much respects her groom above them all.

D'ORSAY.

The tale is too repulsive to be true ;—
Some penny-a-liner has imposed on you,
Who, snubbed by a proud maiden, thinks to vex
Her simple heart by libelling the sex ;
Or, by some base and vicious woman, done,
He blames the many for the faults of one.
In either case, 'tis cowardly to wreak
His bitter wrath and vengeance on the weak,
Whom chivalry commands us to protect ;
As for his love of Truth, I've no respect,
But deem the heartless tale, from end to end,
As foul a libel as was ever penned.
Thus, in the ways of vice her heart to school,
Is, surely, the exception—not the rule—
'Mongst English maidens ? I have known them
well,
And rather would endure the pains of Hell
Than hear them libelled. Tell me, wretched Sprite,
In my conjectures, am I wrong or right ?
Come, don't stand shaking.

STRANGER.

Well, sir, I confess,
I but repeat the strictures of the press—
At least the *Saturday Review* says so,
And that is penned by gentlemen, we know.

D'ORSAY.

By gentlemen. The times are bad indeed,
When men can write what women blush to read ;
Out with such gentlemen !

STRANGER.

Nay, sir, don't swear,
Nor deem me poor in duty to the fair ;
Nay, I should feel as much delight as you,
Could I believe those strictures quite untrue ;
But who shall dare the public press to twit,
Nor reverence its voice as Holy Writ ?
A critic may be impudent, uncouth,
But yet 'tis blasphemy to doubt his truth ;
And though the charming sex he sacrifices,
And magnifies its follies into vices,
No one would dare to utter such abuse,
If for the censure there were no excuse ;
So—keeping mercy out of sight—I fear
The verdict's partly true, although severe.

D'ORSAY.

Your speech is rude. But wherefore should I wonder?

I know your race so well, 'twould be a blunder
To think an Englishman could be polite.

STRANGER.

Nay—En revanche, your verdict is not right ;
'Tis true a Briton neither scrapes nor bows
At every moment, nor pours out his vows
Of friendship to each stranger that he meets ;
And though with somewhat of disdain he treats
All foreigners, (which shows his native spleen,)
For true Politeness—and by that, I mean
Kindness in deeds, not words alone—you can
Find none to beat an English gentleman.
Don't think I'm boasting. In my time I've spent
Many a year upon the continent,
And I must own—'tis not your only mote—
I've seen such rudeness at a table d'hôte,
And such a want of all consideration
For anyone but self, I loved my nation
Far more than ever, for it made me blush,
And think your *Politesse* not worth a rush.

D'ORSAY.

Enough. I have no time for further talk,
I promised Brummell I would take a walk.

STRANGER.

Stay yet a moment. Though I railed at dress,
As but of little moment, I confess,
Of Fashion, I would yet obey the rule ;
So, tell me, who in Hades, is the Poole?

D'ORSAY,

Who's Poole?

STRANGER.

The tailor of the Upper ten ;
Moses and Son fit out the common men.

D'ORSAY.

Don't talk of Moses, nor of Poole to me,
My coat was cut out by the great Nugee ;
Stultz made my trowsers ; and my patent boots
Of Hoby's genius were the ripened fruits.
But mark me, do not lay the slightest stress
Upon the cut or colour of your dress ;
Here Taste and Fancy are of little worth,
Each shade must wear the dress he wore on Earth,
To all eternity. And, though I own,
'Tis sad to wander in one suit alone,
There's yet this comfort—it removes all care,—
And, then, it stands no end of wear and tear.
But here comes Jerrold, sir. He daily wends
This way to see the souls that Charon sends
From yonder shore ; and so, old Jones, adieu.

JERROLD.

That's D'Orsay, sure, who parted now from you.
What a queer ghost he is. "He daily wends
This way to see the souls that Charon sends
From yonder shore," and he delights to sneer
At every shade who ventures to appear

In garments different from those he wears ;
As if a Spirit for such matters cares.

D'ORSAY.

Bye, bye, old Cynic.

JERROLD.

Wretched swell—adieu.
Go to Beau Brummell—he's the man for you.
So, sir, you've late arrived from yonder shore ;
Methinks I've seen your genial face before,
But in what place exactly, I forget.

STRANGER.

You're right in your conjecture. We have met
Full many a time and oft, within a place
Not far from Covent Garden ; where your face
Daily it was my happiness to see
In days of yore.

JERROLD.

You surely mean the G.
How fares the club ? I hope it prospers still.

STRANGER.

Though much increased, it never fails to fill
The gaps by death or by desertion made ;
And that is all about it need be said.
But now—I hope my boldness you will pardon,
For I'm a stranger in this sunny garden—
My brother ghosts' esteem I fain would woo ;
To be correct—What should a Spirit do ?

JERROLD.

Do what you please—you cannot well go wrong—
The place soon chastens vice, however strong ;
In its pure light most mortal passions melt,
Existence is enjoyed, but scarcely felt.

STRANGER.

Alas ! I fear the Life one leads below
Is rather void of pleasure.

JERROLD.

Nay ; not so ;
The breath of Immortality improves
The zest of mortal pleasures, but removes
The ills which their pursuit on Earth engendered ;
So, all that once was dangerous, is rendered
Innocuous. Behold yon silent group
Intent upon their game !

STRANGER.

Amongst the troop
I see some men I know. What are they doing ?

JERROLD.

What oft in other spheres has proved man's ruin ?
On one sole pastime those poor souls exist :
Save when asleep, they play the game of whist ;
I own, to me it is a sorry sight
To see them at it, morning, noon, and night ;
But, what would scarcely please our friends above,
No money changes hands. They play for love.

STRANGER.

Well, there's this comfort. In a state so pure,
The stupidest of shades has time to cure
His mortal errors, and to be, ere long,
Perfect in every sense.

JERROLD.

Ah ! there, you're wrong :
Though Death the body purifies, you'll find
There's no regeneration of the mind ;
The vices—purely physical—grow tame,
But mental errors ever are the same.
There's Hoyle and Deschappelles, I need not say
Each one was justly reckoned in his day
Monarch supreme of whist. But yet, 'tis strange,
So sweeping in the laws has been the change,
Whenever they are partners in the game,
Each to superior knowledge lays the claim ;
They cannot change their tactics here below,
But flounder in cross purposes, and so,
They play with more than spiritual passion,
And wrangle o'er the cards in mortal fashion.
But come with me ; I'll take you to the spot,
And introduce you to the gambling lot,
So you can judge if what I say be true.

STRANGER.

Nay, friend, I'm equally obliged to you,
But cards are not my fancy ; and I think,
My preference just now is for a drink.

JERROLD.

Hah ! say'st thou so, old Ghost ? Thou reasonest
well :
I'll take thee to a sweet and shady dell,
Where we may liquor to our hearts' content.
Come, don't stand gaping there ; do you consent ?

STRANGER.

Most willingly. But, I'm ashamed to say,
I don't possess the wherewithal to pay.
My Obolus—sole coin I brought with me
From Earth—old Charon seized on, as his fee
For wafting spirits in his crazy launch,
And gave me, in its place, this golden branch ;
About its value, though, I have some doubt ;
'Twere best, methinks, to put it up the spout.

JERROLD.

You are, indeed, a green and silly shade,
To think that here Pawnbrokers ply their trade.
Preserve your branch ; its worth consists in this,
A passport to the plains of endless bliss :
It gives the wearer freedom to enjoy
Elysian sweets, without the least alloy.
Go where you please, there's no restriction here.
No brutal Myrmidons will interfere
With your pursuits, or tell you to move on,
If you prefer the grass to lie upon.
Abundant food is here to satiate
The spiritual appetite, however great ;
Perennial fountains through Elysium play,
Whence issue streams of nectar to allay
A thirst—immortal—as is every sense
To which a shade can have the least pretence.

And as for money ! Don't disturb yourself,
My silly friend, about your want of pelf ;
Let foolish mortals sweat and fight for gold,
All things are given here ; and nothing sold.

STRANGER.

Gadzooks ! I'm half inclined to think my lot
Will be a choice one in this charming spot.

JERROLD.

Yes ; but don't swear, not even o'er your cup.

STRANGER.

I beg a thousand pardons.

JERROLD.

There—shut up.

LULA'S CHOICE.

LULA THYRI was the only daughter of
an old couple, who lived in a solitary
cottage on the outskirts of the small village of
Gonar. The Thyris were stingy, surly, and
hard-hearted, and were, therefore, no favourites
among the scanty population of Gonar, but for
the sake of Lula the old people were tolerated.
Lula had many friends, for she was by far the
sweetest-tempered and most contented girl in
Gonar. She was also the plainest, a fact which
gained her friends even among the envious
and ill-natured. Lula's parents treated her
with such harshness that it was considered a
wonder she could always look so smiling
and happy as she did. And, perhaps, what
was even a greater wonder, Lula, though her
life was a hard one, not only looked, but was
happy. What her friends called drudgery
was to her only work, which was done with
cheerfulness, and when she had finished it,
she knew where to look for pleasure.

Gonar was a dull place, and the Gonar
people led dull lives ; but Lula had days of
excitement as great as if she had been a grand
lady. No grand lady ever waited with more
anxiety for the arrival of the wreath which
was to be worn at the next court ball, than
Lula watched for the opening of the bud which
told her that spring was near ; neither did the
finest singer give that same lady greater plea-
sure than Lula felt when she heard the song of
the birds, which told her that spring was come.
And thus it was throughout the year ; Lula
had always something to look forward to with
that pleasurable longing which made each day
in its turn a happy one.

But there came a time when even Lula had
cause to weep, and it happened thus. Her
parents did not love her because she was not
beautiful, and when they had nothing else to

do, they used to sit and grumble at the fate which had given them such a daughter. One day poor Lula overheard their lamentations.

"Was ever woman born so unfortunate," said dame Frona, "as to have had given her so ill-favoured a daughter; why, she will be on our hands all our lives."

"You speak truly, wife, for sure enough no one will marry the wench unless it be Kolf Lyn, who for the sake of a few pence would marry sin herself."

"Well thought of!" exclaimed the old dame. "If Lula can't be matched any other way, Kolf's wife she shall become."

Lula, like other people, had built her castle in the air, but a certain Oswald Erling, and not Kolf Lyn had been the lord of it. At her mother's speech the castle vanished, and she trembled, for dame Frona's wish was will in that house. Then Lula went into the woods, and sat in her favourite nook and cried bitterly.

"What do you weep for so bitterly, little maid?"

Lula started, and on looking round saw that an old woman of the village had sat down by her side. It was difficult for Lula to tell the trouble she was in, so she merely replied that she was not crying about anything in particular.

"Yet you are not one to cry about nothing. Come, tell me your trouble, perhaps I could ease it."

Lula declared that no one could help her.

"Ah! then I know what the trouble must be," said the old woman smiling, and, plucking a dandelion, she gave it to Lula. "Now let us see whether it is Yes, or No."

Lula grew very red, and threw the dandelion away. "No," she said, while her eyes again filled with tears; "it is no use, I am too ugly for that sort of thing."

The old woman laughed, but kindly. "Tears won't give you beauty, will they, now?"

"No, but what will?"

"Why not take a journey to the black lake?"

Lula shuddered as if struck by a sudden fear, for she knew well what the old crone meant. "Well, I might do that certainly; thank you, mother, for the suggestion. I can die but once," added Lula, resignedly.

"Don't despair; the spirit of the lake may be kindly disposed towards you."

"Ah, well!" said Lula, sighing; "even if it leads me to a bad fate it cannot be a worse one than becoming the wife of Kolf Lyn."

"Luck befriend you, little Lula; don't forget to go before sunset, and to take with you, as the exchange for what you ask, the greatest treasure you possess."

The black lake was situated in the heart of the mountains around, and was supposed by the Gonar people to be the abode of a spirit, who had the power to confer upon mortals the gifts which Nature had denied them. The lake was held in great abhorrence, for the spirit was said to be a malevolent one, and to lure people to their destruction; but there were some who had been heard to defend the spirit of the lake, and to attribute the evil fate rather to the nature of the gifts demanded, than to the malice of the donor. Lula, however, had no very great uneasiness, for she fancied that there might be some truth in the latter theory, and, if so, the gift she was about to ask for could not possibly lead her to evil. As soon as Lula had made up her mind to brave all danger, she became quite excited in her anxiety to go on her expedition.

Dame Frona was not quite so exacting as usual that day, and Lula was able to start the same afternoon. As soon as she saw that her parents had sat down by the kitchen fire to indulge in another long grumble, she slipped out, taking with her the little stock of savings which she had been many years hoarding up, and which she looked upon as her only treasure. Very demurely she passed through the village, but as soon as she had left it behind her, she ran at her greatest speed, so fearful was she that she might not arrive at the lake before the sun set. Forgetful of the roughness of the road she scrambled up the mountain, slipped, fell, jumped up, and reached the top breathless, then half ran, half rolled down the other side, and at length arrived panting at the border of the lake.

The sun was rapidly sinking down in the west, and the black lake might have been called the golden one, so bright did the reflection of the sun render it. Lula knew that it was a good omen if the water took a golden hue, and her courage rose at the sight.

As she looked, she saw that the large, black swan, the warden of the lake, had seen her, and was coming towards her. She scarcely dared to breathe, so anxious was she to know whether it would come in anger or in gentleness to do her bidding. But on it came, gliding smoothly through the water, straight to where she stood. Flowers of all sorts grew in abundance in the sheltered valley, and without a moment's thought she stooped and plucked a bunch of the musk rose. She started. The swan had risen, and was flapping its wings, while a sound very much like human laughter seemed to be proceeding from its outstretched throat. Then on it came again, and when the

bird had reached the water's edge, Lula tremblingly held out towards it the bunch of roses. Away it glided with them in its mouth ; but when it reached the middle of the lake, it dived its head, and disappeared under the water. Hitherto there had been that peculiar stillness in the air which betokens the approach of evening, as if all life dared not, even by a breath, disturb the last moments of expiring day. But suddenly the earth seemed moved, as if by a sudden convulsion. The birds flew hither and thither, the cattle sought shelter under the trees, and strange wailing sounds were borne upon the air. The rushing wind stirred up the water, which hissed, and foamed, and rose as one great surging wave. Then the wave burst in the centre, and the divided waters rolled over and over to the right and left of the lake, until they reached the base of the mountains on each side, up which they seemed to be drawn by some magnetic power. But the angry water came rushing down again and again, and the more it was drawn up, the more angry was its roar.

Lula was stunned by the noise, and blinded by the spray, caused by this momentary hurricane, so that, for a moment, she saw nothing. By degrees, however, a feeling of indescribable fear stole over her, for she became aware that something was before her. At first it appeared as a shadow between her and the sky ; then it took the form of a very aged, sorrowful-looking woman. Close against her was the black swan, and the foaming cataract on each side seemed to be keeping guard over the two inhabitants of the lake. In her hand was the bunch of roses, and, pointing them towards Lula, she began in a pitying voice,—

"My little damsel, I see that you have asked for beauty ;" and the sigh she gave as she spoke seemed echoed all round. "If I grant your request, what do you give in return?"

The woman's tone had reassured Lula, and she at once came forward, and timidly presented her small stock of savings. But with terror Lula now heard the strange spirit's mocking laughter.

"We have no use here for this ; it is one of the treasures of your heart which I desire."

Lula wondered what she meant ; however, she merely timidly said the spirit might take anything she chose.

"I shall take the gift with which Nature has most endowed you, the value of which you have begun to lose sight of. When the clock is to-night on the stroke of twelve, utter the name of the person whom you wish to be like, and the exchange will be made."

Lula was about to express her gratitude ; but she was stopped by the look of sorrow on the spirit's face, who seemed to be listening to the wail of lament which now rose on all sides.

"Thank me not yet, Lula. Do you hear those sounds? they are the groans of the banished virtues, which others, like yourself, have been so ready to cast out of their hearts. They are entreating me to pause before I grant your wish. You please me, Lula, and I will listen to their prayer, and show you mercy by giving you time to undo a foolish act. Therefore, when your face changes, the metamorphosis will only be visible to yourself for the first twenty-four hours. If, before the expiration of that time, you regret the exchange, go and drink of the water of the spring which used to rise at the top of the mountain. It has long been dry, but it will flow again at your bidding ; and when you have drunk of it you will be your old self."

Lula was about to say that she had no fear for her happiness, now that she had obtained her wish ; but with her last words the woman had disappeared, and the waters of the black lake were flowing as smoothly as ever, over which the swan resumed its guard.

Briskly Lula started on her journey homewards. Never had she been so happy. Her voice echoed merrily through the mountain passes, her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she bounded along, so blithe, so joyful did she feel. As she came in sight of her cottage she became a little uneasy for fear her absence had been discovered, but to her relief she found that her parents had gone to bed, and she crept quietly to her room, carrying the old time-piece with her out of the kitchen. It was still early, and for some time Lula's mind was taken up in deciding the important matter of which one of her friends she would choose to be like. It was a most difficult point to settle. Which would she rather be ; fair, or dark? She admired Erica's black hair and blue eyes ; but perhaps Sulita's golden hair and brown eyes were even prettier. Then there was little Fredda, with her short upper lip, and pearly teeth, how charming she was with her bright sparkling expression ; yet she was not sure that Juanita, with her saint-like beauty, was not more lovely than all. It was doubtful whether Lula would ever have come to any decision, if she had not suddenly remembered that she had once heard Oswald Erling say that he considered Erica, with the long black hair, to be the most beautiful girl in the village. Her mind having at length been set at ease, she

began to think of how she would feel when she was like Erica, and how she would wear the long black tresses when they were hers. But she was not accustomed to sit up to so late an hour, and soon she began to feel drowsy and fell asleep. The wind had risen, and each gust as it came brought with it some ghastly sound, which made Lula start up in a tremble out of her uneasy slumber. Owls hooted among the distant trees; bats flew out and hovered round the windows, flapping their wings against the glass. But above all, Lula heard the despairing murmur, which she had heard floating over the lake, and which now filled her with a strange sorrowful feeling. Then the words of warning uttered by the spirit came back to her, and she knew that the wail was in her own heart, and that the virtue she was about to banish was making one last appeal.

But Lula was obdurate, and dozed off again so that she might not hear. The clock was just on the stroke of twelve before she woke again, and then she started up with a scream of terror, for she had had a strange and fearful dream. She had dreamt that at the appointed hour she had uttered a name, but it was that of Kolf Lyn, the miser. His dreadful name was still ringing in her ears, and with a ghastly face she looked up at the clock, to see whether in her sleep she had brought upon herself a terrible doom.

It was just on the stroke of twelve. One—two—it began, and with a trembling voice Lula called out the name of Erica. Louder and louder rose the despairing wail. The air seemed full of it, and again her heart was rent by a terrible pain. Three more strokes. The wail was dying out in the distance, and a sound as if of mocking laughter, came nearer and nearer. The last stroke, and Lula saw a dark shadow towering above her. An icy hand fell heavily on her face, each feature of which was jerked out of its place; an icy clutch tore something from her heart, and partly through the intensity of the pain, partly through the terror which had seized her, Lula for a time lost all sense.

When she regained consciousness she was unable to remember what had happened, but memory returned to her as she caught sight of the long black hair which fell in luxuriant masses over her shoulders. Running excitedly to the glass, she there saw the face of Erica. With what joy did she look at the large blue eyes, with their long black lashes, at her small rosy mouth. She smiled, and she saw the pearly teeth; she spoke, and she heard a voice

full of charm issuing from those lovely lips. With what joy did she touch the soft blushing cheek, clasp the tiny white hands together, and then coiling round her head the long black tresses, a cry of delight burst from her lips. The thought of the face which that glass had always before revealed, was now horrible to her; and she almost laughed aloud as she thought how little the inhabitant of the lake could know of human nature to imagine that she would ever regret the exchange she had made. Excited though she was, she felt tired, and she threw herself on her bed to snatch a few hours' repose. Generally, she fell asleep at once; but the thought of her newly-acquired beauty made her wakeful and restless. Presently, the bed which she had hitherto found so comfortable appeared to her a very hard one; so hard that, instead of giving her repose, it made her limbs ache painfully. What a misery was a hard bed! She was sure that Erica, whose parents were much richer than hers, had a much softer couch; and she began to feel that she had been very hardly used in not having been born rich. In the midst, however, of this sudden fit of pettishness, she fell asleep. On waking, she ran at once to the glass to see that her beauty had not flown; but, as she looked, and saw that it was still there, it occurred to her that she was not as pretty as she thought; and she began to wish that she had chosen to be like Sulita, who had the soft brown eyes and golden hair. Very much disgusted at the mistake which she had made, she went downstairs and sullenly sat down to breakfast. Never before had she noticed how coarse her fare was; and again she considered herself ill-used, for she felt certain that Erica was eating a much better breakfast. Then she thought how wretched was the room she sat in, how harsh were her parents' voices, how toilsome the duties which they asked her to perform. What a hard life was hers! Was ever a girl so wretched? and now, so lovely as she was, she might have been born a queen.

These and many such like thoughts passed through Lula's mind; and, almost weeping with vexation at the thought that she had not asked for riches instead of for beauty, she went to find consolation in some of her favourite haunts in the wood. But the bright morning sun had no charm for her that day, nor the fresh budding trees, and bright spring flowers. The singing of the birds wearied her, and she thought how tired she was of the country. She longed to be in a town, and see houses instead of trees; gay shops where she could

buy fine dresses. Above all, she longed to be where her beauty could be appreciated, and where she could lead a more amusing life than the intolerably dull one which was now hers.

With a feeling of intense weariness she returned home, and mechanically went through her round of duties. But where was the interest gone with which she used to do them? Where the pleasure with which she fed her numerous pets? Where the happiness that she felt in the simple fact that she lived in a beautiful world, that she was gifted with life, and youth, and strength, with which to enjoy all that was given to be enjoyed?

Later, she went out into the village, but her second walk gave her no more pleasure than the first. Her friends appeared to shun her; and the little children who generally came prattling up to her seemed to run away as if in fear. But she tried to think that to-morrow it would be very different, for all would see how beautiful she had become. The day passed wearily away for Lula, and, towards evening, she went out again into the woods and sat herself by the side of a brook, with a feeling of despair at her heart such as she had never felt.

What had come to her she wondered?

Even the thought that she might become Oswald Erling's bride seemed to have lost its charm, for, as a poor man's wife, she would have but a toilsome existence. Why did she look upon life almost with loathing? And then a kind of terror seized her, for fearful thoughts came into her mind as she watched the calm flowing of the water at her feet.

"Has Lula obtained her wish?"

And at the words Lula looked up, and saw the old woman she had seen before.

Lula nodded her head, but told of her misery.

"How is this, Lula? you have been promised beauty as great as you can desire, and yet you are discontented, what more do you want?"

"Everything in the world but what I have," said Lula, despairingly.

"What was the treasure you gave up?"

"I know not, unless it was the power of being happy."

"And what, child, will give you happiness but the content which once filled your heart?"

Lula waited to hear no more, but ran back to her cottage without a moment's hesitation. Once more she looked in the glass. Beautiful as she was, how repulsive did her face now seem, with its miserable discontented expression! Now she understood why the children had avoided her, for though they had seen her still, they had seen her when content had

gone from her, and she felt that even had her beauty been visible all would have shunned her equally. With a thankful feeling at her heart that she had not met Oswald Erling that day, she started again for her journey to the mountain. She had been anxious to reach her destination quickly the evening before, but her anxiety then was nothing to that which she felt now for fear some accident might prevent her reaching the spring until after the appointed time. Evening had set in, and it was lonely on the mountains. Strange sounds again filled her ears, despairing groans on one side, mocking laughter on the other, made her each moment start; but she had no fear; on she hurried, heedless of everything. She could think of nothing but the treasure which she had bartered away, and without which she thought she must die.

At length, almost exhausted with her efforts to reach it, she found herself at the top of the mountain.

The wail of sorrow was sighing through the trees; but as Lula stooped to look for the spring, it changed to a sound of joy. The water came bubbling up clear and bright, and taking a little in her hand, Lula drank. Overpowered with fatigue, she sank down upon the ground and fell asleep. But before her eyelids closed, she knew that her lost treasure had come to her. Contentment, and all the happiness it gives, was again in her heart, a possession she knew now was far too priceless to part with.

Lula became no prettier, but she married Oswald Erling after all.

TABLE TALK.

HORACE VERNET, the eminent French artist, was returning from Versailles to Paris, when there happened to be in the same carriage with him two English spinster ladies, very prudish and prim, and of a certain age. Vernet's appearance was striking, and the ladies, after scanning him attentively whenever they thought he was looking the other way, began to communicate to one another their observations upon him in a rather loud whisper, thinking, apparently, that as they spoke in their own language they were at liberty to make what comments they pleased. The veteran painter was intensely amused, but was too much a man of the world to manifest the slightest consciousness of what was going on. It was not long before the train had to pass

through a tunnel. Vernet, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward, so as to be within hearing of his neighbours, and applied a smacking salute to the back of his hand. On emerging from the temporary obscurity, his face had assumed a mischievous expression, which, as he intended, was soon interpreted by each lady to the prejudice of the other, each charging each with having received from the moustachioed stranger the mysterious kiss in the dark. Arrived at the terminus, as all were alighting, Vernet offered his hand to help his fellow-travellers out of the carriage, and then with a graceful bow, took leave of them, saying as he retired, to their dismay, in perfectly correct English, "Adieu, ladies; I suppose I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing to which of you I am indebted for the unexpected but valued favour I received in the tunnel."

ANOTHER story of the great Horace. He was one day breakfasting at the *Café de Foy*, in the Palais Royal, when, drawing a bottle of champagne, the cork flew up to the ceiling, leaving behind it an unsightly blemish in the newly-decorated surface. Vernet looked at the damage, and ugly enough it was, in the midst of that pure white and gold firmament; then he looked at the face of mine host, and beheld in it a mixture of consternation and suppressed anger. "My good sir," said Vernet, "make yourself easy, to-morrow I will touch that offending spot with a wand which will make it the source of golden showers." The landlord opened his eyes, and he opened his ears; he was too politic to object to an arrangement which sounded so promising, though he did not exactly understand it. The morrow came, and with it, at an early hour, came Horace Vernet with his pallet and paint-brushes. He asked for a ladder, and in less than an hour the centre of the injured compartment was embellished with a swallow on the wing, destined to form the attraction and admiration of coming generations of customers. Contrary to the assertion of the proverb, that one swallow of Horace Vernet not only made a summer, but it created a perpetual summer in the financial atmosphere of the *Café de Foy*. The story got wind, and every one wanted to see Horace Vernet's hirondelle; and in order to see it, and to say they had seen it, it was necessary to expend a certain sum in eatables. Never was caged bird so petted and cared for, and in all subsequent decorations of the premises the world-famed swallow was respected and pre-

served. Even now that the house has changed its destination—being no longer a *Café*—the swallow of Horace Vernet still soars above the heads of admiring connoisseurs, who come to visit it with increased enthusiasm now that its gifted author has passed away.

HORACE AGAIN.—A wealthy Jewish banker was anxious to be put on canvas by Vernet. A picture of Vernet's, he reflected, was an investment as well as a joy for ever. It might, some years hence, fetch a very high price, and was therefore worth securing even at a small sacrifice. Vernet, however, he knew, was not a man to make two prices, and his only chance was cleverly to cajole him into naming a low figure the first time. Vernet at once saw the game of his wily customer; he looked him in the face, and with one glance took him in from head to foot, estimated the length of his pocket, and at the same time the measure of his meanness; he then said, in a resolute tone:—

"M. le Baron, my price for a full length portrait of you would be 10,000 francs."

"Ten thousand francs! My dear Vernet, would you ruin me? I can't give that sum for a mere portrait."

Vernet shrugged his shoulders. "That is just as you please; there is no necessity to put yourself to the expense, and, indeed, it seems to me a very foolish way of spending your money; but that is not my affair. I wish you good morning."

M. le Baron stood bewildered; he wanted the portrait, but he could not make up his mind to part with so great a sum; he went home a sadder but not perhaps a wiser man. He resolved to shake off all thought of this extravagant indulgence, but it would come back upon him, have it he must, and in less than a week he was again in the painter's studio.

"Well, M. Vernet," he began, "have you thought over the matter we were talking about the other day?"

"No, upon my word I haven't, indeed," said the painter, without suspending his occupation; "I have been very busy, and as it was a settled matter when you left there was no object in thinking of it again. We have had a pleasant change in the weather, M. le Baron, since I saw you," added he, after a pause.

R—— could scarcely conceal his vexation, and felt more desirous than ever to possess the object of his longings.

"Now, M. Vernet, I am still open to arrange for that picture, and I came to-day to offer you

5000 francs for it ; but, mind, not one centime more. When shall I give you the first sitting?"

"Oh, my dear sir, don't mention it again, pray. I had the honour to name to you my conditions ; you must be good enough to regard them as final. Good morning, M. R.," and he politely conducted his visitor to the door, pallet in hand.

"Confound the fellow's impudence," exclaimed the disappointed *millionnaire*, finding himself alone on the landing. "Why, hang him : he's as obstinate as a mule. I shan't manage him after all !" and he went away puzzled and mortified. Another and another haggling interview took place ; but always with the same niggardly policy on the part of the banker, and the same cool indifference on that of the painter. A long interval of hesitation followed, when one day, Baron R., having screwed himself up to the required pitch, and resolved to have his portrait, even at the startling sum demanded, again presented himself in the painting room.

"M. Vernet !" he exclaimed ; "you have gained your point ; I give in—paint me at your own price !" "

"Paint *you* !" exclaimed Vernet, with well feigned surprise ; "what, again?"

"Again? what do you mean?"

"Why, I *have* painted your portrait, ever so long ago ; all the time you were sitting huxtering there, I was taking your portrait, and as you are so poor, I will make you the compliment of it ; you are painted without any charge."

"Generous man !" exclaimed the modern Shylock ; "I accept ; where is the magic canvas, that I may admire it?"

"You will find it in the *Prise de la Smala*, now at Versailles ; it has just been removed from my studio into its place."

R— hastened to Versailles, he rushed into the midst of the admiring crowd congregated before the latest production of the great painter ; he searched the surface with palpitating heart ; but imagine his dismay ; in one corner of the grand picture he saw himself represented in the diabolical figure of a Jew running away with a casket ! He hurried back to Paris, and after reproaching Vernet with the severity of his pleasantry, begged him, on any terms, to paint it out.

"I consent," said Vernet ; "but on this condition. I asked you 10,000 francs, to paint your portrait, and you could well afford to give it me ; but you bargained with genius, though you expected and would have received its unlimited exertions ; I now demand 20,000 to efface it, and if you refuse, it remains there as

a reminiscence of this little joke." Vernet was inexorable ; the Jew could never bring himself to draw so large a cheque, even to undraw such a picture, and he went out of the world, leaving behind him the equivocal memento.

PERHAPS some one of my readers can inform me who is the author of the two following elegant extracts. The first a definition of dimples :—

Sigilla in mento impressa amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

The second on a boy crying :—

O ! lacrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo, quater
Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te pia Nympha sensit.

I WENT to hear Mr. Mark Lemon's rehearsal of Falstaff. Fairly I may say, in answer to your question, that I had never seen the character presented before. I have seen it buffooned, with more or less comic results, but the idea of the Shakspearian Falstaff has never seemed to appertain to such performances. Mr. Lemon has done a new thing. He discards all the vulgar means of obtaining a laugh, of course, but he does much more. His reading indicates that he regards Falstaff as a gentleman, who has fallen into a loose way of life, which at intervals saddens him, and his outbreaks of wild mirth seem as much designed to help himself over recollections, as to amuse the companions of his revel. In fact, although I found myself laughing at the wit, I came away with a sensation in which pathos had no small part. Mr. Lemon has studied every line and word of the text, and reads like a scholar. Madam, he wears two capital costumes, devised for him, I believe, by the pencil of Mr. Tenniel, and the acting takes place before a splendid piece of tapestry, with labels, as in Shakspeare's days. If I have conveyed my idea of this most remarkable reading, as he modestly calls it, you will have all resolved to test my judgment by your own. You will have done well.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 43.

October 24, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XLV.—TRUE LOVE.

NEITHER Claire nor M. de Lancour were killed.

It is as difficult to comprehend how, in disasters where death seems impending upon all, any can escape, as it is hard to understand death being the result of some accident so slight that it scarcely seemed sufficient for the extinction of a fly. Yet both things happen every day. Life is outweighed by a feather's weight, and withstands the blowing up of a city; men are vanquished by a scratch, by a breath of wind, by an emotion, and emerge scathless from some destructive combination tremendous enough to have crushed them to shapeless atoms. One is as unaccountable as the other, and utterly deranges the petty calculations of our sapience. So do many thousand circumstances we heed not in this, the perpetual miracle, called life.

M. de Lancour and the young Marquise were saved, neither knew how, for it was next to impossible to explain why they were not killed.

The superstitious, self-called devout, ascribed everything to the virtue of a certain relic worn by Claire; others said that M. de Lancour's disinterestedness had saved him, for that, in so generously devoting himself to preserve those around him he had, involuntarily, preserved himself. It is true that, when the operation of extracting the bodies of the fallen had begun, M. de Lancour and the young Marquise were found not insensible, but stunned, and protected by a cavity formed by two rafters, which had struck against each other and made a kind of angle above their heads. Around them were people severely wounded, beneath them were the dying and the dead. The accident had been a frightful

one, and cast a gloom over the entire department. As far as material harm went, Claire was severely bruised, and had sprained her left arm. Victor, besides strains and contusions, had received a cut over the head, of all which he thought little enough. Physically speaking this was all, and it was assuredly not much.

But morally?

Morally, a great knowledge had dawned upon Victor—he was loved. Loved by the loveliest and purest of her sex. Loved with a love so strong, that it had welcomed death; with a love whose strength was matched by its infinite purity; loved by Claire, whom he must never see again.

Why? was it only because Claire loved him that they could meet no more? no! it was because he loved her, and that each knew now the secret of the other's love; and Victor, being not only honourable but honest, knew that this feeling could not be trifled with, and, to be kept holy, must be indulged in from afar.

There is nothing so false as to represent young gentlemen falling irremediably in love with young ladies whom they rescue from some great danger. The man who saves a woman he does not already love from some terrible fate is not brought nearer to loving her by that act. He has merely, in obedience to some high sense of duty, or some generous impulse, grandly asserted himself. If he be in love with her already it is another matter.

But Victor was not in love with his cousin Claire, nor had he even specially thought of saving her upon the occasion in question. He had, as a man ought to do in such cases, thought of his duty only, and done what his duty required; namely, proved himself at the moment of the largest use to the largest number. His duty assumed no individual form. He saw only the threatened human creatures round him, and did his utmost to save them, unmindful of any particular one as of himself.

It was when reflection came, and the distinct memory of details, that Victor recognised what the truth really was. It was not at first. The

first impression was one of horror and of awe ; of solemn recognition of the mighty power which sets all human combinations at nought, and of pity for the poor pleasure-seekers who had seen their hour of harmless enjoyment turned into one of wailing. When general suffering and sorrow are around him, no man, worthy of the name, reverts to himself, but merges himself into his kind, and feels collectively. Take a man to the verge of death, let him feel the chill breath of the destroyer on his cheek, and he will come back cured of many things which he took into serious account before. It is only the firmly-rooted growths, the rock-plants of his soul, that withstand these shocks : the seedlings are scattered to the winds.

At first, then, M. de Lancour did not revert to himself or to his own personal sensations ; he did all the good he could, and when that was done he returned to Tours with the other officers of his regiment, one of whom was far more seriously hurt than himself.

He had acted ; when action was over he began to think, and from memory and thought combined sprang the dream of what he knew. And then with consciousness came joy. Yes ! Victor's first feeling upon recognising the truth, was a deep heart-filling joy—the joy that thrills through every noble nature when it receives the one great gift, the gift of a human soul.

And that gift he could not accept. He had accepted the donation of a lesser love, but this one he must renounce. Renouncement had become the law of his being now. He must not dare to love Claire ; not only because she was not free in honour to love him, but because he was not free in honour to love her. He had bound himself to another, whose so-called sacrifice he had not rejected. And then he plunged into the past, dived down to its utmost depths, and saw that which lay beneath the surface and shuddered at the levity with which honour, purity, integrity, all that should be held most precious, had been abandoned. Seen by the light of Claire's thoroughness and simplicity of character, what was Berthe de Mottefort ? Victor shrank from the question, for he could not but judge Berthe, and he had no right to judge her. She said she had sacrificed herself for him ! Was this true ? No ! she had merely sacrificed duty to inclination—to an inclination which, because she was weak, she had called irresistible. Claire who, while they both lived, would never permit him so much as an impure thought about her,—Claire, to share death with him, came serenely dauntless to his side, whilst she, who had trampled on her own

fair fame for love of him, fled shrieking from the danger to which he remained exposed.

This merely brought confirmation to his mind of that which he had long laboured, not to admit ; namely of Berthe's moral inferiority. Berthe was unworthy, but that regarded him not. She was unworthy of the surrender of a man's whole life, but in her unworthiness lay the lesson. Where would have been the penalty had she been worthy ? had she, whose fault he had shared, brought him peace and satisfaction, what would have been the payment exacted from him for infringing laws human and divine ? It was as compared to Claire that Berthe sank to so low a level, but had he not lost his privilege of communion with the lofty and the pure ? What was his right to the commerce of angels, he who had worshipped at the shrines of the idols of clay ?

And this was the real hardship : this, the true punishment for the evil done. It was not alone that Claire was denied to his thoughts, it was that his thoughts were condemned to centre in another. He was not released from the old bondage. It endured and would endure ; and, however he might avow his error to himself, the consequences of the error must subsist, and he must honestly pay with all his protecting care and devotion the fatal present made him by a woman who had lightly thrown herself away !

Victor did not for a moment seek to elude his self-incurred responsibility ; he was, as I have said, inflexibly honest, and whatever might be the cost would in no circumstance of life leave a pledge unredeemed. But he suffered severely, and saw for the first time in their real forms so many things which, in the life of the world, come to us in disguise, and are accepted for other than they are.

There was nothing serious, as we stated before, in the hurts received by M. de Lancour at the fall of the Grand Stand at Combeville, but there was enough to produce temporary illness. The depression of a rib, unnoticed for a day or two, induced an attack of intercostal neuralgia, as the physician termed it, and brought on neuralgic fever, so severe as to confine Victor to his bed for several days.

For the pain he cared little, but in the seclusion he rejoiced ; and for the first time in his life made the most of an illness in order to secure solitude.

Madame de Mottefort had escaped from the Combeville catastrophe with nothing save a few scratches and sundry damages to her dress, but she lived in a very retired manner at Tours and no one as yet knew her by sight. It was

vaguely known that M. de Lancour had some illicit connection with another man's wife, but no particulars had transpired, and Berthe would not have committed the indecorum of going in person even to Victor's door to inquire after him.

Solitude he did then in reality secure to himself for a whole fortnight, and during that time he thought out many a moral problem, and laid down for himself some of the few principles he was yet in time to hold by.

At last, one morning after reading the *Moniteur*, he suddenly rang for his servant, ordered him to pack up his valise, wrote a short note to his colonel, another to Madame de Mottefort, and took the afternoon train up to Paris, looking as though some extraordinary piece of luck had lightened him of half his cares at once.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE FAREWELL.

AND how had it been with Claire?

Well, and calmly to all appearance. Her chief occupation had been that of striving to help and comfort the families of those who had most suffered in the accident at Combeville; and in this she was mainly aided by Madame Beaudouin. These two, setting at naught all distinctions of opinion and all petty divisions of class or coterie, went, as Christian women should, from house to house, their hearts full of tender zeal and genuine sympathy, to see what succour or consolation could be afforded to the afflicted. It was not quite such plain sailing as you might fancy, for the persons concerned were far more susceptible, and far less easy of approach than the so-called poor. These were nearly all people belonging to the well-to-do middle-classes, rich trades-folk, employés, and small government functionaries, people who resent far more indignantly the notion of a condescension than that of an injury. Yet Claire and Madame Beaudouin seemed to possess the secret of winning their way, for on all sides they were sincerely welcomed, and grateful hearts responded to the truth of the kindness offered to them.

Madame de Clavreuil could not understand how they managed it, and she imparted to the ladies of her own set that it seemed quite a gift in the young Marquise to be able to go about among people who were not of her own condition and leave upon them a pleasant impression.

"I never know what to say to them," said the worthy countess.

"Besides which," responded the lady to whom she addressed the above remark, "they contrive to be affronted by whatever you do say."

However, thus it was not with Claire, and she and Aunt Clémentine gained real friends and well-wishers wherever they went.

But the effect produced by the Combeville catastrophe wore off, as such things eventually do, even in small provincial centres, and there was no more cause for Claire's activity.

How would it be with her when she had nothing more to do? What would her own heart say to her when she came to be thrown back upon its communings?

That moment came, and Claire remained unaltered. Serenely cheerful, and free, as it seemed, from all perturbation of spirit, she was more affectionate with her mother than she had ever been since her marriage; to her husband she showed marked kindness; of her child she grew passionately fond, and perhaps in her piety there was more fervour than heretofore; but above all else a deep calm seemed to spread itself over Claire.

Three weeks had elapsed, and M. de Lancour had never returned to Clavreuil. News of him were received daily at the Château, for Count René, besides frequently going over to Tours to speak to the physician who was attending his nephew, had established regular communications with Victor's *brosseur*, a very devoted servant who had accompanied his master in all his campaigns. M. de Clavreuil was dimly convinced, though he could not exactly make out why, that Claire owed her life to Victor; that the latter was much more hurt than he admitted, and the gratitude he conceived thereat was so lively that he abjured at once all the repugnance treasured up for long years by all around him for the name of Lancour, and was incessantly talking of Victor, and of the admiration with which his African nephew had suddenly inspired him.

At last, all doubts as to M. de Lancour's complete recovery were brought to an end, for his sudden departure for Paris was announced one day at dinner by the Count, who merely added that he wished he could have found time to come and shake hands with them before starting.

"He's had enough of being moped up in a sick room, and in country quarters; I dare say he counted the minutes till he could shake himself out a little on the pavement of Paris," said a country neighbour, whose idea of Paradise was the capital, where he never went, and of the other extreme, the province, where he was condemned to live.

Between Aunt Clémentine and her niece Victor's name had never once been mentioned since the day when Claire appealed to Madame Beaudouin to try and protect her against the necessity of a marriage with Olivier.

And so the days went by, and the following week was to see the young Marquise re-established till the close of the year, in the home which was hers now, but which, do what she would, she could not look upon familiarly.

The Vivienne marriage had taken place, and the young couple, absent on their honeymoon trip, were to return at the end of the month, and Mont Vivienne and Beauvoisin were (it had been agreed) to be the head-quarters of all the gay doings of the department. Claire would have in good earnest now to discharge her duties as mistress of a large household, and donor of magnificent entertainments, for therein lay not the ambition of her mother-in-law.

The Dowager liked to govern people, but did not care to amuse them; she domineered in a severely practical, business-like sort of manner, loved her own way, and tried to force everybody about her to shape their lives accordingly that way; but she was neither cultivated nor elegant-minded enough to enter into what, in France, is the work of receiving upon a grand scale. All this would fall to the share of the young Marquise, and, from All Saints to the middle of January, she must be for ever in the midst of a crowd—an intimate crowd, more irksome far than the anonymous one that constitutes the great world of Paris, and her constant companions would be that bridegroom and bride whose names were for ever identified with M. de Lancour's declaration of his dislike of marriages between cousins!

Well, the memory of this declaration that had so hurt her at the time had lost all bitterness now for Claire; and in the harmonies which resounded through her soul, there was apparently no jarring note.

Claire would often now pass long hours alone in that room of hers in her own old home, and had you looked at her then, you would have seen that, absorbed in some fair, sweet vision, she was miles and miles away from the rivings and rubbings, and disappointments and crosses of this everyday life of ours.

She was seated in one of these seemingly peaceful day-dreams of hers, one afternoon towards the end of October. It had rained heavily in the morning, and it was only as

the sun journeyed towards the west that he shone forth in golden rays, determined as it were, before he set, to console vexed Nature kindly.

Claire sat at her window, looking out at so many familiar objects which, strange to say, seemed immeasurably distant now, for they came not within her dream, which tended heavenwards; she watched the wet boughs that, at every breath of wind, shook out bright showers, turned by the sunlight into drops of gold, and listened mechanically to the twitterings of birds who, from their leafy coverts, chirped feebly to each other, that they had outlived the storm. All earth seemed resting after agitation; so, too, was Claire, and like all idealistic natures, she had, in this new phase of her heart's life, a deep, though unconscious delight in finding in the outward aspects of Nature, a kind of echo to the vibrations of her own innermost being.

A knock came at her door, and, a moment after, Madame Beaudouin entered.

There was a certain air of hesitation about her, and she did not speak at once; but looked earnestly at her niece.

The young Marquise rose, and laying her hand upon the hand of Madame Beaudouin, replied to her look with one so eloquent, that plainly between these two women no words were requisite.

"Your cousin, Victor," began Aunt Clémentine, still with a slight trace of embarrassment—

"I knew he would come," interrupted Claire, very quietly, and without the smallest sign of flutter or of joy. "I have been waiting for him for many days past. Is he gone? or is he still there?"

"He is there, darling," rejoined Madame Beaudouin; but still as though there were something she did not like to tell.

"Does he wish to see me?" asked Claire, in the same calm tone.

"Yes, dearest," said her aunt; "he has come on purpose to see you."

"Where is he?"

"In what used to be your atelier, beyond the great dining-room, where no one ever goes, for——" and Madame Beaudouin hesitated more and more; "for he desires to speak with you alone." She uttered the concluding words in a low tone.

"It is also my wish," said Claire, as she passed onwards towards the door. Before she had quite reached it,

"My child! my darling!" murmured Madame Beaudouin, suddenly straining her niece

in a close embrace, and gazing at her with eyes overflowing with tears.

"All is as it should be, aunt, dear," responded Claire, gently disengaging herself from Madame Beaudouin's arms, and printing upon her forehead a tender, loving kiss. "All have their trials and must bear them, but I am very happy."

The voice that spoke these words was steady with the weight of the truth it bore, and the whole aspect of the speaker was one of calm, sweet, serenity; but oh! so grave.

The young Marquise went to seek her cousin Victor, and found him in the little scantily furnished turret room, which had been her study when she was a girl. Unfinished pictures of hers hung yet upon the walls, and a ray of sun, struggling through the vine leaves that grew around the rarely-opened window, fell upon her easel, in the very place where she had left it when she bade adieu to her father's house.

The cousins were alone.

Victor was standing at the window, looking out over the little wooden bridge over the moat, which no one ever crossed, because it was reported unsafe. He turned round when the door opened, and advanced to meet Claire.

She could not but see how very much he was altered, and what traces were left upon his countenance by mental strife and pain.

For a few seconds both were silent, and merely looked into each other's faces. Was there indeed any need of words? had not both one purpose, both one faith?

Yes! but in the oneness of that love, how you might have marked the difference of loving between the woman and the man! he was tortured, she was calm; he had achieved victory, but had fought hardly for it, whilst to her the consciousness of being loved was so sufficing, that as yet she knew of no victory to fight for, she had gained everything, and felt most for his suffering.

"I have come to say good-bye," said Victor, at last.

"I knew you would come; I have been expecting you," answered softly Claire.

"I have come to say good-bye," repeated Victor.

"You do rightly," replied the young Marquise, in a more subdued tone; and, after an imperceptible pause, "you do rightly, as you always do," she added slowly, and looking at him with tender approbation, "where is it you are going?"

"To Africa," he rejoined.

Claire's heart gave one bound, and she turned pale.

"It is not a change of garrison," remarked quickly M. de Lancour, who instantly divined the cause of her agitation, "it is an expedition against the Kabyles that I have asked leave to join. I go quite alone, not even one of my comrades accompanies me."

A flush replaced the pallor on Claire's features.

"Do you leave soon?" she inquired.

"To-night," he replied.

"To-night?" she repeated.

"I leave Tours to-night and Paris to-morrow night."

"Who commands the expedition?"

"MacMahon."

And then again there was silence, and they looked into each other's faces; looked tenderly, firmly, looked all they felt. But what more was there to say? This was no case for loud assurances; no case for promising to love; this was the love itself paid down. They were dealing with stern facts; and the very quality of their love made them deal rigidly with them.

What was there more to say?

She did not bid him be careful of his life, nor did he beseech her to preserve his memory—for she knew he was brave, and he knew she was true; and both were Christians mindful of their duty to God.

Silence endured between them for many minutes still, if that indeed was silence in which soul so ardently communed with soul.

And then six o'clock striking from the clock of the château reminded M. de Lancour that his time was limited.

"Good-bye then, now," he said, in a very low voice, and preparing to depart.

"Good-bye," she echoed.

Not one expression of endearment had passed their lips, they had not called each other by their names, nor had they even shaken hands, when, in the extreme of this their solemn severance, Claire held out hers to M. de Lancour.

He took and held it one instant firmly in his grasp, then slowly bending down and imprinting upon it reverently one kiss,—

"God in heaven bless you, my own dear cousin Claire!" was all he uttered, and then he left her.

Claire answered not in words, but with a look, and the look rested still on the place where Victor had stood, long after that place was empty.

And thus the cousins parted.

THE GRAND GIFT.

IS courage a mental or a physical quality, or a mixture of both? Is it a virtue or merely a happy gift? Should it rank with truth and generosity, or with a good digestion and sound teeth? You may observe that it is the duty of an essayist to dogmatise rather than to ask questions, and that if he sits down to write upon courage he ought to have some definite ideas about it. Well, I am clear thus far, that courage is and always has been held in higher honour and esteem than any talent, virtue, accomplishment, or bodily gift whatever, and that the natural timidity of their sex will ever prove a thorn in the sides of strong-minded ladies fighting for petticoat supremacy. A woman with iron nerves will never be in great favour with men; a human being devoid of that masculine attribute will never be thought much of by women: those are the horns. And this consideration seems to afford an answer to one of my questions; for we may surely assume that women have all the virtues in greater perfection than men; but women are deficient in courage: therefore courage is not a virtue. The classification of the quality is not, however, of much significance; a more important and interesting consideration is, how far it is innate and how far a matter of education, to be acquired by those who seem to be naturally devoid of it. If we are the blind victims of fate in this matter, and have no power over our nerves whatever, the coward is the most hardly used man in the world. His misfortune is as great as can well afflict humanity, for no agony is to be compared to terror, but instead of asylums, subscriptions, and compassion, universal loathing and contempt are meted out to him. For halfpence he receives kicks, and stones for bread: every dramatist has a fling at him, every novelist confides the dirty work of his plot to his leprous hands. And serve him right, say I, believing that a man is no more born a coward, than a thief, or a liar. Of course everyone brings a certain amount of timidity into the world with him, some more, some less, but the same applies with equal force to dishonesty and falsehood. There may be abnormal cases where the principle of fear is from the first invincibly strong; there may also be a real disease of kleptomania, and homicide may occasionally be correctly ascribed to an irresistible impulse, though until science soars into a higher region, and brings out psychometers, it will be impossible

to prove it. But granting that once or twice in a generation a man, otherwise sane, is impelled by a mysterious power to commit one of these crimes, the welfare of mankind demands that he should be punished all the same. That spirit of gallantry which distinguishes me, madam, forbids me for one moment to doubt that you did not take that piece of lace off the counter and pocket it of your own free will; it was a devil that got into you and made use of your innocent hands, which I kiss. But yet I would handcuff them and award your delicate frame a certain amount of imprisonment. You see we cannot catch the devil, or prove the case against him, and if we accept your excuse, thousands of weak people who are fighting against thievish instincts will be prejudicially affected. It will seem to them that they too are possessed, and they will give up the struggle, while your punishment will act as a spur to the side of their honest intent, and just aid them to win. Why, madam, if you have any philanthropy you will accept the sacrifice gladly, and step into the police van singing. In the same way it is immensely to the advantage of the human race that a disease like cowardice, which strikes at the root of everything that socially and politically makes life worth having, and which at the same time is the most catching of all moral complaints, should be placed under a special ban, so that fear of death or danger may be driven out by a greater fear of ignominy. We make no difficulty about destroying infected cows, why not stamp out cowards? Brave men are surely of greater national importance than beef.

Yet every child is born with a capacity for fear, which is a useful quality when kept in due subjection, but which may, by injudicious training, by evil habits, by wilful encouragement, or by some sudden shock of the nerves, be exaggerated into habitual cowardice. As for that story about young Nelson not knowing what fear was, it is all buncombe and twaddle; children's talk is always twisted and turned in a marvellous manner by their mothers and nurses; and I do not believe that so really plucky a lad as Nelson was could have uttered such a ridiculous bit of bravado in the sense in which it was reported. If you had walked behind the baby Nelson's nurse when he was looking over her shoulder, and made faces at him, he would have cried, I will stake my common sense upon it. Why, a child born without fear, could not possibly exist for more than a year or two, he would be cutting his vitals out from curiosity to see how they worked, or jumping out of window to try

whether he could fly: and, as for teaching him his lessons, how would that be managed, I should like to know?

A great deal has been written and said about the superiority of the courage which sees the danger and overcomes the fear, to that blind and bull-dog pluck which appears to be reckless of consequences. But I suspect that this ingenious distinction is a pure sophism, as most class aphorisms are. It would never do to own that the courage of an officer and gentleman and that of the full private and ex-costermonger are one and the same quality; but I believe the sentiment to be pure humbug nevertheless. Everybody almost has heard that answer of the young officer whose hand shook the first time he went into action, when a veteran sergeant sought to encourage him with the assurance that the feeling would soon pass off, and that he himself had been equally nervous the first time he was under fire.

"Hold your tongue!" said the ensign. "If you had been in half such a funk as I am, you would have bolted!"

A good story, but the sentiment is of questionable fairness. *Noblesse oblige* is all very well, but the desire to have a reputation for pluck is very strong indeed in all classes, especially, of course, amongst soldiers; and I doubt whether, funk being equal, the sergeant would have run any more than the officer. Why, I remember a man, who was wounded on the occasion, telling me that his regiment was in a terrible state of alarm on crossing the Alma. None of the men had ever been under fire before, and, when the shells came bursting over their heads and mangling their comrades, they seemed dazed with fear; their cheeks blanched, their mouths opened, and they commenced firing their muskets in the air, though no enemy was in sight: but they went on. When you have rung the dentist's bell you do not run away; no more did they: and, before they had gone another hundred yards, they recovered from the panic, and fought as the world knows.

But what is meant by the courage which arises from the ignorance of danger? Surely the immediate prospect of physical suffering and death must be as apparent to the stupidest of mankind as to the cleverest. When Bill Jones sees Jack Smith rolling about on the ground screaming, it cannot require a classical education to tell him that poor Jack is in great pain, and that he, Bill, is in imminent danger of experiencing the same. Again, no doubt it is very creditable to a man that he should compel himself to perform a dangerous duty in

spite of a constitutional timidity, but it seems like a paradox to rank his courage above that of the man who is brave without an effort. At least, I know to whose presence of mind I had sooner entrust my life and property. Why, the assassin would shoot, the tiger would spring, the mine would explode, the ship would go over, while the will and the nerves of the former were having their little set to.

It is the fashion, with a certain class of people, to cry down the animal courage, as they call it, of the prize-fighter; but I believe it to be of the very highest and truest quality, for, of course, its misapplication makes no manner of difference. Endurance must be his, and many a man who is plucky enough for a spurt, has not that, but dies away when the tug comes; he must be cool and good-tempered, while passion and excitement are our best allies against timidity. The bruiser may be a low ruffian, but he is a man; his appetites may be strong, but so are his nerves; he may be deficient in brain, but he has pluck and energy. Take him early away from the ring, educate him, keep him from drink, and you will have a man considerably above the average for truthfulness, integrity, and sense of duty; a fine, trustworthy fellow: for a brave man has almost always the elements of good in him; though, when he does go to the bad, he goes with a vengeance.

Do not imagine that I undervalue educated courage because I refuse to rank it higher than that which is constitutional; on the contrary, I regard the possibility of a timid man's learning to be brave, and a brave man braver, as one of the most important advantages which we have over the brutes, and the principal object of this paper is to direct attention to a fact which becomes of more and more importance as the growth of luxury, the lassitude of mothers, the universal use of tobacco, and the decay of beer, threaten to sap our northern hardihood. In rough times the timid and weakly die out after the Darwinian method; in a high state of civilisation they are cosseted and nursed up to manhood, and beget other timid and weakly children ere they die. Well, as it would be Utopian to propose the sacrifice of inferior human kittens, or even the illegality of their marriage—though the practice of persons in the last stages of consumption wilfully transmitting the disease to posterity is really a social crime—we must do our best to remedy the evil by artificial training. Children's bodies must be strengthened by gymnastics, and their nerves by judicious treatment.

If you force a boy into a situation he dreads,

you increase his timidity; if you persuade him into braving it, you strengthen his courage. I suppose there are few men who have never asked themselves the question, "I wonder whether I am a coward!" who have not speculated upon how they would behave in this or that perilous position with a certain amount of diffidence. Our grandfathers used to settle the point, by quarrelling with some one and getting called out; but that was a stupid way, because they were apt to discover that they were very brave, and remarkably mortal at the same time. But anyone who has a besetting fear can approach it, play with it, familiarise himself with it, and so strengthen his nerves, not only in that respect, but altogether. I speak of trifles. You go to vault a leaping-bar and shrink from throwing your legs boldly over. If you give way to that little fear you will find it stronger on the next occasion—you have weakened your courage. In the same way the man who has a horror of water, should practise swimming; a dread of reptiles may be overcome by association with a harmless pet snake; and if there is anyone left in this materialistic age who is afraid of ghosts, I should think that a course of Pepper would enable him to walk fearlessly through a village churchyard at midnight.

You may laugh at these small traits of nervousness, and think it absurd to suppose that resistance to them can strengthen the mind to face real danger to any appreciable degree; but do you not learn a language by mastering the meaning and grammar of one little word after another? Situations of imminent peril to life and limb are rare in civilised communities, and it is both wrong and foolish to seek them wantonly, but these petty jars upon the nerves are apt to occur every hour of the day, and I invite you to acquire a habit of overcoming them. There is one fear indeed, which, if you are subject to it, it will give you a good stout wrestle to overthrow; and that is the dread of looking down from a height. People make all sorts of apologies for it; it arises from the state of the stomach, or the liver, or it is a weakness of the head. Good and true excuses, no doubt; the stomach especially is a prime agent in promoting giddiness. Still the unpleasant sensation is *funk*, and it is perfectly feasible to overcome it. Nay more, the struggle may be made amusing; especially if at any time you happen to be staying at a dull seaside place, and want an object for your walks. All you have to do is to take your daily constitutional along the cliffs, keeping five, ten, fifteen or even twenty

yards from the edge, according to the strength of your timidity, on the first occasion, and diminishing the distance as you are able to bear it. You will soon find yourself quite at ease within six feet of the brink, beyond which I durst not actually recommend you to venture; but supposing you fell down sideways towards the precipice, and even took a little roll, you would be safe not to go over at that distance. Should a sudden relapse of giddiness come on while the cure is progressing, sit down on the spot where it seizes you, and force yourself to remain still for a little while. It is astonishing what an interest you will take in your own education after a little time, and on the day when you can peep over without a swimming of the brain and a tickling of the sides, you will feel more elated than if you had defeated your toughest antagonist at chess or billiards.

It is no argument to tell me that this training is fruitless, because many men who scale carelessly the most dizzy heights are not braver than others out of their own speciality, for it is the education, the self conquest which does the good.

Have you ever observed how curiously a particular form of courage clings to different races? Take a thousand Asiatics, and a thousand Englishmen, give them the same weapons and the like discipline, and pit them against each other. Surely, prejudice apart, it would be any odds on the European army. And yet, if you catch an individual Asiatic, the very first to run if you like, and condemn him to death, he will meet his fate with a calmness, a dignity, a courage which his conqueror, who would fight to the last gasp, could very rarely summon. The absence of hope, which braces the nerves of one man, prostrates the other. And if we come to consider, this too seems to be a matter of training. A down trodden people, despotically governed, learns to exercise the courage of passive endurance; a free nation on the other hand acquires that of active resistance. And if our Eastern subjects are contented with this arrangement, I do not see that we have any cause to complain.

I had intended to chat a bit about moral courage, but this paper is long enough as it is. That will be for another day perhaps.

A TALKING CANARY.

I HAD heard from time to time during the winter of a very wonderful canary bird in the possession of Herrin Professor T—, Berlin, historical painter. The accounts seemed to me

contradictory and absurd, and being of a testy disposition and apt to snap at tales without foundation, I formed the exceptional resolution of inquiring into this one; so without further ceremony than that of a calling card, I set out to invade the privacy of the Herrin Professor, in order to convince myself of the humbug, or—the world of a wonder.

On being admitted, I was ushered into an apartment which led into a second inner one, the door of which stood open. I was received politely by the lady of the house, who seemed somewhat astonished on hearing of my self-made mission to her house mingled with words of apology and introduction. While speaking I heard a voice coming from the inner apartment just mentioned. The Frau Professor turned her head and answered to the voice, "Maetzekin, mein liebes Maetzekin!" with an air of pleased delight, and then to me "that is the little wonder, if you will have it so." Again the voice issued from the apartment, a voice which in pitch and quality I judged to be that of a child of from two to three years old. I was about to make some polite speech about her family as I thought myself bound to do, when the Frau Professor led the way into the inner room, saying, "Now come and see Maetzchen and judge for yourself." I felt disposed to deprecate my being thought a judge of babies, but I had no time, for there I was in the middle of the room, and not a child or any vestige of one to be seen. All quiet and orderly as might be the sanctum of an aged virgin. But under the sofa! It is just possible the voice proceeded from thence. The Professorin turned her back for an instant, and a rapid and searching glance convinced me that no tumbled petticoats or scarlet shy face was hidden beneath. Where then did the voice proceed from? And who was Maetzchen? I was not kept long in suspense as to his personality, for Frau Professor T—, bringing a birdcage that was standing on her work-table at the window and placing it beside me on the centre-table, introduced its little inmate as "mein Maetzekin." Now a light dawned on me—could it indeed be?—but all speculation was suddenly cut short and all doubt speedily dispelled, for the tiny yellow throat quivered, the beak opened, and the bird spoke—spoke as distinctly as I or any naturally articulate individual can. The words and the tones were the same as I had heard from the outer apartment believing them to proceed from a child of some three years old.

I stood for one half-hour in speechless astonishment listening to this diminutive chatter-

box, who seemed to take a true delight in showing off before me every art of which he was possessed. His stock of words was few, but he varied the tone and the order in which they were uttered, intermingling them likewise with song. Canaries, like Jews, being of all nations, and this being a German canary, he spoke German as follows: "Wo bist du, mein liebes Maetzekin, mein liebes, liebes Maetzekin, wo bist du?" It almost seems an insult to modern schooling to translate those words; Matz, Maetzchen, Maetzekin is the only one that might require some explanation. It is not a proper name, but a common term given to cage-birds, especially to the canary, being equivalent to our dickey. Maetzekin is a playful and endearing variation of a term that is already with its "chen" added to the Matz, soft and coaxing. It is, as we should say, Dickiekins. Maetzchen's whole phrase then is, Where art thou, dear Dickiekins, my dear, dear Dickiekins, where art thou? Maetzekin, with its sharp and hard consonants, is a marvelously hard word to articulate. How Maetzchen manages it is not very clear to me, for the tz is a sort of Shibboleth by which to discover many an otherwise very articulate foreign tongue. The little marvel does not speak quite pure high German. It treats the st in bist a little thick and inclining to the plattdeutsch. This makes it sound at once very comical and very pretty, and less like a bit of machine work; though, had I been told it was a bit of ingenious machinery, it seems I should have admired the wonders of it and given to the powers of man an easier credence—for what have his ingenuity and diligence not accomplished by means of wheels and screws?—than I felt I could to this wonder of nature.

Maetzchen, making a pause in his discourse and daintily refreshing himself with seed and water and rice biscuit, I recovered the command of my own tongue, and proceeded to put some questions, which elicited the following few and simple facts of Maetzchen's life.

He is two years old, and has been able to use his tongue for half that time. He came into the possession of his present mistress almost out of the shell, and, if my memory is true, from a private nest. Maetzchen did not sing a note, though both of the right age and sex, but fell into the very quiet ways of a tranquil childless home. His cage was placed from the first on the Frau Professor's work-table, which stood in the window. On the long afternoons, which the early German dinner leaves, the lady used regularly to sit there with her seam, as I believe the expression is, and being

neither of the singing or whistling order, she diverted herself and Maetzchen by addressing him, by the hour I may say, the above words of endearment—*wo bist du, mein liebes Maetzchen, or Maetzekin*. And so on, ringing changes on the word as one would to a child. Maetzchen did not seem to know it was his birthright to sing, and those words being the only sounds that fell on his ear, and he a bird of considerable talent, he picked them up, and one day threw the whole house into a state of consternation by breaking forth into speech. He had uttered tones before, and his call had and has quite a peculiar timbre and turn; but his first full and distinct utterance seems to have been one day in the absence of his mistress. A seamstress had taken her place, and poor Maetzchen, missing his daily companion, spoke. The girl, thinking the bird was possessed, rushed in terror out of the room, and told how the little creature had addressed her. She was laughed at naturally, but by-and-by they all crept in and all heard him. Since then Maetzchen has not ceased to use his tongue, and that remained his only accomplishment till, his mistress going to the country, gave him in charge to a friend who had a capital singer; Maetzchen, ever ready to learn, picked up a fine note. His present habit is to repeat his words, finishing them off in a rapid and repeated utterance of the *bist du, bist du, bist du*, and then off into his song. He has other words he can say, but he did not favour me with them. He is not always equally disposed for conversation, and some who go to hear come away disappointed, and say in consequence it is all humbug. Desirous of having my own observations confirmed before communicating them to the public, I sent a young ornithologist, one by love more than by profession, to see and hear. And he saw and heard, and afterwards gave me a simple recital. My young friend remarked that Matz modulated his voice, especially when his mistress left the room, into a long-drawn sentimental tone—*mein Maetze-kin, mein lie-bes, lie-bes, Maet-ze-kin, &c.*

Long life to Maetzchen! I hope the same law of nature that condemns all the good and clever to an early death, will make an exception in favour of him. The fact of his existence is strange and interesting, especially to men of science. It has already been mentioned to the ornithological society in Berlin by my young friend, and raised amongst the learned gentlemen a perfect storm of excitement. And with reason, for it is a fact which suggests speculation of a sort that falls in with many of the ideas

of the present day. This unwitting experiment having succeeded it might be worth somebody's while (having an equal command of leisure as the Frau Professor) to try the same with other birds. For instance, that yattering *gamin* the sparrow. Were he not so hard to keep in confinement there is scarcely a doubt but that his bold, vigorous, insolent tones might be turned into articulation. I have often heard it said that of all animals an elephant and a canary possessed the most wits. I am not prepared to discuss the question. I simply ask is this articulation of sound a sign of more wits than the glance of a faithful dog's eye?

THE GOLD-HERB.

Stories very similar to the following are told throughout the mountain districts of Germany, as the Riesen-Gebirge, the Isenstein, &c., by Grimm, Wolf, Mannhardt. This particular version is the best, and is found, among other collections of Harz legends, in the Harz-bilden or Harz-sagen of Rellstab.

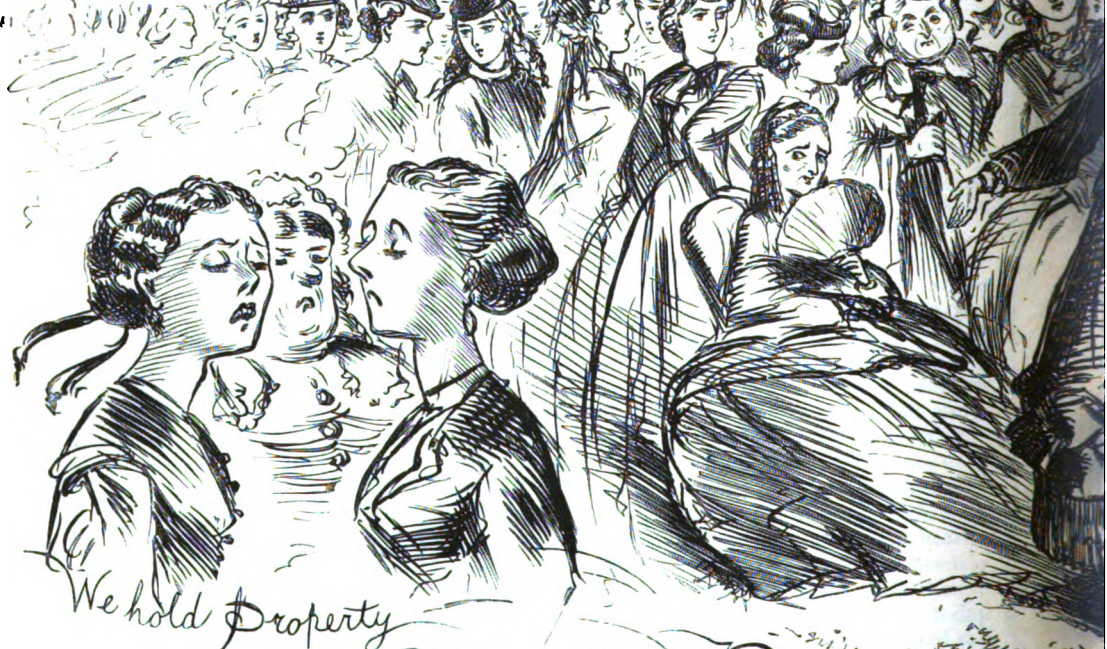
HAVE you been in a pine forest at evenfall? If you have, you will recall the sensations of mystery which oppress the spirit when you find yourself alone among the fragrant trees, that stand stiff and entranced, awaiting the coming on of night. To persons unaccustomed to the woods, few moments of greater solemnity could occur than those following the set of sun. A shadow falls over the forest, and in the deep winding tunnels that radiate among the grey moss-hung trunks the blackness of night condenses apace. Mysterious noises are heard; the rustling of large birds settling themselves for the night, the click of falling cones, the cry of the wild cat. The gold light, that all day flickered through the boughs and diaped the spine strewn soil, has wholly disappeared, and patches of ash-grey heavens seen through the interstices of the branches diffuse no light. Perhaps an evening breeze whispers secrets among the tree tops and pipes between the trunks, or hums an indistinct tune, pervading the whole air among the vibrating green needle-like leaves of the firs.

Robert, the huntsman, was too accustomed to forest sights and sounds to pay attention to what would have impressed another less familiar with them. Besides, he was occupied with anxious thought. He had just parted for the night with Gertrude, his affianced bride; in a few days he purposed going forth into the world to seek his fortune, in the expectation of returning to claim her when that fortune had been found. Yet Robert was not in bad circumstances. His gun and his small patrimony

Why should



We can be your Parish Comrades



ve Not ote?



We can be your Overseers



We are the heads of our houses

750,000 !!!



We are your Mothers in Law

furnished him with a subsistence ; but Robert was not content with little, he craved for much. His ambition was to be rich, and he was ready to sacrifice even his love of Gertrude for the gold that dazzled his eyes and allured him from home into the world. Musing on his schemes he would not return to his own house, but paced the forest alone with his thoughts of ambition, from dusk to dark, from nightfall till midnight. The weird signs and sounds of the forest at sunset had warned him to leave it to spirits of evil and good, to the gnome and the nix and the elf, but he had not heeded them. Midnight sounded from the village steeple, and suddenly, in the midst of his meditations, he became conscious of a figure before him, bobbing among the shadows, moving at a hundred yards before him with the head bent, but raising itself occasionally, and then stooping again. On approaching, Robert saw that the figure belonged to an old miner with a silver beard and long grey hair. He paid no attention to the huntsman, but crept in and out among bushes, rocks and tree-boles, peering among the herbs, and then turning his ear to the soil to listen.

"What are you doing here ?" asked Robert. "It is past midnight."

The old man rose, stretched himself, and answered : "Ah, the silence is broken, and my eyes are dim. I am too old."

"Too old for what ?"

"Too old to find the gold-herb," answered the miner, shaking his long white beard.

"And pray what is the gold-herb ?" asked the hunter, arrested by curiosity.

"Indeed ! do you not know ? Well, well, these are days of ignorance. Folk seek learning and acquire novelties which cannot profit them, but forget the old truths which could have availed them most. I am seeking the gold-herb that blooms only at night."

"Then why have you not brought a lantern ? The moon is not up, and it is as dark as pitch here under the shadow of these great pines."

"Ah ! I see," muttered the aged man ; "you know nothing about it. I am too old to find the herb. Yes ! I am too old."

"And what is the good of the herb when you have found it ?"

"Why this, friend Robert——"

"You know my name, then ! how is that ?"

"I have been eighty years in these mountains, and do you suppose that I do not know by name every inhabitant ?"

"I have never seen you before," said the hunter. "And your appearance is sufficiently

peculiar to have attracted the attention of any one."

The old man shook his head. "It is seldom that I show myself, and then only at night. I live far off on the Rammberg, and there I spend the better part of my time underground ; but at night, in silence and darkness, I wander about the country. I am tired now, and disappointed at my want of success. I must sit down ; the night is warm."

Robert seated himself on a fallen trunk near the old miner. He was anxious to know something about the gold-herb, but he shrank from asking. The miner, however, himself returned to the subject by exclaiming, "Ah me ! would that I were not too old to find the gold-herb."

"Have you ever found it before ?" asked the huntsman.

"Never," answered the old man ; "he who found it once would not require to seek it a second time. If you like to undertake the quest of it, you are welcome ; I see clearly that my chance is for ever passed away. Listen ! The gold-herb flowers only from the seventh to the thirteenth day after the feast of St. John, and only then when the moon does not shine. Nor does it bloom every night during this time, but only on the odd nights, that is, on the seventh, ninth, eleventh and thirteenth. And again, only when the last day of the old moon, and the first day of the new moon fall on odd days can the herb become visible. Many know of the plant, but few know the law regulating its blooming, consequently it is sought in years when it cannot flower and on nights when it does not appear. This year is favourable to it ; to-day is the eleventh after St. John's feast, consequently the day after to-morrow is the last on which it can be found. It also blooms only for seven minutes, and generally at the stroke of midnight."

"Why are you too old to find it ?"

"That," replied the old man, "is a mystery. If you will promise to share with me the benefits acquired by the discovery of the gold-herb, should you chance to find it, I will tell you everything."

"Willingly," replied Robert, with precipitation. "But you have not told me the advantages of finding the flower."

"They are these." The miner's voice sank to a whisper. "The herb belongs to an earth-nix, and she gives it away. It is no natural flower ; it belongs to the underground world, but the nix brings it above to give it to mortals. Rarely does she offer it to old men, never to girls. She loves best to present it to youths.

Consequently, you are far more likely to receive it than am I."

Robert shuddered. "Is there any danger in the quest?" he asked.

"Danger!" chuckled the old man. "The earth-nix is a maid of exquisite beauty. Happy is he who looks on her countenance."

"Tell me," said Robert, eagerly. "How am I to seek the herb?"

"Throughout the range of the Harz the gold-herb grows only in this forest, and in this spot. You must be here an hour before midnight; and should you see glow-worms on the grass, then remain where you are, but should you not, then walk due north till you see the green light of the insects in the dewy herbs. When there, repeat the words:—

Thrice in seven years I bloom
In the silent forest's gloom,
Blossom golden, starry bright,
Bursting at the turn of night.

As soon as you hear the clock strike twelve in the village steeple mutter this verse, bending over the soil, and then stooping proceed slowly northwards. Do not look to one side or the other, or your labour is in vain, and on no account turn your head when once you are on the search, or ill will befall you."

"And how shall I recognise the plant when I see it?"

"That I may not tell you. But never fear; once seen, you cannot mistake it."

"Well, and when I have found it, what then?"

"Then," answered the miner; "your fortune is made. He who has that plant for thrice seven years is secure from sickness; he can see through the surface of the earth, as though it were glass, and can mark the veins of ore which run among the rocks, or the treasures which have been secreted in past ages."

Robert put forth his hand, clasped that of the miner, and said, "Most gladly will I share all with you, if only I may find the blessed flower."

"One word more," said the old man; "nothing of what I have told you, and you purpose doing, must escape your lips."

"I promise."

"Swear!" The miner started up.

Robert raised his hand and thrust forth three fingers, that he might swear by the Trinity, but the strange man caught his arm, and exclaimed, excitedly—"Not so, I want a different sort of oath."

"Well, name it."

"It is an oath customary among us miners,

when we speak of the secrets of nature. Lay your hand on this ancient pine bole, place your foot on its root, and repeat after me:—

By the depth of the night,
By the silver and gold
In the earth out of sight,
My peace I will hold.
Boughs that round sweep
Let the forest trees know,
Roots that dive deep
Repeat it below."

A sensation of fear came over Robert as he spoke these words. It seemed to him as though he had passed into the power of mysterious forces, and had given up the control of his own actions to beings whom he neither saw nor heard, but whose authority he now felt. A feeling of sickness pervaded him and his head swam. When he recovered himself he was alone in the forest. Next day Robert visited Gertrude, but spoke little; he was absorbed in his eagerness to obtain the gold-herb which would make their fortunes. On the eve of his venture he again visited her.

"Oh, Robert!" said the girl; "I have been so anxious about you. Last night I had a most fearful dream."

"Never mind about dreams, love," interrupted the huntsman; "it is folly to give credence to them. I am often myself alarmed by strange sights and fancies of the night; but daylight dispels my fears."

She seated herself on the bench outside her father's mill, and put her arms about her lover.

"Promise me," she whispered; "that you will run into no danger."

"Certainly," answered Robert; "I will not willingly imperil a life which is loved by such as you."

After talking to one another for some time, Robert kissed Gertrude, and bade her farewell. She was anxious about him, without well knowing the reason why, and she remained at the door watching his retreating form, till it was lost in the gathering darkness. Then with a sigh she retired to her room. When she went to bed she could not sleep, strange phantasies passed through her excited brain, and waking images appeared before her eyes as in a dream, yet she was not asleep, for she was thoroughly conscious of her restlessness and wakeful condition. At one moment she thought she saw a huge grey wolf spring upon her lover; and then he seemed to her to be clinging to a crag above a yawning abyss in an agony of muscular tension, expecting momentarily to fall into the gulf. Then she heard distinctly a call from the distant forest,

wafted in at her open window, Gertrude, Gertrude, help me! In a moment she sprang out of bed, slipped on her clothes, and without well knowing why, she hurried forth; she ran, trembling with anxiety and fear, into the forest that draped the mountain sides with its sable trappings.

Shortly before midnight Robert had kept his appointment. At the base of the pine, on whose trunk he had laid his hand in oath, stood the strange old miner, shaking his head and wagging his glistening white beard.

"Well done!" spoke the aged man; "Robert, you are punctual. Now, remember to fulfil exactly the conditions I rehearsed to you, and which must be pursued with the utmost fidelity if the gold-herb is to be won."

"I will do my best," answered the huntsman, with beating heart. "God grant—"

"Hist!" interrupted the miner, passionately. "If you speak thus I leave you. Now, look due north, bow over the earth, and on no account turn your head or utter other words than those of the incantation."

Robert walked forward. The forest was intensely still. Not a leaf quivered, not a grass-blade stirred. As the young man stepped along he was unconscious whether the aged miner followed him, and he was not permitted to inquire or turn his head to ascertain. No glow-worm was visible. It seemed to Robert as if steps sounded behind him, and long breaths were drawn by some one following. He could scarcely refrain from looking. The sweat broke out on his brow. Then he heard mutterings and whispers among the tree shadows, and one husky voice continued to chatter in a suppressed tone on his left. A cold touch on his cheek sent his blood tingling into his temples. Before him, through the foliage, glittered a northern star, by which he took his direction; but no gleam of luminous insects on the grass guided him to the spot where the wished-for herb was to bloom. Mocking, chirrupy laughs rang in the bushes, as though the birds and squirrels were ridiculing him; then the titters ceased, and were replaced by disconsolate sighs. His eyes, still fixed on the star that flashed towards him from the horizon, saw it flicker and change position, then disappear and again light up. Was it a jack-o'-lanthorn, misleading him? He hurried towards it. Star it was not; but a cluster of fire-flies, fluttering over the grass, and glow-worms deep buried among the green dew-moistened blades. The whisperings, sighs, and various strange sounds that had accompanied him now ceased. But through the

arches of the forest rang a cry—Robert! He knew the voice at once, and would have turned; but a cold breath was breathed into his ear, and a white hand, thrust over his shoulder, pointed towards the glow-worms. Then he thought of his vow, and of the old man's threats. The fire-flies fluttered before him, as though signing to him to advance. Again he heard Gertrude's cry:—"Robert! Where are you?" Two forces contended with one another in the young man's breast; his love, which urged him to turn, and his greed, which impelled him forwards. He felt as though his feet were rooted to the ground, and that heavy weights were attached to his limbs, so that he could not move his knees. It was as though he were endeavouring to ascend a precipice, so laborious and painful was each motion of his body. He heard the steps of his betrothed behind him.

"Robert! What are you doing? I am faint with fear. Help me!" she exclaimed, stretched her arms towards him, and fainted.

He heard her fall in the grass, and would have yielded to the impulse of his better nature to turn and succour her, had not the village clock in the valley at that moment struck midnight. The last stroke found him kneeling, and leaning forwards, peering intently into the rank grass, with the drops of perspiration falling from his brow. As the chime of the bell ceased, before him among the herbs appeared a pale spot of light like a flake of moon, twinkling among some strawberry leaves. Immediately, all anxiety left his breast, and was replaced by joyful expectation. He thought over the words he had to repeat, and a husky voice whispered them slowly into his ear. He stooped forward over the flickering light and said in a low tone:

Thrice in seven years I bloom
In the silent forest's gloom,
Blossom golden, starry bright,
Bursting at the turn of night.

Then the light stealthily rose above the leaves, and Robert discerned a delicate pellucid green stem, sustaining a flower-bud like that of the Grass of Parnassus. The delicate leaves began to unfurl and to fold back, and silver drops to fall off; at one time it was more like a bubbling fountain than a flower, the clear green stalk seemed to be a rising column of luminous fluid which foamed into brilliant light at the summit, and then scattered itself in a rain of spangling drops. At another time, however, the shape of the opening leaves was perfectly distinguishable, the delicate petals unfurling displayed the anthers blazing with

golden light, and forming a rapidly widening ring of glory.

Presently, from the heart of the flower a face looked up at Robert—a face of super-human loveliness, with golden hair waving around the temples, and luminous blood shooting through the transparent veins. Slowly the whole head developed out of the centre of the flower, then the breast and arms disengaged themselves, and Robert knelt before a nymph of peerless beauty, in a trance of rapture, and without a trace of his former fear and anxiety remaining in his bosom. Her hand beckoned him to follow, and he moved after her readily, till they stood on the edge of a precipice that descended into a frightful chasm, deep in the bowels of the mountain. The beautiful being beckoned him on. Her lips moved, and, though no words sounded in his ears, yet the words formed themselves in his soul: "Hast thou courage and love? Then follow me into the abyss." The light from her robes streamed down the chasm, irradiating the rough crags and illuminating their interiors, so that the young man could see through them into a land of wonder, where lay plains of malachite, out of which grew metallic trees, glistening with drops of gold and silver; where precious stones of countless tints and colours strewed the soil, and streams of liquid crystal foamed over rocks of amethyst and jasper. The nix smiled at Robert, and again words formed themselves within him: "Follow me to my land of wonder." Then she wound her beautiful arms around him, kissed his burning lips, and, forgetful of Gertrude and of home, he leaped with her into the gulf.

Next morning, a wood-cutter traversing the forest, passed near the spot. "Hold," said he. "What is that lying in the grass?" He found Gertrude lying with her face to the earth, and her arms extended towards the precipices to the north. She was pale and unconscious. The dew had saturated her long hair, and drenched her clothing. The old man bore her gently to the mill. She lay long in fever, and, on her recovery to health, it was found that the shock she had sustained had disturbed her intellect. Where was Robert? No one knew: he was sought in all directions, but was not found. Gertrude was questioned, but her answers were so strange and mysterious that nothing satisfactory could be gathered from them. All they learned from her was, that she knew what had befallen him, and that with her alone lay the power of releasing him. "Releasing him from what?" they asked.

Then she looked blankly in their eyes, and said, "I will release him."

The poor girl spent her days in relieving the necessities of the sick and famishing. She gave presents to churches and monasteries; and no beggar left the house without alms. Whence all this money came none knew, and when asked, she replied, "They give it in the night." So the report spread that she had found a treasure in the forest; and that she spent it in charity in hopes of thereby releasing her lover's soul from purgatory. Gertrude was rarely at home by night, but wandered among the rocks and forests; she never missed her way, and passed with perfect safety along the edges of the most appalling precipices. Charcoal-burners, returning home late, often saw her seated on the verge of the chasm, down which she knew Robert had fallen. In this wild, strange manner of life she rapidly altered in appearance, and her beautiful brown hair in a very few years became quite grey. Her delicate complexion faded, and her smooth brow became lined with furrows. In ten years, she was old; in twenty, she seemed like a crone of eighty; and people accounted for this by saying that she bore on her own shoulders the penalty of Robert's transgressions. But though changed in appearance, her goodness of heart remained unaltered; she was gentle, uncomplaining, and full of love to all who needed her sympathy.

Twenty-one years had elapsed. On the thirteenth evening after the Feast of St. John, Gertrude was observed going down the valley. She greeted cheerfully all she met, and those who heard her speak thought that her voice had recovered the sweetness of youth. In the forest was a hermitage, near a chapel. She visited it, and said to the recluse, "Good father, the time of release has arrived. The Lord is loving and merciful, and full of compassion." Then she vanished among the shadows of the trees, signing to the hermit not to follow. That night a fearful storm burst over the Harz. The blaze of lightning and the crash of thunder were continuous; but, by morning, the tempest had cleared away, and the sun looked down out of a cloudless heaven on turbid streams, and dripping trees, and sparkling meadows. A party of wood-cutters were on their way through the forest; suddenly one of them exclaimed: "Look! Gertrude is lying in the grass at the edge of the precipice!" The men stood still, startled and distressed; then they stepped cautiously towards her. She lay with her face downwards, her head resting on one arm, and her knees bent, as though she had

fallen asleep while engaged in prayer. The rough men gently raised her, and with awe observed that all traces of age and care had faded from her countenance, which had become youthful and lovely once more. The wrinkles had disappeared from the pure brow, the fair cheek had filled out again, and the grey hair had resumed its rich brown lustre. Round her head was a myrtle wreath, and above the forehead, woven into the wreath, was an unknown white flower, from which light shone as from a star.

"She is a saint and the angels have dressed her," said one of the wood-cutters, solemnly. They made a bier of pine-boughs, and laid her on it; then they descended with it towards the valley. As the path wound round a buttress of rock, abutting on the precipice at the head of which Gertrude's body had been found, one of the bearers uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"By our Lady," he said; "look! yonder is a man's body!"

The men clambered to the spot. A lightning stroke, during the night, had cleft the rock, and had exposed the corpse of the hunter, which had fallen into a fissure in which it had been concealed from human eyes for twenty-one years.

"It is Robert!" said an old man, examining the body. The wood-cutters crowded round it. The hunter lay before them fresh and uninjured, for the cold of the rocky chasm had preserved him from decay.

Then all knew that this was God's doings. So they laid the body of Robert by that of Gertrude; and the bier was their bridal-bed, and the grave their bridal-chamber, and the funeral chant their epithalamium.

THE DEPTH OF THE CHANNEL.

I HAVE often amused myself, when crossing the English Channel, by asking people what is their notion of the depth of it, and very rarely have I found that they have ever given the subject a thought. Possibly the question, suggesting the idea of going to the bottom, is so disagreeable to any but an inquiring mind, that the distance thereto from the surface comes under the category of things to be generally avoided. I am not, of course, now speaking of those who have occasion to study the charts, for, to them, the depth is familiar by the soundings shown; but, even among them, I have had occasion to remark that they are at a loss to impart to others the

information in a popular form, so that the unlearned can immediately realise it without taxing their powers of calculation.

Let us take, first, that part between Dover and Calais. I have in my eye a family party with whom I crossed over lately, in the steamer, and to them I addressed my usual formula, "What do you think is the greatest depth to be found between those two points, and what is the average?" The father I knew as one of the wise men of the east, who had made a large fortune in the City as an average-stater. He was unable to make any statement, and would not rashly commit himself to figures, although I assured him, as I have often heard in court, that it might be used for or against him. The mother professed her belief in mountains and valleys, and propounded an ingenious theory about salt-mines, from which our principal supplies are drawn; but at what precise depth, she was unable to say. The daughter generalized on the subject, and showed a commendable acquaintance with the heights of the principal mountains in Europe; but, beyond expressing an opinion that it was ever so deep, gave it up in despair. The son honestly confessed he was not good at distances, except with his gun or in judging the pitch of a cricket-ball in bowling.

They all asked me to enlighten them, if I could, and I gave to each a familiar illustration by which it was immediately brought home to them. The father would hardly believe me when I told him that if St. Paul's was submerged in the deepest part of it, more than half the building, including the whole of the dome, would remain above water. The mother was surprised to hear that it was no deeper, in any part, than the street was long in which they had a house—which happened to be Grafton Street. The son immediately realised it on being told that it was a fraction less than three times the distance at which wickets are pitched; or about the range of his gun at which a partridge could hardly call its life its own. The daughter, who, I knew, was skilled in archery, was not a little astonished to learn that it represented the extreme distance she was ever called upon to cover between her and the target. Reduced into figures, it stands thus:—The extreme depth is sixty yards, and the average does not exceed forty; and this for a distance in a straight line of twenty-five miles.

Next take Newhaven and Dieppe. The distance between these two points is sixty-two miles—more than double that in the former instance. The depth, however, varies but

very slightly—twenty-four feet in excess being the extreme difference.

Again, between the Isle of Wight and Havre, a similar excess is shown over that between Newhaven and Dieppe. Near Alderney there is, comparatively, a deep spot—the soundings showing seventy fathoms, or one-hundred-and-forty yards; but, within a radius of three miles, the water shallows again to thirty-eight fathoms, or seventy-six yards. This last-mentioned spot is the deepest in the whole of the English Channel.

Between the Land's End and Dover, representing its entire length, the distance is, in round numbers, two-hundred-and-fifty miles; the breadth varying from twenty-five miles in the narrowest part, to one-hundred-and-thirty in the widest. Its superficial area would, at a rough calculation, about equal so much of England as lies to the south of an imaginary line drawn from Gloucester to King's Lynn; so that, practically, the result is this: Supposing the Channel to be laid dry, and the eye to be capable of ranging over the entire space, the bed of the sea would present the appearance of almost a dead level; certainly with less undulation of the surface than is to be met with in many counties that are reputed flat. And in no one spot, except that already mentioned, in the neighbourhood of Alderney, would the cross at the top of St. Paul's be entirely covered.

Jotting this down in mid Channel, with the idea suggested to me by poring over a chart, but without the means of referring to the exhaustive works of that indefatigable compiler for the million, Mr. Cornelius Timbs, I am unable to say whether he has already treated the subject as among the "things not generally known." If he has, let me offer him the same explanation, by way of apology, as that given by Puff in the *Critic*, when a certain similarity was pointed out between some of the speeches put into the mouths of his actors, and the language of one of Shakspeare's plays. "It may be so, but it only proves that Shakspeare happened to think of it first."

TABLE TALK.

WHAT went they out for to see? is a question that must have occurred to many of the great uninitiated with reference to the various expeditions to observe the late eclipse of the sun. The principal objects sought and the results obtained by the observers can be told in a few lines. Let it be premised that when

the disc of the sun is covered by that of the moon, two phenomena of striking character manifest themselves. In the first place, the moon appears to be encircled by a kind of glory of soft white light, called the *corona*. Secondly, the black lunar disc is, as it were, garnished in parts by a bright, red, glowing fringe, of irregular outline and cloud-like character. Upon the occasion of the great eclipse of 1860 it was proved that this apparent fringe around the moon is really due to masses of luminous matter floating over the surface of the sun; too faint to be seen when the luminary himself is visible, but coming in sight when his face is hidden. Now the questions principally sought to be solved in India this year were these: 1. What is the nature of the light of the corona; is the soft glow self-luminous, or is it vapoury matter shining by reflected light? 2. What is the nature of the red prominences? 3. Do these prominences remain of constant outline during short intervals of time, or are they rapidly changing form? Question the first was solved by the polariscope. A beam of direct light and a beam of reflected light behave differently when each is passed through this instrument: the direct beam is split into two sections, which remain of equal brightness in all positions of the polarising prism; but a beam of reflected light shows two spots which alter in brightness as the prism is rotated. Here is a test simple and certain; and applied by the various observers to the corona, it proved the light thereof to be reflected, and showed either that somewhere between us and the moon, and beyond the supposed limits of our atmosphere, there is vapoury matter capable of being lit up by the solar rays that pass the edge of the moon, or else that the sun itself is encompassed by a vast atmosphere shining faintly by light borrowed from the solar photosphere. Question the second was the great one; the new science of spectral analysis was to solve it. The analysing wedge of glass applied to intercept the light of the protuberances would show whether they were mere clouds composed of solid particles of matter—either illuminated by the sun beneath, or glowing with the light of intense combustion,—or whether they were composed of incandescent gas or chemical substances so intensely heated as to have taken the gaseous condition. This may seem a trifling distinction, but it is a vital one from a scientific point of view, as affecting one of the grandest points in solar physics that have yet been raised. Well, the prismatic examination conducted by different observers conclu-

sively proved that the prominences are of gaseous nature; that the rosy clouds are metals such as sodium and magnesium in a state of flaming vapour, mingled, it may be, with the glow of hydrogen and nitrogen. The third question was not at first held so important; nevertheless as photograms have been secured from stations at Aden and in India, and as the times of totality at these points differed by about one hour, a rigorous comparison will prove whether the fiery clouds are in commotion or comparatively at rest. But an unexpected importance has attached to the photographic part of the observations. On one of the plates a long finger-like flame has been discovered to have a spiral structure, betraying a vortical disturbance in the solar atmosphere; and this small fact may serve as a key to more than one enigma of solar science, and may afford some day no insignificant help in answering Ossian's pertinent question, *Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light?* Taken all in all the Indian expeditions have been successful beyond hope. But Nature's secrets are dearly bought. The sums voted by various governments, and otherwise spent upon the expeditions, must have amounted to little under ten thousand pounds.

WILL no inventive genius improve upon the construction of the umbrella? As at present formed this indispensable article is shockingly ill adapted to its purposes. The best part of it, where one would put his head, is occupied by the stick and wires, so that only half the sheltering cover is available. Then the roof is so contrived as to cast the rain that falls upon it either on to the shoulder, or into the coat pockets, or down over one's knees and feet. To remedy these evils the stick should be placed out of the centre, and a turned up rim should be made to constitute a gutter, with one shoot or spout only which can be turned into such a position as to throw the water always to leeward of the pedestrian. If I were an umbrella-maker I would endeavour to work out these improvements; as it is I can only enforce them upon the attention of those whom they may concern.

THE Exhibition at Havre a few days ago was the scene of a novel spectacle; this was the release of a flight of pigeons, what the Belgians term a *lacher*. The number of pigeons which competed on this occasion was 576. The interest taken in a pigeon race

by the Belgians is very great, not by the owners merely, who have the same interest in their birds as owners of race-horses have in their horses, but by those also who back the favourite birds for large amounts. In the case of the *lacher* of which we are speaking, the first and customary proceeding was gone through of drawing up an official minute to be put on record along with previous ones. While this was being done, an opportunity was given of examining the birds which were to compete in the race. They were of various fancies, and were contained in about twenty cages. These cages were opened precisely at nine o'clock, and the instant this was done, the pigeons darted off towards the north-east, in the direction of Belgium. As if conscious that prizes depended on the rapidity of their flight, they lost no time in circling about, as they frequently do, before going right away to their destination, with the exception of one whose wing was damaged, and of two or three others, which perched on different parts of the exhibition building for a few minutes before following the others on their way to Belgium. For each of the pigeons six francs had to be paid as the entrance fee, which gives a total of 3456 francs as one portion of the stakes to be flown for. To this sum was added 600 francs by the Exhibition Committee. The Belgium Exhibitors gave 1000 more, which, with the contributions of private individuals, made the total amount of the stakes to upwards of 11,000 francs. The calculation as to the time that would be occupied in traversing the distance from Havre to Brussels, and the other towns from which they had been brought, based on previous races, gave the rate of flight as fifteen leagues an hour in the case of the swiftest birds, down to thirteen in the case of the slower. The stakes are divided into many prizes, otherwise there would be very few competitors, there being among pigeons so many which have gained the blue ribands, that no pigeon fanciers would incur the useless expense of entering their birds against them. One pigeon, for instance, now ten years old, has, within the last nine years, won for its owner more than 10,000 francs. During this time it has competed in six great flights of from 170 to 200 leagues, in which it arrived four times first, once seventh, and once eighteenth, from which it may be inferred that pigeons, like race-horses, cannot always be relied upon. This year there was a batch of pigeons released at Rome which took nine days in the flight from thence to Belgium, but the weather was very

unfavourable; there were opposing winds, and possibly other causes, known only to the pigeons themselves, which caused them to be so long on the way. The first to arrive was a bird which had completed its seventeenth year. The number of pigeons which flew from Havre was 576, a large number, but much inferior to the *lacher* at Agen this year, where the total of birds which darted from their cages as soon as the opportunity was given them, amounted to 1507, the largest flight on record. Nearly double the number, too, were engaged in the flight from Castel Sarrazin in 1867, on which occasion 1020 went up.

THERE is in the Halles or markets of Paris a body of individuals who are designated by the administration as dealers in cooked provisions. Formerly the articles they sell were termed *rogatons*, but the public very soon ceased to employ this term, and denominated them Harlequins, probably in allusion to their diversified character; and by this they are now generally known. The sources from whence these Harlequins—to adopt the popular name—are derived are the private houses of rich men, the dwellings of ambassadors, the residences of ministers, palaces, and the restaurants and hotels of the greatest reputation. Every morning these places are visited by the dealer who has the privilege of purchasing the scraps left from the previous day; and, on receiving them, he deposits them in a covered barrow resembling those used by bakers in London, but pierced with holes to allow of a free circulation of air. No attempt is made to sort them at the time of collection, but all are emptied into the vehicle in one undistinguished mass. On arriving at the Halles, the dealer picks out every piece sufficiently large to be distinguished from the common mass, goes over it with a knife, scraping off the fish-sauce if it happens to be a piece of chicken, or a slice of beef or mutton, and slightly trimming it to give it as comely an appearance as it will admit of without sacrificing substance to mere outward show. The pieces thus cleaned and garnished are arranged on plates and exposed on the stall ready for the expected customer. As may be imagined, the preliminary operations before it reaches this stage are performed behind a screen, where the public eye has no opportunity of witnessing them. Considerable art is exercised in displaying the plates; the foreground being usually occupied by a tymbal, or some other side dish, into which only one or two guests have thrust a spoon, and this is flanked by the best pieces that figure on the

plates. The prices of these plates vary of course, according to their contents, some being as low as two sous. Strange to say, there are rich but miserly people who prefer these dainty scraps to cleaner and more substantial, but, at the same time, more expensive meat to be had at the butchers' shops. It is possible, too, that among the purchasers there are some who do really prefer these spiced fragments to the plain slice of meat; but the majority of the consumers are the very poor who have not means to buy any other. When the dealer has picked out all the solid pieces of a size capable of filling a mouth of the ordinary size, there still remains a heterogeneous mass of which even the experienced eye of the Harlequin dealer cannot distinguish the composition. This mass is sold in portions at a fixed rate to the owners of cherished dogs, the bones contained in it being first picked out and sold to the manufacturers of gelatine, by whom they are subsequently sold to the manufacturers of animal charcoal or lampblack.

How well educated we are in England! A country parson one day met one of his parishioners, by name John Cox, and remonstrated with him because his wife never came to church. "Well, passon," says John, "fact be, her be not a Christian, never was a Christian, and never will be a Christian, but her says a prayer every night her gets into bed." "What prayer does she say: is it the Lord's prayer?" "Well, passon, can't say I ever 'eerd it carled by that name, but her deu say:

Matheu, Mark, Leuk, and John,
Bless the bed that I lies on,
Feur earners to my bed,
Feur angels lying a-spraid [aspraid],
Teu teu fut and teu teu head [two to foot and two to head],
Feur teu carry me when I be dead.

Geud night, John Cox."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 44.

October 31, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE SINNER SEEKS THE SAINT.

THE week following M. de Lancour's departure for Algeria, Claire returned to Beauvoisin with Olivier, Madame Beaudouin repaired for the autumn months to a château her husband had left her between Bordeaux and Bayonne, and M. and Madame de Clavreuil buried themselves up to the ears in the hopeless monotony of country life in France (when it is monotonous), he shooting—she embroidering, till custom would call them again up to Paris.

They had deeply regretted not having seen Victor before he started, but they had only themselves to blame; he had come, they were out, Claire and Madame Beaudouin had both seen him, and received his parting words, and therewith all was ended. To be sure, it was a most extraordinary freak of his to have gone off so suddenly, but he was so ambitious, and so restless, and so madly attached to his profession, that, after all, no freak of this kind was, perhaps, to be wondered at on his part.

The three months' festivities at Beauvoisin were surmounted by the young Marquise with singular ease, and the whole county agreed that so perfect a mistress of a house had never been seen. Forgetting nothing, overlooking no one, equally gracious to all, calmly-cheerful and never tired, Claire was, at the close of the season, held up by the elders as a pattern to her own generation. The Duc de Vivienne said she reminded him of his maternal grandmother, the Princesse de Nogent-Valnoix, whom he remembered when he was a child; and M. de Moranges declared that she was the last *grande dame* France would ever see.

"She is so quietly self-possessed," was invariably the phrase with which he wound up his praises of his niece.

"Because she has no nerves," was the objection sometimes raised by those of her own sex who, though they all admired and even liked her, avowed that they did not altogether understand her. They mostly accused her of indifference, and they were, maybe, not thoroughly in the wrong.

Claire was in that stage of her inner life where one idea absorbs everything, and, free from all reproach, she gave up her heart and soul to that idea to feed upon. Her entire external self she devoted to others, but without a shade of preference, being the same to all.

You must take with you that Claire's dream from childhood upwards had been her cousin Victor; and that, right or wrong, her real misery had sprung from the thought that she could never be anything to him. And now she was everything! Pure as she was, how could she be other than enraptured? This was the ideal, romantic love she had pictured to herself throughout her youth—the love of the young Condé for Marthe du Vigean, the love that such noble spirits as Marie de Haute-fort would sanction and might feel—the love heroical, ecstatic, if you will; exaggerated and unnatural, many readers will perhaps exclaim; but nevertheless, the love that inspired the entire age of chivalry all over the world, and that, let it not be forgotten, was for centuries the ideal of French women of a certain condition.

Separation was not for Claire what it was for M. de Lancour, for she had obtained now all she desired; she had no desire beyond. In the glorious assurance of Victor's love lay her whole conquest, and she perceived nothing of what failed her.

There was, in fact, no separation for Claire. Victor was for ever by her side, as she felt convinced she was by his. Nothing could ever divide them, though on earth they might meet no more.

Here was the secret of Claire's tranquillity and self-possession. She was, in fact, possessed by one thought, wrapt in her dream, and saw everything around her from a distance.

Olivier had apparently quite outlived the

unpleasantness of the election, and was on the best terms with all his neighbours. He set up a pack of hounds in imitation of Gaston de Vivienne, and (the forest lands of the Department lying wholly in these districts) these two packs did considerable mischief among the boars and stags. Olivier's enjoyment in all this was only now and then interrupted by a journey of two or three days to Paris, no one knew why, but he mentioned urgent business, and no one noticed that these absences invariably coincided with the arrival at Brunoy of the Marquis de Moranges.

At Christmas there was still open house at Beauvoisin, and there were private theatricals at Mont Vivienne.

M. de Moranges had returned to Paris. One bright frosty day, as he was getting out of his brougham, in the Rue de la Paix, the Marquis met Madame Beaudouin.

"You here, at this season!" The same words were uttered by both.

"My being here has nothing surprising," said Madame Beaudouin, as she smilingly held out her hand; "I am a hermit. There are no dead seasons for me; for the world and I have long ceased to take each other into account. But you, one of the Kings of Fashion, in Paris in December, that is an astonishing circumstance!"

"Where is one to go to?" rejoined M. de Moranges. "I do not enjoy the country in winter; yet I confess to being lonely in town: however, for that matter, one is lonely everywhere."

Madame Beaudouin was struck by the despondent tone in which M. de Moranges spoke; and, as she looked steadfastly at him, she saw how great was the change in his appearance.

You could not say of him that he looked his age, for he had always done that—as a healthy, well-constituted man should do; but, whereas he had hitherto carried his years lightly, bravely, his years now seemed to be pressing down upon him heavily.

Madame Beaudouin had heard it remarked at Clavreuil that the magnificent Marquis was much altered, but the truth of the remark had not struck her then; it did strike her now. M. de Moranges' features were care-worn, and bore traces of pain and anxiety.

Aunt Clémentine's sympathy for all living creatures was such, and her conception of human weakness so unbounded, that she never stopped to inquire what he was who suffered, but how his suffering might be assuaged.

"If such a dull fireside as mine could seem pleasant to you," she said, "there is a seat for

you there at all times. I never go out of an evening."

The Marquis brightened up at these words, and the sweet, frank simplicity with which they were uttered, seemed to warm him.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked. "May I really come sometimes?"

"I am always in earnest," was her reply. "You may come at all times; you will always be welcome."

And M. de Moranges did go frequently to sit by Madame Beaudouin's fireside, and her sympathy being genuine, he invariably went comforted away.

One evening, he had remained later and talked less than usual, and the care that sat upon him appeared more than habitually oppressive.

After a long pause, during which M. de Moranges had constructed many a dainty edifice between the logs of wood, and then gazed at them intently,—

"If I were sure you would not be angry with me," he began, "and not regard as an impertinence what I might have to say, I would—"

Madame Beaudouin interrupted him,—

"I am never angry," she observed; "and you cannot say anything I ought to object to hear."

"Well then," he retorted, "forgive the bluntness of my words: you are the only woman I could have married. You are not angry with me?"

She looked at him with her usual air of compassionate kindness,—

"Why should I be so?" she answered; "it is a great compliment you pay me."

"It is so," said M. de Moranges, gravely; "and so I meant it: but then, you know, I am such a sinner that any save the superior woman you are would—"

"Hush!" rejoined she; "there are no sinners, and no superiors. You exaggerate both the good and the evil. We are all, in the end, very much alike. Some are weaker than others, and, therefore, more to be pitied; that is all. Very much more to be pitied," she added, slowly and impressively.

"And you?" inquired the Marquis, involuntarily.

"I?" echoed Aunt Clémentine, with irrepressible emotion, "I have to thank God for His mercies every hour of the day." Her voice trembled, and there were tears in her eyes.

Had M. de Moranges' club comrades and ordinary associates been questioned, they would have declared inexplicable the attrac-

tion exercised over him by Madame Beaudouin.

The miracle was easy to explain, and lay entirely in the fact of the infinite womanliness of Aunt Clémentine. She was such a thorough woman ; so generous and tender, so self-getting and true !

"Why did you never marry?" she asked, almost timidly.

"Because—" and then he hesitated ; "well, it is a difficult thing to say—because I never found a woman I could rely upon."

"That is a grave accusation ; but did you ever love any woman with all your heart?"

"No," replied Moranges, unhesitatingly.

Madame Beaudouin looked pained.

"I can never understand men," she said, after a pause of a moment ; "you find them recoil before the slightest sacrifice made to an honest and pure affection, and then all at once casting away their lives, names, everything for a folly," (M. de Moranges winced) ; "they will pass half their lives in flying from what they call love, and yet commit acts of absolute madness for some one for whom they do not care. What do they gain by it?" she uttered these last words musingly, and almost as though speaking to herself.

"Nothing," responded the Marquis, in a dejected tone ; "but they find that out too late. We have become complicated machines, we men, and what seemed plain and simple to our grandfathers, puzzles us. Listen ; I, for instance, pass for a sinner, as I said before ; well, I tell you now, that I don't believe the man lives who, if he could be perfectly sure of a deep, true, entire, pure, out and out devotion in a woman (but mark you, both out and out and pure), would not sacrifice everything he possesses to obtain it."

Madame Beaudouin looked him steadily, inquiringly, and full in the face.

He answered her gaze.

"Yes," he repeated, "everything he possesses. But we don't believe ; we learn too early to know the women who have brought up our possible wives, and we shrink from being made dupes. Love marriages don't succeed in France ; but we gain nothing in the end."

And so they talked on till late, with long intervals of silence, and Madame Beaudouin felt there was an anxiety or a grief the Marquis did not venture to confide to her. Once or twice he seemed on the point of communicating to her some hidden care, but he always checked himself.

When he was preparing to take his leave,—

"I shall never forget," he said, "the kindness you have shown me. I may have to absent myself shortly from Paris—perhaps even from France ; but wherever I go, I shall carry your memory with me ; I entreat of you to believe what I say ; among all my faults I have never been accused of insincerity. It is not in my way to be a phrase-maker."

"I wish I could have been of real use or comfort to you," replied Madame Beaudouin, as she held out her hand to him.

"You have been so, and you can be so still more, if you will promise me, whatever you hear of me, to reserve your judgment, in spite of my reputation, and not think worse of me than of any other erring mortal."

There was an air of almost mournful earnestness in the Marquis that strangely impressed Aunt Clémentine. She did not withdraw her hand from his as she asked,—

"Is there no way in which I can be of use to you?"

For one moment he hesitated, and then,—

"I fear none!" he answered ; "in your career as a hospital visitor and nurse, you have seen, doubtless, many a sickening sight, tended many a ghastly wound ; but you have mostly seen your patients die of their ills, which is, in fact, nothing ; there is worse than that ; there is—But what am I talking of? forgive me, and again I say, promise me one thing, when you hear me abused on all hands, denounced by my nearest relations, and held up to shame, promise me to remain silent."

"I will do more, I will pray for you," said, simply and almost tenderly, Aunt Clémentine.

"I wish I thought that was of any good !" replied the Marquis, with some of his old gaiety.

"May I try to defend you?" she said.

"Not for worlds ! what I am about to do cannot be defended."

"Why do you do it?" added not severely, but seriously, Madame Beaudouin.

"That you could only understand if once you came to see what a terrible mistake life has seemed to be to some men."

When M. de Moranges had left her, Aunt Clémentine felt more than ever convinced of her theory that all men suffer, and that therefore all men are to be pitied.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—A SINNER BUT NO SAINT.

WHEN his uncle had spoken to him at Clavreuil of the doubts that were harassing him, Olivier's first feeling was one of apprehension for himself and annoyance with

Claudine. For a mere nothing he would have actually taken his uncle's part, and, from every possible point of view, he was disposed to feel irritated against Claudine. Why had she crossed his path? why had she taken a fancy to him? why had she not left him in peace? He was utterly oblivious of the readiness with which he himself had become her accomplice, and only chafed at the notion of the bother which her ill-timed, ill-placed passion for him might entail upon him.

Here lies the difference between a pure and an impure attachment. The former rises superior to all mere material separation; the latter knows of actual presence only, and you annul it if you separate the so-called loving couple. Away from the Sphinx, Olivier, as has been already stated, was liberated from any attraction she might exercise over him, and simply vexed at having the lazy easy-goingness of his existence disturbed. Besides, though M. de Beauvoisin lacked the keen aptitude for planning and combining that is one of the springs of avarice, he thought upon the subject of his uncle's inheritance pretty much as did the Dowager. He could not imagine his son (poor innocent little Pierre was the invariable stalking-horse of them all) being frustrated of the fortune which was his by every law, human and divine.

M. de Beauvoisin could with perfect sincerity serve his uncle's interests; as far as Florestan de Nesves was concerned, and there was no difficulty in answering for the perfect innocence of Claudine, in whatever concerned that young gentleman. Olivier did clear up everything in the direction first taken by his uncle's suspicions, and yet the suspicions (self-sufficing seemingly) were not dispelled. Florestan de Nesves on the other hand was too useful a blind for the sagacious Aspasia (and she was necessarily always consulted) to agree to his being totally banished, so that Olivier could only resort to a treatment of him so light, that M. de Moranges could not persist in regarding him as dangerous. Olivier admitted that Florestan admired Claudine immensely, but he pledged his honour and credit (as well he might!) that she barely noticed the fact of his existence. And then—foolish people being for ever foolish—Olivier went too far, and said the unwise thing he could have said, though he did not guess why it was so unwise: he said that indeed the conduct of the Sphinx was so irreproachable, and her allegiance to the Marquis so imperturbable, that it had got to be a joke at the clubs that any one who should really wish to pay court to her would have to do so before

M. le Maire, and M. le Curé, in the exercise of their functions.

"Good God!" had cried the Marquis, "do you mean to say that Nesves would marry her?"

"Oh! my dear uncle, I didn't say that!" had been Beauvoisin's reply. "I only said it was quite a club-joke on account of Madame Claudine's conduct being so very proper," (he called her Madame on these occasions, and thought that a stroke of policy).

And still M. de Moranges doubted and feared—he knew not what. He was misled as to the man, not as to the thing, and the truth had hit him, and hit him hard. The magnificent Marquis was full of anxiety, and had lost his faith in himself.

M. de Beauvoisin, like all weak, undecided natures, was for ever internally complaining, either of his bad luck, as he called it, or of somebody's bad behaviour to him. He thought himself so hardly dealt by! When he was away it was all very well, and he was persuaded it would be the easiest thing in the world to break loose from the Sphinx; but when he got back into her atmosphere, he had no longer any wish to break loose from her, but found himself momentarily very well off, and quieted his alarms by thinking that, after all, things might go on as they were, and that they would come to an end of themselves somehow. Oh! that "somehow!" what a part it plays in the lives of these purposeless men!

As usual, our friend Aspasia was in reality the guiding star of these two destinies. So long as she did not attempt to take the Sphinx's plaything from her, she ruled supreme over Claudine, as over Olivier; but several "feelers" put out by her had caused her to perceive that a reckless outbreak would ensue if she made the slightest move towards snatching its doll from the infant. Mlle. Mourjon was out of patience with Claudine, and puzzled as to how she should play her own game. She could not let Olivier escape, that was clear; for the Sphinx, once grown desperate, would reveal everything, and her (Aspasia's) fortunes would be marred, both with the Dowager and with M. de Moranges.

She must go on, therefore, plotting and combining, and preventing a crisis, and what she termed devoting herself (!), all which constituted no small amount of hard work, and really left no leisure whatever to poor Mlle. de Mourjonville.

The most amusing part of it all (and it did divert Aspasia when she thought of it) was,

that her cleverness was such a relief to M. de Beauvoisin's slow wit that, although he feared her mortally, and although she morally sat upon him like the old man of the sea, and was never to be shaken off, yet in his worst moments of perplexity she alone could cheer him up, and by her sharp, comical vein of humour, induce him to come to the agreeable conclusion that everything was "no matter."

One person alone was troubled by what was passing, and that person was Count Dupont. As Mlle. Mourjon thoroughly appreciated his intelligence, she took the best possible care that he should obtain no insight into her game; but Henri's vigilance was not altogether to be deceived, only it went astray too, and tended towards an erroneous aim. A word or two, dropped in joke by M. de Moranges months ago, recurred to him, and he asked himself all at once if the witty and practical minded Mlle. Aspasia might not be in some degree dangerous for Olivier. His fears pointed principally to the latter's purse, but not exclusively, for he was quite aware that a woman of her kind may absorb and totally subjugate a man of Olivier's species.

Count Dupont busied himself with discovering all he could touching Mlle. Mourjon's past, and, when he had collected a certain sum of details, he resolved he would take an opportunity of satisfying himself as to the real state of affairs between Mlle. de Mourjonville and Olivier. One day chance served him: he had called at the Hotel Moranges and been admitted (as he thought he perceived, to Mlle. Aspasia's decided annoyance). They were alone, Claudine being shut up in her room with a headache; one of those eternal *mi-graines* women are so peculiarly subject to in France.

Henri Dupont made himself so pleasant that Mlle. Aspasia was thrown off her guard, and showed to great advantage, and for twenty minutes these two chatted away in apparently perfect good fellowship, and spent between them no inconsiderable amount of wit.

Suddenly, but always in the most playful tone:—

"Why did you never tell me you were Camille Leblond's sister?" asked Count Dupont, looking his adversary straight in the face.

"I am not so," replied Aspasia, hurriedly, and with decidedly a slight, though well hidden, embarrassment.

"What?!" cried he, and his look said unmistakeably: "You can't take me in!"

"I mean," rejoined the lady in waiting,

"that I am not her sister, only her half-sister; you know, however much one may be above puerile prejudice, one does not blazon forth certain relationships. Poor Camille! I'm sure I have no desire to be hard upon her, but still, when one is a respectable person, and belonging to a respectable family" (this was an inevitable allusion), "one does feel deeply certain things. I may marry one day, and I should hardly wish that, before knowing me well, an honest man should be informed of my connection with a person like Camille."

All this was said with such consummate art, with such a mixture of frankness, and propriety, and humility, and common sense, that Dupont did not quite know how to continue his examination.

Aspasia saved him the trouble: "It is a very difficult thing for men of the world like you," she said, unaffectedly, "to realize the position of women like me. Your habits lead you among people whose situations in life are clearly defined, and mostly above any struggles (unless the struggles of ambition): in your world there is but little compromise: people are of it, or out of it; if of it, you excuse everything; if out of it, you ignore, or condemn. You do not stop to take into account what the trials may be, nor if they are honestly overcome; it is not a fair way of dealing, according to my estimate, and it is one which I should have almost thought you would avoid."

Henri Dupont felt himself put in one moment altogether in the wrong, and very much in the case of the man whose "Tartar" refused to be "caught."

He had, after a certain fashion, to excuse himself, which is a fatal proceeding when you have intended to carry all things before you.

However, Mlle. Aspasia was eminently good-natured, or seemed to be so, and bearing no malice, readily went into particulars concerning her birth, parentage, and education.

She expatiated on the vicissitudes of life, on the hardships of women, on the helplessness which had made her mother marry a second time, and marry beneath her; and the amount of her indulgence towards her half-sister knew no bounds. She was all mercy and charity, and not cantingly so. It was her moderation and reasonableness that left Henri Dupont so at a loss to find fault with her. He could only follow her lead, and seem to take a lively interest in Madame Théophile Mardonnet (*née* Leblond), and all at once a few words of Aspasia's gave him an interest in this lady. She had alluded to her early fascination for

M. de Beauvoisin, and Henri asked her rather eagerly whether she was sure they had never met since Mardonnet's return.

Aspasie smiled: "My dear Count Dupont," she said, "you may think as lowly as you like of people of what you call 'our class,' but there are some feelings which are the same in all, and I do not fancy that Madame Mardonnet or her husband would like to meet M. de Beauvoisin, since what passed in earlier days. My brother-in-law" (she added this with much quiet dignity, and did not evade the parentage with the "Deputy") "is a very worthy man, in spite of his weakness (for it was a weakness) in marrying Camille, and I dare say poor Camille will lead a very exemplary life in the end."

"Her husband was desperately in love with her, I fancy," said Henri, in a way which made Mlle. Mourjon imagine he knew more than she was aware of. Frankness appeared to be her cue, and so, looking Count Dupont in the face,—

"I have a great mind," said she, with sudden animation, "to tell you the whole story of what occurred seven years ago."

"I think I know it," he replied, and regaining somewhat of the ground he had lost.

"I will venture to say you do not," retorted Aspasie, warmly; "I'll venture to say that you are in perfect ignorance of the obligations that M. de Beauvoisin owes to my brother-in-law."

Count Dupont stared at Mlle. de Mourjonville.

"Yes," she repeated, "obligations, and very serious ones too: listen. The Marquis de Beauvoisin thought himself in love with poor Camille, who was a reigning beauty then (and such a child!), and, as you well know, he was under age, and could dispose of not one farthing. Well! I suppose he contrived to borrow small sums from one person and another, but one day he got into a mess. Camille's poor, little, silly head was turned by a certain set of pearls and emeralds she had seen in Marret's window, and probably her youthful adorer guessed what would be the power gained over her by whoever presented her with the jewels. Their price was sixty thousand francs. Well, one fine morning they were given to her by M. de Beauvoisin!"

(Count Dupont listened unmoved.)

Aspasie, after an imperceptible pause, went on.

"I need not tell you he had done what many a young man in his situation has done before him; he had signed bills for the amount at

three months date, and when the date came he had not the shadow of a resource wherewith to meet his engagements. Théophile Mardonnet got that money for him, and saved M. de Beauvoisin from severe annoyance, if not from disgrace."

"I knew all that," observed, tranquilly, Henri Dupont. "Are you quite sure that is *all* that occurred at that epoch?"

Before the hard interrogative look that Count Dupont fixed upon her, while uttering the above words, a slight flush and a slight tremor seemed to pass over Mlle. Mourjon's face and figure, but perhaps it might be the flickering flame of the fire by which they were sitting. It was so slight.

"All?" echoed Aspasie; "all? why, surely it is enough. I really do not know what in your station is regarded as disgrace, or what as a service; but I, in my humble sphere, should have felt the deepest gratitude for any man who had done to my son or brother what my brother-in-law did for M. de Beauvoisin."

"Mardonnet was paid, I presume, capital and interest," remarked Henri Dupont.

"And interest of interests," added Aspasie; "for you forget that he had to pay heavy interest himself for more than two years, on the sums he borrowed."

"And you think that was really all?" said again Count Dupont.

"What else could there be?" inquired Mlle. Mourjon.

Count Dupont looked her through and through, and then said,—

"I'm sure I don't know, but I thought perhaps you did."

When their conference was over, Henri felt that he had failed to find any confirmation for his notions of even the merest flirtation between Olivier and Mlle. de Mourjonville. She was disappointed, for she had decidedly not succeeded in impressing Count Dupont with a sense of the obligations conferred on M. de Beauvoisin by her brother-in-law, the Deputy.

Long after Henri had gone away, she sat gazing at the fire, and seemingly brooding over some subject not particularly pleasant.

MR. ADAMS AND MR. REVERDY JOHNSON.

THE idea prevails more or less in England, that Americans of culture and probity keep aloof from politics in their own country. That it is an erroneous one is sufficiently proved by the character of the statesman who

has just retired from, and that of him who has just succeeded to the American Embassy at London. England has shown her appreciation of both by bidding a hearty God speed to the parting guest, and by extending an equally hearty welcome to the coming guest. It is assuredly a matter of pride with the United States to send her foremost and most accomplished statesmen to represent her interests near the British court; and it will be confessed that more creditable examples of enlightened American statesmanship could not have been chosen than the succeeding American ministers, from the earliest days of the Republic to the present: and especially is this true of Charles Francis Adams and of Reverdy Johnson. No less than four American ministers to the Court of St. James' have, soon after their return to the United States, been elevated to the presidency—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan; and of those who have not reached that highest of political honours, most have occupied a political rank only inferior to the chief magistracy itself. Mr. Dallas, the successor of Mr. Buchanan, had already been Vice President; Mr. Rush, who was twice minister to England, was Attorney-general and Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Stevenson was Speaker of the national House of Representatives.

Charles Francis Adams, the late minister, had long been, in various ways, prominent in the public eye. He had been the "free soil" candidate for Vice President in the days when abolitionism was—even in the North—a stigma almost as heavy as if an abolitionist were a criminal. He had been a member of the House of Representatives, and there had exhibited not only the qualities of a clear-headed and courageous statesman, but as well those of a scholar of high culture, and a gentleman of the purest breeding. He had won literary fame by writing the life and editing the works of his illustrious grandfather, one of the founders of the Republic. Mr. Adams is the representative of the most distinguished of American families; of a family which, by its hereditary ability has, in spite of the republican dislike of "aristocracies," maintained a very prominent political and social position, without interruption, from the beginning of the War of Independence down to the present moment; and which has so well guarded its reputation, and has so worthily sustained itself in each succeeding generation, that it promises as well for the future, as in the past, to take a leading part in American politics. Intellectual superiority

alone could have maintained an hereditary family influence in a country where titles and hereditary legislatures are unknown, and where the self-made man has even a better chance than the descendant of a distinguished lineage, of rising to the highest political honours. John Adams, the grandsire of the late minister, who may be called the founder of the family, though for generations before him it was one of the most respectable and well-to-do of New England families, was one of the first to advocate resistance to the tea and stamp duties imposed upon the colonies by the mother country; he was the leading delegate from Massachusetts to the first Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia; he was one of the committee who drew up, one of the most earnest promoters, and one of the most zealous signers of the famous Declaration of Independence. At the close of the war, and before the adoption of the present constitution, he was sent by the "Confederation" as the first American minister to the court of George III., to break the ice between the revolted colonies and their late sovereign; and he has left a most entertaining account of his first interview with the chagrined but thoroughly good-hearted monarch.

At the first election under the present constitution—General Washington being unanimously chosen President—John Adams was selected by the young nation as its first Vice President, which office he held for eight years. On the retirement of Washington in 1797, John Adams became the second President of the United States.

Such was the distinguished career of the grandfather: that of the father was scarcely less notable. John Quincy Adams, the son of John and the father of Charles Francis, was chosen United States Senator from Massachusetts soon after the retirement of the elder Adams from the Presidency. Not long after, President Madison appointed him one of the special envoys to conclude the treaty of Ghent; and then Mr. Adams was selected as Minister Plenipotentiary to the British Court, whence he was recalled in 1817 to assume the office of Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Monroe. From the state department, where he remained eight years, he in turn entered the White House as President of the United States, his father and predecessor being then yet living, at the age of ninety, in all the fulness of his mental qualities, and not too old to rejoice with just pride in seeing the highest office pass into the second generation of his family.

John Quincy Adams was the only American President who has ever occupied an inferior office after his retirement from the White House. For many years subsequent to his presidential career, he was a member of the lower House of Congress; accepting a seat in that body from no selfish thirst for office, but in the conviction that by his presence there, he might forward the cause dearest to his later years, and to which he directed all his energies—the abolition of slavery. He was still a member of the house when, in 1848, he died, having then passed his eighty-fourth year.*

As I have already hinted, the political career of his son, Charles Francis Adams, opened with the advocacy of the same great cause to which the father's declining years were devoted; and to him the great blessing has been awarded of seeing that noble end accomplished (though at a terrible sacrifice), which was the earnest and fervent aim of both. The remarkable fact which strikes one, in perusing a sketch of this family is, that three successive generations of Adames should have represented the United States at the British court; that to the two first should in succession have been confided the task of healing the wounds and obliterating the ill-feeling which the only two wars that have occurred between England and America engendered on both sides; while to the third was confided the task of representing the United States during its third and greatest and most terrible war—that of the Rebellion—and of smoothing over the differences arising from it at its termination, much as his father and grandfather did before him. But the star of the house of Adams does not appear to be on the wane, even by the retirement of the ex-minister to private life. The fourth generation has already been heard from, talked about, and honoured.

Of the ex-minister's sons, the elder, John Quincy Adams, although but little over thirty, is a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and has twice been the Conservative candidate for the governorship of that state, besides having been a candidate for the Democratic nomination to the Vice Presidency. And the second, Charles Francis Adams, Jun., won a high reputation as a soldier, and the rank of Bt. Brigadier General in the recent war, and is

* The scene of the aged statesman's death was not unlike that of the death of the elder Pitt. He had been speaking in the House for over an hour, in earnest defence of the right of petition, when he was observed suddenly to falter, then fall heavily into his seat. Pressing his hands to his forehead, he feebly murmured, "And this is the last of earth!" He was taken to an adjoining room, where he soon passed away. To the last the "old man eloquent," as he has been called, fought for the right, and died with his armour on.

already known as possessed of superior literary abilities. Thus Mr. Adams, retiring at sixty from one of the most distinguished and responsible posts within his country's gift, has the assurance that in the hands of his successors, the family reputation and influence bids fair to be well sustained; but it is probable that his retirement is but temporary. The American people warmly appreciate the efficiency, zeal, and success with which he maintained, during a most trying and difficult period, the friendly relations between those two great sister Anglo-Saxon peoples who claim to lead the van of Christian civilization. That service is not likely to be forgotten: the abilities which contributed to its performance will not be allowed to rest in the seclusion of his New England home. The probability of his yet reaching that highest office to which his father and grandfather attained is by no means a feeble one; perhaps, indeed, the fact of his descent from two previous presidents may be the only reason why he should not be chosen; for both his talents and his past services give him a prominent place among prospective candidates; while, on the other hand, the republican principle may disincline the people from an election which would in some sort appear to sanction a hereditary claim upon the office.

Mr. Adams is wealthy, and occupies the old family estate at Quincy, some ten miles from Boston; the quaint old house, with its lustrous beams and substantial roof, whence John Adams went forth to stir up rebellion, to mingle with European courts, and to preside over the young destinies of his country, is still there, and is still the home of his distinguished descendants. Mr. Adams is the most perfect counterpart of the English landed aristocrat in America. Possessing what for an American is a long and illustrious descent, the proprietor of broad acres and a stately ancestral mansion, a man whose manners and bearing, whose culture and cultivation no polish of courts or lordly circles could improve, a lover of letters, an accomplished scholar, a dignified and hospitable gentleman, a shrewd yet courteous diplomatist, a large-minded and courageous statesman, he worthily holds a high place in the respect of neighbours and countrymen, rather in spite of than because of his family history and his blue-blood.

As a literary man, Mr. Adams is well known to those whose interest or whose pleasure it is to study American annals. His *Life and Works of John Adams*, in a large number of octavo volumes, is standard, and is excellent

authority on the early events of American history. It was edited from the rich materials which the papers of its subject afforded ; and with a discrimination, taste, judgment, an elegance of diction, and a simple and forcible manner of stating and describing facts, which, apart from the historical value of the book, entitle the author to high literary rank. It is rumoured that Mr. Adams may devote his present leisure to a similar life and compilation of the prolific works of his father, the second Adams. Of the latter, the only authoritative biography now existing is a life written by his friend and former co-labourer in the anti-slavery cause, Mr. Seward, now Secretary of State ; and such a work from the pen of Mr. Adams would fill a void in American annals. With his literary tastes, and living as he does in a peculiarly congenial atmosphere to men of letters—for he is the neighbour of Longfellow, and Motley, and Emerson, and Lowell, and Winthrop—it is probable that his country will have the advantage of his abilities, if not in the political arena, at least in the field of literature.

It has often been remarked in America how striking is the personal resemblance between the successive generations of the Adams family. Both grandsire, sire, and son were short of stature, straight, well-built, and full-bodied in form, and possessed large, round heads, to which phrenologists would award an unusually prominent intellectual development. All three were very bald at a comparatively early age ; their noses were long and straight, and pointed ; their lips thin ; their eyes small and blue ; and their chins projecting. The present representative of the family, however, differs from his father, and resembles his grandfather, in a certain stateliness and even haughtiness of bearing, which at first seems cold and difficult to approach. John Quincy Adams was cordial and enthusiastic ; his father and his son were calm, dispassionate, performing their public duties with a judicial tranquillity and absence of emotion, and carrying into society a proud yet not unamiable placidity. In politics there is no doubt that Mr. Adams fully sympathises with the cause of the Union, of civil freedom to all men, and of progress ; at the same time, his character is essentially cautious and Conservative, and he is not likely to agree with the advanced or radical wing of the Republican party, or to lend his sanction to an extreme policy on either hand. As has happened recently to more than one English statesman, who formerly was the bold and abhorred pioneer of

large reforms, Mr. Adams, once a soldier in the little and persecuted band of crusaders against slavery, now finds his countrymen and his former opponents abreast with him, and may not be without apprehensions that they will march so fast as to compel him to drop out of the line.

To Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who, fortunately doubtless both for America and for England—for it will certainly be fortunate for both if he is one of the instruments through whom the ancient cordial relations of the nations are restored—has succeeded Mr. Adams, has been awarded one of the highest compliments ever paid to a statesman by any nation. Although he was the leading Democratic member of the national Senate, and although his own political friends were in a feeble minority—being twelve in a body consisting of fifty-four members—his appointment as Minister was unanimously confirmed. Although the energetic defender, and avowedly earnest friend of the President, of whom three fourths of the Senate, as well as a large majority of the people, are zealous antagonists, he received that high testimony of respect, which even political enemies are fain to pay to him whose public and private character is without blemish, and whose abilities have been sincerely used in the aid of honest convictions. So distinguished and enviable an honour is a fit “crowning of the edifice” of a long life, the whole of which has been of marked usefulness, and the later years of which have been spent in unceasing efforts to benefit his country, and to soften the bitterness which had gradually grown up between its two sections. It is seldom that a statesman who has passed his three-score and ten is willing to cross the ocean, and engage in diplomatic relations with a foreign and distant nation. But, besides that Mr. Johnson, by the purity of his life, and a naturally sturdy constitution, has preserved the vigour of his prime, so graceful a termination of his public career, and so high a testimony to his past services, could scarcely have been resisted.

Reverdy Johnson had long been known as an ornament of the legal profession before he appeared in political life. He was, thirty years ago, the leading lawyer of Maryland, his native State, and by reason of his reputation in that direction he became the president of a bank, and was intrusted with other offices of confidence and responsibility. A devoted follower of Henry Clay, when he began to mingle in politics he heartily espoused the platform of

the Whig party, and the claims of Clay to the Presidential chair. During the administration of Polk, therefore, in whose term the Mexican war was undertaken, Mr. Johnson was in opposition. The defection of the free-soil democrats from the regular Democratic party in the election of 1848—when ex-President Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams became the candidates of the former—resulted in the triumph of the Whig ticket, and in the choice of General Taylor as President and Mr. Fillmore as Vice President. Mr. Johnson's activity in the political campaign, as well as his unsurpassed reputation at the bar, pointed him out to the gallant old soldier-President as eminently fit to enter the cabinet; and for the first time he assumed high office as Attorney-General of the United States. Although he held this position but a year and a half—for the well-beloved and excellent President Taylor died in July, 1850—he exercised its duties long enough to more than justify the wisdom of his chief's selection; in the arena of the national Supreme Court, already long familiar to him, he was the most formidable of antagonists, and his legal reputation became a national one. The lucidity and penetrating quality of his mind, his great experience, his intimate knowledge, no less of the lore and general spirit, than of the details of the law, the clear and forcible manner in which he seized and urged his points, the intellectual strength which he always displayed in grasping the whole scope of his case, gave him advantages possessed but by a very few, if any, of his professional competitors. He had the good fortune to belong to a cabinet whose career was singularly free from errors, either of general policy or administration, one against which even bitter partizanship could charge no serious blunder, and against which no insinuation of corruption or extravagance was ever breathed; and to him is due a share of this good government.

Retiring from his office in 1850, he returned to the law, and now practised constantly in the Supreme Court, being engaged on the most momentous and intricate cases, and measuring himself daily with the legal champions of every part of the country. The Attorney-General in America is not, as in England, a member of the legislature; he is excluded from Congress, in common with all the cabinet. The country had, therefore, as yet had no experience of Mr. Johnson as a legislator and debater. Meanwhile, he had continued to take an eager interest in the politics of the day, and when, in 1854, the old Whig party

ceased to exist, and the Republican party rose upon its ruins, Mr. Johnson cast his fortunes with his old antagonists the Democrats, as did a large proportion of the leading Southern Whigs. But when the rebellion broke out, his loyal heart recoiled from the monstrous attempt to break up the free government and the established Union of the country. Separating from the majority of his Southern colleagues, he warmly espoused the loyal cause, and, while still remaining a member of the Democratic party, sought on the one side to quell the treason of the South, and on the other to assuage the anger of the North. Entering the Senate, he shone forth as one of the most powerful orators of that body, nobly sustaining the cause of the Union, heartily voting the war supplies, advocating the extinction of treason, and lending all the strength of his marked abilities to the best interests of the land. He won the esteem of his Senatorial opponents, and gained for himself not only a respectful hearing, but a consideration for his arguments, and a weight conceded to them, quite unusual in an opposing and powerful majority. The appointment of Mr. Johnson to the English court is of the happiest augury for the friendship of the two countries. When speaking in the Senate—as he often did—on the foreign relations of the United States, his tone was ever one of moderation and of conciliation. He always deprecated extreme and violent measures, both in domestic and in foreign affairs; and he always laboured to arrive at a peaceful solution of whatever difficulties, either domestic or foreign, arose. He has himself told us, in his speeches at various places in England, that he has come hoping to be the envoy of peace and goodwill, and more, of friendship and cordial co-operation in the progress of the race. His reception upon his arrival was worthy of the distinguished statesman, the high-souled gentleman, and the accomplished scholar that he is; and he must have been encouraged by it to look forward to a consummation of his ambition, that he might be the instrument by whom all differences between the countries might be cancelled and obliterated. America could have sent to represent her no more accomplished and patriotic son; England could have extended a hand of welcome to no American better fitted to mingle with her own enlightened circles, and to meet, with a more statesmanlike bearing, and liberal feeling, her own statesmen, in the grateful task of binding the two branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race in ties of amity and concord.



Oct. 31, 1888.

THE FOX-HOUNDS.—By B. BRADLEY.

Once a Week.]

TALES FROM THE FJELD.*

NEXT morning we woke to find Anders' words too true, the wind still howled, and the rain still poured, deer-stalking was out of the question, nor could the girls stir out of the doors to look after the kine. There we were all house-bound. What was to be done? After breakfast we smoked, and the girls knitted stockings. Anders, for want of something better to do, cleaned our guns and admired their make and locks. But all this was not much towards killing time on the Fjeld, and we had no books.

At last Edward, who was rather afraid of Anders and his jokes on his sportsmanship, whispered to me,

"Can't you make him tell us some more stories? I'll be bound *Osborn's Pipe* is not the only tale he has in his scrip."

Not a bad thought, but Anders was one of those free spirits who must be stalked as warily as a reindeer. I felt that if I asked him outright he might betake him to his Norse pride and say he was no storyteller. "If I wanted stories I had better ask some of the old women down in the dales." It was not the first time I had unsealed unwilling lips, and I knew the way.

"That was a good story about *Osborn's Pipe*, and I owe you one for it, Anders. Come listen to one of mine, and let the lassies listen to it too. It's not long."

ONCE on a time, there was a man who had a mill by the side of a force, and in the mill there was a brownie. Whether the man, as is the custom in most places, gave the brownie porridge and ale at Yule to bring grist to the mill, I can't say, but I don't think he did, for every time he turned the water on the mill, the brownie took hold of the spindle and stopped the mill, so that he couldn't grind a sack.

The man knew well enough it was all the brownie's work, and at last one evening, when he went into the mill, he took a pot full of pitch and tar, and lit a fire under it. Well! when he turned the water on the wheel, it went round awhile, but soon after it made a dead stop. So he turned, and twisted, and put his shoulder to the top of the wheel, but it was all no good. By this time the pot of pitch was boiling hot, and then he opened the trap-door which opened on to the ladder that went

down into the wheel, and if he didn't see the brownie standing on the steps of the ladder with his jaws all a-gape, and he gaped so wide that his mouth filled up the whole trap-door.

"Did you ever see such a wide mouth?" said the brownie.

But the man was handy with his pitch. He caught up the pot and threw it, pitch and all, into the gaping jaws.

"Did you ever feel such hot pitch?"

Then the brownie let the wheel go, and yelled and howled frightfully. Since then he has been never known to stop the wheel in that mill, and there they ground in peace.

Yes! Anders had heard a story something like that, only it was about a water kelpy, not a brownie. Brownies, he declared, never did folk much harm, except lazy maids and idle grooms, but kelpies were spiteful, and hated men. Besides, brownies hated water, they couldn't bear to cross a running stream; how then could they live in a mill? No, it was a kelpy, and his grandmother had told him so.

Then, after a pause, he went on, "But I know another story of a mill which was not canny, and I'll tell it if you like."

We were all ears, and Anders began:—

THIS story, too, I heard of my grandmother, who knew stories without end, and more, she believed them. This mill was not in these parts, it was somewhere up the country; but wherever it was, north of the Fells, or south of the Fells, it was not canny. No one could grind a grain of corn in it for weeks together, when something came and haunted it. But the worst was that, besides haunting it, the trolls, or whatever they were, took to burning the mill down. Two Whitsun-eves running it had caught fire and burned to the ground.

Well, the third year, as Whitsuntide was drawing on, the man had a tailor in his house hard by the mill, who was making Sunday clothes for the miller.

"I wonder, now," said the man, on Whitsun-eve, "whether the mill will burn down this Whitsuntide, too?"

"No, it shan't," said the tailor. "Why should it? Give me the keys: I'll watch the mill."

Well, the man thought that brave, and so as the evening drew on, he gave the tailor the keys, and showed him into the mill. It was empty, you know, for it was just new-built, and so the tailor sat down in the middle of the floor, and took out his chalk and chalked a

* See *Osborn's Pipe*, in *ONCE A WEEK*, vol. I, 1868, p. 300.

great circle round about him, and outside the ring all round he wrote the Lord's Prayer, and when he had done that he wasn't afraid—no, not if Old Nick himself came.

So at dead of night the door flew open with a bang, and there came in such a swarm of black cats you couldn't count them; they were as thick as ants. They were not long before they had put a big pot on the fireplace and set light under it, and the pot began to boil and bubble, and as for the broth, it was for all the world like pitch and tar.

"Ha! ha!" thought the tailor, "that's your game, is it!"

And he had hardly thought this before one of the cats thrust her paw under the pot and tried to upset it.

"Paws off, pussy," said the tailor, "you'll burn your whiskers."

"Hark to the tailor, who says 'Paws off, pussy,' to me," said the cat to the other cats, and in a trice they all ran away from the fireplace, and began to dance and jump round the circle; and then all at once the same cat stole off to the fireplace and tried to upset the pot.

"Paws off, pussy, you'll burn your whiskers," bawled out the tailor again, and again he scared them from the fireplace.

"Hark to the tailor, who says 'Paws off, pussy,'" said the cat to the others, and again they all began to dance and jump round the circle, and then all at once they were off again to the pot, trying to upset it.

"Paws off, pussy, you'll burn your whiskers," screamed out the tailor the third time, and this time he gave them such a fright that they tumbled head over heels on the floor, and began dancing and jumping as before.

Then they closed round the circle, and danced faster and faster: so fast at last that the tailor's head began to turn round, and they glared at him with such big ugly eyes, as though they would swallow him up alive.

Now just as they were at the fastest, the same cat which had tried so often to upset the pot, stuck her paw inside the circle, as though she meant to claw the tailor. But as soon as the tailor saw that, he drew his knife out of the sheath and held it ready; just then the cat thrust her paw in again, and in a trice the tailor chopped it off, and then, pop! all the cats took to their heels as fast as they could, with yells and caterwauls right out at the door.

But the tailor lay down inside his circle, and slept till the sun shone bright in upon the floor. Then he rose, locked the mill, and went away to the miller's house.

When he got there, both the miller and his wife were still abed, for you know it was Whitsunday morning.

"Good morning," said the tailor, as he went to the bedside, and held out his hand to the miller.

"Good morning," said the miller, who was both glad and astonished to see the tailor safe and sound, you must know.

"Good morning, mother!" said the tailor, and held out his hand to the wife.

"Good morning," said she; but she looked so wan and worried; and as for her hand, she hid it under the quilt; but at last she stuck out the left. Then the tailor saw plainly how things stood, but what he said to the man and what was done to the wife, I never heard.

"But I can tell you, Anders," I broke in: "she was burnt for a witch, and, do you know, over in Scotland we have the same story; only we have the end. She tried on the Boot till her feet were crushed, and Morton's Maiden hugged her till her ribs cracked, and her fingers were fitted to the thumbscrews till they were all jelly. All this to make her own that she was a witch, and at last, when she owned it, she was burnt at Edinburgh, in the days of King James the Sixth, and seven other carlines with her."

Having unsealed Anders' lips, I was not going to let him stop, so I told the story of *Whittington and his Cat*, and I even got him and the lassies to understand the awful importance of the Lord Mayor of London. After Anders and the lassies had crossed and blessed themselves over and over again at that wonderful story, Anders said,—

"Heaven help us, we have no Lord Mayors in Norway; the sheriff is good enough for us, and trouble enough he gives us sometimes; but we have a story, the end of which is as like your Lord Mayor's story as one pea is like another, and here it is, only we call it

THE HONEST PENNY.

ONCE on a time there was a poor woman who lived in a tumble down hut far away in the wood. Little had she to eat and nothing at all to burn, and so she sent a little boy she had out into the wood to gather fuel. He ran and jumped, and jumped and ran, to keep himself warm, for it was a cold gray autumn day, and every time he found a bough or a root for his billet, he had to beat his arms across his breast, for his fists were as red as the cranberries over which he walked, for very

cold. So when he had got his billet of wood and was off home, he came upon a clearing of stumps on the hillside, and there he saw a white crooked stone.

"Ah! you poor old stone," said the boy; "how white and wan you are! I'll be bound you are frozen to death;" and with that he took off his jacket, and laid it on the stone. So when he got home with his billet of wood his mother asked what it all meant that he walked about in wintry weather in his shirtsleeves. Then he told her how he had seen an old crooked stone which was all white and wan for frost, and how he had given it his jacket.

"What a fool you are!" said his mother; "do you think a stone can freeze? But even if it froze till it shook again, know this—everyone is nearest to his own self. It costs quite enough to get clothes to your back, without your going and hanging them on stones in the clearings," and as she said that, she hunted the boy out of the house to fetch his jacket.

So when he came where the stone stood, lo! it had turned itself and lifted itself up on one side from the ground. "Yes! yes! this is since you got the jacket, poor old thing," said the boy.

But, when he looked a little closer at the stone, he saw a money-box, full of bright silver, under it.

"This is stolen money no doubt," thought the boy; "no one puts money, come by honestly, under a stone away in the wood."

So he took the money-box and bore it down to a tarn hard by and threw the whole hoard into the tarn; but one silver pennypiece floated on the top of the water.

"Ah! ah! that is honest," said the lad; "for what is honest never sinks."

So he took the silver penny and went home with it and his jacket. Then he told his mother how it had all happened, how the stone had turned itself, and how he had found a moneybox full of silver money, which he had thrown out into the tarn because it was stolen money, and how one silver penny floated on the top.

"That I took," said the boy, "because it was honest."

"You are a born fool," said his mother, for she was very angry; "were naught else honest than what floats on water, there wouldn't be much honesty in the world. And even though the money were stolen ten times over, still you had found it; and I tell you again what I told you before, every one is nearest to his own self. Had you only taken that money we might have lived well and happily all our days.

But a ne'er-do-weel thou art, and a ne'er-do-weel thou wilt be, and now I won't drag on any longer toiling and moiling for thee. Be off with thee into the world and earn thine own bread."

So the lad had to go out into the wide world, and he went both far and long seeking a place. But wherever he came, folk thought him too little and weak, and said they could put him to no use. At last he came to a merchant, and there he got leave to be in the kitchen and carry in wood and water for the cook. Well, after he had been there a long time, the merchant had to make a journey into foreign lands, and so he asked all his servants what he should buy and bring home for each of them. So, when all had said what they would have, the turn came to the scullion, too, who brought in wood and water for the cook. Then he held out his penny.

"Well, what shall I buy with this?" asked the merchant; "there won't be much time lost over this bargain."

"Buy what I can get for it. It is honest, that I know," said the lad.

That his master gave his word to do, and so he sailed away.

So when the merchant had unladed his ship and laded her again in foreign lands, and bought what he had promised his servants to buy, he came down to his ship, and was just going to shove off from the wharf. Then all at once it came into his head that the scullion had sent out a silver penny with him, that he might buy something for him.

"Must I go all the way back to the town for the sake of a silver penny? One would then have small gain in taking such a beggar into one's house," thought the merchant.

Just then an old wife came walking by with a bag at her back.

"What have you got in your bag, mother!" asked the merchant.

"Oh! nothing else than a cat. I can't afford to feed it any longer, so I thought I would throw it into the sea, and make away with it," answered the woman.

Then the merchant said to himself, "Didn't the lad say I was to buy what I could get for his penny?" So he asked the old wife if she would take four farthings for her cat. Yes! the goody was not slow to say "done," and so the bargain was soon struck.

Now when the merchant had sailed a bit, fearful weather fell on him, and such a storm, there was nothing for it but to drive and drive till he did not know whither he was going. At last he came to a land on which he had

never set foot before, and so up he went into the town.

At the house where he turned in the board was laid with a rod for each man who sat at it. The merchant thought it very strange, for he couldn't at all make out what they were to do with all these rods; but he sate him down, and thought he would watch well what the others did, and do like them. Well! as soon as the meat was set on the board, he saw well enough what the rods meant; for out swarmed mice in thousands, and each one who sate at the board had to take to his rod and flog and flap about him, and naught else could be heard than one cut of the rod harder than the one which went before it. Sometimes they whipped one another in the face, and just gave themselves time to say, "Beg pardon," and then at it again.

"Hard work to dine in this land!" said the merchant. "But don't folks keep cats here?"

"Cats!" they all asked, for they did not know what cats were.

So the merchant sent and fetched the cat he had bought for the scullion, and as soon as the cat got on the table, off ran the mice to their holes, and folks had never in the memory of man had such rest at their meat.

Then they begged and prayed the merchant to sell them the cat, and at last, after a long, long time, he promised to let them have it; but he would have a hundred dollars for it; and that sum they gave and thanks besides.

So the merchant sailed off again; but he had scarce got good sea-room before he saw the cat sitting up at the mainmast head, and all at once again came foul weather and a storm worse than the first, and he drove and drove till he got to a country where he had never been before. The merchant went up to an inn, and here, too, the board was spread with rods; but they were much bigger and longer than the first. And, to tell the truth, they had need to be; for here the mice were many more, and every mouse was double as big as those he had before seen.

So he sold the cat again, and this time he got two hundred dollars for it, and that without any haggling.

So when he had sailed away from that land and got a bit out to sea, there sat Grimalkin again at the masthead; and the bad weather began at once again, and the end of it was, he was again driven to a land where he had never been before.

He went ashore, up to the town, and turned into an inn. There, too, the board was laid with rods, but every rod was an ell and a half long,

and as thick as a small broom; and the folk said that to sit at meat was the hardest trial they had, for there were thousands of big ugly rats, so that it was only with some toil and trouble one could get a morsel into one's mouth, 'twas such hard work to keep off the rats. So the cat had to be fetched up from the ship once more, and then folks got their food in peace. Then they all begged and prayed the merchant, for heaven's sake, to sell them his cat. For a long time he said, "No;" but, at last, he gave his word to take three hundred dollars for it. That sum they paid down at once, and thanked him and blessed him for it into the bargain.

Now, when the merchant got out to sea, he fell a-thinking how much the lad had made out of the penny he had sent out with him.

"Yes, yes, some of the money he shall have," said the merchant to himself; "but not all. Me it is that he has to thank for the cat I bought; and, besides, every man is nearest to his own self."

But as soon as ever the merchant thought this, such a storm and gale arose that everyone thought the ship must founder. So the merchant saw there was no help for it, and he had to vow that the lad should have every penny; and, no sooner had he vowed this vow, than the weather got good, and he got a snoring breeze fair for home.

So, when he got to land, he gave the lad the six hundred dollars, and his daughter besides; for now the little scullion was just as rich as his master, the merchant, and even richer; and, after that, the lad lived all his days in mirth and jollity; and he sent for his mother and treated her as well or better than he treated himself; for, said the lad, "I don't think that everyone is nearest to his own self."

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

"SHE called me a common gunner's wife; I was proud of the title!" so said a worthy woman whose husband was at the time serving in the Crimean war. I had deputed her to argue some trivial matter with my landlady, who, despairing of getting the best of it, fired this parting shot at my ambassadress. Often since have I thought of the scornful way in which it is customary to speak of soldiers' wives, as though they must necessarily be lowered by the lives they lead, or as though a soldier is less likely to be careful in his choice of a wife than another man in about the same station in life. It is not so, I believe,

and I hope it will never be. Much has been done to better the accommodation for married men lately ; but much certainly remains to be done, and to increase the number of good women, by saving them from demoralization, is an economy well worth the consideration of those who have the ordering of such matters.

Soldiers will have wives, and the better wives they have, the better soldiers they will be ; noble women incite their husbands to courage, and the habit of fighting the battle of life daily for a wife and children, keeps a man in training for any other battle. Then, a soldier's wife is less likely to be picked up in a hurry than another man's, for this reason, because the soldier must wait some months before he can get leave to marry, and the woman he considers worth waiting for, and braving discomfort with, must have some good in her. That nicety of feeling and modesty were outraged under the old system of crowding four or more families into the same room, needs not to be proved ; it is wonderful that any should have remained pure. It has happened that in the same room one infant was born while another was dying, a thin curtain or sheet alone separating the two families. In spite of all this, many an instance of devotion and courage has come under my observation. I will begin with the case of one whose life is now "elsewhere." Her dark tender eyes, gentle manners, and fine features, made her outwardly no mean object. She married for love, but she knew her man ; he was upright and steady, she was good and contented, labouring cheerfully from morning till night, sufficiently recompensed by her husband's smile and willing help, when he had time to give it. Two children were born to them in course of time, and though the babies added to their parents' cares, they added to their happiness also. But sorrow came : the husband's health failed, he was discharged, and their hardly saved earnings went in providing him with those comforts which are, of course, superfluous and unnecessary for poor people in illness, though perfectly right and natural for rich people in health. He died in spite of all, as rich and poor will die, blessing his true wife with his last breath. Quietly borne poverty became the lot of my poor friend. I gave her sympathy, but little else ; how it was appreciated may be judged by her coming to me as a nurse on a sudden emergency, and when I offered her money, saying, "I would go on my knees to serve you, but that I cannot take."

Some years after, she came to consult me

about a second marriage :—"I tell him I can never forget my Jamie," she said, "but he will take no refusal ; he is perfectly reckless, and cares not what becomes of him if I persist in giving him no hope."

Need I say the active will prevailed ? But though strong in his love for her, the man—a soldier, of course,—proved to be weak in moral courage ; often were her savings spent in drink, which, for the time, made him careless of the happiness of her he loved through it all. At last he was taken ill, and went into hospital ; and being now unserviceable, was permitted to retire *without a pension*. His poor wife still kept up her heart, and went to draw from the pay-sergeant the small sum of money due. With the strange delight which some natures take in being the first to impart ill-news, he said, abruptly, "I am very sorry for you, Mrs. —."

"Why so ?" she inquired ; "my husband can work, and we shall get on somehow."

"Yes, but he has another wife."

"Another wife !" she exclaimed, the earth seeming to sink from under her. "Never will I believe it till I hear it from his own lips."

Some days after she did hear it from his own lips ; but with it the assurance that though the other was the wife of his youth (he had married at the age of sixteen), she had never been the wife of his heart.

Good advice was now liberally bestowed on my poor friend : she was told that she was in an evil case for "elsewhere" if she permitted her misguided no-husband to remain under her roof. "I promised before God to love and cherish him all my life ; I took him for better for worse," she said, in my long conversations with her on the subject ; "must I cast him off now he is down, and all are against him ?" I, of course, told her she should ; but in my heart I felt that, reprobate as she was in the eyes of society, in the sight of God she was blessed, for surely mercy is some part of God ; and her lover was now, with his ruined character, unable to get work, and would have to starve or go to the Union but for her. She, however, did induce him to go to Ireland, where lived the wife of his boyhood with another man, by whom she had several children. O, ye rich ! ye can do all things ; ye can procure counsel, ye can procure divorces when ye will ; but the poor should take heed to their ways and not get entangled in *mésalliances*. The gentle being in Ireland was not disposed to return to her former husband, and, to tell the truth, I fear he never asked her : "He would rather die than have

anything to do with her," he said. So he returned to his love, begging on his knees that she would take him in. Ah, foolish woman! she opened her doors and received the poor weak wretch, and continued to labour on for him, for herself, for her children; but she carried about with her a broken heart, and I saw that an answer would soon be given to her prayer, "What ought I to do?"

"Not to do, but to die," that was the answer. Scanty food and disappointed hopes hastened the end. One day she said, "I sometimes think like Samson, 'I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself;' perhaps my strength may return, but it does not. He is so distressed about me," she continued, speaking of the man she always considered her husband in the sight of God. "He knows my trouble has done it, but I can never reproach him, he has enough to bear; see what it is to have sinned—everyone is against him, he can get no work." Just a week before she died, he did obtain work, and she was never weary of thanking God for this great mercy; nor can I believe it to have been all a strong delusion of that poor woman's to rest satisfied in the trust that the All Merciful would judge differently from the many good people around her, would pity and forgive her even as she had pitied and forgiven the man that had drawn her into an illegal marriage. "He never forsakes those who trust in Him, trust Him always," were almost the last words she spoke to me; and some days after I heard she was dead, so it was not necessary to stone her to death, or no doubt in these days many could have been found to cast the first stone.

My next instance shall be of a different sort of woman, admirably fitted to be as she was a soldier's wife, and the mother of some of the finest young soldiers that can be seen. She must have been very handsome in her youth, for even at the age of fifty she is a fine woman, with still brilliant eyes, and beaming face. She told me how she was once stationed with her husband on the Island of Antigua, where a gun had to be fired at daybreak and sunset. It was a good appointment, and she wished him to keep it. Unfortunately, though an excellent husband, he was "fond of a drop of drink," and this propensity somewhat modified the regularity of his return at night. To put him on his metal, she threatened to fire the gun herself, if he failed in coming to do it at the right moment. This stirred him up for a time; but one evening it was within five minutes of the time, and he was not in sight, so the brave woman, though near her confine-

ment, determined to load and fire the gun herself. With a beating heart and nervous hand she put in the charge, pricked the cartridge through the vent, lit the port fire, and touched the tube; the monster opened its mouth, recoiled—the thing was done, and there stood her husband looking at her, half proudly, half angrily. On the whole, he was glad he had such a helpmate; and it was not the only time he left her the work to do when he found she was capable of doing it.

This same woman has told me many an interesting tale of girls she had saved, or striven to save, from disgrace and misery. One pretty young married woman, whose husband was obliged to be away, she kept in her house for months, lest she might be tempted to lead an evil life if alone and unprotected. She despaired of being religious herself, though she read her Bible, and prayed, and did all the good in her power. She could not help losing her temper; and though she told me she never could even remember to be angry with any one who had offended her, it caused her sad trouble. When I knew her she was a widow, and a grown-up son lived with her, by permission, instead of in barracks. "We often have words, though we love each other," she said; "and many a morning he goes away, and says, 'I shall fetch away my things, and go into quarters to-night:' but when night comes, his arms are round my neck, and I am his 'pretty mam' once more." One woman she was *sure* was religious. To this woman an accident had happened that might have been foreseen and avoided. However, my friend maintained that the girl (whom she had nursed through the illness that followed, out of charity, when a sister turned the poor sinner out of doors) was a true Magdalene. Tears were her meat, night and day, the Psalms of David her meditation, and a quiet, hard-working life the proof of her sincere repentance. If not religious, my friend certainly showed some of the signs of religion in thus esteeming others better than herself, and in doing deeds of kindness, common though these be among soldiers' wives, for experience of sorrow makes us feel for others, and various are the experiences of soldiers' wives. One of the saddest sights in the world is the women left behind when their husbands are sent to far distant lands. Bitter is their childlike wail for the loss of their protectors; weary the sad long days and nights as they wait loving and longing for those who are literally all the world to them. Six months or a year after they are forwarded; but why the delay? Better to die

with their husbands than to live in semi-starvation at home. Yet I have heard it debated what was to be done with these poor things—whether a home to receive them till they could get into service might not be founded, another to put their babes into while they got situations; as if there could be any question that the money so spent would be far better employed in sending them where wives should be—wherever their husbands are. Said one, “If I could get to my husband, I don’t care if I died the next minute;” and this is the general feeling. If the hands of soldiers’ wives are sometimes hard, their hearts are tender, and as easily wounded, as those of fine ladies. The same faithful nature dwells in the breasts of Englishwomen whatever be their rank. The husband is the one man in the world to her who works and washes, as well as to her who wears; and the salt tears flow as freely in the garret, when the one candle is put out, as they do in the lonely chamber of the officer’s “lady.” Nothing binds the soldier more to his officer than kindness shown to his family. The less a man has, the more he clings to that little. Let what is done for soldiers’ wives be done wisely, and with sympathy for their human affections. It will be repaid a hundredfold in the devotion of the men to their duty when the hour of trial comes.

NOTES ON SPAIN.

SPAIN, from the ascension of Queen Isabella to the end of the twenty-fifth year of her reign, had twenty-eight legislatures, eighteen general elections, forty-seven Presidents of the Council, and five hundred and twenty-nine ministers, among whom were seventy-eight ministers of the interior, which would give an average tenure of office to these last of four months each. Down to 1834 we are told, Spain had little additional means of intercommunication beyond what they owed to the Romans, but between that year to the end of 1860 11,276 kilometres of roadway had been completed, and 3164 more were in course of construction. Shortly after that year the making of a network of railways was begun and carried on by private capital, raised by means of liberal subventions of guarantees of interest, with the aid of foreign capital. The total length constructed, or in course of construction, towards the end of 1865 was 5000 kilometres, 4712 of which had been completed, leaving 806 remaining to be finished. As in the case of Russia there is a break of gauge

which, to a certain extent, cuts off the communication with foreign lines; but, notwithstanding, the entire distance from the Pyrenees to Cadiz, from Alicante to Madrid, and from Madrid to Lisbon can be performed by rail.

While these amendments have been going on in the matter of internal communication, credit establishments have been founded, mining companies formed, assurance companies have been opened, and many other ameliorations in the domestic government of the country have been made, which have greatly increased the prosperity of the inhabitants, though they have had to endure great drawbacks during the present year in consequence of the prolonged drought, which burnt up their pastures and destroyed their crops. Great as has been the progress they have made in cultivating land it is still very imperfect; they have little knowledge of farming, consequently they go on taking crops out of the ground without putting in manure to restore its fertility, until at last they have to let it lie fallow for periods of greater or less duration. If they were better informed in this matter, Spain would be a large exporter of grain to foreign markets instead of importing it into their own, which they have to do to a large amount; still, with all its imperfect cultivation, the yield is considerably more than double what it was fifty years ago.

The cultivation of the grape has been largely developed of late years. The exportation in 1864 was 135,675,000 litres, the value of which was 381,787,000 reals, which, at the rate of ten reals to the pound, would be £38,178,700. Except in the case of a few celebrated growths in which foreign capital has been embarked, the process of vine culture remains the same as it was generations ago; barrels and bottles are unknown, and the wine is stored in huge earthenware amphoræ, termed *tinajas*, and in the skins of goats, which communicate to the wine a taste which it requires a native to appreciate. These skins are suspended against the wall, and the contents drawn out as described in Don Quixote.

Olive oil might be exported to an enormous extent if the preparation were properly attended to; instead, however, of adopting a clean and speedy method of extracting the oil, so as to get it into flasks in a perfectly sweet condition, the olives are shaken down, gathered into heaps and left to fester in the sun; the result is, that the oil is contaminated in a way that quite unfits it for the European market except to a very limited extent.

Then with respect to the breeding of the

merino sheep, once the source of enormous gains. In default of proper attention the breed we are told has greatly deteriorated; even the wool exported is so mixed up with thorns and other foreign substances that the price obtained for it cannot fail to be less than what would be obtained if it were exported in a cleanly condition. In 1864 the value of the wool exported had fallen to 26,218,000 reals.

As regards its mineral productions, which are said to abound, little has been done in prosperity compared with what might have been done. There does not seem to be any part remaining in which gold and silver can be obtained to an important amount, but as regards other metals the case is supposed to be widely different. There are some mines worked by foreign capital which are worked with energy; but in the case of most of those left to the sole management of natives, old processes are adhered to to a degree which must astonish foreigners who chance to find themselves where they exist. In the case of iron it is stated that the exportation might be immensely increased; but in consequence of the system of protection, the ironmasters do not care to make changes in the smelting of the ore, and they keep up the price to such a height that, notwithstanding the high tariff, it is found profitable for some purposes to import foreign iron.

Spain is, of all countries, that in which the protective system most flourished. Within the last quarter of a century some modifications have been made in a free-trade sense. In the tariff of 1841, in which some restrictions were withdrawn, there were still included ninety-three prohibitions; and even the amended tariff of 1849 retained twenty-five prohibitions, and on the rest of the articles specified, amounting to about 1400, heavy duties were levied. The sliding scale is that in use with respect to corn, but it cannot be said to be attended with advantage, considering, as has been said above, that instead of exporting it as it ought if the fields were properly cultivated it is compelled to admit it. The levying of duty is suspended for the present in consequence, probably, of the failure of the crop, owing to excessive drought, which added to the natural aridity of the soil had caused an almost utter failure.

Then with respect to manufactures, a comparison with the progress made in other countries will show how Spain has lagged behind. Take the case of articles made of glass, for example. The home manufacture is very small, and the duty levied on imports from

abroad so large that in many villages, and even small towns in the south of Spain, you might traverse every part without seeing a single pane of glass. As for looking-glasses, they are few and far between; most of those they have are small mirrors, such as may be seen in this country in the lids of shaving-pots.

Paper-making and trading, which has been thrown open in England to competition with the whole world, is in Spain doubly protected; for, in addition to a duty which is, and is intended to be, prohibitive, the exportation of rags is prohibited altogether. The consequence of this is that the manufacture has fallen into few hands, and the production has been at times so restricted, that occasions have arisen when the newspapers have had to make their appearance shorn of half their usual dimensions.

Notwithstanding all the obstacles to the extension of foreign commerce, the multiplication of internal means of communication, and especially owing to the facilities presented by the railways, it has enormously increased: the value is stated to have been in 1864, 3,402,718,000 reals.

Under the monarchy that has just fallen there was order if not liberty, consequently the population which had been diminished by the civil wars has been increasing of late years, and very largely, but it still remains one of the most thinly-peopled in Europe. The inhabitants are greatly in arrear in the matter of education, but the progress made recently has been rapid in comparison with what it was previously. In the matter of religion, from what Borrow says, and he has been confirmed by more recent travellers, there is even among the lowest class a great amount of toleration, which is attributed to a great extent to an absence of religious faith. That this spirit of toleration does really exist may be inferred from the various proclamations that have been issued since the flight of the Queen from Spain; which is the more surprising considering that the country supports upwards of 40,000 priests.

TABLE TALK.

ELECTIONEERING tactics assume various shapes, from the kiss bestowed on a coalheaver by a beautiful Duchess, to the promise of a clerkship or tidewaitership to the voter's son whose father plumps for the true-blue candidate. In the good old times, when

bribery was rampant, and a voter was believed to be corrupt until he had proved himself to be honest, there lived a certain friend of ours, who, in four or five consecutive elections, was returned as the Tory member for a manufacturing town, though not without a hard contest among a constituency who preferred gold to silver. I was often favoured with a sight of the note-book made by this successful candidate in his various canvasses. But its memoranda, instead of dealing with the political prospects of the election, related to the purely domestic matters of the voters' households. This crafty old Tory always went direct to the fountain-head, and sought to win the good esteem of the chief of the house—that is to say, the wife; and he, therefore, made notes of her wants, wishes, and sayings; of the number of her family, their ages, schooling, and ailments. And, when he had occasion to call again upon that woman, he first referred to his previous notes, and, so to say, read up his brief; and then, instead of talking politics to her, asked her how Jacky got on at school, and whether Joe still stuck to the bricklaying, and whether Jane had got out to service, or Jemima still suffered from chilblains, or she herself still experienced that peculiar sensation which she had described as being just as though her back-bone had opened and shut. Of course, when the good woman heard questions such as these, she thought what a wonderfully kind man Mr. So-and-so was to bear all these things in mind for three or four years, in the midst of all the distractions of political life and the allurements of polite society; and so she was won over to his side, and let her husband have no peace until he had promised the Tory gentleman his vote. One of the brief notes in that clever member's book was, "Tommy has the measles;" and when, at the next election, he asked to see Tommy and inquired how he had got over the measles, the fond mother at once fell a victim to his arts, and compelled her Radical spouse to become a turncoat and vote for the Tory. He is dead now; and I know not if his successor has hit upon one great secret of success, in noting such an apparently non-political remark as "Tommy has the measles."

PEOPLE are talking of the new Bishop of Peterborough. Let us talk of the town which among cathedral towns is singular as being not only in two counties, but in two dioceses. Its suburbs of Fletton and Stanground are now added to the city for all electoral purposes; and these suburbs are in the county

of Huntingdon and diocese of Ely, while Peterborough is of course in its own diocese and in the shire of Northampton. The two counties and dioceses divide halfway across the river Nene, which is spanned by a rickety timber bridge, whose pavements on the respective county sides are constituted of different materials, because the road commissioners could not agree (as Sydney Smith suggested in an analogous case) to lay their heads together for a wooden pavement, or to secure a uniformity of flagging. The level railway crossings by which the city is hazardously approached on all sides is another disagreeable peculiarity which attaches to Peterborough, which has now no other parallel in the kingdom in being situated in two counties and dioceses. Bishop Magee will be able to amuse himself by standing in his own garden precincts and shying stones into the diocese of his brother of Ely; and we wish him "more power to his elbow" to do this, and to enjoy a long possession of what has been called The Dead See—though this term seems to be somewhat overstrained, as the late excellent prelate was the only bishop, since the existence of the see, who has held it for so brief a period as four years.

OUR recent appeal to the public in favour of mushrooms of various kinds as wholesome and agreeable articles of food, has been backed by the late Mr. Chester (whose death will cause a blank not easily to be filled up), in an article in *Macmillan* for October. There is one sentence in this paper which is of some importance. "The Rev. M. J. Berkeley—the best authority on fungi—informed the Society of Arts that it was expedient that mushrooms should be well masticated with a sufficiency of bread; and that if this precaution were observed, the non-poisonous kinds, especially if cooked before becoming stale, would rarely be found unwholesome." As the Royal Horticultural Society have, in consequence of Mr. Berkeley's evidence, offered prizes for the best collection of fungi, edible and non-edible, it is to be hoped that we shall soon know what kinds we may safely eat, and what we ought to reject. But how we are to learn what kinds are really poisonous, unless a committee of philanthropic toad-stool-tasters offer their voluntary services, is not very clear.

THE Food Committee of the Society of Arts recommend the donkey as an article of food. "Every one," says Mr. Chester, "who has eaten roast donkey has pronounced it excel-

lent." In flavour it resembles turkey. A few years ago I was offered a young donkey at Buxton for 4s. 6d. (which is less than the price of a goose), and an adult for a guinea. If these are average prices, donkey flesh can surely be made a remunerative article of food, especially where commons and waste lands abound.

THE breeding and fattening of poultry has also received a large amount of attention, and under proper management there is no reason why we should not produce enough fowls and eggs for home use. Amongst the main conditions of success, Mr. Chester lays special stress on the following points, *viz.* 1. That a good sort should be selected. 2. That the birds should not be allowed to breed before their second year; and 3. That they should never be allowed to live more than three years. I do not profess to be able to distinguish between a three-year old and a four-year old hen when similarly dressed; but if the extra year does not materially injure its properties as an article of food, we would plead for a twelvemonth's postponement of the sacrifice. It has been ascertained that a well-conditioned fowl can, under favourable conditions, lay about 600 eggs during her whole natural life of nine or ten years; and the eggs would be thus distributed. First year, after birth, 20 eggs; second, 120; third, 135; fourth, 115; fifth, 80; sixth, 60; seventh, 40; eighth, 20; and ninth, 10. Assuming these rules, which are given by Mr. Geyelin in his *Poultry Breeding in a Commercial Point of View*, to be correct, a hen in her fourth year produces very good returns.

A WORD of warning to cooks. The *Extract of Meat* which on the high authority of Liebig is as good as, if not better than beef itself, must be used simply as a medicine, and not as an ordinary food, if the experiments of Dr. Kemmerich are to be trusted. It affords so easy a method of forming stock for various soups, gravies, &c., that, although a recent invention, it is extensively used in the kitchens of hotels and other large establishments, and its sale is every year increasing. It is well, therefore, that the public should know the results of Dr. Kemmerich's experiments. The first and most important conclusion is that while in small doses this preparation increases the number and strength of the heart's contractions, it acts in large doses as a poison, and kills with all the appearance of paralysis (or loss of power) of the heart. Very large and concentrated doses kill a dog very rapidly, and

the stoppage of the heart is accompanied by convulsions. The second conclusion is that those effects are mainly due to the potash-salts, for he found that the ash obtained by the insinuation of a poisonous dose (which ash contains more than 90 per cent. of potash-salts) produced, when given in water, almost precisely the same poisonous symptoms as the dose of Extract from which it was obtained. As it has been long known to physicians that the potash-salts in large doses exert a well-marked depressing action on the heart, there is after all nothing very wonderful in these results, startling as they may at first sight appear. The subject will doubtless be soon further investigated; and in the meantime I should advise our cooks to make their soups in the good old-fashioned way.

THERE are certain clubs now in fashion in the higher ranks of society, which are intended for the cultivation of the pen and pencil among ladies—the fair sex only being privileged to be members. These Drawing Clubs consist of a certain number of ladies, who produce an original drawing once a month, and send it to the president of the club, a skilled lady amateur. To her is confided the task of deciding which of the drawings is the best; and the lady who, at the year's end, has sent in the greatest number of superior sketches, is rewarded with the chief prize. The amount expended upon the prizes is regulated by the subscriptions and fines, the latter being collected by the member who acts as secretary from those other members who have preferred to pay a shilling instead of sending a drawing. Of course, the president does not compete for the prizes, but only acts as judge. It is required that all the drawings shall be originals and not copies of any master. Certain months are devoted to sketches from nature, and other months to studies from still life and figures. Together with these Drawing Clubs, Writing Clubs have also been formed on a similar principle, and similarly restricted to ladies; a monthly essay on a given subject taking the place of the sketch. The themes of the essays are various: historical, geographical, social, and even scriptural; for we saw one on "The Lives and Labours of the Twelve Apostles."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 45.

November 7, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XLIX.—FOR EVER.

M. DE LANCOUR had been nearly three months absent, and the end of January was approaching. The weather was unusually hard, even the Seine being frozen over, so that, to quote the words of Henri Dupont, both winter and its pleasures set in with extraordinary severity.

Never had there been such hard work known, in the way of balls and *raouts*, as our neighbours term them, and the din and roar created by the rotation of Fashion's wheel as it went whirling perpetually round was enough to deafen any reasonable mortal.

Claire took her fair proportion of all this so-called amusement, and went to all the entertainments of what Paris calls its society, adding thereto the receptions and balls of the Corps Diplomatique, which was a kind of concession.

From time to time M. de Beauvoisin accompanied his wife, and their behaviour to each other was uniformly marked by great kindness on her side, and an unmistakeable deference on his.

One night, at a concert at the Duc de Vivienne's, the talk was everywhere of the expedition to Algeria. Such glory had been achieved! such deeds had been done! no one spoke of anything save the bulletins received that morning. M. de Lancour's name was in every mouth, for to him reverted a large portion of the brilliant success achieved. The troops under his orders had mainly decided the first day's victory, and to the wise as well as daring manner in which he had led his men was attributable the important result obtained. Victor had been promoted to the rank of *chef d'escadron*, and was the youngest "commandant" of the African army.

"There now," said M. de Beauvoisin, "see how people are always wrong to want to meddle with other people's affairs. Why, when Victor would go off to Africa last autumn all of a sudden, what a row all our people made! I never heard the last of it. He was 'restless,' and I don't know what all besides, and now only just see how right he was; he knew what was best for him; and that's what I always say; a man may be not a genius, but he always knows what suits himself better than other people do. Besides, Victor is out and out the finest fellow in the whole world."

After this for him tremendously long speech, Olivier took breath, yawned, and thoroughly exhausted, subsided for the remainder of the evening.

Claire, unnoticed, stole towards the conservatory, and, as the second part of the concert was just beginning, found herself there alone.

She seated herself by one of the windows, and the heat indoors being great, and the odour of the plants oppressive, she opened it and looked out into the dark blue starry night.

Stars were everywhere, on both canopy and carpet; for the spotless snow, spreading over the wide spaces of the garden, replied in sparkles to the bright glances of the thickly strewn jewels of the sky. And oh! how full was the void of that still night with one image, and how loud was its silence to Claire's heart with one name!

She crossed both her hands over her knees (it was a favourite attitude of hers) and sat hushing the deep joy within her.

From the distant music-room, sounds floated unhindered by any earthly presence to her ear: came as though wafted down to her from the fathomless sky. Here and there she caught, almost unconsciously, a word; once the cry of *Addio* in the *Miserere* of the *Trovalore*, and then only sounds vaguely sweet; the crystal tones of Nilsson, ringing out bell-like a Swedish air, or the wild wailings of one of Chopin's mystic melodies. Every nerve in Claire quivered to the immaterial touch of what surrounded her, and snow, stars, and the air of the night and

the breath of leaves and flowers, and the sounds of music, all spoke to her soul with a direct meaning, and awoke responsive vibrations.

As, forcibly combating her dream, Claire rose to go, there came, borne to her on a voice of strangely penetrating beauty, the words,—

Se divisi fummo in terra
Ne congiunga il nume in ciel !

She stood still for one second, and an inward echo repeated over and again the plaint of the lover of *Lucia*.

Yes ! they had been divided upon earth, but why should this impress her so mournfully now ?

That night, as the young Marquise laid down to rest, she still heard the words—

Se divisi fummo in terra,

and felt as though some warning were conveyed to her.

For many days in the infinitely small world which styles itself magnificently the great world, the expedition against the Kabyles, and the glory achieved by Victor de Lancour were the all-engrossing subject of conversation.

The expedition was only just in its beginning ; the first two or three days of it were crowned with the most brilliant success, and then the corps d'armée had to penetrate into some defiles, reputed very dangerous, and to track the enemy among his mountain fastnesses.

For nearly a week there came no more bulletins, and then there came one short telegram. The advanced guard had fallen into an ambush, and it was feared might have sustained some losses.

Madame Beaudouin was sitting by her fire reading—it was not much past noon—when the young Marquise, unannounced, as was frequently her wont, came in. She did not kiss her aunt, nor take her hand. She merely came up to where she sat, and said to her :—

"Aunt, was not the Minister of War a great friend of your husband's ?"

"Yes, dearest, he was so," replied Madame Beaudouin, struck by the rigidity of Claire's manner, and by the harsh brevity with which she spoke ; "he owed everything to M. Beaudouin."

"Are you still friends with him ?" pursued Claire.

"Most intimate friends."

"Then, aunt, go to him at once ; have a carriage called" (and she stretched out her own hand and rang the bell) "and make him tell you the truth about this telegram" (she took a newspaper from her muff, and gave it to her

aunt), "the whole truth, aunt," she added, with almost stern insistence, "Go now, at once." (A footman opened the door, and Claire bade him call a carriage ; at which the man looking astounded, "there is no time for my aunt to wait for her own horses," said she, sternly.)

Madame Beaudouin rose, feeling that her niece must be obeyed, and in five minutes she had caused bonnet, cloak, and all necessary wrappings to be brought, and was ready to do Claire's bidding.

"I will wait for you here, aunt," added Claire, when the *fiacre* was announced ; and then she did take her hand, and wrung it.

"Make him tell you all, aunt," she said, in still the same unpleasant tone—but then suddenly the voice sank—"tell you who—tell you who—" she repeated it twice over, trying to complete the sentence, but could not.

So Madame Beaudouin went, and Claire waited ; and two hours elapsed. During those two hours the young Marquise never stirred,—scarcely seemed to breathe. When she heard her aunt come back, and the porte cochère open to receive her, all the blood left her face, and her lips parted in a gasp.

Madame Beaudouin was so long in coming in to that room again, where Claire was waiting for her !

And when she did come, how poor was all language compared to the heart's instantaneous intuition !

Claire stood where she was, mute, tearless, stunned. Yes ! by God's infinite mercy, numbed to what it was beyond her natural strength to bear.

* * * * *

It was the same story ; and twenty years rolling backwards bared Aunt Clementine's wound as though Raymond de Varades were freshly dead ; and this very freshness of grief it was in Madame Beaudouin that unlocked the hardbound currents of Claire's woe, and melted her stern sorrow.

The first word that passed her lips was :

"Mine ! mine now, for ever ! mine, before all the world !"

And then, shaken by convulsive sobbings, Claire wound herself round her aunt, and clung greedily to her who had suffered as she was suffering.

Evening was closing in, and Madame Beaudouin felt that Claire could not, nay, ought not, to return that day to her husband's home. She, simple and true as she was, resorted to her first subterfuge, and it did not come easy to her ; but Claire must be first

thought of! So she sent a few lines to Olivier, saying she was very ill, and had ventured to accept his wife's offer of spending the night by her side.

That done, she retired to her own apartment with Claire, and through her maid gave out to her own establishment that a sudden attack of acute neuralgia confined her to her room.

And what a night they passed, those two loving, lonely women. A night in which the communings of soul with soul were so immediate that words were all superfluous. One word alone seemed to have any sense for Claire, and through all her agony recurred perpetually to her lips.

"Mine! mine now!"

And when towards the dawn tired nature gave way, and Claire, letting her head droop upon Aunt Clémentine's lap as she sat on the floor at her feet, closed her eyes in fitful sleep:

"Mine only! mine for ever!" she murmured in a low whisper.

The next day grief had to be combated, and duty to be obeyed. The duties of the mother, and (whether she would or not) of the wife—for such she was before the world—asked for Claire back, and Claire went and did her duty, for Aunt Clémentine said to her that the more bravely she behaved the more worthy she would be of him, and the nearer to him; and she steeled herself to do all that he would have wished done by the woman he loved.

As she was crossing her aunt's threshold to return to her own home, she stopped, and, putting her arms round Madame Beaudouin's neck: "Aunt," she said, in faltering accents, while a flush of the deepest crimson mantled over her every feature; "Aunt, I should so like, now——" and she hesitated, "I should so like to see *her*." And with eyes swimming in tears, and in a tone of entreaty, "Think what her agony must be," she added; "for she loved him, aunt; dear, dear aunt: ought not I to comfort her?"

Madame Beaudouin strained her niece to her heart in a long silent embrace, saying gravely, "I will go to her, darling; and, when I have spoken with her, we will go together."

CHAPTER L.—LIGHTLY LOVING, LIGHTLY LOST.

WHEN Madame Beaudouin went to Madame de Mottefort's door, she was informed that she had gone to Versailles, where a cousin of hers lived who had never entirely ceased to hold communication with her, but used to pay her visits from time to time.

At the end of a fortnight Berthe returned to her Paris abode, and Madame Beaudouin immediately set forth upon her charitable errand to the misguided and doubly-stricken woman.

She did not give her name, but merely said she wished to see Madame de Mottefort upon particular and pressing business. The latter begged her to wait a few moments till she had finished dressing.

Aunt Clémentine was shown into a small drawing-room, prettily furnished, but where no one single object was remarkable for good taste, and in which, it seemed to Madame Beaudouin, that there were traces of impending departure. The flower-stands were empty; in the bookcases only here and there a stray volume was left on the shelves, and in one or two places on the walls a nail stood out forlorn, and a darker patch of colour showed where a picture had hung.

"Poor woman!" thought Madame Beaudouin, "she probably longs to escape from whatsoever recalls *his* memory, and bears witness to the hours spent together!"

A door opening behind her gave passage to a young, handsome, elegantly dressed woman, but upon whose countenance sat no trace of misery unbearable. She was not in mourning, which fact escaped her visitor's notice at first. The bearing of the two was singularly different: whilst in Berthe's manner there was the polite reserve with which one mere woman of the world meets another who is a stranger to her, and in her eye lurked a glance of something almost akin to suspicion,—Aunt Clémentine obeyed solely the impulse of a thoroughly unworldly nature, and sought to bring consolation where she supposed there was deadly suffering. Without a word she went up to Berthe, and taking both the latter's hands in hers, gazed at her tenderly, tearfully, and mutely offered her such pity as angels give.

Madame de Mottefort felt she was in the presence of a woman different from any she had ever known, and, blushing deeply, cast down her eyes, embarrassed.

"Poor child! poor child!" they were the first words that passed Madame Beaudouin's lips, and then, "I am Aunt Clémentine," she added, simply. "My brother was *his* uncle, and we all loved him so dearly! . . ." and opening her arms, she embraced Berthe, who still seemed not quite at home with her visitant.

Madame Beaudouin's was one of those straight, simple natures that are completed by sorrow. Her whole life had been lived so apart from the ordinary world, so exclusively divided between self-devotion and *one* grief,

that to the unconscious grandeur of her soul all things grand came home. From the constant habit of measuring things by an Infinite standard, she had grown to be lenient to much that shocks the world, and to be only severe to such derelictions as it takes not into account. To her, Berthe de Mottefort, who had renounced the world for the sake of the man she loved, was not an object of Pharisaical loathing, as she was stated to be to the dainty dames who reputed themselves virtuous because they kept upon good terms with the world; she was an object of intense commiseration, because she had sacrificed herself. And poor dear Aunt Clémentine, who was a genuine Christian, and did her best and utmost to follow her divine Master's teachings, thought that if He could be so pitiful towards the woman whom he told to "go and sin no more," it was not incumbent upon her, a weak human creature, to be relentless.

She recognised in her own heart that one of the secrets of her own strength had been the boundless love which would not ever have permitted her to sink in the esteem of him she so infinitely loved, but she could comprehend a love that should be unlike this, and that, wanting in pride, should unhesitatingly cast away everything at the feet of the beloved. Who told her this might not even be the better, humbler nature? It was not for her to judge; and, therefore, instead of looking down upon this poor sinful one, or feeling in the least degree *preachful* towards her, she went to her in sweet, loving mercy, and, with arms and heart opened, sought to prevent her from feeling utterly cast out from the communion of her more deserving (or it might be luckier) sisters.

In affairs of the heart—in affairs, namely, where the heart is in any way brought into play—no one ever cheats another long; and the mere contact of Aunt Clémentine sufficed, for a reason which perhaps might not at first be divined, to embarrass Madame de Mottefort: she felt herself esteemed beyond her deserts, placed in a position which she did not know how to keep up.

Berthe acknowledged Madame Beaudouin's superiority over herself, long before her own inferiority became evident to Madame Beaudouin.

"Poor child!" repeated over and over the latter, and making Berthe sit down beside her on a sofa, she continued to hold her hands in her own, and to speak words of tender comfort to her, to still her sorrow as it were, as a mother tries to still the wailings of some

motherless infant. It did not at first occur to Madame Beaudouin to ask herself whether the overwhelming sorrow was really there? She had passed through her own fiery ordeal, and was now living it over again in Claire's misery, and the image of their own "agonies unto death" shut out from her vision any possible picture of pain more easily endured.

She had drawn Madame de Mottefort into telling her own story of the past, thinking it was kindest to give her the opportunity of presenting her own conduct in the least unfavourable light, and of finding the utmost sum of palliation for faults so terribly grave. But somehow or other Berthe's account was unsatisfactory, and Madame Beaudouin felt a kind of disappointment at the comparatively slight interest awakened in her by the tale of a life full of such apparently moving incidents. She accused herself of want of sympathy, before she would admit that the fault lay with Madame de Mottefort.

It was not that, in the story Berthe told of her own troubles, there was anything you would have been warranted in calling wrong: the words were well enough—not the faintest trace of a sentiment that could shock anyone, not the shadow of an indelicacy of expression—No! the words were all right, but somehow the accent, the tone, the feeling that prompted them was false. There was a want of gravity in this woman who had assumed so grave a responsibility upon herself; a want of enthusiasm there, where the acts committed were those which should emanate only from an enthusiastic nature.

Still Madame Beaudouin would not allow herself to condemn.

"You were unhappy at home," she said, compassionately, when Berthe had told her of her mother having died when she was a child.

"I was very much hurt by my father's second marriage," replied Berthe. "My step-mother was young and good-looking, and of course wished to appear to advantage, and did not like a girl of fourteen or fifteen to look after, and in a couple of years take out into the world—it was natural on her part—I do not blame her" (Aunt Clémentine seemed at a loss to understand clearly what this meant) "but it was a misfortune for me, and the only way of getting rid of me was to put me to school; there I staid till my marriage with M. de Mottefort—I was seventeen."

"And your husband?" inquired gently her listener.

"He was thirty years older than me," answered Berthe, and these words, plainly

spoken, but telling their tale truly, were pitiful, and went to Madame Beaudouin's heart.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, and pressed Madame de Mottefort's hand again tenderly; "and you did not attempt to make any opposition to the marriage?"

Berthe looked at Aunt Clémentine as though not exactly comprehending what she meant.

"I could not have attempted to oppose my father's wish," she said, "for M. de Mottefort was an unexceptionable offer; he was of an excellent old family, had served with distinction, was already a Lieut.-Colonel, and had fifty thousand francs a year, besides hopes. I could not have found a pretext for opposition." Madame de Mottefort uttered these words with such innocent frankness, that in her turn Madame Beaudouin was embarrassed, and did not know what to say.

"I should not have dreamed of making any opposition," resumed Madame de Mottefort; "besides, we lived very happily together," (this escaped her, and it was only as she caught the strange look of Aunt Clémentine's eyes fixed upon her that she felt she had borne witness against herself). "I had no complaint to make against M. de Mottefort," she added, in a lower tone, and looking down rather confusedly; "he was very kind to me, and is a most worthy, excellent man."

"You had no children?" inquired Madame Beaudouin.

"Two," was the reply, with still downcast eyes.

Madame Beaudouin dropped the hand she had hitherto held in hers.

"You had two children?" she echoed, in a tone of voice so involuntarily reproving that Berthe blushed scarlet.

"My little girl died when she was four years old," she rejoined, and tears began to trickle over her burning cheeks; "my son is living, and is between nine and ten years old."

"The ways of Providence are hidden," observed Aunt Clémentine, relenting at sight of the mother's sorrow for the memory of her dead child. "It is not for us to judge; your trials have been severe, poor woman, and God's mercy is unbounded. You must have suffered cruelly."

"Cruelly, indeed!" repeated Berthe, raising her eyes upwards, and giving way to a burst of genuine grief the moment the chord of self-commiseration was touched. "The world is so hard!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "so hard upon any unfortunate woman who is carried away by her heart!"

Aunt Clémentine was all mercy and softness

again at this, and put her arms protectingly round Berthe's shoulders, pillowed her head upon her bosom, and soothed and comforted her, and let her cry her heart out. Poor stricken woman! had she not lost everything that made life worth having? Was not he snatched from her whom she had sinfully worshipped and made her idol?—and was she not utterly alone?—friendless and forlorn, and bereft of all those compensations which the unerring find in their neighbour's sympathy and in the favour of public opinion? Did not the world cast her forth? Did not the so-called righteous condemn? Where, then, was this unfortunate to find a refuge if the really pure-minded could not show themselves lenient, and if Christian souls refused to remember how all human weakness is liable to fall?

"We must help you, my poor child," whispered Madame Beaudouin, with an accent of maternal tenderness; "we must try to guard you from despair. To the truly penitent God always lends a willing ear, and never refuses consolation to those who mourn over their past faults; we will pray together; my niece, Madame de Beauvoisin, will come to you—she wishes to see you; and whilst you deplore the sin, we will only remember the sacrifice—we will only think of how you gave up all for him."

"Alas! I did indeed," exclaimed Berthe, with a fresh burst of tears.

And when Madame Beaudouin had calmed this outbreak anew, she sought to induce Madame de Mottefort to speak with her of her future plans.

She knew (for Berthe had already told her of this) that she had, from her mother and from her father also, an independent fortune of her own, which, from the hour of her departure from his house, her husband had, with the utmost generosity, made over to her. Aunt Clémentine's notion was, that she should, after a retirement of some months in a convent, settle herself somewhere in the country not far from Combeville or Malleray, so as to be for the larger half of the year within reach of herself or of Claire. In her pure, simple mind, the only thing remaining after the greatness of the sin, was the greatness of the expiation.

"You have renounced the world," she said, earnestly; "but the world is always just in the long run, and you may win its respect, yet, by your repentance, my poor child;" and thus saying, she bent down and imprinted a kiss of holy forgiveness upon Berthe de Mottefort's brow; "nothing is irretrievable," she added. "You were feeble in your resolves

against Victor, but you made the sacrifice, you must complete it now, and hallow it; and in your future road through life, you will find a sister on either side. Claire and I will never desert you, and as much as our humble efforts may avail, we will help you to sanctify the memory of the past, and regain your own esteem."

Berthe receded from Madame Beaudouin's embrace, and seemed as it were to shrink into herself.

"You are very good," she murmured; "very kind, and I am deeply indebted to you—but I cannot accept your offers of service. I—" she hesitated and found no words for expressing what she had to convey; even her dim morality realised the extent to which she had been over exalted. She measured the height from which she was about to fall, and shuddered.

"You, perhaps, crave for utter solitude," remarked Madame Beaudouin, coming to her aid; "it is natural, too; no one knows how another takes grief, and each must tread his own path towards atonement and consolation. But remember that of Claire and of myself you must learn to think as though we were *his* sisters."

While Madame Beaudouin was speaking, Berthe had been composing a part for herself, which she now prepared to enter upon with much dignity.

"M. de Mottefort," she began, in a tone she tried to render grave, but without venturing to raise her eyes to Madame Beaudouin's face: "M. de Mottefort consents to overlook the events of the last four or five years, and—" she paused, "I am going to return to my husband," she added at last.

Aunt Clémentine had shrunk from her now, and stood, like one bewildered, staring at Berthe with evidently no power of taking in what she meant.

Poor Aunt Clémentine! she could pity and pardon all things grand and true, but the low, small, vulgar, motives of this vain propriety-seeker scared her. The levity, the emptiness, the want of truth everywhere, whether in the sin or in the shame, wrung her very heart.

"It is so much better," muttered Berthe, incapable of bearing this silence; "for our son; the world forgets in a few years; and, then, for his sake,—it is so much better for his sake." But she never looked at her, never, once.

("The world forgets!" Yes, Berthe, it does; it asks for no better than to forget—but you! have you forgotten?")

Aunt Clémentine was overpowered by the

rush of her tumultuous thoughts. Her sweet, pure, ardently-loving Claire, and that young hero in Algeria, dead for duty and renouncement's sake, they swept before her eyes, mournfully indignant at the miserable creature who had neither renounced nor loved. Was it then true that in true passion alone lies the strength of right doing; and that whilst the pure may be passionate, the genuinely passionate must be pure? Oh, Raymond, Raymond! you too arose before her, and forced her into a vehemence no one had ever seen in her before.

Going close up to Berthe,—

"Had you no friend near you when you left your husband for M. de Lancour?" she asked, in a voice that was quite unlike her own, and that forced Madame de Mottefort to look at her.

"Oh, yes," answered Berthe, taking refuge in talk; "I had one very kind friend, a cousin, indeed, the same one with whom I have just been staying, and who has seen my husband, and reconciled us; she did her best, but, alas! I could not help myself!" and she added some details proving her friend's eager desire to save her; but she always recurred to her declaration that she "couldn't help herself:" and, after prating for some seconds, whilst her listener looked her through and through, "*I could not help myself*," she concluded.

"I mean," retorted Aunt Clémentine, "had you not one friend who told you you *could*? Not one brave enough to say to you, 'Woman, that sin you can avoid!' not one who stood in your way and drove you back, and told you that nothing compelled you, and that you could have easily resisted? My God!" she cried, fervently, "is this the way souls are lost?" and, turning her back upon the trembling woman, who crouched before her, she left the room and the house.

The impression produced on Madame Beaudouin was a singularly strong one; outwardly, the strongest she had ever received; for she rose in revolt against Berthe de Mottefort's levity, in the name of a whole life of abnegation and of victory over passionate love.

When she came to meet Claire, she could only convey to her fitfully, and with tears of indignation and pain, the bitter disappointment she had endured. Claire had never seen her aunt thus moved, and the flash of the eye, and flush of the cheek, were those of anger—a feeling by which no one had ever beheld the serenity of that calm, gentle face disturbed.

"She never loved him," she cried; "and incurred lightly all that heavy load of guilt!

Lightly! How merciful is God in having taken her daughter from her. How could such a woman teach a daughter to do right? Oh, Claire, Claire!" she added; "that poor, friendless, untaught creature who is with your uncle Moranges, is less fallen than such a woman as this."

TEMPER.

NO man has thoroughly proved a woman's temper until he has submitted it to the following ordeal. We give the recipe especially for the benefit of young men about to marry, who may be in a sad state of perplexity to know whether Alice or Clara is likely to be always in that supernaturally amiable mood. Lovers' quarrels prove nothing. They are intentional disagreements used to procure the keener sweetness of reconciliation; both disputants are laughing at each other from behind their fingers, and only waiting for that supreme moment of delight when they may rush into each other's arms. It is a very difficult thing indeed to test a feminine temper at that period when all the sweet, womanly little excellencies and amiabilities are put forward in their best light. Arthur, perhaps, has no particular care in the matter. He is quite satisfied with his present opinion of Clara's wholly angelic nature and divine temperament. But Arthur's papa may know something of the temper of Clara's papa, and may secretly wonder whether that not very inviting peculiarity is hereditary. Worst of all, the cruel eyes of Arthur's mamma have narrowly scanned the young lady's expression of face, and Arthur is solemnly warned.

"I am amazed you should be so suspicious," says Arthur, with a loyal faith in the perfection of his beloved one. "Can any one doubt her disposition after looking once into her face?"

"It is for your sake, my boy, that I am so suspicious," replies the mamma, perhaps with an opportune tear; "and I only wish to warn you against the dreadful consequences of making a mistake. Ah, if you only knew—if you only knew! If you had seen as much as I have seen; and the difference there is in *some* women after marriage, and the misery, and the bitter feeling, and the wretchedness——"

"I won't hear any more," says Arthur, warmly; "for you know, mother, you're not speaking of my Clara at all."

All the same, he goes away and ponders. He does not doubt the supreme invulnerability of Clara's temper; but the more he does not

doubt it, the less is he disposed to see any harm in putting it to the proof. But here he is confronted by an insuperable difficulty; because all his relations with that young person have hitherto been of the most agreeable kind, and he cannot suddenly assume the offensive and strike her to see if she will cry. It is at this juncture that we offer him the following bit of litmus-paper wherewith he may test the amount of acidity in that mysterious chemical compound, a woman's disposition.

There is but one preliminary condition: he must never have danced with her anything more exciting than a quadrille or an occasional mild Mazurka. Following our directions, he will now, at some evening party, when a more than ordinarily brilliant pianist is playing, request the pleasure of Clara's hand for a waltz—not the old, stately, three-time waltz, but the mad, exciting, excessively ludicrous whirl in which people at present circle round a room, with a ghastly expression of anxiety on their faces. She will, perhaps, gently ask him which waltz he prefers; upon which he will, of course, leave her to decide, with the air of a man to whom it is quite indifferent whether he goes at the rate of ten yards an hour, or ten miles a minute. Watching his opportunity, he will introduce his partner into the ring of dancers—if possible, just in front of a lady with whom she is not on the best of terms; and then, when the fluttering and expectant Clara abandons herself to the mad excitement of that spinning motion, it will be Arthur's duty to dance an entirely different dance, throw her out of time, bump against Clara's rival, cause a general titter, and get themselves knocked into the centre of the room, where there is some empty space.

"We made such a stupid mistake," says Clara, sweetly; and Arthur thinks of his mother, and wonders how she could have imagined evil of this divine creature.

They try it once more; and again a horrible fiasco is the result. This time, Clara does not smile so sweetly. On the contrary, she says, with a sharp glance towards the piano,—

"How *can* anyone dance to such time?"

But Arthur must not give in; he must insist on trying again: and so, once more, they go into the circle of dancers, and, after a few unsteady whirls, he knocking her about, treading on her toes, and trying to take one step for her four, the chances are that she says,—

"I think we'd better give it up; we are at cross purposes—some other time——"

Here Arthur beseeches but for one more trial. It is the time, he says—there is something wrong about the time. Now, as it happens, nearly all the dancers are tired out, and they have to perform before a whole room full of sitting spectators. Arthur, with his elephantine jumps, rushes and bumbles through the bars of the music, in trying to anticipate the fall of the accented note, and hustles Clara out of all step, until they find themselves brought to an ignominious pause in the middle of the room.

"You don't seem to understand the quick-time waltzes," says Arthur, with a look of royal compassion; "and I'm afraid somebody's put his foot in your dress behind."

It is the climax of the ordeal. If the temper of the tortured victim does not give way, she is a heroine, and a marvel among women. Even if her temper should give way, and she has the fortitude to conceal it under a smiling face, then she is a woman of genius, whom Arthur should be proud to marry. But the chances are all in favour of a very different result. Clara will dart one venomous look towards the girl at the piano—a docile creature, thinking no harm;—will immediately engage herself for the next waltz to her dashing military cousin, whom Arthur hates with a profound and deadly hatred; and then, suddenly changing her mind, will go to her mamma, complain of a headache, and insist on going home; and will refuse to see Arthur for a week afterwards. It is, perhaps, expecting too much of any woman that she should escape this ordeal unscathed; but if she does—O formose puer! marry her instantly, and you will have your life cheered by her kindliness, her imperturbable good humour, her generous, self-denying womanly ways.

We have all of us, in our own estimation, the best of tempers. You cannot prove to a man that he has a bad temper, any more than you can convince him that he is illogical, and for precisely the same reason. A man is always logical to himself—that is to say, his opinions are always consistent with his own impressions. He merely replies that you do not see such and such a thing in the light that he does.

"You have a monstrous bad temper," you say to a man who is lashing a horse, "to ill-treat the animal in that way."

"You don't know his vicious tricks," he replies, "or else you'd see that my whipping him was perfectly correct and appropriate."

In like manner with every exhibition of temper. At the moment of exhibiting what *you* fancy to be bad temper, the man considers him-

self logically justified in using the very language he utters. And he is quite logical—that is, he is in accordance with his present impressions. You tell him that it shows a bad temper to put an exaggerated importance on small injuries; he replies that the injuries are small to you because you don't suffer them. Hence it comes that a man never admits himself to be in a bad temper; and a woman—whose intellectual subtlety in justifying herself to herself is notoriously superior to the same faculty in man—never doubts for a moment that her anger or resentment is perfectly just and inevitable. Temper is thus the most ineradicable of faults. If Arthur discovers that Clara pronounces French abominably, or that she has a foolish respect for the opinion of some vulgar aunt, or that she dresses in too glaring colours, or that she is not sufficiently prudent in her attitude towards acquaintances, a little teaching may overcome these flaws in her perfection. But once a bad temper, always a bad temper. You cannot get a man to try to remove a defect the very existence of which he denies.

Is no one, then, ever conscious of giving way to temper? There is always this to be said, that when a man comes out of his passion and looks back, he perceives that he need not have been so angry. He says to himself, of course, that he had a perfect *right* to be angry; that anyone, under the same provocation, would have been as angry. He will not acknowledge that he, at that moment, lost control over himself, gave himself up to a blind impulse, and so far made a fool of himself. The hero of one of the few thoughtful and accurate novels recently written, offers a lady some money—one to whom he had apparently the right to make such an offer. She having refused to accept the money, he crumples up the bank-notes in his hand and tosses them into the river. Here is an instance of simple hasty temper; and yet the hero might easily justify himself by saying, "Why hasty temper? I should do it again, now, in cold blood. My obvious aim was to show her that what she hesitated to take from me, lest it should be too heavy an obligation laid upon her, was valueless to me, and that therefore there need have been no delicacy, and there could be no obligation about accepting it."

We generally pity a man or woman who has an obviously bad temper; but to have a bad temper and ample opportunities for gratifying it, must be a great pleasure. The dull complacency of good-humour offers no such keen delights as the little revenges which a bad-

tempered woman loves to wreak upon her social enemies. A bad temper is a sort of sixth sense which has its own sorrows and its own satisfaction; and, like the other senses, in favourable circumstances the satisfactions predominate. It is a great mistake to consider that even the worst form of bad temper—the sulky attitude—necessarily involves the wretchedness of the sulker. Not at all. The man or woman who sulks looks upon himself or herself as a martyr, and enjoys the sweet solace of martyrdom. Then the discomfort they inflict upon the people against whom they sulk, is another keen enjoyment. In fact, if sulking were not pleasant, people wouldn't sulk. It gives a man pleasure to gratify his bad temper; and it gives him pleasure to sulk. Among women these enjoyments are heightened by a greater sensitiveness, both on the part of the performers and that of their victims. When a man gets into the sulky attitude, and thinks he will annoy his friends by refusing their invitations to dinner, we simply say to him "Very well. Sulk as long as you please. If you will be unhappy, be: we have too much on our hands to trouble ourselves about whether you choose to be uncomfortable or the reverse. If you won't come to our dinner-parties, let us hope that others will; and we have no reason to anticipate that the soup and the fish will be any the worse for your absence." But women, gentle souls, do not look upon a seceding friend in this philosophic light. They are distressed to think that Jane or Aunt Thompson, or Lady Morland's maiden sister should think that they have been unkind to her. It is with deep depression that they hear how very miserable their former bosom-friend now is; and they perplex themselves, and their husbands too, about the best method of reconciliation.

"Bah!" says the coarse brute, as he strops his razor in the morning; "let her stay away, with her hideous head-dress, and her yellow satin gown, and her dignity, and her snivelling. Who wants her to make the house uncomfortable? Do you remember when she threatened to drown herself because her sister and brother-in-law went and dined at Richmond without asking her to go with them?"

The wreaking of bad temper is one of the pleasantest occupations of humanity; but it leaves bad physical effects behind it. We must guard ourselves, however, against the popular delusion that thin people are naturally prone to bad temper, and that stout people are almost invariably good-natured. The writer's experience, at least, tends to precisely the

opposite conclusion. Fat men are not energetically angry: they do not cuff boys, thrash their horses, and so on; but they are far more impatient of hindrances, and apt to be ruffled by little annoyances. Put a fat man and a thin man to whip a trout-stream when the fish are not rising; who will first begin to growl muttered curses, and crack the flies off his line with bad temper, and then throw the rod away and fling himself on the grass in disgust? Suppose both of them to be "hung up:" which will exhibit the most patience and good-humour in getting the line off the tree? Bad temper is a keen weapon, but it is frequently found in a very soft and capacious sheath. The evil physical effects of bad temper, however, tell equally on the stout and the thin, and they are more serious than many people imagine. The effect which a fit of cholera has upon the system when general weakness predisposes to a catastrophe, shows what the effect must also be when greater strength of the system prevents its being immediately visible. When a man drops down and dies through a fit of anger, there must be some other ailment assisting; but that anger should, in any case, have the power to accelerate the catastrophe is sufficiently significant. Persons with disease of the heart, or any affliction likely to suffer from a shock to the nerves, are warned by the doctors to abstain from irritating disputes and generally to avoid those men or things likely to provoke their anger. It is an advice which is applicable to all; because there are few of us so situated that our bad temper, if we have one, may be gratified with impunity. Better to cultivate the even tenor of a sublime indifference than to reap the uncertain satisfaction of expending little fire-crackers of wrath.

THE CARLSMARK CURATE AND HIS BEES.

NO one will probably be found bold enough to assert (if we put spontaneous generation out of the question) that an animal could exist which did not spring directly or indirectly from a mother. But recent investigations in natural history, and especially in the insect department, show that the pre-existence of a father is by no means so much a matter of necessity as the world supposes.

The question was nearly solved in the first half of the last century. The inspector-general of the Sardinian silk-worm nurseries, M. de Castellet, having noticed that the female insects sometimes produced fertile eggs with-

out the intervention of the male, wrote to Reaumur, the leading entomologist of the time, on the subject, and begged that he would institute independent observations on it. The great man thought the subject far too absurd for investigation, and snubbed the comparatively obscure inspector by simply replying, *Ex nihilo nihil*. And so M. de Castellet, for want of a little genial encouragement, just stopped short of making a most remarkable discovery;—namely, the discovery of Parthenogenesis, or virginal reproduction, which has only been established in our own times.

Although isolated observations on some of the nocturnal moths and on silkworms, showing that certain females may, without intervention of the male, deposit fruitful eggs, which give rise to caterpillars, were recorded by several entomologists in the early part of the present century, it was reserved for M. Zierzon, the curate of Carlsmark, in Silesia, to make what may be regarded as the crowning discovery in this department of physiology. Bee-culture is carried on in a much more systematic manner in Germany than in this country; and it seems that about the year 1841 a vague idea sprung up amongst the great bee-keepers that some fertile eggs were laid by virgin queens. In the year 1845, this poor curate, altogether unknown to the world of science, but obviously a man of remarkable powers of observation, published, in a journal devoted to agriculture, certain astounding statements regarding the mode of generation of bees. He asserted that the queen bee in her virgin state deposited eggs which gave rise to males only (the drones); and that after marriage she can at will deposit eggs which will produce females (the workers and future queens), or the same as in her virgin state, the males or drones.

By a strange coincidence, Zierzon's discovery all but met with the same fate as that of M. de Castellet. Feeling how improbable it was that his views should be correct, inasmuch as they were in opposition to all the commonly-received opinions, and failing in some of his experiments, he was on the point of abandoning his investigations, when M. Berlepsch, who has a magnificent bee-breeding establishment at Seebach, which he has frequently placed at the disposal of naturalists, happening to read an account of his observations, invited him on a visit, and urged him to continue his researches. With the increased field of observation thus placed at his command, the Curate of Carlsmark had the satisfaction of seeing the correctness of his views tested and confirmed by two

of the most eminent German anatomists of the present day, Siebold and Leuckart; who, on examining dead specimens of both virgin and matron queens, found that they possessed a special structure by which the character of the egg could be affected at will. Those of our readers who wish for further details on this interesting subject, may be referred to the English translation of Siebold's *True Parthenogenesis in Butterflies and Bees*, published by Van Voorst.

Although the evidence in support of this marvellous discovery seems unquestionable, it has been lately attacked by a French entomologist, M. Landois, who declares that the sex of the grubs is only developed after their escape from the shell, and that it is solely due to the influence of difference of food. In short, according to his view, the workers furnish drone food to the grubs in the drone-cells, and worker food to those in the worker-cells, and by this difference of food alone they can determine the sex of the future bee. The following is one of the experiments on which he rests his views, and it must be admitted that if there is no error or illusion in it, it is of an apparently decisive character. He transferred the bottom of a drone-cell, containing an egg, into a worker-cell, and conversely, the bottom of a worker-cell, with its egg, into a drone-cell. From the egg destined by the queen to become a worker (or female), but the grub of which was now fed on drone-food, he obtained a drone, while, on the other hand, from the grub of the egg destined to become a drone (or male), but fed on worker food, a worker was produced.

As might be expected, Professor Siebold has come forward to support his anatomical confirmation of Zierzon's views, and has just published a very interesting paper *On the Law of Development of the Sexes in Insects*, in which, in addition to many other arguments, against the views of Landois, he adduces the following. He asserts, on the authority of the most experienced observers of bee-life, that the whole of the grubs up to the sixth day receive the same kind of nutriment, namely, food-paste, or digested chyle-paste, with which those grubs which are destined to become queens are continuously and uninterruptedly fed until they change to the pupa or chrysalis state; while the grubs of the workers and drones (of all, in short, except the future queens) are, after the sixth day, fed on a coarser kind of food, prepared from undigested honey and pollen. Hence the difference of food assumed by Landois has no real existence.



Once a Week.]

[Nov. 7, 1866.]

SELLING RUSHES.—By W. LUCAS.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

III.

SHAKESPEARE, THACKERAY, AND A CRITIC.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILST Homer wags in sleep his dear old noddle,
 And Virgil listens to the idle twaddle
 Of dull Mæcenas, whose long-winded stories
 Make Horace feel how wearisome a bore is ;
 Whilst Petrarch sits at Laura's feet and sighs,
 Where gloomy Dante stalks with downcast eyes :
 Whilst Milton loves in solitude to mope,
 And Byron snarls with Wordsworth about Pope,—
 Let's wander, arm in arm, the groves along,
 Sacred to Poetry, and Art, and Song;
 And thou—to wake my sorrow or my mirth—
 Shalt tell me all the news from yonder Earth,
 Whence, in your prime of life—much still unsung—
 You wandered here.

THACKERAY.

"Whom the Gods love, die young."

SHAKESPEARE.

Nay friend, you're not a boy.

THACKERAY.

Who said I was ?
 But still I'm quite as juvenile as Boz.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who's Boz ?

THACKERAY.

Oh Jove ! how ignorant are Ghosts !
 Boz is a man of whom our country boasts
 With justice, even as it does of you ;
 Envy could never make my voice untrue.
 And once again, I'm ready to proclaim
 My rival worthy of his greater fame,
 Trusting the Gods may leave him long above.
 I'd rather have their hatred than their love,
 If, to be honoured with the latter treasure,
 A man is forced to give up every pleasure
 Just at the moment when his heart and mind,
 In Earth's delights, could most enjoyment find.
 But yet I don't complain—For though I miss,
 In my new state, some fond, peculiar bliss,
 I'm far too wise to quarrel with my lot :—
 I make myself at home on every spot.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis well. But prithee, tell me, gentle Bruin,
 What in the literary world is doing.
 For though with poets oft I take a walk,
 Save of themselves, they do not care to talk.
 Sir Walter told me, when he left Earth's stage
 That Byron's poetry was all the rage.
 Is he, of modern Poets, still the King ?

THACKERAY.

Men cannot always to one idol cling,

Of Fashion they are the obedient scholars,
 And Byron's fame went out with turned-down collars.
 But now *that* fashion is again in vogue,
 The world has ceased to treat him as a rogue
 Of vicious instincts, and whose only joy
 Was every social virtue to destroy :
 That wretched cant is over, anyhow,
 Besides, Don Juans are in favour now.

SHAKESPEARE.

What ! is it come to that ? you make me roar.
 Is moral England, moral now no more ?
 I fear your taste is getting very low,
 If vice can flaunt so free.

THACKERAY.

Nay, scarcely so ;
 We don't let Vice come in at every pore,
 But when the window's open, shut the door.
 Morality can't take the same direction
 For ever, and for Virtue's safe protection,
 Just now we've put a clapper on the tongue,
 And Bards can't sing as you and Jonson sung ;
 Your witty jests obscene, and oaths profane,
 Would find no favour in Victoria's reign :
 We have a Censor to review our plays,
 And from them all iniquity erase.
 Of Public Morals he's the chosen Priest,
 And Vice is driven from the Stage at least.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis vile hypocrisy, of that I'm sure,
 Though choice in speech, your deeds are not so pure.
 It was but yesterday I met a shade,
 Fresh from your moral London ; and he said,
 Licentiousness is now so much the rage,
 That Schneider and Finette show on the stage
 A freedom, so indicative of vice,
 'T would shock Queen Bess, and she warn't over nice.
 Nay, Princes think it no disgrace to follow
 The vulgar worship, and their praises hollow
 At sight of Licence, which no other state,
 But France, would for a moment tolerate.
 So cease to glorify the present age,
 Or boast that Vice is driven from the Stage.

THACKERAY.

I know not what you speak of ; but, in short,
 If all you say be true, I'm sorry for't.
 But wonder not that men of station pay
 To vice a passing tribute ; they obey
 The reigning Fashion, and that comes from France,
 So if they're good or bad is quite a chance.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis passing strange : I thought the English race
 Was much too independent to disgrace
 Its character by following the rules
 Of any foreign nations. Not such fools
 Were Britons in the days of great Queen Bess ;
 The only thing we borrowed was their dress.

THACKERAY.

I see no merit in your abstinence
 From foreign vices. Bless your innocence,

You'd plenty of your own, and lots to spare.
Be just, and own it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Yes, you hit me there ;
Let's change the theme. You led me to infer
The freedom of my language would incur
The wrath of Modesty ; I'm afraid
My Dramas are not acted.

THACKERAY.

They are *played*,
But scarcely *acted* ; for I won't deny
That people now are tickled through the eye.
No one to thought a deep attention lends ;
And if a play's successful, it depends
Far less upon the language than the scene.

SHAKESPEARE.

So much was told me by the younger Kean.
But possibly the actor, not the poet,
Is most to blame for this result.

THACKERAY.

I know it.
But lovers of the Tragic Muse are sparse,
And Comedy has given place to Farce ;
So, 'tis not just to lay the blame on actors
Who strive to please their so-called benefactors.
But there's another reason why the Stage
Has lost the splendour of a former age—
The world is now so given to the Real,
And has so little love for the Ideal,
A pump placed on the stage receives more praise
Than Kean or Kemble got in other days ;
Whilst *real* water, flowing from its spout,
Will make the audience with rapture shout,
And rouse their feelings far more deeply than
The finest thoughts that ever came from Man.

SHAKESPEARE.

The stage, indeed, is in a sorry plight.
Are there no writers who can really write ?

THACKERAY.

In simpler times—when Free-trade was un-
known—
Man's Individuality was shown
In every work produced, by brain or hand,
And Peace, with Plenty, graced our happy land ;
But since Free-trade has been pronounced a gift
Which, above all, a nation can uplift
To sudden wealth, we find a shorter road
To that, and pilfering is all the mode.
Plenty we get—at least, it falls to some ;
But as for Peace—it's gone to kingdom-come.
Man's life is now a race for wealth, where none
Can hope for honour. Let man fall or run,
No wreath of glory crowns the victor's head—
No tear of pity falls upon the dead ;
And in this ruthless war, where none are slow
To take advantage of a friend or foe,
'Tis folly to expect dramatic writers
Will be more scrupulous than other fighters ;

Therefore, to ease the pressure on the brain,
To steal from others they are not too vain.
And so, in every play that's worth a florin,
The words are English, but the thoughts are foreign.

SHAKESPEARE.

The game is even ; they can steal from you
With equal freedom.

THACKERAY.

Yes, that's very true,
But Frenchmen for that game have little feeling.

SHAKESPEARE.

For why ?

THACKERAY.

Because there's nothing worth the stealing.
As to the foul abuse that Frenchmen throw
At English writers, I should like to know
If interest or virtue keeps them steady ;
Thieves don't rob men who're wanting in "the
ready."
And if, in Art, they keep their hands from stealing,
In other things they show less moral feeling ;
And loudly as the practice they condemn,
They've stolen more from us than we from them.

SHAKESPEARE.

Well, you're a rum one. Prithee, don't forget
You have not answered my first question yet :
Who is the greatest Poet of the day ?

THACKERAY.

Humph ! Tennyson, no doubt ; though, by the
way,
If Popularity is any sign
Of genius more than commonly divine,
Then Martin Farquhar Tupper is the king
Of all the bards who now in England sing.

SHAKESPEARE.

I never heard that name. What's Tupper, sir ?

THACKERAY.

He's a Proverbial Philosopher,
A great apostle of the Truth with fools,
And a sweet pet in ladies' boarding-schools,
From whose thoughts no one benefit can win—
Too thick for babies, and for men too thin :
And though some boobies therein pleasure find
To fill a vacuum, which is not Mind,
To any man, of common sense not short,
The stuff is nauseous as Australian Port.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis a new trade, in my time quite unknown.

THACKERAY.

You've reason to be thankful, for I own
A draught of that Philosophy's no joke,
And rather apt a healthy mind to choke.
A lover of the sex, I'm grieved to find
To sense of merit women are so blind,
That the Proverbial Philosopher
Shares, with the Bible and Court Circular,
Their envied love.

SHAKESPEARE.

You surely should be glad
To leave a world where taste's so very bad,
If what you say be true. Its mental food,
Barring the Bible, can't be very good.

THACKERAY.

Your verdict is correct ; but know, good sir,
Each age has its distinctive character,
And mine, alas ! was scarcely worth a d—n ;
For want of Greatness, we put up with sham.

SHAKESPEARE.

Again, my friend, I beg you, don't forget,
I've had no answer to my question yet ;
You spoke a word in praise of Tennyson :
Of Poets, surely, you have more than One ?

THACKERAY.

In quantity, at least, we are not lacking.
Bards sing aloud the fame of Warren's blacking ;
In Hyam's praise the Muse's voice is heard ;
And Moses *keeps* a Poet. In a word,
Most tradesmen dabble in the Art sublime,
For Puffs are most successful when in Rhyme.

SHAKESPEARE.

Once more, my friend, I warn you ; don't forget
You have not answered *all* my question yet.
The truth from you it's difficult to squeeze.

THACKERAY.

You're very troublesome, and hard to please.
Of modern Poets, I have told you, sir,
That Tennyson is far more popular
Than any other poet I could name,
Though Matthew Arnold has no little fame ;
And critics, not in judgment wanting, say
That Browning is the Hero of the day.
Though not belonging to the latter sect,
I think the verdict is, in part, correct :
To Tennyson's I much prefer his verse,
Though not so musical, 'tis far more terse ;
His grasp is wider, and he scorns to use
Word-painting as a method to amuse
His readers—and, moreover, tunes his praises
On higher themes than buttercups and daisies.
One fault he has, to which some bards are prone ;
He's often incoherent ; and I own
At times he has a tendency to stutter,
As if his meaning were too deep to utter,
And hidden in a cloud—so deep and dense,
'Tis far beyond the reach of mortal sense ;
And yet, in this, he but obeys the Fashion,
For Mystery is now the ruling passion.
Not only in our Poets is it strong,
It rules alike in Painting and in Song ;
And Critics—most profound—profess to see
In thoughts but half expressed, great subtlety.
So mere Intention is a sign of worth,
And full Performance is but mental dearth.

SHAKESPEARE.

Of Mystery, my knowledge is but scanty ;
On that theme, you had better talk with Dante.

But hark ! The poets you have mentioned are
In long repute. Is there no rising Star ?

THACKERAY.

Well, I remember, just before I died,
In the poetic firmament, I spied
A light unusual ; but it looked, by far,
More like a Comet than a rising Star :
By name called Swinburne, and he promised well,
But whether he succeeded, I can't tell.
I often wonder what on Earth he's doing,
And whether early praise has been his ruin.
But mark yon Spirit, with a vacant face ;
I'm certain he's a stranger in this place ;
Just newly drafted from the upper sphere.
I'll question him. My worthy friend, draw near.
You either are a critic or a poet ;
Your bitten nails and inky fingers show it.
Pray, tell me, what on Earth is Swinburne doing ?

CRITIC.

Well, early praise has been the young man's ruin.
He thought his fame would sanction any bosh,
And so his strains were naughty ; they won't wash :
For though his poems are above the level,
His inspiration savours of the Devil.

THACKERAY.

What you have said, excites but little wonder :
I always thought you Critics made a blunder
In rating him too high. Before you go,
My brother scribbler, I should like to know
What rising Star pours out in rhyme his woes
On Earth at present.

CRITIC.

There's the poet Close,
Who sells his verses at a Railway Station.

THACKERAY.

I ken the man you speak of ; but the nation
Can scarcely greet him as a rising Star.

CRITIC.

He's not a falling one—as some Stars are.
To such low depths the bard has sunk, that lower
Than him to fall, is scarcely in the power
Of mortal man—

THACKERAY.

Don't crack your jokes, but flit.

CRITIC.

Your pardon, sir ; I took you for a wit.

THACKERAY.

Did you, indeed ? Then, compliments to pass,
I took you just for what you are—an ass.
Now go—

SHAKESPEARE.

Nay ! my Philosopher, you're gruff ;
And yet I'm told your temper is not rough.
You're angry—and I see the reason clearly—
The age you prospered in you honour dearly.
And so you do your best to prove that mine,
In literary worth, was not so fine.

You said, in morals, that my verse was free ;
That man now tells you, Swinburne's worse than me.
You told me : Vice was driven from the Stage ;
Methinks I proved that Licence is the rage.
Talk of Great Ages ! I have never known
One so devoid of greatness as your own.
Though, possibly, in speech you're more refined,
I'm sure, in Genius, you are far behind
That which Queen Bess with her sweet presence
graced,
Spite of her want of temper and of taste.
Come, own it, friend—

THACKERAY.

Nay, I'll do no such thing.

I find that men are ever prone to sing
In praise of their own age—and lift on high
Their coin as solid gold. It's all my eye.
The brilliant medal, after all, is base,
With more or less of tinsel on its face :
No sound of gold its ringing edges yield,
Make but a scratch—the brass is soon revealed.
That Bessy's reign was great I own, dear Will ;
But that of fat Queen Anne was greater still.
And though you're pleased to dub my age as mean,
It had some virtues not in your time seen.
I never have presumed to call it great,
But Science it advanced, at any rate.
And though, of Genius, it showed scarce a spark,
It was not wanting in high deeds to mark
The onward march of HUMAN PROGRESS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Stuff !

I've heard that nonsense uttered quite enough.
Don't fancy, sir, that I'm an Ignoramus,
I've heard about the age you think so famous.
You call the time I lived in dark ; so be it ;
But as to human progress, I can't see it.
Except in Science, you are much the same ;
Of Vice and Virtue you've but changed the name.
Though public Halls no more the spendthrift draw,
And betting—in the Streets—is stopped by Law,
The rage for Gambling is as fierce as ever ;
And still the foolish fall before the clever.
In other things—But why to them return ?
I'm weary of the subject—let's adjourn.
See, Homer from his sleep is waking—blow it—
We'll crack a bottle with the mighty Poet.

THACKERAY.

My worthy William, I must take my leave ;
Johnson is wont each evening to receive
The homage of the lean and tattered shades
Who court the Muses. Of those jilting jades
I am a humble worshipper, 'tis true,
But yet I'll join the throng. Sweet Will, adieu.

SHAKESPEARE.

To Johnson, my respects, I too will pay,
And see old Homer later in the day.
I've ta'en a fancy to that bloated sage ;
For though he's pompous, and gets in a rage
If people contradict him, he has sense,
To which few spirits here can make pretence.

I scarcely think that he was just to me ;
But then, 'tis vain to grumble. Who can be
Quite free from prejudice on yonder Earth ;
And judge each mortal at his proper worth ?

THACKERAY.

To meet with justice, Will, is no man's fate.
But come along—it's getting rather late.

TALES FROM THE FJELD.

ALL this time Edward and the lassies sat by and listened. It was dull work for Edward, he knew little Norse, and so could not follow the stories ; sometimes he stared in a dull vacant way at the girls, and sometimes he consulted Bradshaw's Foreign Guide. Whether he solved any of the many mysteries of that most mysterious volume, I know not, let us hope he did. "Bored" is the word which best expressed his looks. But with Christine and Karin, they knitted and knitted, and laughed and sniggered at the story, which Anders, I must say, told in a way which would have rejoiced his old grandmother's heart. But they were not to have all the fun and no work. It was now their turn to be amusing, and help to kill the ancient enemy, time.

When *The Honest Penny* was over, Anders, almost without taking breath, said,—

"Now, girls, it is my right to call for a time. You know lots of stories, and can tell them better than I. So, Christine, do you tell *The Death of Chanticleer* ; and you, Karin, *The Greedy Cat*. And mind you act them as well as tell them. They are nursery tales meant for children, and mind you tell them well."

I am bound to say that Christine, who was a very pretty girl, now no doubt the happy mother of children, told *The Death of Chanticleer* in a way which would have gained her in China the post of Our Storyteller to the Emperor's children. Without a blush, and without even the stereotyped "unaccustomed as I am to public story-telling," she began. "This is the story of—

THE DEATH OF CHANTICLEER.

ONCE on a time there were a Cock and a Hen, who walked out into the field, and scratched, and scraped, and scrambled. All at once, Chanticleer found a burr of hop, and Partlet found a barley-corn ; and they said they would make malt and brew Yule ale.

"Oh ! I pluck barley, and I malt malt, and I brew ale, and the ale is good," cackled dame Partlet.

"Is the wort strong enough?" crew Chanticleer; and, as he crowed, he flew up on the edge of the cask, and tried to have a taste; but, just as he bent over to drink a drop, he took to flapping his wings, and so he fell head over heels into the cask, and was drowned.

When dame Partlet saw that, she clean lost her wits, and flew up into the chimney-corner, and fell a-screaming and screeching out. "Harm in the house! harm in the house!" she screeched out all in a breath, and there was no stopping her.

"What ails you, dame Partlet, that you sit there sobbing and sighing?" said the Handquern.

"Why not?" said dame Partlet; "when goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the cask and drowned himself, and lies dead? That's why I sigh and sob."

"Well, if I can do naught else, I will grind and groan," said the Handquern; and so it fell to grinding as fast as it could.

When the Chair heard that, it said,—

"What ails you, Handquern, that you growl and groan so fast and oft?"

"Why not, when goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the cask and drowned himself; and dame Partlet sits in the ingle, and sighs and sobs? That's why I grind and groan," said the Handquern.

"If I can do naught else, I will crack," said the Chair; and, with that, he fell to creaking and cracking.

When the Door heard that, it said,—

"What's the matter? Why do you creak and crack so, Mr. Chair?"

"Why not?" said the Chair; "goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the cask and drowned himself; dame Partlet sits in the ingle, sighing and sobbing; and the Handquern grinds and groans. That's why I creak and crackle, and croak and crack."

"Well," said the Door, "if I can do naught else, I can rattle and bang, and whistle and slam;" and, with that, it began to open and shut, and bang and slam, it deaved one to hear, and all one's teeth chattered.

All this the Stove heard, and it opened its mouth and called out,—

"Door! Door! why all this slamming and banging?"

"Why not?" said the Door; "when goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the cask and drowned himself; dame Partlet sits in the ingle sighing and sobbing; the Handquern grinds and groans, and the Chair creaks and cracks. That's why I bang and slam."

"Well," said the Stove, "if I can do naught

else, I can smoulder and smoke;" and so it fell a smoking and steaming till the room was all in a cloud.

The Axe saw this, as it stood outside, and peeped with its shaft through the window,—

"What's all this smoke about, Mrs. Stove?" said the Axe, in a sharp voice.

"Why not?" said the Stove; "when goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the cask and drowned himself; dame Partlet sits in the ingle sighing and sobbing; the Handquern grinds and groans; the Chair creaks and cracks, and the Door bangs and slams? That's why I smoke and steam."

"Well, if I can do naught else, I can rive and rend," said the Axe; and, with that, it fell to riving and rending all round about.

This the Aspen stood by and saw.

"Why do you rive and rend everything so, Mr. Axe?" said the Aspen.

"Goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the ale-cask and drowned himself," said the Axe; "dame Partlet sits in the ingle, sighing and sobbing; the Handquern grinds and groans; the Chair creaks and cracks; the Door slams and bangs, and the Stove smokes and steams. That's why I rive and rend all about."

"Well, if I can do naught else," said the Aspen, "I can quiver and quake in all my leaves;" so it grew all of a quake.

The Birds saw this, and twittered out,—

"Why do you quiver and quake, Miss Aspen?"

"Goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the ale-cask and drowned himself," said the Aspen, with a trembling voice; "dame Partlet sits in the ingle, sighing and sobbing; the Handquern grinds and groans; the Chair creaks and cracks; the Door slams and bangs; the Stove steams and smokes, and the Axe rives and rends. That's why I quiver and quake."

"Well, if we can do naught else, we will pluck off all our feathers," said the Birds; and, with that, they fell a-pilling and plucking till the room was full of feathers.

This the Master stood by and saw, and, when the feathers flew about like fun, he asked the Birds,—

"Why do you pluck off all your feathers, you Birds?"

"Oh! goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the ale-cask and drowned himself," twittered out the Birds; "dame Partlet sits sighing and sobbing in the ingle; the Handquern grinds and groans; the Chair creaks and cracks; the Door slams and bangs; the Stove smokes and steams; the Axe rives and rends, and the Aspen quivers and quakes. That's

why we are pilling and plucking all our feathers off."

"Well, if I can do nothing else, I can tear the brooms asunder," said the man; and, with that, he fell tearing and tossing the brooms till the birch-twigs flew about east and west.

The goody stood cooking porridge for supper, and saw all this.

"Why, man!" she called out; "what are you tearing the brooms to bits for?"

"Oh!" said the man, "goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the ale-vat and drowned himself; dame Partlet sits sighing and sobbing in the ingle; the Handquern grinds and groans; the Chair cracks and creaks; the Door slams and bangs; the Stove smokes and steams; the Axe rives and rends; the Aspen quivers and quakes; the Birds are pilling and plucking all their feathers off, and that's why I am tearing the besoms to bits."

"So, so!" said the goody; "then I'll dash the porridge over all the walls;" and she did it; for she took one spoonful after the other and dashed it against the walls, so that no one could see what they were made of for very porridge.

That was how they drank the burial ale after goodman Chanticleer, who fell into the brewing-vat and was drowned; and, if you don't believe it, you may set off thither and have a taste both of the ale and the porridge.

When Christine ended, I did not tell them what I could now tell them, that this story of *The Death of Chanticleer* is, *mutatis mutandis*, the very same story as one in *Grimm's Tales*, and another in the Scotch collection of Robert Chambers. But alas! I heard *The Death of Chanticleer* up on the Fjeld long before *Scotch Stories* appeared in print, and so, as some of these stories say, I could tell them nothing about it.

Karin was not so good a storyteller as Christine, but she still told her story well. Besides, it was harder to tell, and required an effort of memory, like that needed in our *This is the House that Jack built*. *The Greedy Cat* has a wildness of its own, and is full of humour. Here it is—

THE GREEDY CAT.

ONCE on a time there was a man who had a cat, and she was so awfully big, and such a beast to eat, he couldn't keep her any longer. So she was to go down to the river with a stone round her neck, but before she started she was to have a meal of meat. So

the goody set before her a bowl of porridge and a little trough of fat. That she crammed into her, and ran off and jumped through the window. Outside stood the goodman by the barn door, threshing.

"Good day, goodman," said the cat.

"Good day, pussy," said the goodman; "have you had any food to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge and a trough of fat—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and so she took the goodman and gobbled him up.

When she had done that, she went into the byre, and there sat the goody milking.

"Good day, goody," said the cat.

"Good day, pussy," said the goody; "are you here, and have you eaten up your food yet?"

"Oh, I've eaten a little to-day, but I'm 'most fasting," said pussy; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and so she took the goody and gobbled her up.

"Good day, you cow at the manger," said the cat to Daisy the cow.

"Good day, pussy," said the cow; "have you had any food to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "I've only had a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and so she took the cow and gobbled her up.

Then off she set up into the home-field, and there stood a man picking up leaves.

"Good day, you leaf-picker in the field," said the cat.

"Good day, pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?" said the leaf-picker.

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and Daisy the cow—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too." So she took the leaf-picker and gobbled him up.

Then she came to a heap of stones, and there stood a stoat and peeped out.

"Good day, Mr. Stoat of Stoneheap," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too." So she took the stoat and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a bit farther, she came to a hazelbrake, and there sat a squirrel gathering nuts.

"Good day, Sir Squirrel of the Brake," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," said the cat. So she took the squirrel and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a little farther she saw Reynard the Fox, who was prowling about by the wood-side.

"Good day, Reynard Slyboots," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too." So she took Reynard and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a while farther she met Long Ears the Hare.

"Good day, Mr. Hopper the Hare," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too." So she took the hare, and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a bit farther, she met a wolf.

"Good day, you Greedy Greylegs," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare—and, now I think of it, I may as well take you too." So she took and gobbled up Greylegs too.

So she went on into the wood, and when she had gone far and farther than far, o'er hill and dale, she met a bear-cub.

"Good day, you bare-breeched Bear," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said the bear-cub; "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf—and, now I think of it, I may as well take you too," and so she took the bear-cub and gobbled him up.

When the cat had gone a bit farther, she met a she-bear, who was tearing away at a stump till the splinters flew, so angry was she at having lost her cub.

"Good day, you Mrs. Bruin," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and so she took Mrs. Bruin and gobbled her up too.

When the cat got still farther on, she met Baron Bruin himself.

"Good day, you Baron Bruin," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said Bruin; "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and so she took Bruin and ate him up too.

So the cat went on and on, and farther than far, till she came to the abodes of men again, and there she met a bridal train on the road.

"Good day, you bridal train on the king's highway," said she.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and so she rushed at them, and gobbled up both the bride and bridegroom,

and the whole train, with the cook and the fiddler, and the horses, and all.

When she had gone still farther, she came to a church, and there she met a funeral.

"Good day, you funeral train," said she.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear, and the bride and bridegroom and the whole train—and, now, I don't mind if I take you too," and so she fell on the funeral train and gobbled up both the body and the bearers.

Now when the cat had got the body in her, she was taken up to the sky, and when she had gone a long, long way, she met the moon.

"Good day, Mrs. Moon," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear, and the bride and bridegroom and the whole train, and the funeral train—and, now I think of it, I don't mind if I take you too," and so she seized hold of the moon, and gobbled her up, both new and full.

So the cat went a long way still, and then she met the sun.

"Good day, you Sun in heaven."

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said the sun; "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear, and the bride and bridegroom and the whole train, and the funeral train, and the moon—and, now I think of it, I don't mind if I take you too," and so she rushed at the sun in heaven and gobbled him up.

So the cat went far and farther than far, till she came to a bridge, and on it she met a big Billy-goat.

"Good day, you Billy-goat on Broad-bridge," said the cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?" said the Billy-goat.

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting; I've only had a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody in the byre, and Daisy the cow at the manger, and the leaf-picker in the home-field, and Mr. Stoat of Stoneheap, and Sir Squirrel of the Brake, and Reynard Slyboots, and Mr. Hopper the Hare, and Greedy Greylegs the Wolf, and Bare-breeches the Bear-cub, and Mrs. Bruin, and Baron Bruin, and a Bridal train on the king's highway, and a Funeral at the church, and Lady Moon in the sky, and Lord Sun in heaven, and, now I think of it, I'll take you too."

"That we'll fight about," said the Billy-goat, and butted at the cat till she fell right over the bridge into the river, and there she burst.

So they all crept out one after the other, and were just as good as ever, all that the cat had gobbled up. The Goodman of the house, and the Goody in the byre, and Daisy the cow at the manger, and the Leaf-picker in the home-field, and Mr. Stoat of Stoneheap, and Sir Squirrel of the Brake, and Reynard Slyboots, and Mr. Hopper the Hare, and Greedy Greylegs the Wolf, and Bare-breeches the Bear-cub, and Mrs. Bruin, and Baron Bruin, and the Bridal train on the highway, and the Funeral train at the church, and Lady Moon in the Sky, and Lord Sun in Heaven.

TABLE TALK.

CATECHISING a candidate, is, to an outsider, one of the most amusing matters that accompany the preliminaries of a contested election. Every now and then a new form of question is brought forward to vary the dull routine of the old stock subjects of the ballot—beer and bishops; and this present election has given rise to the question "Are you in favour of clerical magistrates?" Perhaps there are some voters who, like the man who was tired of hearing of Aristides the Just, are intolerant at the mere mention of magistrates in holy orders, and have a strong remembrance of certain cases of justices' justice, in which the clerical magistrate has committed himself rather than the prisoner. At the present day a parson may have a seat on the bench, but not in the council-chamber or in the House of Commons; he may dispense the law, but not assist in framing laws. This anomaly had its origin with the last century. The country parson of George Herbert was to

be both "physician and lawyer;" but the latter was in order that he might adjust quarrels, and prevent his flock from appearing before a magistrate; but he had no seat upon the bench any more than Sydney Smith had, when he spoke of himself as "village doctor and village magistrate." The poet Crabbe is curiously described upon his monument in Trowbridge Church, as "A Minister and a Magistrate;" and he spoke of those who took

From *our* reluctant hands
What Burns advises or the Bench commands.

And Cowper in *The Task* wrote thus,—

The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His reverence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.

Such clerical magistrates were the growth of that century that encouraged high square pews and "three-deckers" in our churches; and, as we have rid ourselves of these latter, we may hope to see a speedy end to the former.

THE beneficed, but titheless clergy, who have hitherto been known by the various titles of Incumbents, Perpetual Incumbents, and Perpetual Curates, have accepted their new designation of Vicar with much satisfaction; and the name is generally acceptable as simplifying what was needlessly obscure. The bucolical churchwarden who persisted in calling his country Parson "the perpetual Incumbrance" of Dash, will now have to amend his language, if not his ways.

MR. GLADSTONE has hitherto seemed to enjoy a monopoly of that particular phase of abuse which takes the form of Scriptural epithets hurled at an adversary's head: but his rival came in for a few choice specimens of this "derangement of epitaphs" at the dinner given at Campbellton, on October 16th, in honour of the Marquis of Lorne. His Lordship was presented with the freedom of that Burgh, a ceremony which was represented by one of the speakers, Mr. Samuel Mitchell, as "strengthening his hands and encouraging his heart mentally and physically to go up as our representative to the war against that Jew, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, who is of the tribe of Dan, (laughter,) a lion in the way, (laughter,) an adder in the path, a serpent to bite the horse's heels and upset the riders. (Great laughter.) I cannot contrast him better than with Gideon of old."

MANY processes have been suggested for the artificial multiplication of mushrooms; and some of these are of very recent date. Menander, who flourished three centuries before our era, tells us that one of these methods consisted in covering a shoot from a fig-tree with manure, and watering it frequently. If any of our readers feel inclined to try this experiment, we would advise that a counter-experiment should be simultaneously made with the omission of the shoot of the fig-tree. Tarentinus states that the same result may be obtained by keeping the ashes of vegetables in a constant state of moisture, and, at the same time, keeping them freely exposed to the air; and adds that the poplar mushroom (*Agaricus umbilicatus*) can be rapidly propagated by watering offshoots of the black or white poplar with wine and hot water. Moreover, according to Dioscorides, these mushrooms may be obtained by scattering the powdered bark of the poplar tree over a well-manured soil. To come down to later times, George Rumph, commonly known as Rumphius, who flourished in the last half of the seventeenth century, and was incomparably the greatest botanist of his age, tells us that at Amboyna two kinds of edible mushrooms, both belonging to the genus *Boletus*, are procured by different artificial means. One species, which is very rare, sprouts from the decayed outer shells of the nutmeg, while the other, which is so abundant as to be used for fattening pigs, springs from the decayed wood of the sago palm, which is collected in heaps for that purpose. Dr. Lindley, in his *Vegetable Kingdom*, to the remarks on the Fungales, gives one or two similar additional cases of the artificial production of mushrooms. A few years ago a new species, the Naples mushroom (*Agaricus Neapolitanus*), was accidentally discovered (or, probably, we should say produced), and has since spread rapidly. The nuns in a certain convent at Naples were in the habit of throwing their coffee-grounds after each meal into a shady corner of their garden. A new mushroom sprung up from the fermenting mass of decaying coffee, and it was found, when tasted, to be excellent. It is now customary in many parts of Italy to cultivate this mushroom by collecting coffee-grounds in a common flower-pot, which is kept always moist and in the shade. In about six months the young crop commonly makes its appearance. I am indebted for these facts to M. de Quatrefages' *Rambles of a Naturalist*, one of the most interesting works on popular natural history that ever appeared, and which

is well deserving of the care which its accomplished translator has bestowed upon it. I shall forthwith begin the coffee-ground experiment, and trust that many of our readers will do the same, and communicate the result they obtain.

Is the sparrow the gardener's friend or foe? This is a question which has often been discussed, and the verdict has almost invariably been in favour of the sparrow. In the face of all evidence, however, there is a popular prejudice against this little bird, the reason probably being that he boldly commits his crimes before our eyes, while his good deeds, which far outweigh his trivial delinquencies, are done by stealth. Our friends in Australia were unhappy till they could get sparrows from home, and now, after having had them less than four years, they begin to think all manner of evil regarding them. Mr. Edward Wilson, whose labours in the department of acclimatization are universally recognised, and to whom, if I mistake not, Australia owes its sparrows, has been asked to produce authentic information as to the balance of its merits and demerits. He has done so; and has recently communicated the result of his inquiry to one of the daily papers. He has ascertained that no less than 1400 cockchafers' wings have been found below the nest of one pair of sparrows. Each female insect produces about 40 grubs, which burrow for three years in the ground, preying upon the crops during this time to an enormous extent. As many as 100,000 of these grubs have been found on one acre of land, and as each acre will grow about 40,000 mangolds or turnips, there are about three grubs to each root! In some years the damage done by this single insect in France alone has been estimated at the astounding sum of 40 millions sterling! A very simple calculation shows that simply in feeding their young, a single pair of sparrows annually prevent the production of 14,000 grubs; and the account in favour of the birds is not yet complete, for,

When'er they take their walks abroad
How many grubs they see,

and no doubt dispose of, (to say nothing of insects,) without leaving any record of their good deeds; for sparrows by no means restrict themselves to cockchafers, even when these delicacies are in season; but will eat almost any kind of insect or grub that comes in its way. Mr. Wood, in his *Illustrated Natural History*, 1862, states that a single pair of these

birds were once watched for a day, and were seen to carry to their young no less than 40 grubs per hour. Such labours as these are not to be disregarded. Let a somewhat stout farmer, especially if he is dressed in the orthodox style of top boots, and rather tight clothing about the girths, attempt to bring home 40 grubs in an hour, and we are much mistaken if at the end of that time he does not feel a greater respect for the sparrows, and I think that for their labour (which he can now better appreciate) in destroying his natural enemies, they are fully deserving of the seeds and fruit to which they occasionally help themselves. Let our Australian friends accept Mr. Wilson's conclusion without hesitation. Wherever the sparrows and other small birds have been exterminated, the crops have been destroyed by the consequent increase of insects, and in several cases the same Government which ordered the destruction of birds, have been compelled to revoke their law, and issue orders for their protection. The balance of Nature cannot be rashly interfered with by blind mortals without evil consequences.

VICTOR HUGO is the most popular author of the day, and his new novel is said to surpass all his previous ones. It is entitled *Par Ordre du Roi*, and is a story of English life in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. It is very dramatic in treatment, and it will be first presented to English readers in the pages of *Once a Week*. The name of the author will command for his tale the attention of the civilised world—for it will appear simultaneously in half the languages of Europe; but by reason of the great poet's choice of subject it must needs be of peculiar interest to the English public. The first part of this story—*By Order of the King*—will appear in this Magazine in the first week of January next.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 46.

November 14, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER LI.—THE SILVER MEDAL.

THE unworthiness of Berthe impressed the young Marquise deeply, but pained her less than it did Aunt Clémentine; firstly, because she was so much younger, secondly, because a comparatively greater mixture with the world had familiarised her with certain inferiorities in women; but, above all, because any default in Berthe (especially of this kind) evidently proved a lighter hold on Victor in the past than she was supposed to have had. Claire, bereft of the present and the future, had no consolation save the past, and whatever served to open its gates to her, closed as they, too, had seemed to Victor's attachment to Berthe, was greeted with ardently selfish joy.

Madame Beaudouin's words touching the Sphinx had also struck her niece forcibly, and she permitted herself strange questionings on points which had hitherto been, in her mind, placed absolutely beyond the pale of speculation or doubt.

"That poor, friendless, untaught creature!" had said Madame Beaudouin, when she declared the Sphinx to be less unworthy than Madame de Mottefort. That was a bold assertion, for, after all, Berthe was a lady, a person of Claire's own standing, and whom, as things had now shaped themselves, she would infallibly some day meet in that society which was common to both, whilst no circumstance that she could possibly imagine would ever bring her together in the same salon with the Sphinx. And at first these superficial ideas, belonging to the conventionalities in which she had been brought up, held their ground against the innovators, and she could not descend to discuss the more or less of guilt in women whose infamous lives prevent their being taken

into account, unless wholesale and as a class, *i.e.*, an abstraction.

But Aunt Clémentine, who was purity itself, had said, "poor, friendless, and untaught!" and it was certain that Berthe de Mottefort, who was going back to her husband, and who would one day, with him, be again received by the world, had never been friendless, was not poor, and had been exceedingly well-taught. Ought she not then to have been, under no matter how hard a trial, the evident superior of the miserable *Traviata*?

"Poor, friendless, and untaught!" Still those words rang in her ears, and gradually assumed a practical sense.

"Poor!" Well, but Claire knew of many starving creatures, who, to their honour, be it spoken, were virtuous and good, and bore with resignation an intolerable lot. Then, again, "friendless!" Nobody was quite friendless, there was always some one who cared for them. And "untaught!" Why, that was not an excuse, for learning was not required to make people honest, everybody knew the difference between right and wrong; and Claire, with all her natural high-mindedness, fell into the so ordinary mistake of confounding the acquisition of knowledge with moral teaching. But hidden in her heart lay the bit of true ore that, spite of her own imperfection responded to the magnet of her aunt's words. Might there not be something to do? some help to give? The question was that of a human soul—for, degraded as the worst sinner may be, he is possessed of a soul, and that is God's gift. If really there were darkness, might not light be let in? If Christian truths had never been Christianly brought home to this pariah, was it now altogether too late?

But what to do? and how to do it? It is not difficult to rescue the indigent; you rest your morality upon your money, and the chances are in your favour, at all events, apparently; but it is none so easy to persuade the rich that they need rescuing; and whatever the Sphinx might once have been, she now ranked among the rich. She was neither

poor nor friendless now; she was living in daily habits of luxury, far greater even than Claire herself indulged in; she was, as far as men were concerned, surrounded by whatever Paris held to be most distinguished. The only part, then, of Madame Beaudouin's argument in her favour that held good was that she had been untaught. But would she care now for teaching, the first result whereof would be to snatch her from her luxuriously indolent existence? Berthe, the well-born, well-educated, and in every way well-defended Berthe, had been first false to her duty, and then false to her love; she had resisted on no one single point, why should this other woman be stronger? And supposing even there were, in this more primitive nature, a larger amount of plain rough worth, how on earth was Claire to find any means of acting on it? How was it to be drawn forth? Had the Sphinx been starving in the streets, or dying on a hospital pallet, Claire felt that she would have got up and gone to her forthwith, and fought with all the arms she knew of, to save the unhappy creature's soul. But she could not walk off to the Hôtel de Moranges, and by her teachings and preachings carry off this lamb (supposing her to be one) from the devourer—the devourer being, too, her own uncle.

It was impossible, it would be so ridiculous! and Claire, whose entire life was now fixed and centred in one supreme absorbent grief could yet recoil before the idea of ridicule.

She was sorely perplexed, for like all women of her kind in her present situation of heart and mind, she longed for some deed to be done, for some good to be achieved. As usual, circumstances provided for her what she was unable to provide for herself.

She was walking in an alley of the Bois one fine bright forenoon, while the sun shone on the snow-clad branches of the trees, and made them glitter as though bestrewn with powdered diamonds, when Count Dupont rode by. She bowed to him; he caught sight of little Pierre, who, wrapped in furs and velvets, was toddling along at his mother's side, and dismounted. First they talked of the child, with whom Henri Dupont entered into conversation, *à propos* of the icicles the little fellow wanted to gather upon the trees, and gradually they were drifting into the subject towards which Count Dupont always laboured (but in vain) to bring Claire, whenever they happened to be alone, namely, Olivier. She at once let their talk slacken, and her companion began to think of what he should say next, or whether he had not better beckon to his groom to bring his

horse back to him and ride off, when the young Marquise suddenly looked him curiously in the face, saying,—

"When you go to dine with my uncle Moranges the person who keeps his house for him is always there, is she not?" And then she blushed deeply and looked down, as though shocked at having to approach such a subject.

"Always," replied Henri, certainly rather surprised at hearing the Sphinx alluded to by a woman of Claire's description.

"And do you actually know her?" continued the young Marquise.

"All Paris knows her," rejoined Henri, with a smile.

There was a pause.

"Count Dupont," recommenced Claire with a kind of timid eagerness, "is that unhappy creature so very—so irretrievably bad, do you think?"

Henri stopped and looked interrogatively at the Marquise.

"Pardon me," he replied, "but in your short phrase there are grouped together all the anomalies into which people in our world inevitably fall when they touch upon this theme; they always go too far one way, or too far the other: you either pity or condemn too much. If you pity her enough to call her unhappy, why do you speak of her as irretrievably bad? and if your conscience tells you that her guilt is irretrievable, why do you pity her enough to call her unfortunate? My dear Marquise, I entreat of you to forgive me, but do you make your inquiry of me merely as a great lady who wishes to know something about the manners and ways of these *Dames aux Camélias*, or do you speak to me as a Christian?"

"I speak to you as a Christian," answered Claire in a low tone, and with an earnest look; "for as a Christian I am seriously desirous of knowing what to think of this woman."

"There is but little to say of her as an individual," said Henri Dupont; "she is merely one of her kind; a kind that, unless society goes to work quite differently, will grow more numerous from year to year; but if you are not prepared to admit that something should be done to save these wretched women as a class, I should be at a loss to show in what particular way this one is deserving of interest. She is for the moment well cared for materially, which many hundreds (or indeed thousands) of her species are not, and she has a chance of something in the future, for your uncle is far too thorough a *grand seigneur* to allow her ever to be in want."

"But what I meant," interrupted Claire, with a mixture of persistence and hesitation, "was, whether she was aware of her shame? whether she might not be saved yet? whether"—she paused—"what I mean, Count Dupont, is, do you think she likes her position?"

Henri smiled a curious smile.

"I am afraid she does," he replied, shaking his head; "they all do, when it is so comfortable a one as hers."

"How horrible!" ejaculated Claire.

"Yes; it is horrible," resumed Henri Dupont; "horrible in the extreme, to think of crowds of women in our civilised, self-satisfied old Europe, being forced into sin by destitution and ignorance, by the starvation of their bodies and their minds—that is appalling, and cries aloud to heaven."

"But they are taught their religion," objected Claire.

"No, they are not," retorted Count Dupont; "a certain number of precepts and tenets are set down for them, and they repeat them, learn them by rote, but nine times out of ten do not realise their meaning, and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, cannot apply them, because they are helpless. My dear Marquise," he said, stopping in his walk, "this is one of the subjects it is impossible to discuss with a lady, because conventional terms alter their meaning, and the words wrong and sin, and whatever they imply, designate objects quite different from those you apply them to. You deal with the mere effect only, whereas the cause is what will have to be dealt with—for the question is the gravest one of our age—but, now I come to advert to it, you ought, if you take such a special interest in this one unfortunate, to be able to find out easily all about her, for she actually comes from your own place."

"What do you mean?" cried Claire, eagerly; "from Clavreuil?"

"No; but from close by, from St. Martin."

"Good God! how shocking! poor girl!"

Count Dupont put his hand gently on Madame de Beauvoisin's muff, and looking full into her face: "Why is it more shocking," he asked, gravely; "because she takes her origin from your neighbourhood? why is she poorer, and more to be pitied, because you may perhaps know something about her belongings?"

"I can't say—I don't know," answered the young Marquise, blushing at what she recognised as a well-founded reproach; "but you must let me do the little good I can (or try to do it) in my own way—what is her name?"

"Claudine—no; I am wrong there; her real name is Madeleine, it was a whim of your uncle's to make her call herself Claudine (he didn't like Madeleine)."

"But Madeleine what?"

"Ah; there you ask more than I know, and yet, I have heard that too. Mlle. de Mourjonville once told me——"

"Who on earth is she?" inquired the Marquise, abruptly.

"Oh, she is altogether another sort of person," rejoined Henri, almost sternly; "of her you never need know anything (she is the factotum at the Hôtel de Moranges), and she certainly told me Claudine's name—it is something like Réval—yes, Madeleine Réval, I am pretty sure that is it."

That said nothing to Claire, and she knew no more than before.

"I had better write to the curé of St. Martin," she suggested.

"May be," rejoined Henri; "though for any genuine, practical good he ever did the girl, she might be an utter stranger to him."

"What age is she?" inquired Claire.

"Not yet twenty."

The Marquise shuddered.

"How dreadful," she added; "so young, and so sinful; and probably now devoid of all faith."

"Well," replied Count Dupont; "that is not for me to judge. In her strange dark way, there is what some people call religion. She likes going to church immensely, and mutters a string of *Aves* in any danger or emergency. She wears round her neck a little silver medal of the Virgin, and would, I believe, let herself be cut in pieces sooner than part from it."

"Who gave it her?" asked Claire, in an unsteady voice, and looking away to hide her blushes.

"She will never tell that," was the answer; "but she believes that medal is to preserve her from everything, and heaven only knows what extraordinary prayers she addresses it."

"Count Dupont," said the young Marquise after a rather long silence, and looking at him with a sudden resolve of which he could not guess the cause: "that poor girl must be saved—but there is but one way to do it; my uncle himself must be brought to see the truth; he must give her up, and I will be responsible for her future."

Henri Dupont looked at Claire with an expression in which surprise and curiosity combined with a kind of compassionate admiration.

"I am afraid no one will help you in that crusade," he said; "your uncle Moranges is not a man who has ever received advice from any one, or ever renounced a plan or a whim for the sake of anything upon earth; he may question even your right to interfere."

"I don't mind," retorted Claire with flashing eyes; "I feel I am in the right, and I will not yield. I will apply to my uncle himself. I will go at once to my mother-in-law; she knows her brother well."

"She will not help you."

"Perhaps; but she shall admit that I am right" (and she made a sign to the footman behind her to call the carriage); "I will go to her straight, and then I will speak to my uncle myself, and I will leave no stone unturned to save that poor unhappy girl."

Henri Dupont bowed low before her, and, as he assisted her into her carriage, "You may," said he, "do what no other woman could. You may even succeed; but, rely upon it, it is a far more difficult task than that of Una's with the lion."

CHAPTER LII.—COMING TO THE POINT.

CLAIRE drove straight to the house of her mother-in-law, where the *concierge* allowed that his mistress was at home, but where the young Marquise sought in vain for admittance. At last, having obtained the intervention of the Dowager's maid, this functionary delivered to her, in answer to her message, a piece of paper, on which the Dowager stated that business of the most pressing nature prevented her from receiving even her daughter-in-law; but that she would go across to the Hôtel de Beauvoisin before dinner.

Claire was fain to be satisfied with this, and so went her way.

The Dowager, in that dismal boudoir of hers which we have already seen, sat grim and fidgety, looking at the fire, doing nothing, (a rare thing for her!) and waiting for some one or something with evident anxiety.

Very early that morning she had received a note, which had palpably disturbed her, and shortly after receiving which she had issued a formal order to let no living creature in, except a certain Madame Perrichon, who, she said, would bring her some papers from the notary, and who was not to be kept waiting one instant.

The note stated that this person would come at two o'clock.

It wanted now six minutes of the hour.

The Dowager's sharp eyes were riveted upon

the hands of the clock; and, though her perpetual white wools lay upon her lap, her fingers did not touch them, and the long, bright needles lay idle. Her metallic reserve, as Henri Dupont delighted to call the Dowager's hard-locked demeanour at any crisis, was decidedly upset, and you might fancy you could have heard the stifled sound of agitation within her, like the wild clickings of a watch whose main-spring is broken. Some master chord had been touched in that steely nature, and the jar persisted still all over.

The hour struck, and appeared to strike upon the Marquise Dowager, herself, for she started and shivered. She was not nervous, that same Marquise; no! neither impressionable, nor sensitive, nor in any way liable to feminine weaknesses. Yet it seemed to be pretty much the same in the end; and the series of small tortures through which she passed during the space of ten minutes, were probably equivalent to what ordinary people feel when suspense racks their more delicate nervous systems.

At last, the noise was heard of the *porte cochère* turning on its hinges, and then came the note upon the *timbre*, announcing a visitor. The progress of the latter from the court to the antechamber seemed a slow one, if you counted it by the frowns and lip-pinchings on the Dowager's countenance; but, at last, the handle of the room-door turned, and a lady dressed in black, and veiled, entered.

"You are late, Madame!" said the Marquise, committing two mistakes before the footman had made his exit; first, springing to her feet, instead of remaining seated; and next, showing with what impatience she had been waiting.

"Am I so?" replied the veiled lady, in a voice familiar to us.

"Your note said two o'clock: I have waited ten minutes."

"It is not always easy to dispose of one's time," objected the new-comer, as, laying aside her veil, she discovered the semblance of Mlle. Aspasic.

"It must be something exceedingly urgent which could make you ask to see me here in my own house," continued the Dowager, allowing her ill-humour to carry her beyond the limits of her habitual prudence; "incurring such a risk!"

These closing words she mumbled, but her visitor heard them.

"Yes," rejoined, coolly, Mlle. de Mourjonville; "and perhaps, after all, I may have allowed myself to be run away with by my zeal

in your service ; for it almost seems to me, now, as though I need not have been in such a hurry. I will permit myself to take a seat, if you please," she then added, parenthetically, as, with an *aplomb* that well-nigh drove the Dowager out of herself, she settled her skirts upon a low chair near the fire, and deliberately unfastened her paletot, half removing it from her shoulders.

She made herself thoroughly at home, this insupportable woman !

"Well, what is it that you have to tell me ?" broke forth the Dowager, still with more impatience than courtesy. "What has happened ?"

"Are you quite certain that no one can hear? that no one will come in here?" asked Aspasie, quietly, and eyeing with immense satisfaction the vexation of her opponent.

"All my orders are given——"

"It is not always enough to give orders," suggested Mlle. de Mourjonville, provokingly.

"Mine are always executed," retorted Madame de Beauvoisin ; "no one ever disobeys me," and she rapped a very precipitate tattoo upon the carved rosewood of her arm-chair, with her bony fingers. "Now that you are quite secure from all interruption, let me beg of you to acquaint me with your reasons for writing to me as you did this morning."

"To say the truth, Madame la Marquise," began the undaunted Aspasie, "I am inclined upon reflection to think I may have gone too far. As I said just now, my zeal for your interests led me away at first, and I fancied something might be done to rescue your unlucky brother ; but the more I examine the situation the less it seems to me that any plan we can resort to will succeed, and my opinion now——"

"I want no one's opinion, save my own !" interposed haughtily, the Marquise ; "and I have long ago told you what that is. I will not be trifled with," she continued, directing towards her wily antagonist a look of anger, that seemed to cause a secret amusement to the latter. "You had something to communicate to me, or you would not have sought this meeting so suddenly here, in my own house. I will know at once what it was."

The curiously cool and ironical look with which Mlle. de Mourjonville ventured to survey her at this moment actually cut short her phrase on the Dowager's lips. She had never met man or woman who had thus gazed at her, and she felt she had committed a mistake.

"Our interests are the same," she added, in a much softened tone ; "it is obviously my

right to know all that passes, in order that we may concert and advise together."

"Well," replied, dubitatively, Mlle. Aspasie ; "I will tell you all of course, if you wish it ; but on thinking it all well over, I incline to believe we can do no good, and I shall probably be only giving you needless annoyance. You see," (and at this entrance upon her narration our friend indulged in a sly twinkle in the corner of her malicious eyes, and a sly smile in the corner of her malicious mouth), "you see it is never altogether safe playing with fire, one does sometimes set one's neighbour's house a-blaze or one's own. I did my best to detach Madame Claudine from M. le Marquis, and to attach her to somebody else ; and I had some reason to think that my humble efforts would be crowned with success ; but a week or a fortnight ago, a report crept abroad—whence it came I have never been able to find out—that M. de Nesves was so over head and ears in love with Madame that, if she chose he would absolutely marry her ! This report——"

But the Dowager would not allow Mlle. Aspasie to proceed. "Marry her !" she echoed with what was all but a scream of rapture. "Marry her ! why that would be indeed a triumph for us ! My poor brother would be for ever cured, and the duty he owes to his family and to my grandson would be performed beyond all shadow of a doubt ; what a blessing !" she fervently ejaculated, laying her lean hands quite affectionately upon those of her visitor, on whose lips and eyes sat still the same mocking smile.

"Yes ! no doubt, a great blessing," repeated Mlle. de Mourjonville ; "but that is not precisely what I had to say, if you had allowed me to finish my sentence. I stated that the report touching M. de Nesves, was not traceable to any one in particular, to any one whom I could make out ; but it certainly found its way to your brother's ears, and I fear has caused him——" she hesitated.

"To turn her out of his house, and cast her off before she has time to quit him !" exclaimed the Dowager with exultant hardness.

"N—o—!" drawled out Aspasie, shaking her head, and distilling her every syllable with the deepest enjoyment of the effect she produced—"to think of marrying her himself !" and, as it were, coiling herself up into the very back of her chair, she sat watching her opponent with an internal glee that pierced through the mask of demureness imposed upon her sharp features.

The fury of the Marquise knew no bounds,

and she raged, as such shut-up natures do when once they break loose. (It was only the third time in her whole life.) Mlle. de Mourjonville never took her eyes off her, and edging her chair rather nearer to the fender, seemed, in the way of personal defence, should such be needful, to have reliance upon the tongs, otherwise the scene apparently afforded her intense amusement. The Dowager walked up and down the room, stamped her foot, gnashed her teeth, glared at Mlle. Aspasia with an expression of fierce malignity that induced the sagacious lady-in-waiting to draw several very queer conclusions in her own mind, abused her violently, and in general indulged in such intemperance of behaviour and language, as modified the notions Mlle. de Mourjonville had so frequently heard propounded upon the superiority of ladies of the world on trying occasions over women of the other sort.

But as our friend Aspasia sat motionless and mute, and merely watched the succession of outbreaks of fury which were exhibited before her, at the end of a given time these outbreaks grew less violent, and the fury having exhausted itself, the Dowager ended by coming to a halt and dropping into the chair placed before her bureau.

When silence seemed secured: "You see," began Mlle. de Mourjonville, "that my second thoughts were the right ones. I have only caused you the most perfectly useless anger and vexation by imparting to you my suspicions."

"If they had been suspicions only, you would not have thought it requisite even to acquaint me with them," interrupted Madame de Beauvoisin, fiercely.

"Well!" retorted Aspasia, with her irritating smile, "if they were more than suspicions, it was still less requisite to acquaint you with them—unless, indeed, you can point out some means of preventing M. le Marquis de Moranges from doing what he likes."

"Listen to me once and for all," broke in the outraged Dowager, "when you wrote to me this morning you had a plan—don't attempt denials, I'll not hear of them—you had a plan—what was it? I tell you again I am not to be trifled with."

"Madame la Marquise," replied Aspasia, apparently quite free from the terror her opponent was accustomed to inspire, but having recourse to that frank simplicity of manner which she had already once practised upon Henri Dupont, and in the assumption of which she was first-rate, "Madame la Marquise, I am placed, or I should rather say I have

placed myself, in a most awkward, indeed in a thoroughly false position. I have to appeal to your indulgence, in fact."

"Stuff! come to the point at once," growled the Dowager.

"That is just what I am doing," replied Mlle. de Mourjonville imperturbably, "and it is precisely upon the point I am coming to that I need your indulgence; for I do feel that I acted too precipitately. I had reasons—strong ones certainly—for believing in the danger I have just pointed out to you. My first impulse was to inform you of what was being planned; I wrote my note to you last night, and after everyone was in bed, slipped out at the garden gate and posted it with my own hands. I acted upon a first impulse and—" she paused.

"Well," cried the Dowager, "what then?"

"And I was wrong," answered meekly, Aspasia.

The Dowager sprang from the chair by the bureau, and flung herself down again upon the one she had first occupied by the fire.

"Why were you wrong, I should like to know?"

"Because I calculated upon what was manifestly insufficient—I altogether mistook the situation."

"More fool you, then;" burst from the Marquise; "but pray what did you hear or see? perhaps, after all, you have been falsely alarming me."

"What I heard was a conversation between M. le Marquis and M. de Sauveterre—I could not help overhearing it." (Aspasia did not say that she had passed a whole hour with her ear applied to the key-hole of the Marquis's study.)

"And you overheard my brother confide to that abominable old man his intention to marry this vile creature?"

"I did!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the Dowager, "what are men made of? an infamous woman of that kind! and to frustrate for her, his own family, his own flesh and blood! my grandson, his rightful heir! My brother has still a far larger fortune than I thought—I have been into all the details—he has still one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year to leave, mostly in land—one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year!" she repeated, clasping her hands almost in agony—"but it cannot be! it is monstrous, some means must be found—"

"There is the very point on which I need your indulgence, Madame la Marquise," interposed the ingenious Aspasia, "you yourself utter now the very words which I uttered to

myself. I said to myself that something must be done; that it was too monstrous; there was my weakness, I avow it and implore your pardon—I was precipitate—I acted on the first impulse, and, when I came to reflect, I could in fact find out no one thing in the world that could be attempted. In reality for the something to be done I had relied upon you."

"Upon me?" retorted the Dowager with a sneer; "why, what in Heaven's name did you imagine I could do?"

"I was weak; silly—unpardonably so," repeated Mlle. de Mourjonville, "but I was so confused at first that I did not take in the position as it stands. By the time I had thought it well out I could see easily enough that there is no remedy—the thing must be borne—there is in fact no help for it; I only saw that too late."

Both women sat looking at each other for a considerable time in silence: the Marquise boring into Mlle. de Mourjonville's soul (if she had any) with her screw-like eyes, and Mlle. de Mourjonville opposing to that process the blank surface of a face as inscrutable as a deal board.

"One hundred and fifty thousand francs a year," groaned the Marquise in her bitterness of spirit, "and Brunoy and Moranges and all—such things ought to be punishable by law for they are criminal. And no help!"

"None!" repeated dismally the echo.

"He will leave her everything, of course."

"Or to her children," suggested the comforter opposite. "I should think M. le Marquis would be very fond of his son if he had one."

The Dowager bounded upon her chair.

"Children!" she cried; "that woman to be the mother of my nephews! Is there no way of making him see the infamy of his conduct?"

"I do not think there is," replied Mlle. de Mourjonville, in a somewhat modified tone; "but if there were, and if the marriage could be prevented, I could not run the risk of losing my situation at the Hôtel de Moranges for the sake of what would be insured to me as our present little convention stands—the risk—"

"If the marriage were prevented," said the Dowager, eagerly, "I would double the sum gladly; it is two hundred thousand francs that should be your reward."

"Alas," resumed Mlle. de Mourjonville, shaking her head; "alas, Madame la Marquise, your generosity need cost you nothing this time, for there is nothing to do. It is no use deluding ourselves; Madame Claudine will be Marquise de Moranges before a month is over—unless, indeed, providence steps in."

"Oh! providence, indeed!" echoed the Marquise, scornfully.

"Well," continued Aspasia; "one does sometimes see the most providential circumstances, to be sure."

"Yes, they may have no children," mused the Dowager; "and then he may, perhaps, not leave everything to her."

"Or she may die," added Mlle. de Mourjonville in the most natural tone, but never taking her eye off the Dowager's face; "people do die sometimes very young, indeed."

"But she is very healthy, is she not?"

"I should say strong rather than healthy," objected the accurate Aspasia.

"Oh! poor thing," rejoined the Marquise *mère*, suddenly moved to the most unaccountable mercy and compassion towards her enemy. "One must not wish for a fellow-creature's death under any circumstances."

"Of course not," replied Mlle. de Mourjonville; "and it is no question of wishing, God forbid. I only said that one does hear sometimes of even very young persons dying suddenly."

"It is a remarkably healthy winter," propounded the Dowager.

"Remarkably so," repeated Aspasia; "though they say there are a few cases of pernicious fever about, and even of cholera."

"Sporadic," said the Marquise.

"No," said Aspasia; "Asiatic, but, indeed, for that matter doctors say there are always cases of cholera about every year; however, as you say, Madame la Marquise, it is a wonderfully healthy season."

"Wonderfully." And when they had talked in a rather disjointed way for another ten minutes, the two women took leave of each other.

ON GOING OUT.

IN these days of easy and rapid locomotion, going out occupies so large and serious a portion of our leisure time, that I think it would be conferring a benefit upon society to depict a few of the discomforts we endure in our social intercourse, and under the name of pleasure. And here, before myself going out any further, I wish to state that my interpretation of the term Going Out applies only to that of the middle classes, and not to that of those who have sufficiently elastic incomes to insure a large proportion of comfort in all their movements.

To begin with. Does not the mere mention of the phrase Going Out summon up horrid

recollections? Do we not all know what preparations, arrangements, explanations, &c., are all included in that comprehensive phrase; whether our Out be for a dinner, day, month, or year. Think of all the agitation attendant upon an Out, whether it be a servant's Sunday out, when she sails forth resplendent in borrowed plumes, and much-pomatumed hair, or whether it be the really tragic business of the father of the family, who sets forth for his month's holiday at the seaside with a paraphernalia of baths, cradles, &c., leaving a comfortable home, to live in squalid and flea-bidden lodgings at an enormous expense. I will first take the case of a bachelor going to visit his old friend, who has recently been married, and who is continually pressing him to come to dinner any day, and stop the night, as he wishes to introduce him to his wife. The wretched bachelor, believing all this, eventually does drop in. Now mark the result. He arrives at some small station where there are no cabs, and finds it is two miles and a half to his friend's house—that treacherous friend having previously assured him it was close to the station. He walks, not without some internal misgivings as to his reception, which he will not own to himself, and, after much asking and losing of the way, reaches his friend's house. After ringing and waiting some time, the door is answered by a scared looking maid, who “believes missus is in.” He goes in, and after some time—missus not being in visitor's trim—sees missus. She tells him John is out, but is sure he will be back directly, and hopes he will stop to dine. She tries to be cordial, but at the same time seems to be struggling with all the internal consciousness of a bad dinner in the background. In fact, a few minutes afterwards, she hopes you will excuse her, and retires, as you may safely presume, to supervise dinner, and add something “now that tiresome man has come,” leaving you to study photograph books, and commiserate John, subdued by the feeling that you are upsetting a quiet household.

John at length comes in, and welcomes you warmly; and you feel for the moment quite resuscitated. He says, “You'll sleep, of course, old fellow,” and offers to lend you anything you may want. In a weak moment, and not without some qualms, you consent. John then marches you round his garden, a little backyard sort of place of a gritty and depressed aspect—it being attached to a modern villa—and you have to praise two or three emaciated cabbages, which John has reared with immense trouble and expense.

At length dinner is announced by the scared maid, who now looks hot and harassed, and you sit down to the watery and peppery soup we all know so well. You get over your dinner, tea, and consequent mangling of some operatic air on the piano by John's wife, which John—having fortunately no ear—thinks beautiful; and, at last, John's wife says good-night with strict injunctions to John as to not sitting up too late smoking. You then both retire to some small retreat of John's which he facetiously pretends to consider his smoking room, but which discovers strong evidences of female influences. You then pass a really tolerable hour with John and tobacco, but are a little overcome on retiring for the night, to find your room a sort of siding off the nursery, having a window which refuses to open, and a very narrow bedstead, with a hard mattress, calculated to reduce any unseemly angularities of your person.

Your sleep consists of fitful slumbers, broken in the small hours by a restless cowl on the top of your chimney, which utters a strange and unearthly howl, like that of a wild beast; and interspersed in the morning by the noise of occasional *mâtes* amongst the little dears in the next room. You get up, overwhelmed by the knowledge of having no clean collar, and of being unshorn—John having a beard—and you endeavour to obtain a bath in the sort of thing people usually have for colds in the head. At length, having made futile efforts at brushing your hair with a brush and comb lent you by John, the brush being of a very soft nature, and suggestive of babies, and the comb having seen better days, you go down-stairs, a sadder and a wiser man, mentally resolving never to look up a newly married friend, or to stop the night, unless accompanied with creature comforts in the shape of luggage, or fortified with some previous knowledge of your destination.

We will next take Going Out to Dinner. We will suppose you are going to dine at the house of an acquaintance of whom you know very little, and perhaps care less, and why you do accept his invitation is to yourself a mystery. However, you go; you are ushered in to add one more to a group of people who, for the most part, have not met before, and whom you find making a ghastly and transparent attempt to converse easily and vivaciously with one another, pending the announcement of dinner.

Dinner being heralded, an awful crisis arises. You are paired off, and probably find yourself

with a fat elderly lady on your arm whom you perceive at a glance to be totally uninteresting, and with whom you feel you have nothing in common; and yet you are aware that unless you make some remark (irrespective of weather) to this person before reaching the dinner-table, she will set you down as dull and stupid, and you will even begin to think meanly of yourself. The end is that you probably gasp out some nonsense, and manage to pass it off with an inane laugh.

Having settled yourself in your place, you probably find on your left a girl of the period, and immediately opposite you a heavily got up old military gentleman, who glares at you as if saying, "Confound you, sir, what business have you here?" The lady you brought in having told you she does not read the light trash of the day, she thinks it waste of time, and that she never goes to places of amusement, that she is a clergyman's wife, and is much interested in the education of kitchen-maids—a subject which you are not much at home in,—you turn in despair to your other fair neighbour, whom, by the way, you perceive to be not totally ignorant of Madame Rachel's art. Here you do succeed in getting a series of strong expressions such as I hate so and so, or, I adore such and such; but you also arrive at the conclusion that conversation cannot be wholly sustained—like *Magnall's Questions*—by question and answer.

At length the ladies go, and you all draw up your chairs about your host as if you had known each other for years; and here I wish to remark that married men somehow always amalgamate much better than single men; I suppose they have a sort of fellow feeling for each other. There is, of course, an M.P. who usually leads up the conversation to politics, and talks about the House. The younger men do not harmonise much; but rather bury their sorrows in desultory picking of preserved fruit, and claret-drinking, and wondering who the deuce so and so is, who talks so confoundedly big about his hunting and shooting, and whom they afterwards discover to be a clerk in a government office.

Another rather paralysing moment arrives when you enter the drawing-room after dinner, the men all sticking to one another like so many leeches; especially if you are a nervous man, and lack the courage to launch yourself boldly forth upon the sea of fair ones. At such a moment you feel you could cheerfully take the life of the man who has talked so much at dinner, and who now walks carelessly and

easily up to the prettiest woman in the room, and slides imperceptibly into empty but conversational nothings with her. You have rather the advantage of the married men, though, at this time. They try to enter the room with an unembarrassed smile at their wives; but they have probably by this time ensured themselves something in the shape of recrimination, either by too much attention to Mrs. So-and-so at dinner, or by patronising their friend's wine a little too freely, or for some one of those many little ambiguous peccadilloes which wives so ingeniously discover in their husbands' conduct.

Between this time and the announcement of carriages there is a great deal of indiscriminate gabbling, and some worrying of the piano, to which no one, however, pays any attention; for nobody now thinks of listening, except to a Patti, or some star of that magnitude. You, having contributed your music, if you are a musician, or told a good story, if you are a teller of good stories, or in some way repaid your host for your dinner, steal away early, under some pretence; and, probably, your first really enjoyable moment since you left your own home is, when you are lighting your cigar on your host's doorstep. Yet you will most likely repeat all this to-morrow night at some one else's house.

Under the head of dinners, I ought not to omit the suburban dinner, which is, perhaps, one of the most delusive, and, at the same time, one of the most pernicious forms of dining out. When invited by your suburban friend, perhaps it is a broiling day, and visions of green grass and shady summer houses—not quite guiltless of claret-cup—flit across your mind. So you accept; and it is only afterwards that you remember you will have to dress yourself at unearthly hours, and to take the train in your evening-dress—a thing calculated to have a very depressing effect upon you; as everyone will regard you as an undertaker, or a waiter going to attend some public dinner. On arriving, you have probably to walk in your dress-boots through some fearfully muddy and newly-built-upon locality, at a great pace, as you cannot get a cab; and you arrive hot, dirty, and generally dishevelled, about ten minutes after the soup. Bubbling over with wrath, you yet have to try and appear as if you had enjoyed your walk from the station, and perhaps even to join in the general depreciatory smile which goes round the company when your host, by way of making things more pleasant, mildly insinuates that you must be an egregious ass

not to have come to a station which is close by, and has cabs. The dinner is generally good, as your host brings his fish down from town himself; and the suburbs are famed alike for piety and good dinners. So, about the time coffee comes in, you begin to recover your temper; and, if your host has a pleasant garden, you, with the aid of a good cigar, pass the hour after dinner in a most beatific state. But you are soon rudely aroused from this state by the everpresent and horrid thought that you must get up and hurry down to catch the train you have previously determined upon; this, too, before you have digested your dinner. You weakly ask your host about the trains; he says, "You've lots of time yet. There are heaps of trains;" and you—not having quite passed out of your beatific state—foolishly give way, and say you will go by the next train.

Here I feel it is only right to warn the reader never to accept the offer of a lift home under the delusion that he will gain something in time upon the railway journey. I once did so; and, after a dreary ride in a small, stuffy brougham, with a married couple who were apparently not upon speaking terms, was dropped in a gasless and cabless neighbourhood somewhere in the wilds of Kensington. I then had to find my way, on a wet night, upwards of two miles. This I accomplished by the aid of much beer to the "force," and, eventually, by giving myself in charge, I reached home at about two in the morning, wet through, and anathematizing the general unfitness of things.

I think, when I began this digression, I left our guest determined to try the last train. This he would probably not have done had he been aware that all the other guests would tail off before the time at which he would have to start; leaving him stranded, and overcome by the badly-concealed yawns of his host and hostess. These have such an effect upon him, that he pretends he is a very slow walker, and gets off some twenty minutes before he need go; which twenty minutes he spends in the draught-trap, which goes by the name of station. His walk to the station is beset with all the dangers and difficulties common to a building locality. He nearly breaks his shins over a heap of bricks, plunges wildly into puddles over his ankles, and takes every post to be a burglar awaiting him. As it is very dark, it is not unlikely he will lose his way, and, consequently, his train; but it is more than likely that he will arrive at his home very late, and quite worn out, and with

the strong conviction that suburban dinners are a grand mistake, unless you have a comfortable carriage in which to bowl to and from your entertainer's house.

The visit to a country friend is a much more pleasant affair than any of the preceding Outs; but it has its drawbacks, amongst which the uncertainty as to the duration of your visit is not the least. Also, if a bachelor, a good deal is expected from you in the way of attention to ladies, and general utility; and, if the house is full, you are shunted away up back staircases, or to distant gardeners' cottages. [N.B. This is a genuine argument in favour of matrimony.]

By the way, what awful noises there are about country houses. Perhaps you sleep in the neighbourhood of a stable, and are kept awake by the horses kicking—a noise resembling small cannon going off at intervals; or it may be your fate to be stowed away in a tower having a weathercock remonstrating in harsh terms all night upon its neglect; but, whatever noise it may be, you feel that all the sentiment poets utter concerning the peaceful quiet of the country is slightly delusory.

Breakfast is the pleasantest time in a country house, especially if you rejoice in a good digestion; but I have invariably noticed that the hours before lunch, when you have exhausted all the sights, in the shape of stables, farms, conservatories, &c., and if you are not shooting, or hunting, become very dreary: and you begin to feel a dearth of occupation, and the want of your customary employment, whatever that may be.

I cannot refrain from noticing here, also, that your hosts, though they may have carefully provided you with every kind of comfort and convenience, generally withdraw from you the greatest comfort and amusement of all—namely, being allowed to prowl about as you like, *some* part of the day, by yourself. They are also liable to be blind to the fact that you may be intensely bored by croquet, that too much intercourse amongst their guests may tend to exhaust all their stock of conversation, which should be carefully treasured up for dinner, and that even long drives may pall upon you. Sunday is rather a heavy day in the country if you are with a slightly fanatical family; and the unaccustomed dinner at one, to enable the servants to go to church, thoroughly upsets you for the rest of the day; though it generally succeeds in toning you down to, and putting you more on an equality with the serious, if not gloomy, air of the whole family.



Once a Week.]

[Nov. 14, 1862.

DAPHNE.—By S. L. FILDES.

FIGHTING THE ENEMY IN HOLLAND.

I.

EVERY person acquainted with geography knows that Holland, although not an extensive kingdom, is the home of a dense population,* and also that it is perhaps the most curious country of Europe, not only from the position it occupies with regard to the sea, and the dangerous inner waters that, flowing through it, divide the country into a multitude of islands, or in consequence of those great historical events of which it has been the theatre, but because of its numerous unique industries, and the simple manners and quaint costumes of the industrious and thrifty people inhabiting its different provinces.

When the tourist arrives in Holland, sailing up the country to Rotterdam upon water above the level of the land, he cannot help concluding that he is in a country made by the efforts of men who handle the spade and wheelbarrow, and looking around him he expects to see a gang of navvies continuing the work. The numerous canals which visitors everywhere see, and the continuous lines of great dykes constructed to prevent the German Ocean and the Zuyder Zee from flooding the country, and to keep the various inland rivers in their respective courses, serve to confirm the idea of the country being formed of earth only, and that it has been chiefly shaped by the hand of man from materials floated down from higher lands by the Rhine and other waters. One may travel many miles in Holland, and never see a stone except in the cities! The appearance of the country, however, is more varied than may be supposed. The Netherlands are certainly a vast plain, but for all that the steeples of Amsterdam are not visible from the towers of Rotterdam, as has been said by a reverend Scottish traveller, not a little celebrated for his power of seeing more than other people. Tourists in Holland are at first greatly disappointed with ever recurring canals and countless polders, till they find out that there is a system of engineering in these waterworks, both as regards design and dimensions, which deserves to be ranked among the wonders of the world. Then, as

travellers career from place to place over the rapid railway, or are borne more gently along on a canal, viewing the beautiful pasture land, and taking stock of the innumerable herds of choice kine; seeing also thriving young forests, and smiling patches of garden ground, with here and there glimpses of extensive dunes, and huge windmills, with great banners revolving in a constant whirl, it gradually dawns upon them that they are passing through a peculiar country.

Holland has been a natural marsh rescued in part from the sea, and in part obtained from matter deposited by the great rivers that flow through it from the high ranges of central Europe. There is one river in particular that has largely contributed to the growth of the country, and which finds an outlet, or rather many outlets to the ocean by way of Holland, and that river is the father of all German waters—the beautiful Rhine. The Netherlands, then, are simply an alluvial deposit—a delta, like the country irrigated by the Nile. In remote ages, that is long before the historic period, the Netherlands—Holland—was a great bed of mud, a swamp tenanted only by croaking frogs and similar members of the reptile family, with here and there a community of rude fishers deriving a scanty living from the waters; and through that vast expanse of slime the river branched away to the sea. The waters of Holland, however, are not now permitted to overflow and fertilize the land, as in Egypt, but are confined in a specific course; and this banking in of the waters, it is thought, may some day prove a danger to the country of great magnitude, as will by-and-by be explained. During these last fifty years great progress has been made in forming and reforming the country. Watery places of vast extent have been drained and converted into fertile fields of golden grain, and in Holland man may, if he pleases, witness, day by day, the forming of a country, a country that in plain language may be called a gift from those districts of Switzerland and Germany which feed the Rhine, being in this respect like the great Egyptian delta, which is a gift from the Nile as the Netherlands are a present from the Father of waters. Holland is still more wonderful, because of its having been floated down in particles by the beautiful waters that gush over the falls of Schaffhausen, and the Rhine is doing even to-day what it has been doing for thousands and thousands of years; it is bringing down land to the delta.

When, by an elaborate system of mechanical contrivances, the people who had taken pos-

* None of the provinces of the Netherlands exceeds an area of 2000 square miles. North Brabant, which is the largest, is 1960 square miles, and Utrecht, the smallest, is 532 square miles. The most densely populated province is South Holland. It has a population of 642,688, and an area of 1162 square miles. North Holland has an area of 2050 square miles, and a population of 534,221; but Utrecht, Limburg, and Zealand, are still more densely populated.

session of the soft country had prisoned in the flowing streams, they then began to fight the ocean, commanding the sea to fall back, or at least trying to prevent its advance, by erecting huge and strong bulwarks. Who that has visited Holland, and being able to exercise a little imaginative power, has conjured up in his mind's eye the slow growth of a great country through many centuries of persistent effort, will cease to wonder at what he has seen? Out from under the rolling salt sea waves has been derived a land of matchless fruitfulness. As I stood on the top of the King's Palace at Amsterdam, and looked upon the hydraulic wonders of the country, the scene seemed itself to chronicle its past history. On a distant green polder wild waters once raged in relentless fury; large ships fired their great guns on the site of yonder street; fish swarmed in every part of this Venice of the North, and the smiling orchards, not far off, were once quicksands. Rood by rood—and it is one of man's greatest achievements—has this fertile country been reclaimed from the waters. Holland is a triumph to the plodding Dutch far greater than the mighty wall of China to the Chinese, or the mysterious pyramids to the prehistoric kings of Egypt!

The grand enemy of the Dutch, now that the old days of warfare and blood are matters of history to them, is—water; the sea without, the Rhine within! The Dutch have, however, subjugated the enemy to some purpose—they have taken Holland, and the water has been enslaved and compelled to bear the burdens of its conquerors, the chief rivers bear on their bosom gigantic ships, and on the canals merchandise of all kinds is floated from town to town, and distributed to remote villages; but the servant sometimes becomes master, and so the water rebels and rises upon those who have subjugated it, taking an occasional but mighty revenge for the indignity of slavery put upon it in great inundations of territory, and exacting a heavy tribute of human life. So lately as thirteen years ago the Rhine burst asunder its ramparts of earth and ice, laying waste a large tract of country, and dealing death and destruction to man and beast.

Many persons who do not know any better are under the impression that it is the sea which the Dutch are for ever fighting against. That, however, is a mistake; it is the internal waters that give the people of Holland most anxiety. The sea that washes South Holland is shut out by a great belt of planted sand, which forms a fine natural protection. These dunes or sand hills are extensive, extending

from Haarlem to Calais, and as they are yearly growing larger and more and more consolidated, they have at length become such fine natural bulwarks as to make danger from the sea at some places an impossibility.

It is curious that no three persons in Holland can be found to agree either about how their country was formed, or how it may be best preserved. There is more than one school of engineers among the Dutch, and there are, in consequence, many opinions on those practical points. The chief battle of opinion lies between the Constructionists and the Destructionists, as they are called—the one class contending that their country is still being made, the other that it is slowly being destroyed. The constructionist section say—“Look at the fine Archipelago of Zealand, which has been formed within the memory of history, and is now a productive grain and fruit-bearing land.” “But,” say the opposing party, “look at the Zuyder Zee; you can easily trace, by means of the necklace of islands which separates it in certain parts from the ocean, the places where the sea broke through and submerged countless thousands of acres of land, and which even now allows the water to press heavily against the rich pasture lands of Friesland, Groningen and Utrecht.” “True, but we can restore the belt of land, and again shut out the northern waters.” “What formed the Gulf of Dollart but an inundation? Have we not,” says the spokesman of the destructionists, “to pass sleepless nights, watching the sea, lying down, allegorically speaking, in armour, never knowing but ere morning tens of thousands of our people may find a watery grave?” “Yes, but man has found out new ways of mastering the elements that make perpetual war on Holland,” reply the constructionists. “We have drained the lake of Haarlem—it was a work of labour, cost a large sum of money, but it has paid. Inundations are not now so frequent, the country is growing in height, let us regain the territory drowned by the Zuyder Zee. Our engineers can do it. Nature, too, is on our side. She is ever sending inland from the sea her clouds of sand to help our growth, and the Rhine is hourly washing away other countries to make one for us—countries, you know, are formed by nature, and not by man.” Such is an example of what is said on both sides, and that a great deal can be said by both parties is self-evident.

The sea is dyked out with great power in some parts of the country, and the rivers, especially the Rhine, with its manifold mouths,

are as cleverly dyked in ; and there is greater danger from the inner waters than from those without. All travellers in Holland ought to see the great dykes of the Helder, and also those of the island of Walcheren ; these works of man grow vastly upon being minutely examined. They are of gigantic size, they rest upon bases of great breadth, and after being formed, carriages and carts run upon them, as they make excellent roads. These barriers are constructed of clay, and bound together by twigs of the willow tree ; formerly straw ropes were used, but as these rotted away too quickly, willows were substituted, and great quantities of willows are grown in the Netherlands for this purpose. The dykes are finished with a strong facing of stone, and no expense is spared to render these erections water-tight. The rivers are also strongly embanked, and as they grow in height, from the deposition of earthy matter brought down from the higher lands by the force of the currents, the banks have from time to time to be heightened ; that system, according to the destructionists, being a mistake. The destructionist party maintain that the rivers ought never to have been embanked at all, but that their currents should have been left to wander at will through the fields of mud that Holland might still have been, and, like the Nile, seek the ocean by their own path. There was a catastrophe from the inner waters six years ago, when the descending ice so swelled a stream that it burst its banks and flooded many hundred miles of the province.

These inner waters, then, running in a course that is naturally below the level of the ocean at high tide, and yet higher than the surrounding country, how, it will be asked, are they got quit of ? How are they poured off the land, and are not the waters on certain occasions driven in upon the country by the sea ? To answer these questions thoroughly would require a series of diagrams to explain how such matters are managed in Holland. Here is an illustration. A portion of the Rhine waters is carried into the sea by means of a canal at Katwyck, which at the period of its formation (1805) was one of the wonders of the country, and was constructed at a cost of about £40,000 by Simon Kross. When the sea has gone back, the great gates at Katwyck are thrown open to let out the waters of the river ; and when, by means of unfavourable winds the ocean rises, the closed sluice-gates prevent the waters from gorging the canals, and so inundating the land about Leyden, which, before the construction of this New Rhine, as it was

at one time called, was of frequent occurrence. Man in Holland has assuredly obtained dominion over the waters, but the price hitherto paid in life and treasure has made the bargain an expensive one.

It may be as well to show, before going further, how the Netherlands are affected by that vast sheet of water, the North Sea—which has an area of not less than 140,000 square miles—and the various contributions which it has made to the country. The long stretch of land, which extends from the Old Maas to the Helder, is protected by the dunes, a series of sandy wastes, planted with appropriate vegetation, against which the tide beats in vain, nature having raised these sterile banks as a protective barrier against the water. The line of the dunes is interrupted at the Helder, where the original barrier has been broken open by the sea ; but the islands Vlieland, Ter Schelling, Ameland, and others, are left to mark the boundary-line which divided, in far back times, the ground now occupied by the South or Zuyder Zee from the outer waters of the North or German Ocean. It is the islands chiefly that are dyked, as also the group at the other extremity of the line of dunes, known as Zealand.

It might, perhaps, have been better for the Netherlands if the sea had been left to wash over the country at its stated seasons, and also that the rivers had been left to overflow the land, as the Nile does Egypt, when there came a more than usual rush of water. Had there been no dykes or other embankments in Holland, the large sacrifices of human life which blot the progress of the Netherlands would never have taken place. But man, greedy of territory, has kept up a perpetual war with the element which menaces this country—a war, as will by-and-by be seen, that costs a fabulous sum of money. The earthy particles brought down by the rivers have been carried out to sea, because, the streams being strongly dammed in throughout their course in the Netherlands, the water has not the power to deposit the *débris* on the adjacent land, and this travelled deposit is surely, although slowly, creating confusion in the waters. Old sea channels have been blocked up, and new islands are day by day being formed. The quantity of matter that can be carried for long distances by a strong river is very surprising, as is shown when it accumulates through the long period required to form a country. If the waters that flow through Holland have already formed the islands of Zealand, it is clear that in time they may form

a similar group. I have seen an analysis of the waters of many rivers, and of all these the earthy matter of the Rhine is the smallest, the water at Bonn containing only two-thirds of a pound in every thousand gallons; yet this small per centage is equal on the total volume of the river, to 146,000 cubic feet of solid matter every twenty-four hours, and this matter, in five thousand years, would form a solid mass seven-and-a-half-feet thick, and ninety miles square! A stratum of Nile mud two feet in thickness, takes not less than a thousand years to accumulate. The overflow of the water leaves an annual deposit of earth of about the thickness of a sheet of the paper on which this magazine is printed.

Again, the sea itself is, in its own peculiar way, constantly adding to the territory of Holland. Where the sweet and salt waters mingle together, there die at the flow of every tide, countless millions of the minute infusorial animals—in sober truth, the number of them is incredible—with which both the sea and the river are tenanted. These, from day to day—or rather their imperishable skeletons and envelopes, consisting of calcareous and siliceous matter—becoming mixed with the mud, slowly but surely add bulk to the various belts of land which are growing seaward. This form of deposit has been watched in other countries than Holland; the Mersey, the Forth, the Thames, and the Humber afford evidence that tidal waters enrich the land. Minute animals of the sea are carried far inland, and a similar class of fresh-water crustaceans are carried out to the estuaries, and so the land grows exactly as it has done, and is still doing, in Zealand. Fresh deposits of matter being added to existing land, dykes have to be extended, and the sea, baffled at one point, dashes with dauntless fury upon another, and thus slowly repeats the process.

The west winds blow in a flow of water from the sea upon the rivers, and so prevent the exit of their waters. The danger to Holland from the sea does not arise, however, from any single wind. If the west, south-west, and north-west winds are bad for choking up rivers with the water of the sea, the other winds are of equally evil omen to the land. It is, however, successive changes of wind that create danger to Holland. When the dykes are sound, the great volume of water which comes in from either the Atlantic or the Polar Sea, driven by a north-west wind, is deflected, and passes on southward without doing any damage, pressing hard, no doubt, against the dunes, but “the waves lash in vain fury a breakwater of their

own formation.” When, however, the wind is at one time blowing strongly from the north or from the south, forcing an unusual body of water into the German Ocean, and then suddenly changes to the west, a catastrophe may occur, as the waves will then be borne with irresistible force towards the artificial shores, which will tremble with the shock. Or if, while blowing strong from the south, the wind chops still farther round, gathering together into one great exultant body the Polar and Atlantic tides, then the water is impelled with terrific force against the mighty barriers, and pouring into the Zuyder Zee, causes the long-suffering Frisians to tremble with dismay, giving the most active employment to the Waterstaat, even though Friesland be dyked with great elaboration, and at vast expense, boulders having been brought from a great distance, and strong piles set in front of the bulwarks as an advanced guard to warn off the waters, or at any rate to break the force of the waves as they dash against the shores. It is but necessary, one of the Dutch topographers says, for the ungovernable force of the winds to raise a tide an inch higher than is provided for by the sea walls, and at one fell swoop many of the smiling plains of the Netherlands will be transformed into so many inland seas, and these would again require an expenditure of millions of guilders to make them dry.

CHAFF.

SLANG acts on a language very much as port wine does upon the constitution; small doses of good quality enrich it, copious draughts of ordinary stuff ruin it. It is difficult to imagine, for example, how our forefathers got on without such a word as *humbug*. They had the thing; oh yes, they had the thing, and had to use such unsatisfactory words as cajolery, deceit, hypocrisy, to express it. Now, the term *humbug* is pretty well incorporated in the English tongue. I have not yet heard it in the pulpit, but believe it to be in customary use at the bar, though its introduction met at first with some resistance. Do you know the story? A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness: “*Humbugged* you, my good woman, what do you mean by that?” said he, sternly.

“Well, my lord,” replied the woman, “I don’t know how to explain exactly; but if a

girl called your lordship a handsome man, now, she would be humbugging you."

Chaff is not so good a word as humbug, but still it was wanted; for repartee is insufficient, and badinage is a French word which has always refused to take a short a and become a naturalised Anglo-Saxon. It would sound most incongruous to call an interchange of humorous incivilities between two cabmen badinage, and chaff is so expressive; valuable wit or sound reasoning would fall unnoticed in such an encounter, but the light words which fly into the air from the winnowing tongue, the husks and refuse of wit, are perceptible to all.

It is not every man who can chaff, and many a gentleman who fancies that if he condescended to engage the funny man of a cockney pleasure party in wordy warfare he could easily silence his batteries might find himself very much mistaken. Those who have taken a prominent share in political contests, or have thrown themselves heart and soul into the humours of the road on a Derby day, know well how smart and ready many a fellow who can barely write his name may be. It is one thing to write a stinging epigram, or deliver a telling speech, and quite another to turn the laugh to your side by a quick and appropriate rejoinder to a sudden attack. The great secret is not to hesitate; never rack your head for a good thing, but out with what first comes into it, and take your chance of its effect. A chaffing match is like a duel with revolvers; both sides blaze away as fast as they can, and some of the bullets are pretty sure to find their billets, unless one of the combatants is very destitute of mother wit indeed.

If Mrs. Grundy turns up her nose, and says that I have chosen a very low subject to write upon, I reply, *Britannicus sum, et nihil Britannicum a me alienum puto*. (I know it is rude to talk Latin to a lady, but then I do so detest the woman.)

In calling chaff British I do not mean to claim a superiority in quick reply for my countrymen; it may be French and German too, for all I know; indeed I have been informed that the *bals d'opéra* at Paris exist upon it, so far as the fun goes, entirely. And judging from the wit which corruscates through French literature, and the smart repartee carried on through whole scenes in French plays, a Parisian chaffing match ought to be something superlative. And yet I should have imagined that our neighbours were too excitable for an interchange of personalities lasting longer than half a minute, besides

which there is generally something vicious in French wit; the point of the tongue is envenomed, and perfect good humour is a necessary ingredient of chaff proper; there must be a smile not a sneer on the lips of either combatant. There is an instance on record, however, of a French farmer whose badinage was quite in the British style. He was driving such a very large herd of calves into Paris one morning that he blocked up the road by which a crowd of pleasure-seekers were proceeding to some fête outside the barriers, and consequently he came in for a good deal of expostulation, banter, and abuse.

"Why all those calves? What are you taking such a lot into Paris for?" was one question a hundred times repeated.

"Well, they will want them; there are such a number going out," was his reply.

It is a curious fact that boys can never chaff. It is true that a London street urchin will often utter a sharp and pert remark, but even he invariably fails to find a second answer if he is taken up. And as for boys of a higher class, whose wits have not been prematurely forced by the education of the kennel, they have not the slightest notion of repartee. Listen to them when they attempt it; they take refuge in virulent abuse and the *tu quoque* almost immediately. The cause of this is not far to seek; it arises partly from a lack of the sense of humour, very general amongst the young, and partly from the want of that power of self-restraint which is acquired by knocking about in the world. And then an immense quantity of chaff is traditional; there are a number of smart sayings and apt replies ready cut and dried which have never, so far as I know, been reduced to writing, but which are none the less familiar amongst certain classes of society; so that a casual assistant at a street dispute is pretty sure to receive an exaggerated impression of the readiness of the interlocutors' wits. I have noticed this even amongst Irishmen, who are the most ready of all Her Majesty's subjects to engage in these wordy combats, and most frequently get the best of them; every now and then their utterances will be original, struck out in the heat of the moment, but the greater part will be from the arsenal stored up in their memories; they have used them often before and will do so again and again. And if Paddy is obliged to depend mainly on old jokes how much more must the less ready John lie under that necessity. But, after all, this reliance upon conventionalities is no disgrace to the chaffer, seeing that he shares it

in common with all men who have to speak in public. Where would our after-dinner orators, our Members of Parliament, our barristers and our extempore preachers be if they had not a stock of commonplaces always on hand to eke out with? And it is just as well that their wit and wisdom should be thus diluted, for who could follow a genius who was both fluent and entirely original through an hour's discourse? It gives one indigestion of the brain only to think of it. There is, indeed, a very low order of chaff—as of speechifying—which consists entirely in the utterance of foolish popular phrases. Such questions as Does your mother know you're out? How are your poor feet? Where are you going on Sunday? or the more modern exclamation, I'll have your hat! form the whole stock in trade of some foolish Cockneys who desire to chaff but cannot. To criticise their vulgar efforts would be like descanting on the steps of a dancing bear; I listen not to them. But I do enjoy, I confess, hearing a bit of good genuine chaff, even at my own expense, such as a reply a cabman made to me two or three years ago. There had been a horrible murder committed in a cab; a wretch poisoned his wife and children inside it with some beer which he brought out to them from a public house and into which he had poured prussic acid, if I remember right; at all events, a friend and myself were talking about the occurrence as we left a London dining-room one evening, and as it was raining we hailed a four-wheeler. "This is not the cab the murder was committed in, I hope?" said I, on stepping in.

"No, sir," replied cabby, promptly; "this is mostly kept for taking patients to the small-pox hospital."

He had me there, eh? And a just retribution too, for taking the initiative by one who knew very well that readiness was not his forte, and that he always thought of a capital reply five minutes too late, but stood speechless at the critical moment. I am more wary generally, however, and have very rarely found myself personally exposed to the fire of a bantering tongue *on land*, though a mild taste for catching Thames dace with an artificial fly brings upon me an immense amount of water-chaff. It is a singular phenomenon that numbers of persons who are sober and reserved in manner upon all other occasions become affected with a desire to say impertinent things directly they get into a boat and are fairly launched. Devoted lovers seated on the bank they will startle—as their lips are

about to meet—with a rude "Ahem!" They disgust the crews of four-oared cutters, who fancy they are pulling well together, by shouting out, "One at a time, gentlemen!" and they show an uncalled-for interest in the proceedings of amateur horticulturists who are working in those pretty gardens which slope down to the edge of the water. But fishermen are their favourite butts, and when you're anchored in the middle of the river your position is a very exposed one. You are alone and helpless, and, though you do not choose to reply to the absurd questions which are put to you, you cannot avoid a sense of looking ridiculous. I mostly take the contemptuous silence line myself, for fear of not getting the best of the encounter, but some of our fraternity are not bad at rejoinder. One day in particular last autumn I noticed a brother fisherman anchored some thirty yards above my station who took the chaff out of all the aggressive boats which were coming down the stream; they had not a word left by the time they reached me, so that I escaped unscathed. "Hulloa, Tom," observed the stroke of a pair oar to his friend and bow, "there's a fish at one end and a fool at the other;" uttered, of course, in a loud tone for the benefit of the angler. "Better be a fool than a galley-slave," shot back the latter. Next came a wherry full of very awkward rowers indeed, who pushed their observations to the verge of insolence. "That is right," cried their proposed victim, good-humouredly; "I like to see tailors stretch their tongues as well as their legs when they *do* get a holiday."

From the silence in the boat which followed this remark I expect it went home.

Of course the greater part of the chaff directed against us poor fly-fishers bears reference to the small size of our prey, and the dace is certainly not what you would call a noble fish. The funniest way in which my attention has ever been directed to this fact—and it has exercised the ingenuity of dozens and dozens—was by a Yankee. He was not rowing himself, not he; he had hired a waterman at Richmond bridge to do that, while he himself lounged on the cushions smoking an immense cigar. Just as the boat was passing I hooked a very juvenile dace indeed, not longer than my middle finger.

"Stranger," drawled the American, "can we do a deal? I'll put it down handsome for the blubber."

I once heard a nobleman, who is reputed to have lost a couple of fortunes at the gaming-table, call out, as he passed a party of barbel

fishers in Teddington Deep, "Patience in a punt!"

"I thought you liked a bit of punting too, my lord," shouted back one of the anglers who recognised him.

But we are a meek and long-suffering race as a rule, and it is much wiser for the witlings to poke their fun at us than to direct their shafts against the bargees, whose retaliatory remarks are for the most part coarse and profane, even if they do not take a practical form. The query Who ate the puppy pie under Marlow bridge? has often resulted in black eyes and a ducking for the curious inquirer; and I have myself seen a bargee, who was unable to get at a boat-load of teasing chaffers in any other way, fire a charge of small shot at them. The distance was too great, indeed, for material damage, but not so far as to prevent its proving a stinging reply.

CHARADES.

I.

WHAT time lethargic Europe woke,
When Peter's voice in thunder broke,
And bade her burst the Paynim's yoke
And free the holy shrine,
My *First*, the midland seas athwart,
With Richard of the Lion-heart
Set sail for Palestine.

How many, ere that strife was done,
Left bones to bleach in Syria's sun,
Could now but ill be reckoned.
But War, though Saturn-like he fall
On his own brood, devours not all:
And this I trow,—nor spear, nor brand
Killed half so many of the band
Who sought in arms that fatal strand,
As did my undreaded *Second*.

And Richard's self—the Knightliest name
In England's rolls of kingly fame,
Save the fourth Harry's son—
Had died my *Whole*, (who dares to flout
The tale with frigid critic-doubt?)
Had never Blondel's wandering song
Revealed the Hold, proclaimed the Wrong,
On Austria's 'scutcheon fixed the stain,
And let the Devil break loose again
That scared usurping John!

II.

WHEN Laura, skilled Enchantress, strove
In artless youth to win and warm me,
What rapturous moments did I prove,
While with my *First* she used to charm me!

And when we parted, broken-hearted,
(For so, fond fool, myself I reckoned,)
She bade me take, for her sweet sake,
And swear to keep and prize my *Second*.

Time long has hurled my *First* from fashion,—
My *Second*'s scattered—Lord knows where;—
And youth's bright dream of life-long passion
Chased by the cold World's morning-air.

But ah!—tho' chains so fragile prove
Dan Cupid but a clumsy forger,—
This bosom still my *Whole* can move
When Titians plays Lucrezia Borgia!

III.

IN Palmer's weed from Holy Land
Home came the good Knight Enguerrand,—
At Acre stricken sore:
And o'er his wound from Paynim brand
Long time my *First* he bore.

For the good steed that, till that day,
Ne'er failed in tourney or in fray,
Swerved sudden in the strife;
And, floundering in that bloody shock,
Had lost—but that the felon-stroke
Upon my *Second* harmless broke—
His own and Rider's life.

He rose, he turned, that warrior good,
He foined, he thrust, he hacked, he hewed,
By George our Saint! in Moslem blood
His blade was crimsoned deeply!
And, though amid the fierce turmoil
He left my *Whole* the foeman's spoil,
He held it, while his wounds they dressed,
But matter for a careless jest:—
"His head, who of such prize can boast,
Must empty be as that I lost!
And life and fame at no more cost
I faith! are ransomed cheaply!"

IV.

'Twas late last night when, after dining,
I crossed the moor to Nan's abode:—
The envious Moon withdrew her shining,
And in my *First* I lost my road.

And when I, at her gate, at last,
To turn the lock as usual reckoned,
Methought some Rival held it fast:—
How could I guess 'twas but my *Second*?

I fumed, I stamped, I fear I swore,
I know I used some words unholy:—
When lo! my Charmer at the door,
Who laughed to scorn my jealous folly.

She chid my hot ungenerous fancy,
She calmed to peace my troubled soul:—
And, as I kissed my pardoning Nancy,
I vowed she ne'er deserved my *Whole*.

V.

LATE on the road, upon my trotters,
(With watch im-pouched, and cash im-pursed,) I bore my knife to scare garotters,
And made it ready with my *First*.

Behind my *Next*, a lowly dwelling,
A lurking Ruffian watchful lay ;
I 'scaped—for 'twas so filthy-smelling,
I crossed to t'other side o' the way.

Sure, like the tenant of that shieling,
A bloody death such rogues should die,
Hanged, quartered, burned,—but I'm revealing
Too much ;—you have it in your eye.

'Tis said there's Honour among villains,
(Tho' 'faith! the paradox is droll ;—)
But brutes who throttle you for shillings
Can claim small title to my *Whole* !

VI.

THE ass that Pethor's Seer bestrode,
When Israel's tribes he would have cursed,
Could ne'er have borne that wrathful load
Till duly nourished by my *First*.

And never Balaam, greedy elf,
Had been among the Prophets reckoned,
Or paltered with God's truth for pelf,
Had Beor died without my *Second*.

Hard weird my *Whole* is doomed to dree,
The sport of every wind of Heaven :—
Hanged, like false Judas, from a tree,—
And stoned, though not like Martyr Stephen.

TABLE TALK.

THE male donkey—though precisians would say ass, for donkey is not a dictionary word,—is now having his praises sounded as a creature to be desired for culinary purposes. Hitherto it has been the female donkey which alone could claim any share in nourishing the human race. Asses' milk was once a cosmetic ; and the Rachels of classical times made their patronesses beautiful for ever by immersing them in baths filled with the milk of asses. The lovely Poppæa kept five hundred she-asses for this very purpose, and daily bathed in their milk, until Nero kicked her to death ; and thus constituted the type of those brutish husbands of whom the police reports occasionally inform us. From imbibing the milk outwardly through the pores of the skin, like Joey Ladle, the transition was easy to drinking the milk, which was found to be most beneficial to invalids of both sexes and all ages, as well

as to infants who were deprived of their natural sustenance. But asses' milk is not always easy to procure ; and perhaps, my experience on this point may be worth telling. The doctor said that my eldest boy—then an infant—instantly required either a wet-nurse or asses' milk. Neither could immediately be procured. The old Rector of the parish had recently been kept alive by the milk from a female ass ; but both it and the Rector had departed. I thought, "Everything can be procured in London : I will go there." I at once went, seventy-eight miles by train, and reached the Old Hummums late at night. The first thing, after an early breakfast, I asked the landlady to tell me where I could procure asses' milk. She could not tell : no one could tell : perhaps I had better go to Hampstead Heath, or try certain shops in Covent Garden. I did so, and went hither and thither ; but no one knew anything about asses' milk, or could suggest where it could be bought. I asked at chemists', and at surgeons', and at confectioners', for four weary hours ; and then, being obliged to get back home, walked from the inn to the railway in order to call at every confectioner's and milk-dealer's on my way. And this, with the like want of success, until the very last moment, when, upon leaving a confectioner's with the usual answer, a lady in the shop, like a good Samaritan, gave me a certain address, to which I went with all haste. Here it is, *pro bono*.—Mrs. Dawkins, Purveyor of Asses' milk to the Royal Family : 66, Bolsover Street, W., New Road. Mrs. Dawkins enjoyed a monopoly in her profession, being the one only person in all London who dealt in asses' milk. The donkeys were brought from the Regent's Park to underground stables, where they were milked. The milk was sent in all directions in bottles, many bottles having to travel by rail. I took a bottle, and arranged for a donkey and its foal to be sent to me by train the next day. The price of the donkey was five guineas, "the price being lower than usual in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent." I failed to see the extraordinary connection implied in this remark ; but it was satisfactorily explained, that, in consequence of that royal personage's decease, many of Mrs. Dawkins' aristocratic patrons were not in town. Her claim to be Purveyor of Asses' milk to the Royal Family was perfectly well-founded : and so also was that old lady's at Malvern who announced herself to be Sausage-maker to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

STRAIT-LACED I am not ; nevertheless, in the name of common decency, I protest against the growing custom of giving to race-horses names which should be connected only with the highest and holiest thoughts. Such a name as Surplice we might let pass with the remark that a minute's thought might have been well expended in choosing some more appropriate designation for a galloping horse ; but Crucifix was decidedly objectionable. This name, however, was surpassed, in profane audacity, by that of Crucifixion ; which, in its turn, must yield the palm for outrageous bad taste, to that Crucifixion filly which, after winning the Blankney Stakes, at Lincoln, was named Atonement, by her owner, whom the sporting writers call "the learned pedigreeist Dr. Shorthouse." This learned Doctor displays less taste in his nomenclature than was shown by Mr. Bumble and his fellow parochial authorities.

APROPOS of the religious enlightenment of agricultural labourers, I can vouch for the truth of the following incident. In a little cottage in a secluded corner of Somersetshire, though not more than twenty miles from Bristol, a family are about to sit down to their mid-day meal, when the mother thus addresses her little girl Prudence, a child about eight years of age, "Now, Prue, put your hands on your belly and say grace ;" upon which Prue demurely folds her hands before her, and making a curtsy, says,

Thank father and mother
For bread and butter.

Prue is now the mother of a young family, let us hope that she teaches *her* children to say a better grace than this.

SHAKESPEARE spoke of being in a holiday humour, and Charles Lamb testified to the existence of a holiday-rejoicing spirit. Both of them were workers, and we may be sure that their holidays were hardly earned. The first public utterance of Bishop Magee, in his new diocese, has been a definition of holiday-takers. Speaking to the boys at the King's School, Peterborough, and telling them that he had got a holiday for them, he said that there were two classes of men—those who worked for the sake of holidays, and those who took a holiday for the sake of doing their work better. "Those," he said, "who only worked because they cannot help it, and take a holiday whenever they can get it, are the drones and sluggards of the world, who

do themselves little good and nobody else any. Those who take a holiday because they know their work will get on better with it, and, indeed, cannot go on without it, they are the men to be admired." This is something for the lads to digest in their plum-pudding and mince-pie holidays.

THERE is something touching in the following anecdote apart from its historical interest. An aged ecclesiastic presented himself at the cathedral in Avignon, and inquired if they still had an old black chasuble, which he described with great minuteness. The official answered in the affirmative, and, after some hesitation, he allowed his questioner to take it in his hands and examine it. The examination was not of long duration : he pressed it to his lips with reverence. Curious to learn what associations there were connected with the old, worn, chasuble to kindle so much emotion, the man in charge asked the venerable old priest what he knew concerning it : whereupon the priest said that it had once belonged to him, and was made from the last robe worn by Marie Antoinette. He supported his assertion with so many proofs that the authorities of the cathedral were convinced, and the old chasuble, we are told, is now carefully put away along with the other treasures.

MACMILLAN beats all the magazines this month. It contains quite a crowd of good articles on good subjects ; but best and brightest of all is the finish of *Realmah* which it contains. It is brimful of wit and wisdom, humour and high spirits. The rapidity of the author's changes from grave to gay—from the lightest chaff to the most incisive thought—is very remarkable ; and high as Mr. Arthur Helps' reputation was before, it is quite clear that in this new work he has surpassed himself.

THERE are some shopkeepers blessed with an inventive genius, who amuse themselves by writing doggerel verses, and inscribing them over their doors, or placing them in the shop windows. These generally extol the quality of the goods sold in the shop, or the promptitude with which all orders are executed. Thus, over a door at Andover I observed the following lines :

Luke Buhl lives here,
Attends to all the fires near ;
If chimney be on fire,
He puts it out at your desire.

On a public-house near Winchester, there is a still more brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, which runs thus :

Within this hive we are all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny ;
If you are dry, step in and try
The flavour of our honey.

I recollect another ; an invitation to taste the ginger beer in a dirty little shop in Hastings :

Good people stop
And try a drop
Of ginger-pop
At this cheap shop.

I am not in a position to state positively whether the following poem which I saw the other day over a shop in a dingy street, in the dingy little town of X—, in Devonshire, is a plagiarism or not. If so, the vernacular has been adopted, and the shopkeeper's professions are literally carried out :

Here Pize and Kaakes and beer I sells,
And Histers tew and in the shells.
With Stood uns tew fower them what chews,
And with dispatch blacks butes and shews.

BEHOLD answers to the bunch of Charades which will be found on another page. The last is uncommonly good.

- I.—Host-age.
- II.—Songs-tress.
- III.—Scab-bard.
- IV.—Mist-rust.
- V.—Hone-sty.
- VI.—Dam-son.

I HAVE not met with this French Charade before :

Mon premier est ce que vous m'êtes,
Mon second est ce que je voudrais que je vous fusse,
Mon tout est ce que vous devriez faire.

Answer.—Chercher.

I AM acquainted (this is not boasting) with a renowned capitalist whose multifarious money dealings make him a reckoner of lightning readiness, and have so engrafted the habit of instantaneously solving all arithmetical problems that come before him, that in everyday life he is always at it. Some one, by the way, said of him it was no wonder he had made such a harvest, he was a perpetual summer—but this is not my point. He once met a beggar and gave him three halfpence. "The Lord return it you ten thousand times," exclaimed the beggar, ironically perhaps. But our man of figures, in quiet earnest, and with the rapidity of a touched spring, pops out "That's 62*l.* 10*s.* to my account ;" leaving the

beggar staggered at his own unconscious generosity. The same individual, who was not without a vein of dry humour, being with another heaper of gold heaps, both making their way through that human ant-hill, otherwise Cornhill, his co-mate perceived himself robbed of his handkerchief by a slip of roguery who made up for blundering execution with his hands by rapid motion with his feet. About launching in pursuit of him, the robbed man was stopped by my friend, who observed, "Forgive him—we must all have our beginnings."

INSOLENCE is a charming quality when, like mercy, it is not strained. Even murder, as readers of De Quincey know, and take very good care that others shall know too, may be carried to an indulgent extreme. How seldom is insolence pleasantly practised within the proper bounds, beyond which it ceases to be amusing and begins to be offensive ! I knew a waiter once—alas ! he has been summoned from my accustomed chair, never to return—who was the most insolent waiter and man I ever knew, without offence to me or anybody. He was head-waiter at a celebrated tavern, and took the money for late suppers when guests who had supped were going away. There had been some bother about fees to servants ; and among the frequenters of the public room in which, as I have mentioned, our insolent friend took payment from those who went away, were certain rigid sticklers for an old custom of limiting each gratuity to the modest sum of two-pence. One of these staunch conservatives, having to pay two shillings and threepence at the door of the room for what he had consumed at table, gave the insolent head-waiter a half-crown, and said, "Give me a penny." The insolent head-waiter was, or pretended to be, deaf, and proceeded to settlements with other departing visitors. At last he was obliged to notice the patient patron standing in evident expectation of something or other ; so, with an inquiring look and tone, he said, "Beg pardon, sir ?" "I want a penny," said the gentleman. "Want a penny, sir ? Certainly, sir." Then, having fumbled in all his pockets, the insolent head-waiter produced the coin, held it daintily between his thumb and forefinger, placed it in the palm of the customer's outstretched hand, and said, with a sweet, nonchalant smile, "Going over a bridge, sir, I presume ?"

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 47.

November 21, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER LIIL.—TWO TO THE RESCUE.

TO Claire's great disappointment, the Dowager did not fulfil her promise of coming to her that evening, neither did she assign any reason for not coming. The young Marquise despatched a line to her early the next morning, reminding her that she particularly desired to see her; and the answer brought was, that the Marquise Dowager had been prevented, the night before, from going out by illness; but that she would be with her daughter-in-law immediately after breakfast.

The Dowager indisposed? Why, such a thing had never been heard of! It was not in the family annals, and Claire was plunged into an astonishment bordering on stupefaction, upon the announcement of the fact.

When her mother-in-law paid her promised visit after breakfast, there certainly were traces of the indisposition of the day before, and the pinched features and yellowed complexion of the Dowager bore witness that something had been disturbed in the usually even tenour of her health. But upon that subject she would not tolerate a single question, and tartly replied that nothing was ever the matter with her.

But when Claire broached the subject upon which she so ardently desired to consult her mother-in-law, the latter flatly refused to have anything whatever to do with it. As to all the young Marquise's arguments about human souls, and higher duties, &c., &c., the implacable Dowager laughed them to scorn, and told Claire, moreover, that she was embarking upon a most unseemly enterprise, and that such infamous women as the Sphinx must be left to their fate, that they were invariably better treated than they deserved, and that it was the height of impropriety to meddle with them in any way whatever.

In truth, the scheming Dowager was considerably discomfited by her daughter-in-law's communication; and what she most desired was, to leave her brother in utter quietude of mind, and perfectly untormented as to the objectionable personage to whom, she felt certain, any premature or injudicious opposition would make him forthwith offer his name and fortune. She took good care not to make the remotest allusion to the information she had received the day before, touching her brother's matrimonial projects, but dwelt on the exceeding and never-to-be-sufficiently-reproved impropriety of approaching the subject of the Sphinx with M. de Moranges.

Claire, on the other hand, concealed from the Dowager any knowledge she might have had of Claudine, and all the particulars of the wretched girl's visit to Clavreuil, and of the gift of the little silver medal, which constituted the link between herself and the outcast, and seemed to impose upon her the special duty of rescuing her miserable, sinful sister from perdition.

Neither of the two made any impression upon the other; and when the Dowager made her exit, somewhat wrathfully, she left her daughter-in-law as totally without help or advice as to her contemplated campaign against M. de Moranges as she had been before.

Still Claire was determined to do what she thought right, but she certainly did not see clearly how to set about it. At one moment she thought of consulting Olivier, but a very little reflection sufficed to make her feel that it was decidedly unlikely he should take a serious interest in any woman's moral welfare, let alone such a woman as the Sphinx. After racking her brains to devise some plan, Claire resolved at last to do what, had she been older or more experienced, she would have done at first; namely, to write simply and straightforwardly to her uncle, and beg him to come and speak with her upon a matter in which she took a great interest.

The note was written and sent, and the answer brought, and M. de Moranges fixed to

be with his niece the next day at one o'clock ; and then Claire thoroughly understood what a difficult task she had undertaken. Then all the various objections she had heard recurred to her, clothed in tenfold strength, and she shrank from the accomplishment of what had seemed so comparatively easy. The Dowager had stigmatised the step as improper, and unbefitting a lady ! And Henri Dupont had held it to be of such immense difficulty that he openly avowed he knew no one who would attempt it. Then, in the face of the act itself, the young Marquise, losing sight of all the loftier considerations which raised it to the rank of a duty, saw only the small inconveniences it entailed, and the solecisms in strict good breeding it necessarily enforced upon her. How had she dared take upon herself to meddle with her uncle's private life ? He was remarkably kind and amiable to her, but there was no real intimacy between them ; and nothing in all his bearing authorised her to take a liberty with him ; and she was about to take, of all liberties, the greatest that could be conceived !

The young Marquise was filled with vexation at what she now called her own rashness, and would have given the world to have been able to get out of what seemed to her a tremendous scrape.

When M. de Moranges entered her drawing-room, and begged her to remark how punctual he was in obeying her summons, Claire was so embarrassed, that all trace had vanished of that self-possession for which her uncle himself had so lauded her. She spoke of several indifferent subjects, and could not, for the life of her, see her way to entering upon the one that so deeply occupied her mind. At last,—

"My dear niece," said M. de Moranges, in the kindest tone, "you wished to speak to me of something that interests you. I hope I need not say that I am completely at your orders ; do not fear to ask anything of me. It will be a pleasure to me to be of any use, or to promote any object that is of interest to you."

The young Marquise looked down, and, blushing all over, "It is not for me," she replied, in a low voice, "it is for you ; my dear uncle, pray do not be angry with me !" and she looked beseechingly at him. "I feel what I am doing to be my duty ; but it is a very hard one, and you must promise not to be angry with me ; what I wish to speak to you about concerns not me, but you."

"Then all the more tell me everything unreservedly," replied the Marquis, frankly and

affectionately ; "be assured that I shall never be angry with you."

"Uncle," began Claire, "have you ever thought of the miserable condition of that poor girl ?" She hesitated, and M. de Moranges looked as though he were miles away from comprehending what she was driving at. "I mean," she resumed, "that person who lives in your house, and whom the fashionable world has surnamed the Sphinx ; have you ever thought of the misery of that poor creature ?"

"It is a strange subject for your lips, my dear niece !" observed M. de Moranges, with a curious smile, and an expression of countenance by no means benevolent now ; "but pray proceed ; what is it you have to say to me ?"

"Oh, my dear uncle !" exclaimed Claire, her courage returning with the re-awakened sense of duty ; "be merciful to the unfortunate girl, think of her misery and her sin ! think of her soul for ever lost, and be generous towards her ! let her come back to the right road, do not stand in the way of her salvation !"

M. de Moranges laid his hand on his niece's arm, uplifted in an attitude of entreaty, and with a very disagreeable look,—

"Claire !" interposed he, harshly ; "all this is not your own doing : you are obeying the promptings of some priest."

This restored Claire to herself.

"Upon my honour, no !" she replied, firmly ; "every word I have uttered comes from the bottom of my own heart only."

There was no doubting her for an instant. Truth was stamped upon every feature, upon every look, and all traces of embarrassment and shyness had disappeared.

"So that," resumed M. de Moranges, "you have spontaneously, and without being put up to it by any one else" (he accentuated every word, and looked fixedly at his hearer)—

"Without being put up to it by any one, I declare to you," repeated Claire, firmly.

"You have of your own accord," continued the Marquis, in the same tone ; "determined to penetrate into the most secret recesses of my private life, and advise me for what you naturally term my good ? Claire !" added he, after a short pause, "I have never meddled with your domestic life, never felt even the slightest curiosity to know what went on behind the scenes ; and that, simply because I did not think it was any business of mine, and because I hold a man's private life to be his own exclusive property, and to be sacred from the intrusion of no matter how near a relation."

"Uncle," said Claire, "I feel the lesson you mean to give me, but do not be angry with me

if I say—I do not accept it. I do not wish to interfere with you, still less to advise you, who are so far, far wiser than I am. I merely come to you as a suppliant, and humbly implore of you to be charitable towards a fellow creature, just as I would ask you for money to help the sick or starving. Uncle! you must not be angry with me—I ask your charity. I cannot—indeed I cannot—refrain from doing what I think right;” and as, with faltering voice and tearful eyes, she uttered these last words, there was such a modest earnestness about Claire that M. de Moranges’ rigidity of demeanour began partially to give way.

“You actually take, then, an interest in the person you allude to?” said he, in a gentler tone of voice; “that is very pretty of you, my niece,” and he smiled.

“What must I be,” retorted Claire, “if such misfortune did not touch me to the very heart?”

The Marquis got up, walked to the chimney, leant his back against it, and looked scrutinisingly, but not in displeasure, at the young Marquise.

“My dear Claire, what do you know of this person?” he asked.

She looked down somewhat disconcerted, and answered, blushing,—

“What everyone in Paris knows.”

“And,” continued the Marquis, “that constitutes in your opinion such an amount of misery that you forthwith decide upon straining every nerve to alleviate it: don’t interrupt me, pray: if we could go seriously into the question (which we cannot) there would be matter for argument without end, for we must then reason consistently, and examine the fact of the existence of the class, of the species—the mere individual is nothing. I know your point of view is the purely religious one; you are convinced that the welfare of a soul is imperilled: I—well! never mind what I think upon that subject!—I will consent to believe you perfectly sincere, and free from all clerical cant in the matter; but suppose I were to agree to what you would ask of me: what would you propose to do?”

“To rescue the poor girl at once!” exclaimed Claire.

“That is, I presume,” rejoined M. de Moranges, “to make her exchange dainty fare for coarse, fine clothes for ugly ones, and more or less to shut her up in some holy place of refuge or other, where she should only hear words of sanctity, whether she were quite capable of understanding them or not. It is mostly after this fashion that this form of rescue is practised upon the sinful.”

“Uncle,” replied Claire, looking M. de Moranges straight in the face, “you have me at a great disadvantage, for you speak like a man of the world, and a man of experience, and I am utterly ignorant and have only my ardent goodwill. I do not brave you, uncle, I appeal to you: why will you not help me? Think of what this poor young thing might have been—she is not twenty yet, they say: think of what she will one day be. She might have been an honest workman’s wife, the mother of children who would respect and cherish her——”

“She was dying of hunger when I took her,” interrupted the Marquis impatiently.

“And how much better it would have been for her if she had died!”

“I beg your pardon, that is all nonsense, sheer nonsense, unworthy a woman of your intelligence,” retorted M. de Moranges; “she thinks herself immensely the gainer, rely upon that.”

“And you call that honest, uncle?” asked Claire, with a look that the Marquis evaded. “You gave her stones for bread, and you knew they were stones, which she did not! Uncle! uncle! why not be generous, and help me to save this girl?” and she had recourse again to her sweet touching tones and beseeching air.

M. de Moranges remained silent for several minutes, apparently working out some knotty problem in his own mind. At last,—

“My dear Claire,” said he, “what would you do to *rescue* that girl, as you call it?”

She looked up at him with her bright, pure look, and answered,—

“If she were elsewhere than where she now is, I would go to her, and speak to her as sister may speak to sister—teach her all I could—teach her how she has sinned, and that all sin may be retrieved; but, above all, force her to feel that my own heart sorrows for her fault, and that her return to the right road would make me happy. I would try to make her feel that she is really, genuinely dear to me, as my sister in Christ.”

M. de Moranges looked with admiration at his beautiful niece, whose whole countenance glowed with the purest and most holy enthusiasm.

“You are a sweet, dear girl, Claire,” said he, almost fondly; “and you do truly love your neighbour, but there, alas, lies the whole mistake. The sinful, as you call them, may sometimes be impressed by strong individual affection—earthly affection—which is what you cannot give; and what you can give, namely, the Christian love for the fellow

creature, for the abstract neighbour, does not touch them."

The young Marquise looked discouraged, for she felt there was truth at the bottom of this remark.

"You are so genuinely charitable, my dear niece," continued the Marquis; "that I will confide to you what I have not yet told to the principal person concerned; I, too, have a plan of my own for rescuing this unfortunate girl, as you choose to consider her," (Claire raised her eyes full of gladness to her uncle's face); "I will place her in a condition to retrieve utterly what appears to you as her sin; I am absolutely independent, and have the right to do whatever I like; my intention is to rescue this girl in a way none of you dream of—my intention is to marry her."

"Oh, uncle, how can you joke upon such a subject?" cried the young Marquise, with a half-terrified, half-reproachful expression, but at the same time turning very pale.

"Joke, Claire!" he echoed; "in that word you unwittingly expose your whole weakness. You don't admit even the possibility of such a project as mine, and you talk of rescuing people!" he added, almost scornfully.

"I do," rejoined the Marquise, proudly; "my desire is to rescue, not to recompense; I would not reward anyone for the evil done, but I would prove that all sin can be atoned for by repentance."

"No, my dear niece," interposed the Marquis; "you deceive yourself, you are like all those of your kind: so long as the salvation of the sinner is to be secured by his punishment, you go heart and soul into the business, but the instant the sinner's salvation is to be achieved pleasantly, you'll none of it; you are all alike, you devotees."

"I am not a devotee, uncle," retorted warmly Claire; "I believe in God with my whole soul, and trust in Him and love Him with my whole soul; and I believe in good, and don't believe that right and wrong are all one; I believe in duty, and am convinced that our duty is always to do more than we can do, and never to think of ourselves: but to reward wrong-doing is wrong, uncle. Sacrifice is the law of our life."

"And plenty of it we get," replied M. de Moranges, smiling at his niece's animation; "we're always making sacrifices, whether we will or not—always having to forego something we like. It is just that which makes life such a mistake—such a blank," he added, in a somewhat different tone. "As to me, I'm tired of it, and mean to try whether domestic

comfort is better worth: if you were consistent you ought to approve me."

"Approve you!" retorted Claire; "what! for giving the most deplorable example?"

"My dear child," rejoined the Marquis, gravely; "who gives good examples nowadays? look around you and tell me; your so-called good examples are mere negations, abstentions from absolute evil sometimes, but active, energetic good—never. No, my dear niece, even you are not, at this moment, acting up to what you regard as your principles; you are obeying the narrowest and most hackneyed of prejudices." (Claire started.) "Yes; and obeying it because it is the most hackneyed, and that you have been born and will die within the perpetual hearing of it. It is not because you think I do wrong in marrying a sinful person (whose sin, mark you, if I took up your side of the argument, I should say I alone provoked), it is not for that, my dear child, it is because that sinful person is not of a condition in which I ought to choose a wife. Look around you, at the women everybody receives, and at the scandals everybody forgets: nay, for that matter, look close at home, at that woman who ran away with poor Lancour, your own cousin; I was told yesterday that Mottefort had actually taken her back; before a year is out, I shall hear you all calling her poor Madame de Mottefort, and celebrating her Christian repentance and her husband's Christian mercy, yet I defy you to think better of her than of the dreadful woman whom I mean to marry."

"Uncle," responded Claire, very gently; "I say again that I do not know how to argue with you, but I feel deeply—oh, uncle, indeed, I feel at the very bottom of my heart, that it is wrong to reward sin."

"May be," rejoined the Marquis; "but set your mind at ease on that point; be quite certain that Providence will be on the best possible terms with Madame la Marquise de Moranges, who will do a world of good in her parish. She will not have the *entrée* into your salons, but cardinals and archbishops, and the highest dignitaries of the Church, will bow down before her, and call her a saint whenever she chooses, rely upon that."

"Uncle," said Claire, after a pause of a few seconds, very disconsolately, "I meant to do good, and I have done none. You and I cannot discuss, for we don't speak the same language; but still I must always say I feel—nay, I know that I am right, though I cannot prove it to you."

"My dear child," answered the Marquis,

with an expression almost of tenderness, "you and I shall be always good friends, for you are thoroughly sincere and really wish to devote yourself to others; but you are too young to know the difference between honesty and piety, and between morality and prejudice; you are confused and, in fact, prejudice has the upper hand; this is as it should be for the present, only don't be led away by your zeal for other people's souls into interfering with their private life; let each man go his own way, whether it lead him to Paradise or elsewhere, that's the advice of a man of the world."

"But one's conscience," objected, timidly, Claire.

"Has enough to do with one's own conduct," retorted her uncle, "without meddling with one's neighbour. And now, my dear Claire, I will not, with you, play the hypocrite, for one instant, but tell you the whole truth at the risk of shocking all your opinions. In marrying the person we have spoken of, I am not thinking of her rescue, but of my own convenience. I have upon her guilt and my wrong very different notions from yours, and I marry her because it suits me to do so."

The young Marquise shook her head in silence, and looked at her uncle with eyes full of tears.

"Don't grieve over me," he added, smiling, but serious in spite of himself, "I am merely a man of the world, whose experience of life has not hitherto been altogether satisfactory. But whatever comes, I remain your firm friend, my dear niece. Count upon me at all hours—only apply to me, mind, for what interests you, not for what concerns myself; leave my interests to my own care."

Claire had certainly failed with her uncle.

CHAPTER LIV.—THE PROPOSAL.

AND, in reality, what had led M. de Moranges to this extraordinary determination of his to marry the Sphinx? It would be very difficult to say; men's wilfullest acts resulting mostly from a combination of various small causes, and seldom from any one important motive.

M. de Moranges was, as the reader scarcely requires to be told, a thoroughly selfish man, that term not being meant to imply any particular degree of wickedness, but simply what it states, namely, the habit of thinking of self. M. de Moranges' whole life had been lived with a view to himself alone, and exclusive of the interests, or opinions, or pleasures, or comforts of other people. He did not take other

people into account, not because he disliked or despised them (there never had been anything misanthropic about him), but because he overlooked them, otherwise than as instruments conducive to his comforts, his pleasures, or his interests. He had led, as has been mentioned, a very kingly life, having been famed, submitted to, flattered, and highly considered, for reasons exclusive of any moral merit, and it was natural enough that he should conceive himself privileged to do whatever might be found agreeable without reference to what the so-called world might say or think upon the subject.

He had not married in early life for several reasons; firstly, as has been noted, he had from his boyish days been so much loved by so many women that he lacked the opportunity for choosing one who should be ostensibly the partner of his existence; secondly, he found he could have all the advantages of matrimony without any of its thralldom, and that the world only craved for admittance inside his doors; thirdly, he was by nature despotic, disliking discussion, and having in common with his sister the love of dominion; and fourthly, he was, intellectually speaking, self-sufficing, and abstractions could fill what he termed his heart far more than could human beings. He loved the beautiful in everything, and the grand and the complete—loved them sincerely—worshipped excellence everywhere, whether in politics, art, industry, or what not, and this it was which chiefly kept him aloof from mere ordinary affection, and from the problematic pastime entitled falling in love.

But at fifty-five M. de Moranges felt lonely, and around him was a void, which the mere aspect of the beautiful in no matter how many forms could not fill up. The sterility of his beauty-worship became clear (though not to him), for he was possessed only of a shadow, and created not.

A great warrior, a great statesman, a great poet may vanquish love, for he espouses ambition, is a creator, and throws himself forth in deeds, peopling coming ages with his heirs; but the mere admirer of other's greatness, the mere lover of the unpossessed beautiful, comes at some time or other to see his need, and wearies over his solitude upon earth.

M. de Moranges had come to this when he resolved to take to himself Claude Raynal's daughter, and bring her up, and fashion her to his hand. That was a matter of whim, and soon came to an end. Then the Sphinx, having achieved repute, was transformed into the centre of a circle, and the surroundings

whereof she was the motive, beguiled the hour for a time, and charmed vanity. When that was beginning to die out, something awoke in the Sphinx herself, which compelled her master without his or her knowledge.

It was the Unknown before which he involuntarily bent ; it was the Truth that thrilled through him, though it merely touched him as he passed by.

What had inspired Claudine ? By what enchantment had she been suddenly transformed ? She had been a statue, she was a living woman—where was Pygmalion ?

The Marquis's perceptions were much too fine for him not to recognise the change the instant it occurred ; but the cause ? the cause ? He sought for it vainly, and then seized upon a false one. That mattered little, for the work was done by the false cause every bit as surely as it would have been by the true one. M. de Moranges was torn asunder from himself, forced into occupying himself with another, and his faith in himself was shaken. He was fifty-five, the magnificent Marquis, and the Sphinx, of whose possession he had grown proud, could love—but loved not him.

She, in whose atmosphere he felt now an indescribable fascination, was to him still the statue : he was not Pygmalion.

Then jealousy tortured him, and he thought it was too late. But reassured by Olivier, and persuaded of Claudine's *de facto* fidelity, the Marquis clutched at one of those impossible hopes, which madden by their very impossibility. It had been said that the rival he feared would, in order to win the Sphinx, wed her. It was only a word, a suggestion, a thing he would, had he been in his senses, have laughed to scorn ; but he was not in his senses, and the seed of suggestion had sunk into a kindred soil, and had sprouted forth into a goodly tree.

What if he were to marry her himself ? why not ? Another had been reputed ready to do so—why not he ? and then he thought of the artist-like pleasure of developing this primitive nature, and of how she must naturally worship the benefactor he should prove himself to be ! He would now watch the melting of the marble into flesh for him, Pygmalion ? These were among the ancients' god-like joys. Pygmalion, indeed ! what did he say ? he was Jupiter, and she Semele, and he grew lighter and younger as he thought that happiness was there at his feet, waiting to be picked up if he would only stoop.

Well, he would stoop ; and having taken that resolve, he would, according to his nature,

seek perfection in what he did, and would so overwhelm this unfortunate, as they styled her, with his condescension, that she should, Semele-like, be consumed by the blaze of radiance cast upon her.

The very day after acquainting his niece with his new project, the Marquis decided upon imparting to Claudine the brilliant fate for which she was reserved, and accordingly he sought her in the library of the Hotel de Moranges, the windows of which opened upon a conservatory filled with strongly-perfumed plants.

But between our dreams and our acts, and between our surest hopes and their fulfilment, there lies so wide a chasm, that M. de Moranges hesitated to take the handle of the door in his hand—his heart, yes ! actually his heart beat strongly ; and when by dint of will he entered that room, it was very much as any other humbler lover would, who, at fifty-five, might after all be refused by the low-born she to whom he offered his hand.

Refused ? No ! not as the word is used every day—not that ; he knew that would not be ; but he wanted more now, and she might accept him yet refuse herself : there lay the possible failure, and that he dreaded. But it was but a passing alarm—reasonably speaking, the Marquis felt sure of the event.

Claudine was seated by the fire, wrapped in dark purple velvet and sables. She was always chilly, circulation with her being slow ; she had been trying to learn how to net purses with chenille and gold beads and was clumsily labouring to make her pale fingers obey the example of Mademoiselle Aspasie's nimbler ones, when the door opened.

On the entrance of the Marquis both the women rose, a quantity of chenille and strings of gold beads fell from Claudine's lap, and the amiable Aspasie set herself to the task of picking them up from the carpet, during which operation she, unobserved, took a careful view of her employer's face.

In a few seconds all that had fallen down was neatly placed upon a table, and Mademoiselle de Mourjonville, with a modest respectful air, asked whether, if she were not particularly wanted, she might petition for an hour's freedom to answer a rather pressing letter from home. Claudine looked as though she would rather she had remained, but the permission was granted by M. de Moranges with the blandest promptitude, and, as she retired from the library, letting an unseen glance linger over the pair she left behind, she knew as well upon what errand the Marquis had come as if

he had imparted to her all the details of his plan.

Claudine was embarrassed, and settled herself upright upon her chair, as she conceived it was the practice of fine ladies to do, but she did not know how to hold her hands, and sought for the gloves which she thought it would have been proper to have on. Nothing had ever been able to cure her of her innate dread of the Marquis, who, on his side, sat surveying her with that tender benignity which very vain-glorious men feel (beyond their betters) for any individual upon whom they are about to confer some royal bounty.

"Claudine," said he, with a smile, "do you remember at one time being so extremely anxious to be called Madame de Savaray? it is many months ago, but you seemed remarkably anxious. Do you remember?"

"I think I do," she stammered, with evident confusion; "but I assure you, Monsieur le Marquis, I have never, since then, never——"

"I am not reproaching you," interposed M. de Moranges, gently; "but I want you to tell me why you made that request? what was your particular reason?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied the unlucky Sphinx, colouring deeply, and fidgeting about with her fingers, (she would have been so glad if Aspasia had been there, Aspasia always knew exactly what to say); "I am so afraid you would laugh at me, or be very angry if I were to tell you why," she added in a lower tone.

"I entreat of you to do so," persisted M. de Moranges, with so much kindness that Claudine took courage.

"Well, then," she murmured, "it was because I thought it would make a lady of me."

"And you have a strong desire to be made a lady of?" rejoined the Marquis, "is that so, eh?"

"Is it wrong?" she asked hurriedly, and looking frightened again.

"Quite the reverse." And there was silence for some seconds, M. de Moranges feeling thoroughly reassured now as to his own prospects, and gazing at the fire with serene satisfaction, whilst he dallied with the coils of his watch chain.

"So that it would really afford you an un-mistakeable pleasure if I were to authorise you to call yourself Madame la Baronne de Savaray, and enjoin upon my whole establishment to know you by that name?"

"Oh, Monsieur le Marquis! Monsieur le Marquis!" exclaimed Claudine, clasping her hands in delight, and throwing herself back in her chair.

She was very beautiful, thus, and in the sudden glow of pleasure which spread all over her, flushing her cheek, kindling her eye, and animating her with warm quick life, M. de Moranges thought he seized ample promise of the statue's transformation.

"It is a cheap boon to confer upon a person to whom one is attached," said he, graciously.

"For certain, certain," urged the Sphinx, timidly, "Monsieur le Marquis is not mocking me?"

"Why should I do so?" rejoined he. "I am able to refuse; I am to be trusted when I grant;" and with those words he rose from his seat, went to the conservatory, and gathered a branch of stephanotis, which he brought back to the Sphinx, who was now standing staring at herself in the glass, as though in her childish joy to make sure that it was her own identical self who had just achieved what she for the moment most longed for.

"That flower," observed M. de Moranges, laying the branch of stephanotis on Claudine's fair hair, "is like the satin of your skin; not at this moment," he continued, with a smile, "for you are as red as the scarlet passion-flower there on the wall. I am truly rejoiced at the pleasure I have been able to give you."

"Oh! indeed, indeed. I am the happiest woman in the world," cried the Sphinx, with an exultation she could not master.

The Marquis came nearer to her, and took her hand.

"Claudine," he said, in an almost serious tone, "have you not reflected that there is something beyond being Madame de Savaray?"

"What?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Those who are Barons of Savaray are Marquises of Moranges too," he resumed.

"Yes, I know it is a title of your house," answered the girl, "and that if you did not choose, I could not bear it, and I am so grateful;" and she looked at him now with an expression of intense delight.

"But I might choose to give you more than the name of Savaray," remarked M. de Moranges.

"I can imagine nothing more."

"I might give you that of Moranges," he added, in a lower tone, and with an undeniable and uncontrollable beating of the heart.

"No," retorted she, humbly, "that would not be right—that is the name you bear yourself."

"And that we can bear together," he added, with a look of princely fondness and condescension.

"How?" she asked, wonderingly.

"By my making you my wife, Claudine,"

was the reply. "My mind is made up; I will marry you, and make you Marquise de Moranges."

The Sphinx turned deadly pale, and shrinking from the arms opened to receive her,—

"Marry me?" she repeated, in a tone of dismay.

"It is my firm resolve," said M. de Moranges; "do not be alarmed, my dear child, or fancy I am trifling with you. I know my own mind, and have well reflected upon what I am doing. The world may cavil at my conduct, but you will in three weeks hence be Madame de Moranges, and soon get used to your new position, which naturally overpowers you at first."

She had slipped from the embrace in which he meant to fold her, and bending down low, with her old submissive air, brought her lips to bear upon his hand, and meekly kissed it.

The Marquis's first impulse towards the crouching form before him was one of compassionate superiority; he patted her head as he would have patted a pet spaniel. But it was evident that his way of divulging his intentions with regard to the Sphinx must have been too sudden. He had perfectly crushed her.

She might be annihilated by the honour done to her; but somehow M. de Moranges did not feel at all that he had played the part of Pygmalion to his own satisfaction, still less that of Jupiter.

NAVAL SIGNALS.

THE use of maritime signals might no doubt be traced to the distant time when first a fleet put out to sea. It stands to reason that ships belonging to one country, sailing perhaps under the same orders, and ploughing the waves in company, must have early sought some means of communicating with each other when scudding too far apart to exchange sounds. The hoisting of pennons, the waving of flags, and by night the burning of fires would at once occur under such circumstances, even to the least imaginative of nautical tribes, as a simple and natural method of holding converse when afloat; and it is highly probable that the Carthaginians, who in their day held the sceptre of the seas which England boasts now, had as regular a system of signals as we have.

But however that may be, we hear nothing of an official code of naval signals until that prepared, soon after the restoration of the

Stuarts, by the order of James II., then Duke of York and Lord High Admiral. It is this same code which has continued in use ever since. It served us during all the stormy days when we were fighting against the world for the empire of the ocean. It was the dumb interpreter of Rooke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and all those heroes who ordered their fleets to victory, when arrayed against Holland, France, or Spain. It was in Nelson's hand at the Nile, and it announced the great captain's last message to his sailors on the famous morning of Trafalgar.* Such a code was naturally a favourite with British sailors; but it was also the envy of other maritime Powers, for it was generally allowed to be as perfect and neat a one as it was possible to devise.

"Why then did not the Powers adopt it?" will be the question asked; but the other Powers were not free agents in the matter. Each nation in the good old days kept its code of signals to itself. There was but one code on board each ship, and that was in the keeping of the captain. When a vessel fell into the hands of the enemy, the precious book, which might have betrayed the signals, was usually thrown overboard or otherwise destroyed; and although it must necessarily have happened that in the course of long naval wars English captains occasionally let their code slip into the foeman's grasp, just as the French on their side must have sometimes been compelled to do the same by theirs, yet such occurrences were by no means frequent, and whatever ill effects the accident might have had were usually counteracted by the effecting of some slight modifications in the code. Every six months, or every year, according as it was judged necessary, the different governments would issue secret instructions to their admirals, and acquaint them with the changes to be made in their signals. Secrecy was the word. A sailor's code was expected to be as great a mystery to his foes as his private despatches or plan of attack.

But, satisfactory as this may have been in time of war, it was deplorably inconvenient in time of peace. The existence of as many separate codes as there were nations, made all intercourse on the high seas impossible.

* It is not, perhaps, generally known that the signal, as dictated by Nelson was "England *confides* that every man will do his duty." The lieutenant to whom the order was given, remarked that the word *confide* was not in the code, and suggested in its stead the term *expect*—which was at once assented to. Napoleon so much admired this last order of Nelson's, that he caused it to be printed; and commanded that a copy should be given to each of the officers of his navy. "It is the best of lessons," he said.

When an English ship met a French one, the two were obliged to lower their boats and send alongside of each other if they wished to speak. This necessitated tacking, a great deal of time was wasted, and if the weather were at all rough, even this became impossible. All that the two stranger vessels could then do was to bob their respective flags up and down for a few minutes as a token of courtesy. This formality was like the taking off one's hat; it meant, "God speed you; a pleasant journey," and was the only signal universally understood.

Complaints as to such a state of things were loud and bitter in the different navies; but more especially so in the mercantile fleets. Scarcely had the Peace of 1815 been concluded than the proposition of a common international code, which had already been mooted so far back as 1801, was again discussed by great shipowners. Nautical reformers took the matter up and advocated it warmly. A great many specimen codes were published, and amongst the men whose schemes attracted most notice, Marryat in England, Rogers in America, and Reynold in France, stand pre-eminent. But the time had not yet come. Every attempt at improvement, under any shape or form, and in no matter what department, is sure to be resisted at first as a dangerous innovation. The worthy men who talked of reform were howled at; naval big-wigs pooh-poohed their projects with all the solemnity desirable; and it became a patent fact that nothing at all would be done until the Government themselves chose to take the initiative; the task of propagating a universal code was too arduous as a one for private enterprise.

Certain men tried however. Happily for human dignity there are always courageous spirits whom neither difficulties, nor snubs, nor official frowns can daunt. A few of these drew up a code and prevailed upon some English and foreign merchant captains to adopt it. This was a first step. But the success of it could only be partial. To begin with, the code was a sort of compilation of the principal national maritime codes then known. It was voluminous, and lacked the simplicity which should be the very essence of such a work. In the second place the fact of its not being issued under government control and with government patronage made a great many people think light of it. On the whole, things continued pretty much as before. The large majority of trading vessels crossed each other on the seas without being able to

exchange any communications save those of the most elementary nature; for instance, place of destination, nature of cargo, or number of passengers. And such few ships as were happily possessed of the signal book were by no means convinced of its excellence.

Towards the end of the Crimean War the complaints had burst out afresh, and the evil had, by this time, been recognized as one so crying that the attention of Governments was turned to it. The subject had already been once or twice introduced before the House of Commons by private members; but it was not from England that the reform was destined to come. In this good work of nautical progress we allowed our old rivals the French to lead the van. In the year 1864, the Minister of the Navy in France, the Marquis de Chasseloup Laubat, suggested that all the maritime Powers should be invited to form an international commission for the purpose of drawing up a new universal code of naval signals. M. Drouyn de Lhuys communicated with Lord Russell on the matter, and the acquiescence of the British Government was at once obtained. The Commission soon after set to work. Its labours lasted eighteen months; but in the autumn of 1866 the long-wished-for code at length made its appearance. It was published simultaneously in England and France, and it has since been adopted by the United States, Italy, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, Greece, Mecklenburgh, Russia, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, and the Brazils,—that is, by well nigh all the civilized world.

But does it follow that henceforth, should England be plunged in more naval wars,—which God forbid!—her captains will have no means of hiding their private signals from the foe? Not in the least. In time of war, things will remain as they were in the olden days. Each navy will have its own code, and do its very best to keep the enemy from peeping at it. But in time of peace no two vessels will meet on the great high-roads of the ocean without exchanging friendly questions as they go. Briton and Yankee, Frenchman and Turk will all have the means of conversing well, though they be sailing miles apart and far beyond the reach of each other's speaking trumpets. Neither will there be any need to tack, to slacken speed, or to cast anchor for the holding of their conversations. So long as the two ships remain within telescopic view of one another, that is all that is required.

Truly, then, this is a good reform. It is in part the realization of the dream long cherished by philosophers—the establishment of a

universal language. And the new code may aptly be called the dictionary of this new tongue. Let us take a brief glance at it.

If one combines two by two, three by three, or four by four, eighteen signs of some kind, for instance, the first eighteen consonants of the alphabet, without ever making use twice of the same sign within one group, one can obtain a series of no less than seventy-eight thousand, six hundred and forty-two combinations. And if one give to each of these combinations a fixed meaning, such as name of port, tonnage of ship, nature of cargo, &c., one can at once make up a language intelligible to the eye. The next thing to do is to arrange in alphabetical order, on the one hand, the combinations together with their conventional signification (the latter always invariable), and on the other the different colours of the flags that are to represent the eighteen letters. By this means a perfect and simple vocabulary is obtained.

Now, if two ships meet and desire to exchange signals, all that has to be done is to take out the flags and hoist them to the mizen top, two, three, or four at a time, according as may be required. If the letter C be needed, it will be a red flag; if B, a blue one; if R, a white one, with red horizontal bars; if H, a white one, with a blue cross; and so on. If, however, the vessels be too far apart for the colours of the flags to be easily distinguishable, another system is had recourse to. Instead of flags, globes, drums, cones, spheres, or triangles are hoisted. A drum then stands for B; a triangle for S, &c. And the system is so complete and practical that it has been made to adapt itself not only to the intercourse between ships afloat, but also to conversations between men ashore. The code contains a sort of deaf and dumb appendix, to enable sailors of different nations to converse without the aid of interpreters. Let a ship be wrecked, for example, on a strange coast, where no one speaks the language of the crew, and a dialogue may at once be established between the sufferers and the coastguard-men. One of the latter will pull out his maritime code and open it before one of the shipwrecked mariners, who, having likewise opened his code, will at once commence gesticulating. One hand held up will mean R; two hands, B; the forefinger, C; the arms folded, D; and so on. And the meaning of R B C being set down in the book as the equivalent of "We come from," X M "Amsterdam," P Q F "with a cargo," N D "of herrings," it will be very easy to compare notes and strike up a chat. But this method

is especially useful in the case of coastguard-men or others ashore wishing to signal messages to sailors on board, or *vice versa*, for of course if a shipwrecked crew were cast aground without having a code between them, as might very well happen if they were washed too abruptly into the sea, it would be impossible to correspond in the way just described.

With regard to the signals to be employed by night or in foggy weather; in the first instance, coloured lights are to be used, and in the second, firing of cannon and ringing of bells.

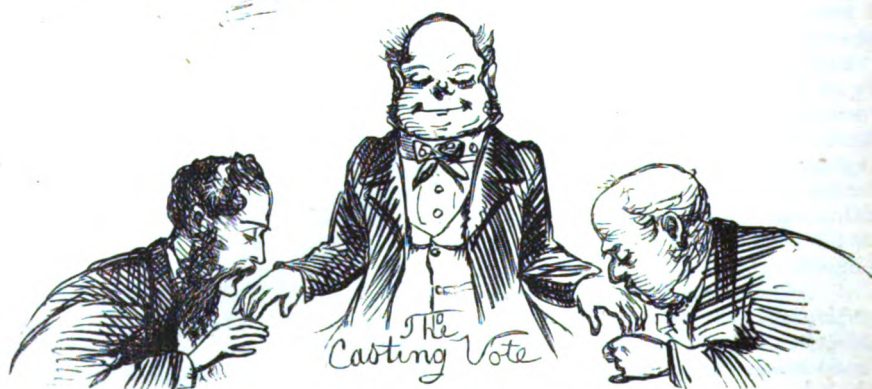
Of the 78,000 combinations obtained by the assortment of the eighteen letters, as many as 53,000 are devoted in the code to the sole subject of the nomenclature, port, tonnage and cargo of ships. The remaining 25,000 comprise all the other communications which may be usefully exchanged at sea. We select two examples drawn from the code itself, that which we have cited above relating to shipwrecked mariners being a fancy one.

H N J S, The Borysthenes; B D G, has been wrecked near; B J W P, Oran; D M C, the passengers are saved; N I R, the cargo is lost; B D T, the ship is too much damaged for repairing. And again,

J N, War between; B G V T, Spain; B N S Q, Chili; C L P Q, you will be stopped by the blockade; M Q B, you had better steer for; B N R M, Callao; N R Q, good freight to be had there.

The most varied messages can be exchanged by this means, and the interests of commerce will be very considerably benefited if all governments follow the example just set by France, of multiplying the number of signal towers along the coasts, and connecting each of them by the medium of the telegraph with a central office in the capital. By this arrangement the mercantile houses of Paris are made aware of the arrival of all important foreign ships at the very moment when they appear in sight of port, that is often several hours before they cast anchor. And in case of an accident out at sea it will no longer be necessary for a ship to meet a homeward-bound vessel of its own nation in order to carry the tidings to the owners. The first craft, of no matter what country, will receive the message by the silent voice of the signals, and the news will as surely be carried to its destination as though it were sent per post in a registered letter.

These, and countless other advantages, which it would need a nautical pen to expatiate on, make the new code an invaluable boon to the sea-faring world.





Once a Week.]

[Nov. 21, 1868.]

AND HOW TO EXERCISE IT.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

IV.

JOHNSON, MACAULAY, BOSWELL, GOLD-SMITH, GOETHE, THACKERAY, RICHARDSON, FIELDING, STERNE, ADDISON, VOLTAIRE, BACON.

JOHNSON.

OF all the Arts that flourish on the earth,
To soften sorrow, or to quicken mirth,
And raise a nation to the height of fame,
The Art of Literature I here proclaim
To be, by far, most worthy of esteem,
In spite of Painters' and Musicians' scream.
Reynolds his muse may worship as divine,
And Handel tell us, in a solemn whine,
That Music is the language of the soul :
The verdict of the wise they can't control.
The sense to tickle, men may paint and sing ;
To speak and write *correctly*, is the thing
Which most affects the healthy and the wise,
The reason wakes, and judgment gratifies.
For language dignified, and thought sublime,
The world was chiefly famous at the time
I walked upon the earth in solemn state
To rule o'er language, and its laws dictate.
My Lord Macaulay, tell me, now, I pray,
If authors my great maxims still obey?
For though you're half a Scot, and I, for one,
The country and its people loved to shun,
Men tell me that, in purity of speech,
'Twas yours the highest excellence to reach ;
And so to you this question I refer,—
Is Language as I left it ?

MACAULAY.

Worthy Sir,
My answer though unpleasant yet is true,
Language is now far less *correct* than *new*.

JOHNSON.

My Lord ! I left you a great Dictionary.

MACAULAY.

A noble work, I own ; but spellings vary—
Abbreviation is the rule to-day,
From words in ick we chiefly drop the k,
And what I fear your mighty soul will vex,
Though we spell Ecstasy without an x,
Some, in their folly, are so ungrammatical,
They use that letter in the word Ecstatical :
This spelling is pronounced, by Walker, sound.

JOHNSON.

Walker's an ass, and asses will abound ;
Such beings rouse my anger and disdain.
Would that my soul were on the Earth again,
The reckless folly of my foes to bridle,
Quos Ego. But, alas ! my threats are idle.

BOSWELL.

Were Johnson living, folly could not thrive.

JOHNSON.

It's well for you that Johnson's not alive,
Else might you feel, so deeply am I stung,
Something more weighty than your Johnson's tongue.
You make me angry with your interference,
Hush ! not a word, Sir,—make a rapid clearance.

BOSWELL.

If I might but presume.

JOHNSON.

Sir ! don't presume ;
Your farthing rushlight never can illumine
The paths of knowledge ; so, Sir, put it out.
How often have I told you, stupid lout !
In themes, beyond your reason, not to dabble,
And keep, for vulgar fools, your vulgar gabble.

GOLDSMITH.

Methinks, on Bozzy, you are rather hard,
His reverence should meet with some regard :
Like a poor faithful dog, to you he sticks,
And meekly takes your pattings or your kicks.
Your temper, Doctor, savours of the mouldy,
Great Spirit, though you be.

JOHNSON.

Poor, simple Goldy !
Why show a sneaking kindness for a sneak ?
His duty is to listen, not to speak ;
Because I condescend to let him walk
With me, is that a reason he should talk ?
His worship I accept ; therein he shows
A spark of wisdom ; but no wisdom flows
From such a soul as his.

BOSWELL.

Great Sage, I'm dumb.

JOHNSON.

Then keep so, if you please. There, don't look
glum ;
If my esteem you're anxious to possess,
'Twere best to listen more, and chatter less.

BOSWELL.

I'll strive to be obedient ; be you kind ;
We cannot all possess your mighty mind.

GOLDSMITH (*aside*).

I'm sick of this. You're a delightful pair,
A Scottish weasel and an English bear.

JOHNSON.

Well, sir, your humble prayer I can't withstand ;
In token of forgiveness, there's my hand.
And now, my lord, I have so much to ask
On literary matters, it will task
Your patience here to answer. But, *imprimis*,
I fain would know, who in the present time is
Most famed for classic learning. To my mind,
Of all those scholars who, in knowledge, find
The means our souls from darkness to redeem,
The classic is most worthy of esteem.

MACAULAY.

You may be right, but there are men who say
A cook is far more useful in his day
Than any mortals who their talents use
The mind to lighten, or the heart amuse.
At any rate, I must say, Classic Learning
Receives, in present times, less praise than spurning.
Nay, men at Oxford or at Cambridge bred,
Show such contempt for languages called Dead,
They think it better if a youth be pat in
German and French, than Hebrew, Greek, or Latin.

JOHNSON.

I'm grieved to hear it, Sir. For I am sure
That classic learning makes the style more pure
Of every writer, whatso'er his name ;
And dark will be the times when men esteem
No more the mighty language of the dead.
Let's change the subject. Who is at the head
Of your Historians ?

MACAULAY.

Barring myself,
(Gibbon and Hume are laid upon the shelf,)
No men in History so popular
As Carlyle, Froude, and Buckle are.
But Carlyle's style is German—too bizarre——

GOETHE.

Nay, Sir, of things thou knowest not, thou pratest ;
Of Languages—the German is the greatest.

MACAULAY.

Against your language I have nought to say ;
But every writer to his own should pay
Attention, and you won't deny, dear Goethe,
To be intelligible is the duty
Of those who seek, in Poetry or Prose,
Their hidden thoughts in language to disclose.
And though *our own*, most foreigners may deem
As little worthy of their high esteem,
It prospers on the earth, and ev'n bids fair
To be the only language spoken there
In future times, when—on the ruined arches
Of London Bridge—one from New Zealand marches,
With equal pride and pleasure, to behold
A country, which, in influence then cold,
Gave birth to all he glories in possessing ;
Religion, Law, and every earthly blessing.

JOHNSON.

Well said, Macaulay ; may your honoured shade
Never grow less. The compliment now paid
By you, to England, is a thing that charms
My soul to kindness, and my rage disarms ;
The influence I had may rise or fall,
If but my Language lives, that's all in all.
Let me resume. You, Thackeray,
Are the last novelist from Earth—they say—
Who are the Kings of Fiction, I would know ?

THACKERAY.

They come like shadows, and like shadows go.
Ratcliffe and Porter now adorn the shelf
Unread ; and, as to Dizzy and myself,

Any remarks there's little use in giving ;
He dropped the art of writing, I of living ;
The one—of Politics to make a trade,
The other—to become a talking shade.
As to the writers now in yonder region
Who deal in Fiction, why their name is legion ;
Of sex both male and female, though, of late,
I think the latter may predominate :
And, strange to say, the ladies far o'er-reach
The gentlemen in freedom of their speech.
This is an age that glories in revivals,
And in their passion to outstrip all rivals.
I'm not so sure that authors will disdain
Their works, with metaphors and speech, to stain,
Like that in *Pamela* or in *Tom Jones*.
The beauty of the language scarce atones
For all the naughtiness that leers and smirks,
Dear Richardson and Fielding, in your works.

RICHARDSON.

I lauded virtue, you blaspheming Stranger !
Have you not read of "*Pamela in danger* ?"

FIELDING.

I too, of vice, exposed the abortive will,
And taught how Josephs were existing still.

THACKERAY.

Nay, my good friends, why raise that angry shout ?
Your good intentions I could never doubt ;
But though you worshipped Virtue, I confess,
You might have robbed her in a cleaner dress.
You were of those who call a spade, a spade,
And much for that same practice might be said.
But if a word has got a bad repute,
'Tis wise another one to substitute.
I don't denounce your morals—on that matter
I see small reason living scribes to flatter—
The heart's pure feelings they disdain to sway,
Sensation is the worship of the day.
The triumphs of sweet virtue now no more
Adorn our brilliant novels as before ;
The world—her gentle mawkishness detesting—
Looks upon Vice as far more interesting,
And so—poor Maiden—we have now interred her.
Few novels can succeed without a murder,
And Bigamy excites our deep attention,
With other little crimes I need not mention.
The charming Fiend, who figures in the tale,
Has tresses golden, and complexion pale ;
So ladies dye the hair and paint the face,
To flaunt—of Lady Audley—the sweet grace.
Such base, degrading themes the minds engage
Of either sex—almost of every age.
We rail against the freedom of your speech ;
I think 'twere wise to stop our moral screech ;
If Vice—in language now—no longer stains
Our printed works, its poison still remains,
To make youth hanker after fruit forbidden.
Which is the worst ; vice open, or vice hidden ?
I can't decide—but why the theme prolong ?
You, Fielding, may be right, but Sterne was wrong.

STERNE.

Hah, you old Cynic, I've a bone to pick
With you. A Lion dead you love to kick.

THACKERAY.

I thought to catch a herring—'twas a sprat.

STERNE.

Though tall, you're of the species. Verbum sat.

THACKERAY.

O'er donkeys dead, it was your wont to blubber.

STERNE.

On living Snobs you moralised, old lubber.

THACKERAY.

Who weeps o'er donkeys is himself an ass.

STERNE.

Who writes on Snobs, himself a Snob I class.

MACAULAY.

Nay, cease this wordy contest to prolong.
You both are right, and yet you both are wrong,
For surely Literature must regulate
Its tone according to the social state.
You both have made a footing on the Earth ;
All future ages will proclaim the worth
You each possess, and, some slight censure muttered,
Forgive the errors for the truths you've uttered.

ADDISON.

I hate all quarrels, but I won't endure
Your censure, Thackeray. My speech was pure.
As a Spectator, I surveyed mankind,
And strove in ways of truth to lead the mind.
I gave the world amusement, anyhow,
By what I wrote. Have you such preachers now ?

THACKERAY.

If, by their number, we may estimate
The progress of man's knowledge—it is great.
Indeed, at present, and beyond belief,
It would arouse your envy or your grief
Were I to name our daily journals merely ;
Then, weekly, monthly, quarterly, or yearly,
Papers and magazines come out in shoals,
To fire our senses, or to light our coals.

ADDISON.

How can the writers find sufficient news,
Incessantly their readers to amuse ?

THACKERAY.

Such trifles scarcely their great minds engage,
They labour chiefly to direct the Age—
On Politics, on all things seen or heard
In painting, or in music,—in a word,
On every mortal question, I confess,
We form our judgment by the Public Press.

VOLTAIRE.

I thought you Britons were so free. How then
Can they consent to be the slaves of men,
And be submissive as a Sultan's wives ?

THACKERAY.

We're not so simple as to waste our lives
In vain attempts self-knowledge to obtain ;
Our public writers save us all the pain
Of thinking, and disdaining mere suggestion,
Say what is wrong or right on every question.
For though in Europe, when he roams about,
His national importance oozes out,—
At home, through fear, or ignorance, or sloth,
The daring Englishman of late seems loth,
In thought, to vaunt his independence, though
To show it in his deeds he's not so slow.

VOLTAIRE.

'Tis strange how man, who boasts to be so free
At all times, is a slave in some degree.
No matter what may be the influence,
In point of fact I see no difference.
In my day priests and monks had most control,
And kept in bondage the immortal soul ;
But though the rule of priest-craft was a curse,
To be press-ridden is an evil worse.
Your Briton about liberty may rave ;
Spite of his freedom, he's the basest slave,
His mental rights so tamely to resign,
And reason in a prison thus confine.

THACKERAY.

Though much of what you say I, too, believe,
There's an advantage, which you don't perceive,
In that same practice. Aught the reason views,
To speak pictorially, has many hues :
One says it's black, another calls it white,
A third declares it's neither to his sight.
With such conflicting verdicts, you can take
The one you fancy most, whereon to stake
Your faith, and lay the others on the shelf.

VOLTAIRE.

Where are your eyes ? Find out the hue yourself.

THACKERAY.

That's troublesome. Besides, I might be wrong,
And then to me the error would belong ;
Whereas, by echoing what people say,
The blame on other shoulders I can lay
For any folly I may say or do.
Sure, that's a method better of the two.
Moreover, Sir, I don't think you objected
Throughout your life, by slaves to be respected.

VOLTAIRE.

Your reasoning is weak, your speech uncouth,
My slaves, at least, were slaves alone to Truth.

THACKERAY.

Authors are vain, no matter what the name—
Brown, Jones, or Robinson—all think the same.
Old Pilate hit the right nail on the head
When, in a wise, though jesting mood, he said :
" Ah, what is Truth ? " And men will ever ask
That question ; and will find it no light task
To answer it. " Truth dwelleth in a well."
Where that same well is, mortals cannot tell.

As to your works, I know not if they were
 The words of truth or falsehood, and—don't care :
 At all events, they had such weight in France,
 On howling poverty and ignorance,
 That reason or religion's voice was vain
 To stop, of anarchy the hellish reign.
 Your country got into a precious mess,
 From which, after long years of deep distress,
 It but escaped by sacrificing all
 Those rights it took such trouble to instal.
 A mighty despot seized the reins in hand
 And shed a tinsel glory o'er the land ;
 Nor ceased the influence of his ambition
 Till France was humbled, nearly to perdition.
 Such were the dire results, and fruits uncouth,
 Of what you're pleased to call—the voice of Truth.

VOLTAIRE.

Not quite so fast, my friend. For all the shame
 And grief that fell on France, I'm not to blame.
 I told man to assert his mental right,
 But not to trample reason out of sight ;
 Nor from the grasp of tyrants to escape,
 To set up tyranny of other shape.
 As to Napoleon,—what had I to do
 With his ascension, any more than you ?
 I war on slavery of any kind,
 Whether it be of body or of mind.

THACKERAY.

Your good intent is no excuse at all.
 You were the first to push the rolling ball ;
 The fiercest fires with but a spark begin,—
 Who lit the spark must chiefly bear the sin.
 And as to Buonaparte, you scarcely flatter
 Your country for its worship ; but no matter,
 France has another ruler of the name,
 Who wields the sceptre with a hand not tame ;
 And, to prevent such doctrines as you preach,
 Has wisely put a gag upon the speech.

JOHNSON.

Has he, indeed ? I would some mighty ruler
 Would do the same in England, and so school her
 That licence never caused a nation's glories :
 I hate democracy. Long live the Tories !

MACAULAY.

Long live the Whigs ! They were my earthly Pals.

VOLTAIRE.

Down with them both. Long live the Radicals !

BACON.

Hence with such cries ! It ill becomes a Spirit
 Man's prejudice in Hades to inherit.
 Statesmen and kings are creatures of the day ;
 Wisdom alone and knowledge live for aye.
 To them, at least, philosophers, be true.

GOLDSMITH.

Well said, old Sage. Johnson, that's one for you.

JOHNSON.

'Tis folly for a wise man to resent
 The speech of fools. Sir, you're impertinent.

A TRANSIT OF MERCURY.

THE transits of the inferior planets are amongst the most interesting phenomena presented to the contemplation of astronomers. They are not, indeed, accompanied by such startling appearances as are presented when the sun suffers total eclipse, nor as a spectacle are they comparable with star-showers, or the more brilliant classes of meteors ; but there is a peculiar charm to the astronomer who has awaited the promised approach of a transit, in watching the gradual ingress of the minute circular spot intensely black in contrast with the brilliant light of the sun—which represents the planet we are accustomed to see as a brilliant orb ; in tracing it in its progress across the solar disc ; and in comparing the phenomena presented to him with those which have been described by former witnesses of such an occurrence. And, besides, transits occur so seldom, that astronomers consider themselves fortunate to be able to add a phenomenon of this sort to the list of those they have been enabled to observe successfully. For astronomers are not, any more than other men, above that little weakness which leads people to take pleasure in being able to say that they have seen that which few others have witnessed. It is said for instance, that a certain very eminent astronomer is apt to include amongst other and more legitimate sources of pride, that he has witnessed more total eclipses than any other living astronomer. Be this as it may, we are certain that the transit of Mercury which took place on the morning of November 5th, was examined with the utmost interest and attention by all our astronomers and observers, regular or amateur ; and we have every reason to hope that the phenomenon has not passed without adding to our knowledge respecting some of the interesting questions which have been suggested by former transits, and have hitherto remained unsolved. The transit commenced some time before sunrise ; but as it lasted until nine o'clock,—the sun rising at three minutes past seven,—there was ample time for a careful study of the appearance of Mercury while projected upon the solar disc.

Transits of Mercury are not phenomena of frequent occurrence, though many more of them take place, in any given time, than of the more important but scarcely more interesting transits of the larger and nearer planet Venus. They occur in a singular order, at intervals namely of 13, 7, 10, 3, 10, 3, 13, 7, &c.

years; and always either in November or May. The reason of the latter peculiarity is very easily assigned. The planet Mercury travelling round the sun once in about eighty-eight days, and the earth describing her orbit once in $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, it is readily calculated that the two planets lie in the same direction from the sun at intervals of about 116 days on an average. Now, if they both travelled in the same plane, it would of course follow that at these short intervals the two planets would lie exactly in a straight line with the sun's centre; and then, since Mercury lies nearer to the sun than the earth, he would of course appear to traverse the sun's disc. But this is not the case. Mercury moves in a path which is inclined at a considerable angle (more than seven degrees) to the plane in which the earth moves. Thus Mercury is at times on one side, at times on the other side of that plane. It is only when he happens to be crossing from one side to the other at the moment (or nearly so) when he and the earth lie in the same direction from the sun, that there occurs a transit. Now he always crosses from side to side of the plane in which the earth travels, at two fixed points, (we neglect the minute changes which find a place in astronomical tables under the head "Variations") and these points lie opposite those parts of the earth's orbit which she traverses on the 6th—7th of November and May. Hence it is only when the earth is very near that part of her orbit that a transit can take place; and therefore we find that the dates of transit range between November 4th—12th, and May 4th—12th.

A transit of Mercury may last upwards of seven hours, and of course there is no limit to the shortness of a transit's possible duration—though no transit yet observed has lasted less than one hour and fourteen minutes. A transit has its greatest possible length when the planet appears to traverse a diameter of the solar disc; but May transits are on the average, longer than November transits, because the former occur when the planet is nearly at his greatest distance from the sun, at which time he travels very much more slowly than at the opposite part of his orbit.

Passing over many stories which ancient astronomers have narrated respecting supposed transits of Mercury, some of which lasted, according to their account, several days, we must assign to Gassendi the honour of being the first astronomer to observe a real transit of this planet. Kepler, in his *Admonition to Astronomers*, had announced that on the 7th of November, 1631, Mercury would pass over

the sun's disc. He did not himself live to witness the phenomenon which he had predicted; but his words did not fall unheeded. Despite the doubts which at that time attended all such predictions, Gassendi made preparations to observe the transit of the planet at Paris. The plan he adopted is interesting, as it shows how a phenomenon of this sort, though not directly visible by the unaided eye, may yet be successfully watched without telescopic aid. He admitted the light of the sun into a darkened chamber by means of a small circular aperture in the window-shutter. In this way an image of the sun was formed upon a white screen, which he prepared for its reception. The diameter of the image was three-fourths of a French foot, so that (assigning to the sun a diameter of half a degree) it follows that the distance of the screen from the aperture in the shutter was about ten English feet. It would be very easy to apply the same plan to the detection of spots upon the sun's disc. The method is one of the pleasantest for viewing solar phenomena, though, of course, limited in its application to the larger spots. The eye is spared the pain of poring at the sun through darkened glasses, and the observer can sit at his ease and observe what there is to be seen, in company, if he so choose, with any number of his friends.

Gassendi, however, had a less pleasing task. Instead of knowing, as we did, the exact hour at which the transit was to take place, he was doubtful whether it might not happen at any hour of four or five successive days. He could not be certain, of course, that the transit might not take place during the night. To many of our readers it may sound like a bull to speak of a transit of the sun occurring during the night; but it must be remembered that when it is night with us it is daylight elsewhere, and a transit may thus be visible from some parts of the earth and wholly invisible from others.

Gassendi stayed in his darkened room all through November 5th and 6th, though on both these days the sky was much overcast. On the 7th the weather was more favourable, and as this was the day on which Kepler had predicted that the transit would take place, Gassendi suffered no glimpse of sunlight to pass without carefully inspecting the image of the sun on the screen. But it was not until the clouds had quite cleared away from the sun that its image was distinct enough to reveal to him that which had actually been present since sunrise, namely, the very spot of which he was in search. For some time he

failed to recognise this spot as the planet Mercury, which he had expected to find much larger. But at length the rapid motion of the spot convinced him that it was no other than the planet.

Since that time many transits of Mercury have been observed. It is hardly necessary to remark, perhaps, that it is only the telescopic observation of a transit which can be expected to reveal any physical phenomena of importance. Such a plan as Gassendi's may serve simply to *show* the transit, but in order to examine the appearance of the planet as it crosses the sun's disc, a telescope, and one of some power, is required. In these days, when powerful telescopes can be obtained for one-fourth of the price which instruments of equal capacity used to cost fifty years ago (we refer to the application of Steinheil's ingenious suggestion of the use of silvered glass for the construction of reflecting telescopes), the number of amateur observers is largely increased. Numbers, we doubt not, took part in watching the progress of the recent transit.

One feature which has excited a good deal of discussion among astronomers is the nebulous ring which many observers of Mercury in transit have seen around the disc of the planet. Doubt has been thrown on the existence of such a ring, owing to the fact that experienced observers have failed to detect it; and Professor Grant remarks, respecting this feature, that "it is very probably a spurious appearance depending upon some optical cause." To us it appears that this conclusion is not justified by the reported observations of this singular phenomenon. The mere fact that several observers have failed to detect the appearance goes for little, since every one who is familiar with the nature of telescopic observation is aware that a phenomenon which is perfectly clear to one observer may wholly escape the notice of another, even though he use the same telescope as the former, under precisely similar atmospheric conditions. We think that, so far from accepting Professor Grant's conclusion, we are rather justified in considering that the ring, whatsoever it may be, actually exists, although it must be an appearance requiring a practised eye (and particularly a good eye for colour) for its detection.

Another remarkable appearance which has been seen by some observers, while others have wholly failed to detect it, is the existence of spots of a greyish colour upon the otherwise perfectly black disc of the planet. Sometimes only one spot has been seen, at others two

have presented themselves. It is worthy of remark, however, that no spots were seen by the eagle-eyed Dawes during the transit of November 8th, 1848. It should also be noticed that the very fact of the visibility of spots on Mercury, when the telescopic field of view is so darkened as to admit of a direct gaze at the sun, implies a splendour of illumination in these spots compared with which the most brilliant lights known to us would be almost absolute darkness. We should be disposed to ascribe these spots to irregularities in the object-glasses of the telescopes with which the spots have been seen; but Schröter and Harding speak of the spots as actually partaking of the motion of rotation which has been assigned to the planet from other observations.

As Mercury approaches the edge of the solar disc, observers have sometimes noticed indications of mountains upon the planet. If we can trust the observations made at Greenwich in November, 1848, it would seem that mountains of sufficient magnitude exist to produce an effect similar to that which is observed in annular eclipses of the sun, and is known by the name of Baily's beads. The detection of this phenomenon requires a sharp eye and the closest attention, as the appearance, when seen at all, only lasts for a moment or two.

TABLE TALK.

SO there are hopes of our getting a new source of power to work before the coal-fields are quite exhausted. The sun—the ultimate source of all power—is to be made to drive engines and turn mills without its energy being first converted into fuel. Ericsson, whose name in connection with the caloric engine was a few years back a household word, has devised and made three prime movers which are impelled by direct solar heat, collected and concentrated. He has found that the heating power of the sun on an area of one hundred square feet is more than equivalent to the mechanical work derivable from a single horse: it is not, however, stated to what latitude this estimate refers; obviously different countries will give different results. The engines are not all alike. One is impelled by steam generated in a sun-heated boiler, the others are driven by hot air. They have worked so far satisfactorily that possibly by this time bread has been made from flour ground in a solar mill. Ericsson, however, is

not the only occupant of this field of invention. M. Mouchot claims to have spent many years in perfecting solar machines, to have patented one in 1861, and to have submitted another to the Emperor in 1866. His Majesty could not see it work though, for the weak point of such engines showed itself. The weather was bad; the sun would not shine, and the machine stood still. It was like a windmill in a calm, or a watermill in a drought, and no worse than either; so we must not despise solar machines because they won't keep working at the will of man without interruption. The utilisation of solar heat is a matter well worth thinking about, and it is high time to think about it when we hear of a steak and potatoes being cooked by the sun—a culinary fact actually accomplished on the 22nd of last July, with the help of an empty cigar-box blackened inside, and covered with a glass lid.

ANYBODY who has visited Paris within the last few months cannot have failed to notice the large number of velocipedes going to and fro, especially in the evening; indeed the number that may now be seen any evening in the Champs Elysées is so large, that a recent police edict compels the riders to affix a lamp to them in consequence of the accidents that have happened from their use. According to some investigations that have been made it has been ascertained that on a good road, where the gradients are not much greater than on railways, the rider may travel from eighty to one hundred kilometres in a day, which is about the same speed as the mail-coaches used to attain in France; and that this may be done several days in succession, without over fatigue, by a moderately strong man. Very much, however, depends on the perfection with which the machine is constructed. If it is unskilfully made, the fatigue of working it is so greatly increased that it ceases to be a pleasure and becomes an exceedingly laborious exercise. It is not exactly the case, as has been stated, that the rate of speed is in the exact proportion of the force employed. On a hard, level road the traction is so small, owing to the narrowness of the wheels, that it runs along with great rapidity by the momentum given to it, and with the expenditure of very little force on the part of the rider. Of course where the roads are soft, or there is a steep hill to ascend, the labour of propelling it is increased in proportion to the depth and nature of the soil and the steepness of the ascent. The cost of the best of the velocipedes in

France is about £12, but they will probably be manufactured at a much lower price in England if they come into extensive use, as is not unlikely, considering that they afford opportunities for vigorous exercise, in addition to the facility with which long journeys may be made by them. As it may some day be deemed interesting to know the name of the inventor of the velocipede, it may be mentioned that authentic records exist showing that Nicephorus Niepce, one of the earliest of the discoverers of photography, wrote from France to his brother, then living at Hammer-smith, an account of his having invented the machine,—the letters in which he communicated the fact to his brother being still in existence, and bearing the postmark of the two countries.

KOTZEBUE'S dreary yet effective play of *The Stranger* would seem to be suggestive of anything rather than fun; but, in the modern burlesque, it would appear as though the rule of contrary held good in the material selected as the best vehicle for word jingles, music-hall songs, and nigger breakdowns; and that *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lucretia Borgia*, or any other tragedy on which we ought to have supped full of horrors, can be ingeniously perverted so as to compel us to laughter. The sacrilegious hands of the extravaganza-writer have now been laid upon our solemn acquaintance *The Stranger*; which, now serves to while away the last hour of the evening's entertainment at the Queen's Theatre. But *The Stranger* has itself occasionally supplied some degree of mirth to the audience. Miss Charlotte Cushman told me that when she was once performing in this play in the United States, she was horror-struck at beholding two veritable little niggers led on to the stage in that pathetic scene where Mrs. Haller is supposed to embrace her own children. It appears that the providing these little innocents is left to the care of the stage-manager; who, failing at the last moment to procure white-skinned children, did as well as he could by substituting darkies. As the audience accepted the fact calmly, the actress smothered her feelings as best she might, and proceeded with the business of the scene. All went on well until the moment came when the children had to be led up the stage to the arbour, there to wait until they could be brought forward in the supreme crisis of the interview between Mrs. Haller and the Stranger; but, the instant they caught sight of the scenic arbour, each of the

children roared out, "Me won't be put in the calaboose! Me won't be put in the calaboose!" The calaboose is the prison wherein the boatman in the old Ethiopian serenader's song was "popp'd" when he "let his passion loose;" and the children were not unacquainted with its durance vile. The scenic harbour bore an unfortunate resemblance to its external appearance; and, as nothing could pacify the two little niggers, or stop their cries, yells, and kicks, the green curtain had to descend prematurely on this utterly new phase of Mrs. Haller's *faux pas*.

A LETTER from the Poet Close:—

Poet's Hall, Kirkby Stephen,
November 10, 1868.

SIR,—Allow me to correct an error in your popular work of *ONCE A WEEK*, for November 7. In the *Dialogues of the Dead*, p. 379, the witty writer styles Poet Close a "falling star;" when, on July 18th last, in *Punch* appeared a letter which amply proved that Poet Close was a "star of the first magnitude."

Blow, blow, ye breezes blow,
And let the world all know
The poet's still alive!
Let envious men proclaim
And vilify his name;
It helps to swell his fame
And makes him thrive!

Most respectfully yours,
J. CLOSE.

Mr. Close has been good enough to send along with this letter a photographic portrait of himself, wrapt in poetic thought, and leaning his cheek on his forefinger. Underneath is the poet's autograph, which reads like the signature of the gods that never change—"Ever the same, J. CLOSE." Also he has forwarded the announcement of a new work, entitled *Poet Close's Grand Lake Book*, which may be obtained for eighteenpence, postage two-pence. It is said to be "illustrated with woodcuts, portraits, and the *Hotels of Windermere*."

THE richest living in England has just been left vacant by the death of the Rev. Algernon Peyton, who died on Sunday night, November 1st, at Doddington Rectory. He was eighty-two years of age, and, since the year 1811, had held the living of Doddington, to which were attached the curacies of March and Benwick, Cambridgeshire, with a population of 8722. The newspapers state the living to be worth £8000 a year; but Mr. Peyton returned himself as being worth £10,090 with a house. (There are nearly sixty acres of glebe, and the tithes amount to £8978 4s. 4d.) A

rectory of the value of upwards of ten thousand a year! "Think of that, Master Brooke!" It may well be called a living. Talk of two single gentlemen rolled into one! here are ten or twenty livings amalgamated so as to form one stupendous ecclesiastical accretion. When Sydney Smith imagined a forty-parson power, he might have found it at Doddington. There was nothing like it (happily) in all England; it was the one great exaggerated exception to the mean rule of passing rich on forty pounds a year. It came next in value to the archiepiscopal see of the head of the Anglican Church, with its £15,000 a year. It somewhat exceeded the value of the sees of York London, and Winchester, each of which is fixed at £10,000; while Durham, since the golden days of its last Prince Palatine, Van Mildert, has sunk to £8000. The value of the other English bishoprics ranges from £4000 to £5500, with the exception of Sodor and Man, which has to be content with £2000; while the colonial bishoprics occasionally fall below the £1000 range. Mr. Peyton held his rich living for the long term of fifty-seven years. Of late years he kept four curates for his three churches! and he could well afford thus to drive his four-in-hand. But the glories of Doddington are past, or rather are somewhat dimmed. The rectory with its two curacies is to be made into three distinct livings, each of which will be a prize in itself; and they who would whistle for one of these can do so to the adapted air of "March, March, Benwick and Doddington."

SOMETHING too dreadful. What bird would you advise, and why would you advise him, to keep at an equal distance from either bank of the Nile?

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bowverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 48.

November 28, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER LV.—THE DARK SHADOW PASSES AWAY.

THE Sphinx's mind, as has been noted all along, was in a most chaotic condition—full of odd imaginings, and dark, because no pains had been taken to enlighten it. It is certain that the announcement to her by the Marquis of his intention to marry her had dismayed her beyond words, and caused her as much grief as fear. She so feared M. de Moranges, that the idea of resistance did not occur to her; but her dim perceptions pointed to the tremendous honour conferred upon her by the immutable decree which separated her from Olivier. In her ethics, so long as she remained in the place she now occupied, she might achieve all the ends of gratitude (and do not forget, gratitude was her religion) by concealment. She had a right, as she thought, to dispose of herself, so long as it was impossible that he to whom she owed so much could guess at what passed. She did not look upon this as betraying M. de Moranges; whereas, to the lawful wife—to the married woman, married before the Maire, with his scarf on, and the curé at the altar, it really did seem to her that everything was forbidden. She believed, this ignorant creature, in the majesty of the institution marriage, as in the majesty of kings and emperors, and was in that respect better than her betters. It was all such a hopeless confusion in the ill-taught girl's brain; ill-taught even more than un-taught. Slow-witted, and inheriting the lazy, dependent father's indolent subaltern nature, nothing in the education she had received had ever shown her the severe, unmistakable outlines of what was right and what was wrong. She had heard so much about the blind submission to all authorities,

that, had she been capable of conceiving the idea of uprightness on her own account, it would have seemed to her almost presumptuous. And herein lies the one great defect of all merely clerical education (whether Catholic or Protestant matters not, so long as it be exclusively clerical,) namely, that it does not sufficient honour to God's creature, and neglects to produce in him the recognition and respect of his own possible integrity.

And so it had been with Claude Raynal's daughter; like so many in the mass of these wretched victims, she knew not the difference between truth and falsehood, or dishonesty and honesty, though she was warranted "taught," and could repeat her catechism from beginning to end.

Well then, though nothing stood upright in this ill-trained mind of Claudine's, she had a superstition about real *bond fide* married women; and she regarded marriage in the upper classes as a kind of temple, into which, when a woman was admitted, she was forced to conform to the strictest regulations and rules.

The idea then of becoming the Marquise de Moranges, the married wife of her benefactor, was to the Sphinx an idea full of terror and misery. But what to do? She had the slave-attributes inherent to so many of her species (not more peculiar to the Eastern than to the Western female, if you give no better education to the Christian than to the Mussulman girl), and she would sooner have thought of throwing herself out of the window, than of opposing the will of the master to whom, too, she owed everything.

In her agitation she naturally sought Mlle. Aspasia, and confided to her the trouble she was in; but that over-enlightened person immediately undertook to set all her scruples at rest, and, above all, left upon Claudine the impression that no one desired her lawful union with the Marquis so much as she did. Nay, she went so far in the rose-coloured projects of all kinds that she invented for the future, that she actually begged of the Sphinx,

when once she should be enthroned in her high estate as Madame la Marquise, to remember her humble companion, and put her above want. It was clear to Claudine's comprehension that Mlle. de Mourjonville's interest lay in this marriage; and she was soon persuaded by her friend, who knew all about what went on in the world, that her being transformed into M. de Beauvoisin's aunt, did just the reverse of separating her from her husband's nephew.

She quickly got used in this way to the notion of becoming a lady, and actually a married one, though it still seemed strange to her that there should be so little difference between the customs of the higher and the lower classes.

"It is the money that makes the difference, and the way of doing things," had assured Mlle. Aspasie; and Claudine grew to believe her.

Claire meanwhile, who had a genuine horror of all tittle-tattle, instead of making the Marquis's matrimonial plans a subject for confidential gossip with her mother, did this time think it right to speak seriously to her husband of what was impending, thereby involuntarily placing him in the most awkward position imaginable. In reality he was bound hand and foot, as far as his uncle and the Sphinx were concerned, and felt that whenever it might please either of these two to inform him of the contemplated union, he was condemned to express his entire approbation in the most unqualified terms. With Claire, however, he gave himself the pleasure of treating M. de Moranges' conduct with unmitigated censure, only protesting that no remonstrance was practicable, and that their dignity, as his uncle's next heirs, imposed silence upon them as a rigorous duty. Further than this he would not go, but his animadversion upon the folly and immorality of his uncle was loud and strong, and so far satisfactory.

And then, as in every emergency of her life, the young Marquise had recourse to Madame Beaudouin, but for the first time the aunt and niece seemed to see matters from a different point of view.

The moment Claire confided to Madame Beaudouin what M. de Moranges was about to do, and the injury which, according to her, he would commit against struggling virtue by thus rewarding frailty, Aunt Clementine understood what it was the Marquis had alluded to in his recent conversation with her, and though she acknowledged he had told her truly when he told her she could not defend

him, she showed herself unwilling to be otherwise than lenient. She saw mentally before her the altered face of the Marquis, and guessed at much which he would have died sooner than avow to mortal man.

Aunt Clementine's life was really and definitely settled—she knew what lay before her, was secure from surprise, and as has been already said, saw things as from a great distance, and (unless in the case of such heartlessness as Berthe's) things mostly appeared to her too small to be taken into serious notice. Claire, on the contrary, in spite of her great sorrow, was entering on untried years and rife unwittingly with all the curiosities of life. She could wonder still, and admire or be dismayed where her aunt would be merely patiently contemplative.

"How poor and insufficient your uncle must have found life, to have recourse, when its larger half is over, to such a step!" observed Madame Beaudouin. "He is sadly to be pitied!"

"He is terribly to be blamed!" retorted the young Marquise.

"My own Claire," was her aunt's rejoinder, with a shake of the head, "to blame one must know; we know nothing in this case. Suppose M. de Moranges loves this poor wretched girl? if he does, he will surely let no one discover it."

"Loves?" echoed Claire, in amaze. "My uncle! my uncle, after the life he has led! it is impossible."

"The mysteries of the human heart are so inscrutable where love is concerned, and lie so deep," replied her aunt, gently, "that perhaps each mystery has but its own individual discoverer. I am inclined almost to believe that none among us has ever penetrated the mystery of his neighbour's heart; but we can pity. I do pity your uncle sincerely."

Claire was surprised beyond measure.

"I cannot understand you, aunt!" she exclaimed.

"It is impossible that you should, darling," responded Madame Beaudouin, stroking her niece's fair hair as it lay back from her pure, blue-veined temples; "your youth fights against my experience, as it should do. Youth is glorious, never just; it may be full of fire and energy, and devotion, and truth, but it is not natural that it should be indulgent."

"But, aunt, you are indeed unjust. I would have rescued that poor girl—I told my uncle so—I would have saved, and comforted, and amended her, and have provided for her. I pity her, poor creature, from my soul."

"Yes, my own Claire, because you understand her misery and her needs; and you don't pity him, because you don't understand his. A man whose pride in his own superiority has sufficed him all his life, who has lived with himself alone, despising what men call love, and who at fifty-five seeks in a marriage with his mistress an escape—! From what? That, we know not, but it must be something hard to bear. And again, I say, suppose he loves her! Think of *that* torture, Claire; and to such a man as your uncle, used from his earliest years to look down upon those who loved, and who allowed their hearts to get the better of them."

And so they talked on, and Claire, when she left Madame Beaudouin, did not understand any better than when she came why her uncle's determination to marry the Sphinx might imply that his entire life had been a failure.

As she passed through the vestibule to reach her carriage, she met a footman of her mother's coming in all haste to bring her a note. The man said he had been to the Hôtel de Beauvoisin, and had followed her on here.

The note, in a few hurried words, entreated the young Marquise to come instantly to her mother's house.

"I have such news to give you," said Madame de Clavreuil; "come quick—such a joy! such a surprise!"

In the face of whatever the event might be that could thus animate her usually calm mother, Claire simply felt how indifferent all surprises, however joyful, must leave her. She said she would come immediately; got into her carriage, and drove to Madame de Clavreuil's, unmoved by any expectation or any hope.

She had hardly crossed the threshold of the ante-room, however, when her mother rushed from the neighbouring *salon*, seized her hand, and dragging her back through the drawing-room into her own boudoir, indulged in an uninterrupted series of expressions of delight.

"Oh, Claire, dear, what a happiness!" she exclaimed. "He will be here in Paris in a few days; he is perfectly well—quite recovered from his wounds. It is he whom the governor-general sends with the official report of the whole—there is his letter."

"Whose letter?" asked Claire, staring at her mother, who snatched an open letter from a table, and held it out to her.

"Victor's! dear, dear Victor's; whose else should it be?" rejoined Madame de Clavreuil.

"Are you mocking me, mother?" asked

Claire, turning white as a marble statue, "or are you out of your senses? What horrible fable is this? What ghastly jesting with the dead!"

"But there are no dead, my dearest child," repeated her mother, energetically. "If we read the papers regularly, as, indeed, I fancied you did, though I do not," (Claire had never looked at a newspaper since the fatal day which had brought the news of M. de Lancour's death,) "we should not be so taken aback by the news; for it seems that for the last week it has been known that in that dreadful engagement where Victor was said to have been killed, the Kabyles had made several prisoners, and had, as was supposed, in their possession two or three French officers and eighteen or twenty men. Some mountain fort (I forget its name) was taken quite lately, and the French prisoners all rescued save one, a lieutenant of the line, who had died. Victor was among the number. This was only known by telegram last night, and this morning your father got Victor's own letter, briefly stating how he had escaped."

"Victor is not dead!" repeated the young Marquise, in a low tone, and almost mechanically, as she sat looking vacantly straight before her—"not dead!" and her pale lips quivered.

"I tell you, dear child, there is his letter, his own handwriting—read it," and Madame de Clavreuil put the sheet of paper into Claire's passive hand; "or rather," she pursued, "let me read it to you," and she forthwith proceeded to read what Victor had written to his uncle. It was a short, pithy account—a thoroughly military bulletin of what had occurred. He had been left for dead on the field of battle, had passed six weeks a prisoner among the Kabyles, who cured his wounds, and took excellent care of him, and when the fort was stormed, he had helped to make better terms for the chiefs. He had been sent by the commander of this last successful expedition down to Algiers straight, and he was under orders to start for Paris in a few days. The letter was a mere report, contained as few words as possible, and not one single allusion to self that was not strictly necessary.

While Madame de Clavreuil was reading her nephew's missive, Claire was staring fixedly at certain objects which recalled to her mind painful thoughts of the past. There, in that very room, it was that, two years back, she had implored her mother to take pity on her; there, by the fire-place, was, even now, the low arm-chair on which her mother sat when she,

kneeling beside her, besought her to shield her from a marriage with Olivier. It was all the same—all! And her mother, too, was unchanged—still the same pattern of narrow, negative amiability that flies with unerring instinct from all greatness—the daughter who had blamed her father's patriotism, shrunk from her brother's fame, sacrificed her child to empty custom, and was marching onwards through life, persuaded that whether duty were hard or not she had done hers.

And Victor was alive!

Had Victor been really dead, Claire could have forgiven all, for was not all one to her in life? And whether she eked out her days as Olivier's wife or not mattered nothing. But Victor living, and free, now!—That rushed across Claire's numbed heart with a force that made its rebound one of absolute fierceness.

There was something more hopeless for her than even Victor's death—and to that she had been lightly, foolishly sentenced by her mother.

Claire rose before Madame de Clavreuil had finished the last words of the letter, and put down her veil, feeling she did not wish the expression of her face to be seen. Calm she was not, nor collected, but she had been striving for the last minute or two to collect her scattered senses, and she craved to be once more alone.

"You can't be going already, Claire?" urged her mother.

"I must go," rejoined the young Marquise, hoarsely, and in a way that silenced objection; and, opening the door, she hurriedly left the room, flying chiefly from the intolerable oppression of her own misery.

As to Madame de Clavreuil, she despaired of ever understanding the strange inequalities of temper she had noticed in her daughter for the last six months. There, evidently, was in the atmosphere of the age something which made young women inexplicable and intolerable.

When Claire was once more alone and hidden from view in the corner of her own carriage, she gave way, and, for the first time, acknowledged to herself that a burthen had now been laid upon her which it was beyond her strength to bear. She had borne the news of Victor's death, but Victor's life and freedom, and love!—she shuddered before all this, and felt miserably helpless.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, stifling her sobs in the cushions of the carriage; "how could you do it?—how could you condemn me to it?"

CHAPTER LVI.

Love, thou art bitter, sweet is Death.—TENNYSON.

IT is the immutable law of our being that nothing remains absolutely stationary in us, but is for ever being transformed, moving onwards towards increase or towards decay. And thus it had been with Claire. To be loved by Victor had been denied to her, and, therefore, when she knew herself beloved by him, the joy of that consciousness so elated her that her spirit, rising into a heaven of its own, soared high above all earthly griefs and crosses.

Separation, even, scarcely hurt at the time, for it was not believed that hearts so purely joined could separate. Then, as the love grew, death came, and hallowed it—made it sacred. But pure and holy though it was, that love of Claire's for Victor, its growth had been giant-strong, no barriers having been set to the worship for the dead; it had well-nigh absorbed everything else around it; and Claire, unsuspecting of evil, had lived so wrapt up in the memory of her lost love that whatever else was, in life, was either subservient to this one sentiment, or took its aspect from it. The complete sense of what her love for her dead cousin had grown to, only burst upon Claire when the sudden news came that her cousin still lived.

Then, indeed, a storm began to rage within her heart, and, at the outset, she well-nigh gave herself up to despair. Had she not been taught to believe devoutly that self-murder was a crime, she would have seen at once an issue from her pain; for Claire was of a dauntless nature, and would have chosen death resolutely sooner than have descended one step in her own and in M. de Lancour's esteem. But death was forbidden her. She must live on through all the dreary days and hours that God had appointed for her; and she must do her duty, and be true to herself, and, though parched with thirst, she must go on living now within view of the divine draught, which must never touch her lips, towards which she must never stretch out her hand. Had she loved Victor less, she might have more promptly rejoiced in his escape; but she so thoroughly loved him, that she confidently waited for the moment when she should join him for ever—it could not be long—a few years, more or less; and what were years to her? But now she must struggle for honour and duty's sake—struggle against possible weakness. And what if he should

mistake her!—if he should imagine her love had decreased!

At that thought she would clasp her hands with terror, crying aloud for mercy and to be spared that torture, for she did not know whether she could bear it.

Poor Claire! the sacred security of her love was gone, its brightness was dimmed, its integrity impaired. From heavenly that it had been, it had become earthly now and troubled.

Everything too combined to unsteady her mind, and make peace impossible. Even Olivier, who had it not in his power to do aught for her happiness, could yet contribute largely to her disquietude. She was, above all things, generous and self-devoted, and disposed naturally to think she had not given away sufficiently of her own self to other people. Now Olivier's joy at Victor's escape had been something so loud and strong and genuine that his wife was painfully touched by it, and examining her own heart could not choose but feel a strange sort of pity for her husband.

It was the kind of commiseration you feel for a person sick unto death, and who accepts the doctor's assurances that he is not going to die, or for the confiding rapture of a child who trusts in the promise of some pleasure which you know is not to be fulfilled. Olivier was, God knows! not wronged (nor ever would be; Claire must die before that!)—but he was deceived, and do what she would she could not help it. Could Olivier look into his wife's heart, she said to herself that he would not so rapturously rejoice over the escape from death of the man whose image, let her struggle as she might, lay for ever engraved at the bottom of that heart. This great big foolish fellow, heavy-witted, dull-brained, was the most inoffensive of mortals, kindly-hearted too—and her husband. There was little or none of his fault in their ill-assorted union; perhaps if she had asked him point blank to deliver her from a marriage with him, he would have helped her; but she had consented, and this man's honour had been confided to her keeping. Claire was too high and too delicately minded a woman to look upon her entire obligation as discharged because materially that honour was safely guarded, and the unbounded trust implied by Olivier's delight at M. de Lancour's escape invested him in Claire's eyes with an indescribable interest. He reminded her of a passage in German history which had deeply impressed her childhood; of that poor, ignorant lumbering hero, Otto of Wittelsbach, who set out bearing to the King of Poland a letter

from his friend the Emperor Philip, in which, counting upon Otto's inability to read, the Kaiser abused him, and recommended his brother potentate to throw him into prison! Olivier, in Claire's esteem, was exhibiting just this sort of brute-like trust, and his innocence and ignorance wounded her to the core.

Olivier, on his side, could talk and think of nothing but Victor, for whom his admiration had always been profound. The one only career he had longed for was the career of arms, which had been forbidden him; and as envy was utterly foreign to his nature, he had sincerely enjoyed Lancour's renown, and revelled in the military distinction Lancour had achieved as if he himself had won it.

When Victor was known to have actually returned to France, to be in Paris, M. de Beauvoisin knew no peace but in putting himself incessantly in pursuit of him. For several days Victor contrived to elude Olivier's reiterated invitations to the Hôtel de Beauvoisin; but he could not always do so without exciting suspicion, so he one day consented to be one of Olivier's guests at a dinner of thirty people, given by the latter in his honour. Claire and her cousin met, but, the first greetings over, neither spoke to the other, and no one upon this occasion noted the mutual avoidance between these two.

During the days that followed, the young Marquise altered the whole tenor of her life. Instead of the quiet, fireside habits for which, since her return to Paris, she had been remarkable, she plunged into the very vortex of fashionable life, leaving no *fête* of any kind unfrequented. She was determined that her cousin should find no opportunity of seeing her alone in her own home, and, therefore, she fled that home at all hours; but she yearned for the sight of Victor, and eagerly sought the crowds through which he passed, and in which she could see him pass at a distance, too far for the exchange of word or look.

The pure, holy union with him she loved was dissolved; she was no longer his, nor he hers; but she might see him—there could be no harm in that.

"Put off your mourning, Claire," had said, boisterously glad, Olivier, and Claire did put her mourning off; but it seemed to her, while she did so, as if she were laying aside her wedding gear. She would let no one touch her sable garments, but only herself, and with her own hands she put away and locked out of sight the vestments that, to her, were rather bridal than funeral ones.

One night, about ten days after M. de Lan-

cour's return (it was now the middle of March), Claire went to a ball at the Russian Embassy. It was late, and the young Marquise left the ball-room, and went to seek her husband in the other salons. When she found him, he begged her to wait a quarter of an hour, as he had some one to speak to particularly, at the end of which time he said he would fetch her, and accompany her home. The young Marquise tried to persuade her husband, whenever she could, now, to go with her into the world, and sometimes succeeded; and he was never otherwise than flattered by the admiration she invariably excited.

On the night in question, Claire retired into one of the smaller salons, and took a seat upon a low divan, right under an enormous stand of flowers. These flowers, in reality, filled up an archway, through which, in ordinary times, you passed from a long, wide gallery, into the contiguous apartments. As it was, the flowers rose so high that they completely masked the opening under the arch, and the persons sitting on the ottomans in either chamber were, in fact, sitting back to back, and quite close, without being aware of each other's presence.

Claire rested her head wearily against the wall, and congratulated herself upon the fact of no one being in the room to disturb her. On the other side, in the gallery, several persons were talking together, but she did not attend to their conversation.

Suddenly a very few words were uttered which caused the young Marquise to start, and to blush all over. The words were insignificant, but the voice!

"No, Excellency; I could not accustom myself to that. What I like in the Service is the perpetual action."

Those were the words. There was nothing in them; but it was Victor's voice, and Claire listened.

In gruff tones was replied,—

"You don't know what you're saying. When a man has attained at an early age, as you have done, to superior rank, he may aspire to anything; but he must not allow himself to be forgotten—he must keep as much as possible within the sphere where men's fortunes are made. Your place, Lancour, is in Paris."

"May be," was rejoined, in Victor's voice; "but you see, Monsieur le Maréchal, I aspire to nothing save activity. I can take the fact of being forgotten quite easily, and care not the least for making my fortune. I love the service; but, as to staying in Paris, sooner than remain there one hour beyond what is

indispensable, I would absolutely retire from the army."

"S——!" thundered out the gruff tones again; "what an incurable original! Why, you must have taken leave of your senses! Don't you see that war on a grand scale is preparing—is inevitable? Not war with a pack of savages, but real, genuine war—such as our fathers had to tell of; and who is there, then, that wouldn't be ambitious? Death of my life! but the Emperor, I imagine, doesn't mean us to go to our graves without having chastised those upstart Prussians; not to mention the red-coats, who hate us at the bottom of their hearts."

"Bravo, father," interrupted, gaily, a young voice; "now we're coming to perfidious Albion!"

"Hold your tongue, boy!" exclaimed the speaker who had been addressed as Excellency and M. le Maréchal; "I tell you it is not possible that we should avoid a great war, and then the foremost posts of command will be given to the men whom the chief of the state knows best, and around them will be grouped all the younger officers of the army, who have any ambition. Such fellows as Lancour, there, will be generals before they're forty."

"In the first place, Excellency," repeated Victor, "I do not altogether share your enthusiasm about what you call a great war; and I belong to the men of my time, who (altogether unprofessional) esteem peace as superior to war."

"Pedants and philosophers," broke in M. le Maréchal, with a growl.

"Yes, philosophers, I grant you; that is, men who think a man's life a valuable thing, and utterly repudiate the food-for-cannon theory; but, besides that, I have not your faith in the necessity of a war for France. If she be but well governed at home, and enjoy the freedom which is now the birthright of every civilised country, her position in Europe is secure; she has greatness enough. She has no one to fear, and can therefore afford to rest her own claims to respect upon a worthier feeling than fear upon the part of her neighbours."

But, at this, the anger of the high dignitary burst forth in unmeasured terms, and he roundly anathematised the whole school of the young army, who, he said, were all sentimentalists and dreamers, disciples of the philanthropists of the Revolution, and unworthy of the honour of being Frenchmen.

"Bugeaud is answerable for a vast deal," he

growled, "and his pupil, Trochu, for more still ; with all their prating about intelligence. But, thank God ! the Emperor will one day set that all to rights, and we shall have the war that has been due to us ever since the morrow of Waterloo !"

"If so, Excellency," replied Victor, "I shall not be the only French soldier who will deplore it for the sake of France's dignity and station in the world."

"And much the Emperor will care for that ! And much that will stand in the way of his making use of the best men he finds. It is of little avail your being obstinate, Lancour. You will, one of these days, be appointed about the Emperor's own person ; and then, when you see how easy it is to rise, you'll soon get rid of all your fine humanitarian notions."

"It is not in the Emperor's power to force me to do what I am resolved not to do, Excellency," answered Victor, gravely. "I will return at the end of this month to Algeria, or I will retire from the army."

"Tut, tut, young man ; all talk. Don't tell an old soldier like me such nonsense ; you'll find many a reason for thinking a stay in Paris pleasant, I warrant you. Everybody has some chain that binds him to Paris."

"I have none," was the reply ; "and I repeat it, I would leave the army sooner than be condemned to stay here."

Claire had noted every word of the above conversation, and thought how she was at the source of all Victor's acts, and how, much as he loved the stern duties of his career, and formed as he was, in spite of all he might say, for all the higher aims of true, ennobling ambition, how his duty to her overruled every other thought, and regulated the entire tenor of his life.

The group on the other side of the archway had apparently left its position, for the voices that had spoken were no longer heard, and the fragments of talk that ensued were carried on in feminine tones.

"He is terribly altered," said one voice.

"You can see how he has suffered," said another.

"Suffered ! what nonsense you do talk ; as if a man ever suffered for love."

These words were uttered in a tone of biting sarcasm by the Duchesse de Varignan. The young Marquise recognised her accents.

"Well, all the same, it is a great sacrifice," observed a somewhat pleasanter voice ; "you see the wound rankles in him. He has, no doubt, the most glorious career in the army ; everything lies before him, yet he cannot bear

to come back here—he would rather live in the desert than in the place where he lived with her."

"Ah ! that struck you, too, did it Jeanne ?" inquired what seemed to be a more elderly person.

"Struck me ! why, I should think so. Who could fail to see the truth. Poor fellow !"

"What a pity."

"What a shame."

"And for such a woman as Berthe de Mottefort, too," added Madame de Varignan, "so uninteresting, so devoid, to my sense at least, of all attraction."

"Yes," rejoined the voice that seemed less youthful ; "but I'll tell you what, my friends, no man can get over all of a sudden the fire-side memories left him by a woman who has been for three or four years associated with his everyday life (particularly when she has quitted him, not he her), he may fancy he don't care, but he does, all the same ; and he won't be able to bear living in the same place, depend upon that—it's just one of the worst consequences of these illicit attachments."

Claire heard every word, and though her whole reason and judgment protested in Victor's favour, and though her whole soul repelled the notion of Victor's weakness, and bore witness to his truth towards herself, still an agony of terror seized upon her that she could not quell. For the moment all command of herself was gone, and had circumstances aided, and her cousin Victor been by her side, she would have been more at his mercy than she might later choose to remember.

Now, world, do not judge this agonized woman. Wild thoughts whirl through her brain, and she is torn and buffeted by her passionate misery. But with her thoughts you have nothing to do ; they are sacred from your justice so long as they assert themselves not in deeds. Watch her acts only ; they belong to you, and if she act bravely, respect her. All have struggled—that is what the strugglers must remember when they have vanquished. It is in the memory of the violence, of the sin, of the crime, overcome, but conceived, that lies the obligation to be merciful.

When M. de Beauvoisin came to fetch his wife, she stared at him for one second as though she knew him not. Her teeth chattered with cold, and her hands were burning hot.

"You have got a fever fit, Claire," said her husband, with genuine anxiety. "You have had a chill ; you should have sent for me. Come, quick."

She drew her lace shawl about her, shiveringly, rose, took Olivier's arm, and fighting now against her suffering resolutely,—

"It will pass away," she said, in a husky voice. "It is, as you say, a chill."

"Pass away," repeated Olivier; "I hope it will, indeed; but these chills are frightfully dangerous. These are just the very attacks people die of," he added, with well-meaning solicitude, but with his accustomed delicacy of tact.

A BREAKFAST AT BARTMOUTH.

IT is a thing very much to be lamented that, in this country, the *déjeuner à la fourchette* of the French should be held in so little consideration. There is no repast in the day so absolutely enjoyable as this: when the brain and digestion are refreshed by the night's repose, and Nature has restored the functions to their original condition, which may possibly have been impaired by the indulgence of the night before. If any proof were needed to enhance the truth of my proposition, I would adduce the instance of eminent criminals, who, if we may trust the jargon of the penny-a-liner, invariably partake of an excellent breakfast before the arrival of the sheriffs and other functionaries to conduct them to the gallows. Now, with the exception of the late Mr. Rush, who allowed his partiality for roast pig to outweigh the consciousness of his unpleasant position, I cannot recall any instance where the *menu* of the dinner of a to-morrow moribund murderer, tempted him to test the capabilities of the prison *chef*; at all events with any appetite.

Discussing this agreeable subject with my friend Philomath Decouteau, who, though of French name and extraction, is an Englishman of some generations, (he certainly has a predilection for the cooks of the country of his ancestors,) he proposed that on a certain occasion, presently to be described, we should make a day of it, after the fashion of that charming entertainment offered by Brillat-Savarin to those two dear old men, whom all readers of the "Physiologie du Goût" must for ever revere and respect.

My friend possesses a delightful residence in the south of Devonshire. I wish I could adequately describe its picturesqueness and beauty. It is situated on the top of a wooded and tolerably steep eminence, at the foot of which are the estuary and harbour of the river Bart. There is a limewalk leading up to the

house, which would make Mr. Beverley and Lady Audley die of envy, and in different parts of the grounds where there are openings between the trees, towards the south, you get peeps of the sea as far as Torquay; or if you turn westward you look up the valley of the Bart as far as the moor: and all I can say is, that on a moonlight night in July, if you take your partner out after that last waltz and wander—but there are some subjects too sacred to be mentioned here; besides, I had forgotten all about it the next morning, *after* breakfast: a proof that that meal brings counsel.

Well, in these pleasant grounds last summer, my friend and his admirable wife were going to give a *fête champêtre* to the neighbouring families. There was to be archery in the first place, and croquet and claret cup, and after dinner a dance. Now whether it be that my position as an archer is exceedingly ungraceful, and would have caused Robin Hood excruciating agonies to behold; or that the only time I ever attempted that pastime, I shot an arrow into the air, and instead of hitting the target, transfixing an exotic fowl who had incautiously wandered within range, the favourite pet of my hostess, who never asked me to the house again, I hold that sport in the utmost horror and detestation. As for croquet—well, it is a pleasant diversion for young curates, though I am surprised that the law against "spooning," the only part of the game I could ever understand, is not more rigidly enforced than it appears to be.

It was on this occasion, then, that my friend, after I had respectfully declined what he was pleased to call his festivities, proposed that I should spend the day with him, when the genius of his *chef* Méringue, was to be brought to bear on my naturally amiable temper; we were to breakfast at half-past eleven, and I was to choose the guests and the *menu*, the party not to exceed six. I was promised, under the most solemn asseverations, that I should not be expected to pick up arrows, or score goals, or be a rover, or perform other abominations during the afternoon; and as a further guarantee, I was presented with the key of a secluded summer-house, into which I could fly for refuge when danger threatened.

On the eventful morning, I was awake by hearing the splayfeet of my Phillis ascending the stairs, (the Devonshire wenches have feet like their native Torbay soles; of course I mean in shape and size,) and shortly afterwards I was enjoying a cup of tea, and two slices of dry toast. After this light repast I

adopted a costume of bath, and walking down to the sea, disported myself therein for some time, and returning to my house I at once got rid of the saline particles, to which I strongly object, in a tub of fresh water, and proceeded to dress myself in a manner suited to my rank and the occasion. These details may appear puerile; but as they were all undertaken with a view to enhance the pleasures of the day, I insist upon them.

It was a beautiful July morning; the heat was tempered with a fresh sea breeze, and when I arrived at the house, I found all the guests assembled; my host and hostess, a friend and his wife, and an adorable spinster, whose name was Jessie. Mine host asked me to inspect his arrangements before the breakfast was served. The table was laid under the verandah which surrounds the house. In the centre was a magnificent bouquet of the noble prawns for which this coast is remarkable; I say bouquet advisedly, for these admirable crustaceæ were gracefully disposed amidst various marine mosses and weeds, *divini opus Amphitryonis*, and as a work of art, was well worth visiting before the serious business of the morning began. Around this centre-piece were ordered dishes of the superb fruit Devonshire produces; notably, peaches, nectarines, figs, and grapes; whilst at proper intervals were placed glass bowls of ice, handy to each guest—the whole forming, in conjunction with the choice glass and china, one of the prettiest pictures that Lance could have painted, but hardly conceived. With a silence more eloquent than words, I pressed my friend's hand, who seemed touched at this proof of my confidence and gratitude. This severe tax upon my patience I bore without a murmur, and, as before a great race, the privileged few are admitted to the paddock to witness the saddling of the favourites, and form a judgment as to their merits before putting on their final stakes, so in this instance was I admitted to view these preparations, which were to culminate in a certain and brilliant success.

It is right to mention that, with the exception of Philomath and myself, the breakfast *à la fourchette* was a novelty to all the guests. He and I (before he was married) had studied the subject in all the capitals of Europe. In fact, the *mise-en-scène* on the present occasion was very nearly the reproduction of a celebrated festa which was held some years ago at the Café Concordia at Genoa. Who, amongst the enlightened readers of this periodical is ignorant of that delightful resort? But there are perhaps many who are not aware that it was

there I was instructed in making that salad, in which my bitterest enemy will acknowledge I defy competition.

I am an old, though not a soured bachelor. When I say old, I use the term in a complimentary and not an offensive sense; I presume that when Pitt was made Chancellor of the Exchequer at four-and-twenty, he was considered even at that early age an old politician. Yes, I am young in years; I can count all the grey hairs on my head; I am a person of agreeable features and parts, (if you doubt it, ask the adorable Jessie, who—but never mind), but I am doomed to celibacy, for I have never yet met a young lady who could make an omelette, or boil a potato; and until I do, I prefer the infrequent mistakes of the *chef* at my club, to an eternity of boiled neck of mutton and caper sauce—even with Jessie.

I gently hint this to my pretty companion, as we take, I was going to say, our preliminary canter down the lime walk. She appears thoughtful and subdued all of a sudden. Is it possible that I have awakened a culinary ambition in that gentle breast? Alas! no. The silence is broken by her asking me if I admire the way of doing the hair in the fluffy style which now obtains. Fortunately at that moment the gong is sounded, and I hurry her off.

I must not weary the patience, or excite the appetites, of my readers by giving them in detail the particulars of that memorable repast. Besides, on consulting Jessie, she said it would look so greedy. Dear little thing! if you could only have seen that delicious little mouth engaged with a *chaudfroid de volaille*! Do you know that dish, my dear friend? If you don't, off with you to Paris at once, and order it at Durand's or Véfour's; that is to say, if those eminent restaurateurs have not been Hausmannized during the last two years; you must command it the day before, as it takes twenty-four hours to perfect. Let each reader, then, decide for himself the dishes he prefers, and he will then thoroughly appreciate my delight for two mortal hours. I will merely mention, as they were surprises to me, a sole *à la Normande*, which in addition to the usual mussels, contained cockles and scallops, a curried crab, and a sort of *compôte* of home-made marmalade with iced Devonshire cream.

O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!

But the affecting moment was when the first bottle of champagne was broached at dessert, and Philomath rose, almost with tears in his eyes, and assured the society that it was to me

they were indebted for the idea which, with a pardonable pride, he confessed had been so successfully carried out. The three ladies, whose eyes beamed with gratitude over their glasses at me, as they drained the dry Sillery in my honour, declared they had never enjoyed a morning more in their lives; and the only exclamation of grief that escaped me that day was caused by Jessie, in the excess of her emotion, incautiously approaching her fairy-like foot to a certain painful excrescence on mine which had hitherto defied the professional skill of Baron Eisenberg. In a few well-chosen words, I acknowledged the compliment, and wound up a short but admirable speech by declaring that my efforts in their behalf were not yet exhausted, as I intended to prepare the coffee *with my own hands*. This announcement excited fresh raptures, and I sat down, refreshed and invigorated, to celebrate the rites of Pomona.

With the coffee, which it is needless to say was perfect, my duties ended. The ladies took a *chasse* of Maraschino, the men of fine champagne, and as the hour was approaching when the maniacs who indulge in the sports I have mentioned were to assemble, I began to fumble with the key of the summer-house. My host, perceiving my inquietude, took me into his library, where he pressed on my acceptance two very large regalias, and advised me to take some book as a companion of my solitude. I selected *Proverbial Philosophy* (never having hitherto looked into that famous poem), and by a secluded path wended my way to the summer-house. As I went, I could see Jessie armed for the fray, looking about as if in search of some one. Could it be me? Shall I devote myself to her for the afternoon and pick up her arrows? No; I'm—I'm certain I shan't care about it; and with this momentary display of weakness, I reach the house, open the door, lock myself in, light my cigar, and dispose myself for quiet enjoyment.

I found the proverbially immortal pages of the philosopher especially soothing, and I had got half through my enormous weed. I could hear the distant hum of voices in the archery field, and a big drum which I presumed to be a component part of the band hired for the occasion, though I could not distinguish any other instruments; the effect at a distance was slightly monotonous. Boom, boom, boom. Ah! les truffes rendent les hommes plus agréables, et les dames plus aimables. Curious!—didn't know Tupper had ever written anything in French. Boom, boom,—Jessie—Tupper aux truffes—Maraschino, cer-

tainly, after the coffee—hang that drum! my cigar's gone out, and it's too much trouble to relight it. Hark! what's that?—pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat—boom, boom—somebody coming. I wonder if it's Jessie, and if she has any money. Surely that's the *Guards' Waltz* played on the drum—soft strains—soft roes of bloaters—immortality—toast—litanies de bloatères à la Jessie—boom, boom, boom—I have it, by Jove!—Crash! bang!—a tingling sensation at my elbow, and I wake to find that in my ecstasy at having invented, as I thought, a new dish, I had put it through the latticed window of the summer-house.

The only part of my dream that was true was the footsteps. Sure enough, standing at the window I had broken were Philomath and Jessie, both roaring with laughter, and vowing I had been talking in the most extraordinary way in my sleep. "Come along, old fellow," says Philomath, "sorry to disturb you; but there's an old friend of yours down yonder, Cormorant of the Cameronians, who didn't know you were here, and he couldn't leave the shooting to come and look after you; so he sent Jessie and me to fetch you. Light your weed and stroll down."

I strolled down, delighted at the prospect of seeing Cormorant, whom I had not met for years. "I suppose you know," says Jessie, "that we are to be married in a fortnight, and I hope you'll come."

"We; who's we?" I asked; I was not quite awake yet.

"Why, Captain Cormorant, to be sure," replied Jessie. Ha! ha! I staggered to the targets. A creature came to meet me, and extended a hand. He was clad, not "in coat and hood of green," but in the tweed dittos of the period; a rich green map-case was slung over his hip, containing, "a sheaf of arrows bright and keen," whatever that may be (but I know more of Chaucer than I do of archery, and very little of either), and a well developed green bell rope handle dangled from his waist, accompanied by what I was informed was a grease-pot—what for, I know not; of course, he grasped a bow in his left hand, and anything more unlike an archer of Cressy or Agincourt I never beheld in my life. I recovered my equanimity, and throwing as much sarcastic expression as I could command into my noble features, I looked first at him and then at her, as who should say, I am revenged.

Beloved reader! the moral of this is—at a similar entertainment, never allow your attention to be distracted from your plate by the blandishments of an outrageous little flirt.



[Nov. 28, 1888.]

THE CHARCOAL BURNERS.—BY H. A. HARPER.

[One a Week.]

FIGHTING THE ENEMY IN HOLLAND.

II.

"THE rolling Zuyder Zee" of the song is a remarkable portion of Holland, having a wonderful history. There is yet standing, amid its treacherous sandbanks and wide waste of water, a sample or two of the earth which was there long, long ago, in the olden time before the outer waters broke in upon the now drowned territory. The sample consists of three islands, which are too high for the waves to drown, and which are yet inhabited by descendants of those who originally peopled the drowned territory. These landmarks, ever quaking from the force of the sea—the inhabitants trembling from the fear of being swept away, despite their embankments—stand in the water quaint memorials of hoar antiquity. Those who inhabit them are a peculiar and strikingly original people, altogether of another time than the present; they are so many relics of an old and remote race, speaking an old language, living on old traditions, and keeping up the old customs and manners that were known to the old Batavian and Frisian people. Marken, Urk, and Shokland, with their peoples, who are half fishers and half farmers, are truly wonders of the romantic Zuyder Zee.

In contradistinction to the North Sea, this great sheet of water is called the South (or Zuyder) Sea, and it has played, and still plays, quite as exciting a part in the physical history of the Netherlands as the greater water without. It washes the larger proportion of the province of Friesland, a small part of Overijssel, the Guelderland, and a large portion of North Holland; but it is the first-named of these provinces—ill-fated Friesland, so rich in its fine pasture land—that has suffered most from this remorseless water. The Zuyder Zee is about eighty miles in length from Midsland to Spokenburg, and from Enkhuizen to Bloesij is thirty miles broad; but from Enkhuizen to the shore at Sandch it is only half that breadth. It is said to be 200 miles in circumference. An examination of the map of Holland will at once show that the Zuyder Zee is the result of an accident. The broken pieces of coast, which one Dutch writer has picturesquely termed a necklace of islands, that show the original contour of the land, and which another writer said was the result of the breaking of the narrow rope of sand which originally kept the sea from the drowned land,

are the relics of the old ramparts that kept back the waters of the North Sea, and they stand there as evidence that once upon a time there was no Zuyder Zee. The Lake of Flevo, we are told, formed the basis of the present great sheet of water. The sea, it is said, broke into it in the year 1170; but its formation is not a matter of speculation, it is historical, and the Zuyder Zee, occupying a space of 1200 square miles, was gradually formed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It took a long time to break through the dunes that protected the land where the waves of the sea now rage. The so-called necklace of islands is, however, all that remains to mark the barrier that at one time kept out the ocean. Nature took a century and a half to accomplish this work, which man has now determined to undo. How long will man take to dry up this vast sheet of water? A look at the map will convince the reader that Friesland and North Holland were long ago one continent, through which one of the numerous branches of the Rhine flowed to the outer sea.

The history of the formation of the Zuyder Zee is pretty well known. There exists an old map of the Netherlands (1584) on which the drowned country is restored from the best authorities, and in this publication the province of North Holland appears to be a continuation of Friesland, with its numerous lakes and hollows. In course of time bits of the outer land were eaten away by the tide, so that the sea was enabled to join some of the lakes. In 1205 the island of Wieringen formed a portion of the mainland, and so at one time did the Isle of Marken. It took fifty years to form these islands by successive overflows of the water. Many towns and villages in time became submerged, rich districts were laid under water, and thousands of people were drowned. During the century and a half it took to accomplish the work of submergence, the outer sea continued to work with all its energy, and was relentless in its perseverance, as indeed it still is, although baffled at present in its destructive work by the superior cunning of man. There is no doubt but that some day the Zuyder Zee will be drained from the mouth of the Yssel to Enkhuizen. If that can be done it will add another province to Holland, with room for 200,000 of a population. The drainage of the Yssel, which is now going on, will yield 15,000 acres of new land to the country.

The Dutch are most indebted to the great Father of rivers for aiding them in the construction of their country, by bringing to their

hands most of the materials of which it is made. The river has been a benefit as well as a danger to them. It is difficult to judge whether, at the period when the water first gushed out of its mountain home in the far away Alps of the Grisons, the course of the Rhine in Holland was exactly the same as we now find it, or whether it has frequently changed. At present the river has several outlets to the sea, and we know that more than once some of its mouths having silted up, the water had to force for itself a new passage. As now understood, and as can easily be seen on any good map, the Rhine enters Holland a little below Emmerich, where it is 2300 feet broad, flowing on in an uninterrupted stream till it reaches the delta, at a place called Pennerden, where it splits into two waters. One of these, the left branch, called the Waal, unites with the Maas near Fort Lovestein, and is there known as the Merwede till it gets below Dort, after which it is called the Old Maas. Half a league above Arnheim, the Rhine—that is, the right branch, which retains the name—throws a branch into the New Yssel, originally a canal, cut by Drusus, to connect the Rhine with the Old Yssel, which has its source in Germany, and falls into the Zuyder Zee, and forms one of the chief obstacles to the draining of that great sheet of water, which has been proposed by M. Gevens d'Endegeest, an enthusiastic engineer. Flowing on to Wijk by Duarstede, the water again divides, throwing out on the left an arm called the Lek, which, uniting with the New Maas near Ysselmonde, falls into the sea below the Brielle of Holland. The other branch is the Kromme Rhine, which divides at Utrecht into the Vecht and Old Rhine—the latter entering the sea at the great works of Katwijk. Holland is also indebted to, and is in danger from, the Maas (or Meuse), which enters the Netherlands above Eysden in Limburg, and, after dividing into two branches, reunites near Brielle, reaching the sea at Oostvroom, and likewise to the wandering Scheldt, which touches the Netherlands at Firt Bath, and after helping to carry territory to the numerous islands of Zealand, its earth-carrying waves finally reach the German Ocean. The Rhine, then, roundly speaking, is the water that has given Holland to the Dutch.

The enemy of the Netherlands requires to be fought in the most scientific way, therefore the latest knowledge of hydraulic science may always be obtained in Holland. Whilst some countries have a powerful organisation to look after and protect their land, the

Dutch Government is obliged to direct its chief attention to the water. The greatest power of the Netherlands is centered in the Waterstaat, or administration of the waters. It is a power to which the greatest in the land must bow. On those fearful nights of storm that sometimes occur in the early spring time, when the outer waters of the German Sea are fiercely lashing the natural and artificial bulwarks which at certain points protect the land, the utmost anxiety is felt by all classes. Watchmen are stationed at particular places, and if they give an alarm the loud roaring of cannon and the tolling of many bells summon the people to repel the common foe. Weak points are watched, and wherever the sea is likely to find a vulnerable point, there the whole strength of the defence is lavished. Strong sheets of canvas, or blankets made for the purpose, are spread upon the wound. Stores of many kinds of materials suitable for the defence are to be found here and there on the line of danger. Straw mats and masses of wicker-work, to prevent the clay of the embankment from being washed away by the angry action of the waves, are largely provided. The sea dashes upon the dykes with tremendous force, and although the granite-covered bulwarks appear like mountains in such a flat country, yet they are at times so shaken by the force of the waves as to terrify the wonder-stricken inhabitants, whom history has taught to fear the element that has hitherto been most fraught with disaster to them. The rivers, too, if the ice on the lower portion of the water has not melted before the ice of the upper reaches, become so gorged that they annually threaten to burst their banks and overflow the country. On the occasion of an alarm of inundation being sounded, which occurs under those conditions of wind and water already alluded to, every human being capable of assisting in the work of defence is called to the scene; and not till the tide is receding—the danger being past for a time—have they a moment to think of their own affairs, and even that change of thought is brief, as in a few hours the tide will once more flow against the land, menacing the country with renewed danger. In Holland individual interests must give way in presence of the general enemy.

The Waterstaat, to whose charge the regulation of the waters has been relegated, may be best described as an army of engineers. When it is known that on a change of wind may hang the future prosperity of the Netherlands, that a few rabbits may so undermine the dunes

as to let in the sea upon the land, or that a breed of rats may imperil the safety of the dykes, it will be obvious that the functions of this body (the Waterstaat) require to be fulfilled with unflinching particularity. The engineers are trained at a public seminary specially endowed for this service, which is to be found in the little town of Delft, celebrated at one time for a very different industry, and selected from the fact of its being almost in the centre of the chief hydrographical works of the country.

The College of Delft is not a mere theoretical seminary; there are frequent opportunities for putting the lessons taught in practice, and for exercising the pupils in that which is to be the business of their lives. The necessity for such an institution will be obvious to the reader when he is reminded that eight out of the eleven provinces which constitute the country lie so much below the level of the sea that eighty-five per cent. of the area might at any moment be drowned. Of all the large acreage taken up by these eight provinces, only fifteen per cent. of its extent would, in the event of an inundation, be seen above the water!

Water catastrophes from the sea have been frequent in Holland. Records of many of them are still extant. They begin A.D. 553; but even before that period, man, it is supposed, was struggling with the water to obtain a footing—building his dwelling-place on a terpen or mound, examples of which may still be seen in Friesland and in the Island of Marken. Some of the numerous inundations which are recorded were productive of great loss of life. In 1584, when Friesland was submerged by the Zuyder Zee, upwards of 100,000 of its inhabitants were drowned; and three centuries and a half before that time the waters of the North Sea broke in upon the province of Groningen, and converted the fertile delta of the Ems into a vast expanse of water, now known as "the furious," or Dollart. Although Robles, the Spanish governor, introduced in 1687 an improved mode of defence against the waters, a few more fearful inundations of the sea took place, the last being in 1825; and in 1861 there was a river catastrophe of great magnitude, when the Rhine burst its banks and submerged many hundred square miles of territory.

It will readily be supposed that an important organisation like the Waterstaat cannot be kept up without a very large expenditure of money. Counting the cost for the last two hundred years, the expenditure has been some-

thing like three hundred millions sterling, which may be called the purchase-money of the country—a wonderful sum for the small bit of land that lies between the Dollart and the Scheldt. The annual interest of such a sum must of course be enormous; nor do the rents paid at all represent it, for there is still a million required annually for repairs and wages. The dykes of the Helder and of West Kapelle alone require an annual expenditure of £6000 to keep them in that complete repair which is so necessary for the protection of the land which they guard. There is one circumstance on which the Dutch are proud, and it is that there is work to show for all the money expended. If the canal at Katwyk cost £40,000, it is there to-day to speak for itself, and there are hundreds of miles of granite-faced dykes to attest the sums paid for labour and material. It has been said of the great dyke which keeps the Island of Walcheren dry, that if it had been constructed of solid copper it would have cost less originally than the sums paid for keeping it in order.

It is an old saying that Perseverance overcomes many difficulties, and the perseverance that in Holland drained the Beemster and the Lake of Haarlem is only another example of the truth of the proverb. The functions of the Waterstaat being to regulate the waters of the country, it is interesting to know how that body carries on its business.

The standard of water level in Holland is the Amsterdam pile, on which is marked a scale by which the engineers, and the people as well, note the rise or fall of the waters of the German Ocean and the Zuyder Zee. On the Amsterdamsche Peil the mean water level is represented by zero, and the initials O. A., zero of Amsterdam, or Z. P., zero of Peil, are always used to denote the water-heights or levels of the various systems of water-works in Holland, which are exceedingly varied. All the water-works of the country take their level from the index just named, and the greatest nicety requires to be observed in all water calculations as an error of an inch or two might play havoc with the country. This pile has existed for two hundred years, and it is the standard of all the hydraulic undertakings of the Netherlands.

Nearly every reader has read of the draining of the great Lake of Haarlem, and of the celebrated Leigh water-engines which accomplished the work. The usual every-day drainage of the country, however, is accomplished by windmills, which either drive Archimedean screws or some other kind of machinery for

pumping from one level to another. These mills will be presently alluded to in detail. Meantime I wish to give a brief description of the draining of the Haarlemmermeer before describing the prevailing mode of making and keeping a polder, which is the name given to such ground as has been drained and turned to agricultural uses. The draining of the great Lake of Haarlem is a striking example of the proverb already quoted. That immense sheet of water was long an eyesore to the patient Dutch people. Its history may be briefly told. At first—say in 1531—the site of the inland sea of Haarlem was occupied by four insignificant bits of water. Gradually these lakelets came together, or rather the land between them melted into their waters, and ultimately one or two villages which had flourished on their banks were submerged, and the stormy Lake of Haarlem, about forty miles in circumference, was the result. This sheet of water ultimately became so troublesome that it was resolved to drain it, in order to save expense and trouble, for the keeping up of the dykes necessary to prevent it from extending, involved the expenditure of a very large sum of money, and in stormy weather the water was not infrequently precipitated over the ramparts, to the danger of the ground below. A plan was put out as long back as 1648, by John Adams Leigh Water, for draining the lake by means of 140 windmills; but another power was ultimately employed to drain the Haarlemmermeer—steam. I recently visited the house containing one of the Leigh water-engines—for, out of compliment to the original projector of that drainage scheme, the engine was named after him. At the time of its construction, it was one, if not the greatest engine of the kind that had been made, being able to discharge sixty-three tons of water per stroke. The work before the contractors was stupendous—no less than the clearing away of 45,000 acres of water, estimated at a million tons; but it was in due time accomplished, and great as was the cost of that gigantic “dry-making,” the operation was a profitable one, the first sale of land—about a sixth part of the surface laid bare—having realised over £163,000.

OLD JOKES AND NEW ONES.

OF all publications the conventional *Jest-Book* has the most formal appearance. Made up of disconnected paragraphs, numbered like the clauses of an Act of Parliament, there is an air of cold-blooded system about it

which is anything but comic. A smart repartee over the claret, or a lively story in the club smoking-room, is one thing; a cut-and-dried jest, number nine-hundred-and-something, which has been put in type, and revised, and had its point indicated by italics (for the sake of weak intellects) is quite another affair. We take our jokes, like our pleasures, *moult tristement*. But such books have been published for the last hundred and fifty years, and the abundant supply shows the popular demand for them. No fewer than eleven editions appeared of the original father of the tribe, the *Joe Miller*, which was, as we learn by its title-page, “a collection of the most *brilliant* jests, the most excellent *Bons Mots* and the most pleasant short stories in the English language; many of them transcribed from the mouth of the Facetious Gentleman whose name they bear.” And quite lately—in the neat *Golden Treasury* series—a jest book has been published on the exact model of Mr. Miller’s volume. It is odd that for a century and a half precisely the same form of jest-book should have been preserved, even in small details; but this rather facilitates a comparison which is quite worth making.

Of course we find some striking contrasts, and equally of course, considering the different tone of social manners and conversation in the last century, the greatest contrast of all is in point of decency. In this respect the modern book is immaculate. But the quips of Mr. Miller, seated with his boon companions at the sign of the Black Jack in Clare Market, were often such as would be characterised by our penny-a-liners as “quite unfit for publication;” for to report them would require more blanks than appear in the accounts of twenty Irish police cases. The etiquette of propriety is undeniably very variable. An amount of free-speaking, for instance, is tolerated now, among serious people, as to theological matters, which would have been called indecent ribaldry fifty years ago. But in the older book the chief fault is, not that the witticisms are coarse, but that the coarseness is not witty. Fielding and Smollett are coarse; but in *Tom Jones*, even in *Peregrine Pickle*, we feel at once that indecency is only the dinginess which the bad atmosphere of the age imparted to a fine structure; while with Mr. Miller it is too often the structure itself. However, this is only here and there the case; and it is amusing to find in the modern book some stories ingeniously translated into propriety, which appear in a very questionable shape in the earlier volume.

In both, the jokes on proper names are very numerous. It is not a particularly brilliant witticism, even when a man's name really *is* Lamb, to say that he looks sheepish, or to observe that an actual Mr. Hogge, who is about to marry, appears to "have a sty in his eye"; but when one reflects that a writer of jests has, like our first parent, unrestricted liberty in giving names, and may call his tailor Mr. Woodcock, for the express purpose of talking about his long bill, it is impossible not to feel that an unlimited field for mild jokes is laid open; but that the jokes are scarcely worth printing.

A shade better are the class-jests, of which doctors, lawyers and parsons are the butts. But these run very much in grooves. The point of the surgical ones is that the patients are killed; of the legal ones that the clients are fleeced; of the clerical ones that the congregations are bored or bamboozled. The physician strolls through a churchyard; he is accused of visiting his former patients there; he reproves the sexton for some blunder; the sexton urges in mitigation that he has *covered* a great many of the doctor's mistakes; it is a significant fact that his very prescriptions are written in a dead language. "I hope you followed my prescription?" he asks. "If I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a third-floor window," is the matter-of-fact reply. A Q.C. and an M.D. are seen walking arm-in-arm; the combination is compared to a highwayman's demand, "your money or your life." The difference between an attorney and a solicitor is "much the same as that between a crocodile and an alligator." A lawyer leaves the money he has made by his profession to a lunatic asylum "as an act of restitution, the people who go to law being mostly of that class;" he proposes as a toast "the man that makes his own will;" he invariably eats the oyster while the litigants get the shells. "What is honesty?" he asks. "No business of yours," is the reply. But even to the grave he is in bad odour, and when a shilling subscription is raised to bury him, "What," says Chief Justice Norbury, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here, take this guinea and bury one-and-twenty of them." A preacher gets wet through in his ride to church; he is told he will be dry enough in the pulpit; when there, he is overcome with emotion, which a Scotchman explains by saying, "It's yersel' wad be greet-ing (sobbing) too, gin ye found yersel' there wi' as little to say as he has;" it is urged in extenuation of a Sunday walk in the country,

that finding "sermons in stones," is more profitable than hearing sermons from sticks.

So much for the professional jokes; now for the national ones. Foremost of these stand, of course, the Irish "bulls," most of which are fathered on that delightful masculine Malaprop, Sir Boyle Roche, just as judicial good things are attributed to Mr. Justice Maule and Lord Chelmsford, and clerical mots to Bishop Blomfield and the Bishop of Oxford. There is no mistaking the nationality of the auctioneer who recommends some mourning ornaments by saying, "bedad thin (it seems to be the rule for all Irish stories to begin with 'bedad thin') if me wife was a widder I'd be buying thim jools for her meself;" of the fervid orator who urges that a certain bill will change the barren hills into fruitful valleys; of the gentleman who is unable to see why we should do anything for posterity, as posterity has done nothing for us; who admires the quince-flavour in apple-pie so much that he orders an apple-pie to be made entirely of quinces; who urges that a man can't be in two places at once unless he is a bird; who stays awake at night to see if he snores; who says that Frederick Prince of Wales would have been *George* the Fourth if he had lived; and who, finally, in defending Irishmen from the charge of making bulls, expresses a conviction that "an Englishman would make just as many if he were born in Ireland."

The Scotch pleasantries are tolerably numerous, in spite of Sydney Smith's assertion that a surgical operation is required to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. They are for the most part humorous rather than witty, and depend on dry forms of expression, and what our slang calls "sells," more than on either brilliancy of repartee or mere verbal distortion. There is now and then, too, a hint of the conventional calculation of the "cannie" nation in money matters; as when a Hieland lassie answers to a suggestion of "Love in a Cottage," that "it's a' vera true; but cottages smoke; and a kiss and a tinniefu' (porringer) o' cauld water maks a gey wersh (insipid) breakfast." "Come back, sir, that's not the road," says Lord Eglinton to a trespasser in his park. "Do ye ken," says the offender, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replies his lordship. "Weel, hoo the de'il do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

In the American stories the "tall talk" of our transatlantic cousins is made the most of. There is something characteristic about the lady who after passing through the "European villages" and crossing the Alps, guesses she

has "seen some rising ground," and depreciates the Rhine as a "tarnation trickle, with an uncommon lot of dilapidated houses along the sides." One favourite subject of Yankee joking, too, is the monetary relations between the subscribers and the publishers of newspapers—subscribers who subscribe nothing but their names.

Our ancestors were themselves not too fond of soap and water; so that they did not regard their continental neighbours with the scoffing superiority which modern muscular Christians assume in right of their tubs and rough towels. But now it is a standing joke against "Mossoo" that he doesn't like washing. Accused of having dirty hands, he is made to answer that they are quite clean by comparison,—"*vous devez voir mes pieds.*" "If dirt were trumps," said an English whist-player (we believe Charles Lamb) of a German partner, "what hands Herr Schmutzig would hold."

Scanty acquaintance with a foreign language now and then produces odd results. It is said that one of the most celebrated poets of the day was once the victim of a mistake of this kind, and was locked up in the room of a Paris hotel for half a day in consequence of a friend having given the *garçon* an injunction, as he thought, not to let the fire go out until his return to the room, where he left the poet writing. But his words were, "*Ne laissez pas sortir le fou,*" instead of "*Ne laissez pas le feu s'éteindre,*" or some such phrase; and the acute *garçon* immediately concluded that the wild-looking poet was a madman, whose egress it would be dangerous to allow until the return of his keeper. The poet was naturally indignant, and a very pretty complication was the result. Something similar was the mistake of the patient who was advised by her Scotch physician to "tak' tent" (take care), and who nearly killed herself with drinking tent wine in consequence.

The type of Briton who travels on the continent, profoundly ignorant of any continental language, and unable to apply the epithet *beau* to a French goose, is becoming rarer and rarer every day, and will, no doubt, soon be classed with the great auk and the dodo. But as travelling becomes more and more universal, the tourist, whose little linguistic learning is a dangerous thing, is everywhere to be found—gazing at the placard as to an *Ecole de Natation* in the lazy conviction that a national school is alluded to,—wondering why they sell French millinery at a shop which is described outside as a confectioner's,—puzzled by the joke about the French calling their

mothers mares and their daughters fillies,—and shunning a German *Bad-haus* with a very unnecessary aversion.

A defective power of language is the source of another set of blunders, akin to these. A good deal of joking is to be got out of the letter H by proper maltreatment; and the jests which are hung on this peg are innumerable. Probably the best is Mr. Yates's, who applies to a Cockney named Hill the sobriquet of *Le malade imaginaire*, "because he calls himself 'ill when he is not." There is a story, too, that the late Archbishop of Canterbury once received a rude shock at Somerset House, whither his Grace had gone to execute a deed. "What name?" said the clerk. "Longley," answered the Prelate. "Go to —" (a place unmentionable to ears polite), rejoined the clerk; and some explanation was necessary before it became evident that the official had no radical hatred of episcopacy, and had only unwittingly aspired the L of the department (arranged alphabetically) to which he wished to direct Dr. Longley.* "'Oo rang," inquired this civil servant, as a messenger answered the bell. "Outang," replied a pert junior. "Our 'abits are too luxurious," a West End incumbent told his flock. "Why did the clergyman talk about rabbits in his sermon?" inquired a small boy, *ætat.* seven, gravely enough. And sometimes Cockneyisms of this sort are puzzling to children of a larger growth. A visitor to the Tuileries tells you there are "Hens" on all the chairs. It takes a moment's reflection to see that he is referring to Napoleon's initial, and not to Cochin-Chinas.

Puns hold a very anomalous position in the world of jokes. Almost universally popular, they are almost universally reprobated. Dr. Johnson's dictum that the man who makes a pun will pick a pocket is as meaningless as the equally well-known line, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," in which he parodied Brooke's fine outburst, "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free." There is an alliterative jingle about it, and that is all. But the words of great men, even when they only amount to "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street," acquire a factitious authority, which, in this case, is rather hard on punsters. The fact is, that puns are of two classes, of which one is spurious. Here is an example from the burlesque of *Prometheus* :—

So, slave, if you don't quickly make submission,
Why, then, my man, you miss your man-u-mission.

There is no double entendre in this. The

* This story gains zest by being told of an Archbishop. But

joke only lies in the sound, not in the sense. Compare this couplet in *Annette's Lover*.

On Saturday your sport and mine
Differed somewhat, I'll bet ;
For I was fishing with a line,
You were courtin' Annette.

Here the sense admits of either reading :— "caught in a net" or "courting Annette," and this constitutes a legitimate pun as distinguished from a spurious jingle of sounds. Of course the extreme ease of producing this jocular shoddy has made it popular with the wags, who are, as Addison says, "The last order, even of pretenders to wit and good-humour, being of all men the most insupportable." But most real wit, as distinct from humour, depends on a play upon words ; which is, after all, a sort of punning. And the conventional groan ending with a chuckle, with which a good pun is received, is often equal to several blatant horse-laughs.

But we have lost sight of the books under notice. Sydney Smith once said laughingly, that he never read a book before reviewing it, "because it prejudices one so much." If it were incumbent on a reviewer to read straight through one of these jest-books, he would certainly, if he survived, be very much prejudiced, indeed. But a dip into them here and there may be made with advantage. It is astonishing to find what a number of stories are now current, and are, as a matter of course, retailed by one's acquaintance as facts within their personal knowledge, which appear in the *Joe Miller* of a hundred years ago. It is a standing joke against Dr. Cumming, for instance, that he has taken a long lease of his house, without abandoning his views as to the Millennium. But, "the Rev. Mr. W—n, the famous astronomer" in the eighteenth century, "had made a calculation that the world would be at an end in fifteen years ;" and this divine is pleasantly chaffed for asking thirty years' purchase for some property which he wished to sell. Who has not been told, too, as a novelty, the Irish corporal's answer when his colonel reprimanded him for killing a dog with his bayonet ? "Why couldn't you keep him off with the butt-end of your musket ?" "And so I would, colonel, if he had run at me tail first." But this, too, appears as an eighteenth-century story.

In the modern volume, great prominence is given to the *mots* of Douglas Jerrold and

A'Beckett. And just as people laughed before Sydney Smith opened his mouth, just as the House of Commons was always on the broad grin directly Mr. Bernal Osborne rose to address it, so are we expected to be amused with the mere *nominis umbra* of a great wit, and to find a joke in a sentence which would be insipid enough with an ordinary Mr. Smith for its author. "What an ugly little brute !" said somebody of Jerrold's dog. "I wonder what he thinks about us," answered Jerrold ; and this "jest" figures as number two-hundred-and-something in Mr. Lemon's volume. Mr. A'Beckett tells us that many candidates are *standing* for election, but that only a few will *sit* in Parliament,—an axiom which seems more stupid than novel, though the use of italics proclaims that there is a joke in it which some enviable persons might possibly be able to laugh over. "Hook was once observed during dinner nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being called on for an explanation, he replied, 'Why, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry, with the épergne, and bow to the flowers.'" If this is the sort of thing that great wits do, and say, one had much rather have ordinary people for next neighbours at the dinner-table, not humourists who feel themselves constrained to be witty.

Everybody knows the old joke about the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, who were discussing some difficulties in a project for laying down wooden pavement in St. Paul's Churchyard. "Pooh," said Sydney Smith, "they have only to lay their heads together, and there *is* the wooden pavement." Mr. Lemon (possibly on good authority) tells this story of Jerrold and the Marylebone vestrymen. To Jerrold also is ascribed that splendid definition of dogmatism—puppyism come to its full growth : and the celebrated answer to the small comic writer, "We row in the same boat, you know, Jerrold." "Yes, but not with the same skulls." Here we meet with all our old friends. Sydney Smith is advised to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "On whose?" he asks. Coleridge's philosopher destroys the reputation for wisdom, which his silence during dinner had acquired for him, by bursting out, at the sight of some apple dumplings, with "Them's the jockeys for me." Curran is astonished that he coughs with so much difficulty, "as he has been practising all night." Theodore Hook excuses himself from belonging to the *Phoenix* Club, to meet on winter evenings, because he can't "rise from the fire." Archbishop Whately discovers that

it was current in the last century at a time when the Primate's name was unsuitable to it ; so its hero was then the E—I of L—m—k.

Ann Chovy is the feminine of John Dorey. Abernethy appears with a score of his quaint rudenesses. Hood speaks of a clergyman as "piety parsonified." "If that be law," says Lord Clare, "I may burn my books." "Better read them, my lord," answers Curran. Erskine cross-examines the commercial traveller,—"Pray sir, are you addicted to the habit usually attributed to travellers?" William the Fourth uses the slang phrase which calls an empty bottle a "marine," whereupon an officer at table remonstrates on the insult to his corps. "I mean," says the king, "that it has done its duty, and is ready to do it again." Sheridan threatens to cut his son off with a shilling. "How will you borrow it?" retorts young hopeful.

There are some faults in the *Golden Treasury* compilation. Several stories, for example, are told twice over. But the people, whoever they may be, who wish, at the risk of becoming confirmed bores, to obtain a reputation for telling good stories, will find every sort of anecdote in the *olla podrida* which Mr. Mark Lemon places before them. No; one class of witticism is entirely absent. It is the class which, though not exactly "adapted to family reading," appears most conspicuously in the pages of the *Livre pour Rire*—for the French have their jest-book too—of the "most civilised nation in the world."

TABLE TALK.

SUNDAY last, Nov. 22, is familiarly known as Stir-up Sunday, from the two first words of the collect for the day, which, whether it be the 24th Sunday after Trinity, as it was this year, or the 23rd, as it was last year, or the 26th, as it was the year before, is always the 25th Sunday as regards its collect, epistle, and gospel. And, although to school-boys on the look out for the Stir-up words, the almanack must often seem to be out of joint, and the calendar to look askew—like those one-eyed calendars of whom they read in *The Arabian Nights*—yet, unlike Easter, the Sunday before Advent is not controlled by full moons, golden numbers, and dominical letters, but annually recurs within a very narrow limit of the same days of the month. To a holiday-craving lad, Stir-up Sunday is a species of scholastic Hegira, containing a suggestion of flight, and providing him with a definite period from which he can arrange the simple chronological details that attend upon an eventful circumstance in his life. Such, doubtless, was the

feeling entertained, on Sunday last, by many thousand lads, who, marshalled under the care of their Mr. Feeders and Dr. Blimbers in compactly-filled plots of pews, were fully alive to the stirring import of those Stir-up words, and regarded them in a light that had nothing whatever to do with the collect from St. Gregory's Sacramentary. Rather they would look upon them much in the same way that guilty creatures, sitting at a play, welcome the sharp ringing of the prompter's bell which gives the signal to the leader of the band to wave his *bâton* for the outburst of the merry overture to the merrier Christmas pantomime. Be sure, too, that Stir-up Sunday is noticed by others than schoolboys. To fagged schoolmasters, wearied private tutors, and jaded ushers, it tells of a speedy release from their horse-in-the-mill round of work, when they can recruit their energies in freedom, and frisk out of harness. To them and their pupils, as well as to their pupils' families and friends, it gives the signal for Christmas preparations; and, according to the testimony of the Rev. R. Forby, in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, it is accepted by busy Norfolk housewives as a seasonable reminder that the time is come for them to *stir up* the savoury ingredients of the Christmas mince-pie. And thus, to thousands of people, young and old, gentle and simple, Stir-up Sunday is the herald that proclaims the near approach of the Christmas holidays. May they enjoy them!

THE new Archbishop of Canterbury is, as is well-known, the fifth and youngest son of the late Mr. Crawford Tait, Writer to the Signet Harvieston, County Clackmannan. But a passage in Mr. Crawford Tait's professional career may not be so familiar to our readers. He was the law-agent employed by the creditors of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X. of France) during the time (January, 1796, to August, 1799) that he resided at Holyrood House, Edinburgh, to which place he was compelled to resort in consequence of the strong measures adopted by his creditors. From the time when Holyrood was built by David I., in 1128, it had the privileges of a sanctuary and place of refuge for debtors; the bailie of the Duke of Hamilton, the heritable keeper of the palace, being empowered to grant to such claimants immunity of arrest, except for debts contracted when within its bounds. These bounds comprehended the king's park, Arthur's seat, and Salisbury Crags; but by the arrangements made by

Mr. Tait, the Comte d'Artois was enabled to extend his walks through the streets of Edinburgh, and to call upon the Duke of Buccleugh. With the Comte, were his son, the Duc d'Angoulême, and a numerous suite, including the Duc de Polignac, the Comte de Seran, and his son (who was soon afterwards massacred by the French Republicans), the Comte de Puisquier, M. Rebougil, &c. The Comte d'Artois maintained a show of state, and held *levées* twice a week. The Duc d'Angoulême rarely appeared in public, except at the morning drills of the first regiment of Edinburgh volunteers. After the revolution of 1830, the Comte d'Artois returned to Holyrood, and remained there till September 18th, 1832.

IN the Scotch way of counting cousins there is a curious precision which is almost unknown in England, and which may be worth mentioning. The children of brothers and of sisters are, we all know, called first cousins; the children of these first cousins are called second cousins; and the children of these again, if the reckoning goes on, would be called third cousins. This is all clear; but how would you describe the relationship that subsists between a cousin of the first degree and one of the third? In England we say roughly, that they are cousins. The Scotch, with their faith in pedigree, like to be accurate, and say that they are first and third cousins. Thus let us take a couple of sisters who have each a line of children. A is the son of one sister, B the grandson of the other. In that case it would be said in Scotland that A is first cousin to B, and that B is second cousin to A. It seems a little odd at first sight to speak of A as first cousin to B, whereas B is only second cousin to A. It is on the whole, however, a sufficiently intelligible notation of the facts that whereas A and B are cousins, A is in the first degree, and B in the second removed by intermixture from that identity of blood which subsists between the sisters we started with.

I HAVE been amused with a sentence which I find in a letter written by a lady. "Who is the writer of this letter? I can't make out the signature. *The hand seems bad enough for a man's.*" I really had no notion that women complained of men's handwriting as being less legible than their own. On thinking the matter over, however, I am not at all sure that my correspondent is not right. The penman-

ship of women is rather odd, and it is not easy to understand why they should be taught to construct their letters in a manner peculiar to themselves. Mr. Tennyson, in one of his poems, compares their up-strokes and their down-strokes to stalks of corn slanting in the wind. And oh! their pothooks! oh, their flourishes when they come to y! oh, the bewilderment of their zig-zags when they come to z! Still, nevertheless, and notwithstanding—I fear it must be owned that they are neater in their handwriting than men are. Who would have thought that the influence of sex would find its way to the nib of a pen?

TROUVILLE-SUR-MER is a curious bathing-place, where nature supplies the loveliest Norman scenery, and M. Worth is costumier. It is the joint creation of Dumas and the late Duke de Morny; and was never intended to be a popular, that is, a vulgar resort. Excursionists would be as much out of place on its sands as the Spitalfields' Weaver is in his drawing-room. The frontage is wholly taken up with the toy-houses of princes and dukes. The Hôtel des Roches Noires is unlike any other hotel in Europe. A Prussian princess said, last summer, it was the palace of a sovereign let out in apartments. But Trouville *has* become popular. Last season, 140,000 visitors—the rich and great from every part of Europe—visited it; and there is not accommodation for 15,000. The great ladies took to the fishermen's huts, and played at roughing it. The *poissardes* were quite alive to the occasion, and charged 12*l.* a week to madame for two boxes of rooms which madame's groom would not deign to occupy in Paris. Next year, if things go on at this rate, duchesses will beg quarters in the fishing-boats. In all Trouville there are just six villas to let.

AMONGST other objects of interest which were brought up to the late fungus competition at South Kensington, were portions of the trunk of the common hazel, sent by Lady Dorothy Nevile, which are prepared in a peculiar way by the peasants on the hills about Rome, and sent, though but rarely, into market, to produce at pleasure the species of *Polyporus* (*P. corylinus*, Mauri), which is greatly esteemed as an article of food. The fungus sometimes grows naturally on the hazel, and is not absolutely confined to it, but occasionally appears on chestnut and oak; it is, however, far more plentiful on stumps of hazel which have been

accidentally or purposely scorched, and the same stump, if similarly treated, will produce three crops in succession. It requires merely to be kept moist, when, if the temperature is favourable, a host of white fungi, resembling button mushrooms, but with pores beneath instead of gills, is developed on the scorched surface. The specimens of hazel wood which have been recently received from Rome have not at present yielded their harvest, though under the care of a first-rate gardener, but more time possibly is required for their development. The species is figured by Viviani, in his *Fungi of Italy*, as is also the coffee fungus to which attention was lately called in this journal. There is, however, no reason to despair of success, as another species of *Polyporus* (*P. tuberaster*, Fries), which, like that just mentioned, admits of a sort of cultivation, has produced perfect pilei in our stoves. The habit of this, however, is very different. The spawn, instead of running through the old scorched wood, has the property of collecting the surrounding soil into a solid ball several inches in diameter, resembling a large coarse truffle, and reminding one somewhat of the native bread of the Australian aborigines. It has, indeed, been described as a truffle, but a vertical section, as in a specimen in my possession, shows the delicate white threads traversing the soil very much after the fashion of those of the common mushroom in the bricks which are sold for artificial cultivation. The pilei in the hazel fungus do not exceed two inches in diameter, while their abundance compensates for their small size, whereas in *P. tuberaster*, we have only two or three individuals from the same mass; but these attain much larger dimensions, and there are successive crops, during the summer months more especially. There is a fine specimen in the Herbarium of the British Museum, which was raised half a century ago in the stoves of Mr. Lee at Hammersmith, and an excellent figure is given by Micheli. There is nothing very surprising in the dormant condition of the spawn. Mushroom spawn will keep a long time if not subject to damp, and it is quite certain that the spawn of many rare species will lie dormant in woods and pastures for years till favourable climatic conditions occur for their development. The curious point is that the scorching the stumps should favour the development of the hazel fungus. We find, however, that several fungi are fond of burnt wood. It is a well-known fact that Morels are more abundantly produced where woods have been burnt down, and there are some half a dozen species found in Great

Britain which seem entirely confined to burnt soil which is more or less mixed with charred vegetable remains. Indeed, if a hollow tree is by accident burnt, the walls are almost sure in a few months, to be covered with fungi, and everyone who is conversant with exotic species, is aware that many grow on burnt timber.

I READ the following in one of the weekly sporting papers: "Shortly after the kennels were built, the hounds suffered more or less from rheumatism, in consequence of which the flooring was taken up in the lodging-rooms more than a yard deep, and filled in first with a layer of broken bricks, then with one of cement, one of clay, another of cement, and, lastly, with a layer of dry ashes, on which the stone flags are laid. In addition to these precautions, drain-tiles were placed under the centre of the lodging-houses and yards, as well as around the outside of the building. The walls had also a thick deal wainscoting placed round them, with six inches of clay deposited between it and the walls. These precautionary measures, I am happy to state, have had the desired effect; as lately, there have been but few hounds incapacitated with rheumatism." I wonder how long it will be before we shall be able to read similar statements with the substitution of the word "labourers" for "hounds," and "cottages" for "kennels." I commend this idea to all those new members of our new reformed parliament who have made a great cry on this subject, and from whom something more than a little wool may reasonably be anticipated.

IT is the sacred bird of Egypt that ought to keep at an equal distance from either bank of the Nile; and because of the great truth which there is in the Latin proverb—*In medio tutissimus Ibis*.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bowyer Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 49.

December 5, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE CIRCLE NARROWS.

FOR two or three days Claire felt as if her thoughts had no resting-place. She was breathless from misery, and though in her bitter waking hours and in her sleepless nights she tried to pray, her prayers were incoherent; she was too weak to ask with all her heart for what her heart was breaking, but yet too strong to petition for what she might not desire. That she would not do; she held on desperately to the right, and gasped out incessant appeals to God to have mercy upon her. Claire was utterly alone in this trial, and could lean upon no one, and apply to no one for support; and she knew it.

Ever since the day of Victor's return the young Marquise had forbore to utter his name to Madame Beaudouin, and had, indeed, avoided being alone with her aunt. She felt that what was tearing her heart in twain now was not to be registered, as it were, noted down and made unforgettable by confession to another. Claire was humbled by what tortured her, and resolved that out of respect for the name she bore, and for her wedded state, she would carry alone the burthen placed upon her.

Oh, how she wept over the dream from which she had been awakened—over the proud belief in which she had lived of the holiness of her love! It was gone, and for ever; and the passion with which she had inspired Victor was of no other nature than that which he had felt for Berthe, who so little deserved his affection. Was this indeed so? That she could not know, must never dare wish even to discover; it was enough that the possible rivalry with such another had been held up before her eyes, and in the deadliness of her fear lay the whole weight of her punishment.

Once, in her agony, she thought of telling the whole to Olivier. But some instinct warned her that he was incapable of understanding what she would reveal, or why she revealed it. He would think too little or too much of what she told him, but he would not think rightly of it; still, she had no one to help her, and might she not once in her need appeal to the husband who had been allotted to her, and cry out to him, "Save me from myself."

No! She would bear it all alone, and, with God's blessing, overcome it; there were examples of such victories. There were women, virtuous and pure, who had loved and suffered as she had done, and who had yet stood upright, and borne the shock and outlived it, and done their duty—why not she?

Olivier was, after his fashion, very kind to his wife all this time, and this too, she bore, though it had its hardness in more ways than one. He was full of solicitude for her health and material comforts, and, above all, anxious, as is ever the wont of the good-natured vulgar, that she should amuse herself; amusement, the distraction, namely, of the mind from all its ills, being, according to him, a purchasable commodity, like a necklace or a horse.

On the fourth day after the ball at the Russian embassy, the young Marquise went to the Italian Opera with her mother and her husband. Olivier left them before the first act of the *Trovatore* was ended, and the two ladies remained alone, unless when visitors came to the box to pay their court to them. At the close of the first act Henri Dupont established himself opposite to Madame de Clavreuil, and engaged her in a conversation in which Claire took but an indifferent part; but, as Henri was seated behind the latter's chair, he did not see the objects that attracted her attention.

There was one.

The box occupied by Claire was just in the bend of the house, so that the inmates of the next box but two were more visible than those of the two neighbouring boxes themselves. A

door opened and shut, and Claire knew who had come in though the new-comer stood concealed, and only shook hands with the two ladies seated in front ; but when the hand was stretched forth, she knew it too, and from that moment her opera glass was no more laid down, and she looked actively in every direction save in that of the next box but two, where the new-comer had just entered.

And so the second act passed, and Claire tried all she could to listen and understand what was going on upon the stage, but she could not. An irresistible force compelled her, and, as the curtain dropped upon the *finale* of the second act, her eyes wandered towards the spot where M. de Lancour stood. He was leaning against the back of the box, and his head rose above that of the two ladies in front, and of a fair haired young girl who was bending down between them, and apparently imparting to them some very interesting piece of news, for they listened eagerly and laughed frequently. At the identical moment when Claire looked at her cousin his glance was not fixed upon her, but seemingly upon someone or something in the row of boxes on the second tier. This reassured her, and she did not avert her eyes ; but before the will to do so had returned to her, she had met his, and they were looking at each other.

Only a look! one look in all a life of renouncement—might it not be forgiven? The more so too, that poor Claire felt that look was saving her from the misery that was unbearable. What she could bear was the sacrifice—she had borne it, would bear it unflinchingly to the end—but what she could not bear was the doubt. To doubt of Victor was madness, for in doubt of him lay the incapacity of answering for herself.

In the look she met fixed upon her there was a revelation of all those things which they alone could appreciate. It was a mournful gaze, tender in the extreme and charged with all the loving anguish of a farewell that may not be spoken. In the painful earnestness that had stamped itself now upon every feature of Victor's face there was a warrant of his soul's nobility, and a mute reproach to her who could have for one instant mistaken him. Claire's heart grew calm under that look, and Claire had once more found a resting-place. Of Victor's love and truth and worthiness she had no fear now; the man whose eyes rested on hers then had loved none other as he loved her; and between him and her there rose no lesser memory. What if sorrow's shade lay over them both? they had not loved to be happier,

but to be nobler—their love was not joy, but suffering—a passion in very truth and deed—a truth-and-duty-worship, strong and brave; and Claire knew that this was so, and was comforted. That one true, mournful, steadfast, tender look had called her back to her own higher self, and made her for ever proof against the vain words and mean beliefs of vulgar minds. Now her whole soul might love him as before, for, as before, he had relinquished her—relinquished her, not because it was easy so to do, but because his unfathomable love made all things possible that were to be accomplished for her sake.

And all this in one look? All this! nay, a whole world more of bliss and wretchedness and rapturous heart-lore, and passionate conviction victorious over all the mere dead-weight of logical lifeless facts. Let those deny it who never once in all their lives have quivered to the touch of the soul's electricity, and felt the truth *unreasonable*, flashed into the very depths of their being.

Claire was convinced, and calmed as by a magnetic power. When she lowered her eyes she experienced a strange sense of rest. Again she raised her opera-glass, and looked away, so that none should mark the tears that stole slowly, almost unconsciously down her cheek.

They were not tears of bitterness or of pain.

Whilst the carriages were being called and waited for, Claire could not but hear the fragments of conversation going on in the crowd around her. But the words came to her ears, as it were, materially, without penetrating into her inner sense. She was absorbed, and did not even remark how anxious and uneasy Olivier looked when he came to escort her out of her box.

"To be sure, it is the very last thing one should have thought of," muttered a voice, a little way behind the young Marquise.

"You mean the last thing *you* would have thought of," replied the sharp tones of the Duchesse de Varignan; "but then, your experience has been limited in that direction; it does not astonish *me*."

"Perhaps not the thing," argued the voice that had first spoken, "but the man; it is the man that astonishes *me*."

"Oh, it's M. de Moranges you're wondering at, is it?" retorted the Duchesse.

"Well, I don't know; but ask M. de Sauveterre there what he thinks."

"I invented her," observed the person alluded to, who was standing close by.

"Well, and are you so confounded by this marriage as my cousin Jean?" asked Madame

de Varignan, adding, "You know Jean has not been a week back from Cochinchina, which may explain, if not excuse, his extreme capacity of surprise."

"I'm never surprised at anything," answered M. de Sauveterre. "I've lived too long, and seen too much for that; but I may as well confess that I did not expect it, for that is really the truth—I did not expect it."

"What, you thought the magnificent Marquis above any nonsense of that sort, did you?" rejoined the Duchess.

"Oh! I beg to be understood," urged M. de Sauveterre. "When a thing is either very wicked or very silly, one can understand it; but this is worse than either—it is useless. That is what I did not expect."

"Of course, you do not admit the possibility of there being any love in the business?" suggested the young man who had been called cousin Jean.

"Any what?" echoed M. de Sauveterre, with a look, the cynical contemptuousness of which it would be in vain to attempt to describe. "Any what? Moranges! One sees, young man, that you have come from beyond the seas."

"Yes, so I thought," replied cousin Jean, in an apologetic tone; "besides, at M. de Moranges' time of life——"

"Don't be a goose, Jean," exclaimed Madame de Varignan. "If anything could help to support your insane suggestion it would just be his age; but," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, "do you see, we are right in the midst of the nearest relations—just in the very bosom of the happy family—and" (pressing forward as she spoke) "I must go and compliment them upon it."

At the first mention of the hateful subject (which had been made loudly enough for every one round to hear), Madame de Clavreuil had shuddered, and turned round to see who the speaker was. At the moment when it suited Madame de Varignan to perceive this, Madame de Clavreuil was looking persistently another way, and holding Count Dupont's arm in a manner that seemed involuntarily to solicit protection. But no one whom it was the Duchess de Varignan's purpose to plague ever escaped her.

"I want to congratulate you," said she, in her boldest manner, forcing herself through the intervening bystanders, and laying a hand on Madame de Clavreuil's arm. "I want to congratulate you on the approaching event" (Madame de Clavreuil shrank from her touch); "when is it to be?"

"Elise," ejaculated the unfortunate Countess, indignantly, "how can you? Such an infamy is no subject for pleasantry of any kind."

"Ta, ta, ta, ta," answered Madame de Varignan, nothing daunted; "don't get on your high horse. Infamy as much as you choose, or take any worse word you like; but she is going to be Claire's aunt all the same. There you are again at work with your fictions; but the Bastille was taken in 1792, my dear friends. You can't send her there; nor get a *lettre de cachet* (oh! if you could, I'd help you to that; but you can't); you can't put her down, or put her away, or in any way suppress her. We live under the discipline of the blessed code, and mayor and curé will make the whole thing square; so my advice is, to look it in the face; no fictions will serve; you'll have to bear it. You'll be for calling her Madame I-don't-know-what; but it's all no use. Look it in the face. Make up your little minds to it; she's going to be Madame la Marquise de Moranges, and Claire's aunt; and now, do please answer my question—when is it to be?"

Before Madame de Clavreuil could recover, however, from this attack of malicious volubility, Henri Dupont prepared to answer in her place.

"That it will be as you say, Madame la Duchesse," observed he, "is, I think, more than probable; but when, is a totally different thing."

"Well," interrupted Madame de Varignan, "I shouldn't fancy that M. de Moranges would be for indefinite delays. Men at his age are mostly in a hurry."

"That may be too," replied Henri, in his cool, quiet way; "but he is not the only party concerned, and the question you are pleased to put must depend somewhat upon the other person, and that person is said to be so very ill, that——"

"That she actually can't be married!" cried the Duchesse, with one of her harsh, unpleasant laughs. "Well, that is the veriest comedy I ever heard of! Do you really believe that a woman of that kind can be prevented by any earthly obstacle from being made Marquise de Moranges? I don't."

"I can't say," answered Dupont. "I was assured that she had been for the last week so seriously ill that the publication of the banns had been put off."

"I'll drive to the mairie of our arrondissement to-morrow, and see if they are posted up there," exclaimed the Duchesse.

"I know a man who did that to-day," added

M. de Sauveterre, "but there is nothing announced as yet."*

"You see, Madame la Duchesse, your curiosity will have to learn patience," said Henri Dupont. "Your question as to the *when* remains unanswered."

"If you chose," retorted she, sharply, "you could answer it; for I am convinced you know all about it."

When Claire had heard Henri Dupont mention the fact of the delay in her uncle's marriage being caused by the illness of the Sphinx, she had turned half round, and had allowed her attention to be seriously engaged by what he was saying.

She did not turn round sufficiently to force herself into the disagreeable duty of acknowledging Madame de Varignan, but sufficiently to lose sight of what went on upon Olivier's side, whose arm she held.

At that moment the crowd moved on a few steps; Claire and her husband were separated from Madame de Clavreuil and the group who were speaking of M. de Moranges' extraordinary marriage; and a man, detaching himself from another group, came straight up, and laid his hand on Olivier's shoulder.

"I've a quarrel with you, old fellow," said, good humouredly, Gaston de Vivienne—for he it was; "how can you allow that rascally adventurer to speak to you?"

"Who do you mean?" answered M. de Beauvoisin, with evident embarrassment. "I've been speaking to nobody!"

"Yes you have," retorted Gaston. "I was crossing over the lobby just now, between the second and third act, and making right up to you, when what should I see but that villainous fellow Mardonnet actually standing talking to you."

"Oh—aye—yes! I remember," stammered out Olivier. "He just came up to me for a moment. After all, you know, he's the deputy of the department, and one can't refuse to listen to him if he speaks to one."

"I beg your pardon, *mon cher*," interposed Gaston, warmly; "one can, and one must. He wouldn't speak to me, or to my father, you may depend upon it. You're too easy, Olivier, you must shake the fellow off like an insect—he's nothing but a vile, low intriguer; and he has got a plan in his head now that you must help us to thwart. You know the Bruno branch of the new railway? Well, he wants to be made chairman of the board, and there

are not wanting local influences to support him; but we must all hold together, and——"

M. de Vivienne's carriage was called and he had to leave Olivier in order to offer his arm to his wife, who at that moment was speaking to Claire. But as he left him, he said,—

"Now mind, old boy, you left us in the lurch about the deputation, but you must stand by us this time, come what will."

Claire heard these words, and involuntarily looked at her husband, who stood still, staring at vacancy, and as pale as a ghost.

When M. de Beauvoisin's carriage was announced, his wife roused him out of the fit of absorption into which he seemed to have fallen.

From the door of the theatre to that of the Hôtel de Beauvoisin neither of these two spoke one word to the other; each was wrapped in the distracting thoughts of his and her own life-drama.

And herein lies the ill-advisedness of those who judge the tragic element of our modern age inferior to that of the ancients. Circumstance alone is different. Our dramas have more to do with suffering than crime, but a deep pitifulness lies in the very discrepancy existing now between real unconquered human nature and the colourless monotony of the aspects of civilization. Our volcanoes rage forth from under the surface of flowery lakes, where no one ever dreamt of them; but they rage and destroy all the same. The heart is for ever one; and between our tea-tables and our stock exchanges there are tragedies enacted that would furnish matter for a Shakespeare or a Euripides.

CHAPTER LVIII.—TOO DEAR.

IT was but too true what Gaston de Vivienne had complained of; and Olivier had allowed the man, of whom everybody around him spoke so contemptuously, and whose opponent he had declined to be at the election, to come up and speak familiarly with him in a place of public resort. He had tried, it was true, to evade him, but since his elevation to the rank of a member of the legislative body, Mardonnet seemed somewhat more difficult to evade; he had tried to cut short the speech addressed to him by the deputy, but the deputy would not let him. He had not shaken hands with M. Théophile, it is true—he had contrived to escape that—but Monsieur Théophile was preparing to compensate himself for this by making an attempt upon M. de Beauvoisin's coat-button. He would be heard, and

* When two persons are about to be married in France, the banns have to be printed and posted up at the door of the *mairie* for a fortnight previously.

what he wanted to say was precisely what Gaston had alluded to:—he wanted to make sure that Olivier would not join the great landed proprietors of the department, the gentlemen of Savre-et-Merle in trying to prevent his being nominated chairman of the board on the new branch of the railroad from Brunoy. He wanted just that, only that! and Olivier did not dare to flatly negative his request. He attempted to make Mardonnet understand that at that moment he was in a hurry and could not possibly attend to business, but that, "at some other time," etc. Yes! but at what "other time?" The new deputy wished to be precise, and pressed for the when, the where, and the how; for the place, the day and the hour; and Olivier, in an agony of embarrassments, scarcely knew by means of what promise he had extricated himself from the clutches of his tormentor; he did not like to think of it.

The next day, at noon, a time when he was certain not to meet his uncle, M. de Beauvoisin sallied forth, and walking straight into the vestibule of the Hôtel de Moranges, said he must see Mademoiselle de Mourjonville for a few minutes upon a very important matter. The footman who took the message came back, saying it was scarcely possible for Mademoiselle to receive any one, she was so busy, but that, if M. le Marquis would walk into the library, she would come to him.

He did so; and, as he entered at one door, Aspasia entered by another.

She was, as usual, attired with that sober unobtrusive taste that made the grace of neatness her unfailing attribute, and she had as usual that smile, and that well-studied agreeability of aspect, which made everybody extol the delightful evenness of her temper. If you had examined her minutely, however, you would have perceived a something (barely perceptible) about her which was not altogether as usual. Her senses seemed, as it were, all astir; she was a shade less quiet than was her wont; her eye glanced about, her ears were apparently sharpened—she was listening, or searching, or on the watch in short; but Olivier did not note all this, and he looked as though it relieved him to be with her.

"It is difficult for me now to get away," said Mlle. Aspasia, as she shook hands with her visitor. "She does not like me to be a quarter of an hour out of her sight."

"Is she no better?" asked M. de Beauvoisin, in a tone that the deeper hold obtained over him by some other subject rendered almost indifferent.

"Sometimes better, sometimes worse," re-

plied Mlle. de Mourjonville, with an accent of compassion; "poor thing! she had hardly any sleep at all last night, so that this morning she has dropped off once or twice."

"And she is asleep now?" rejoined Olivier.

"Just dozing."

"Then you can listen to me," exclaimed the Marquis, with a fine burst of selfishness, as he threw himself into a huge arm-chair by the fire.

Aspasia walked forward a step or two, and with folded arms stood looking at him with not very admiring wonder.

"I avow," she said, at last, in her most biting tones, "that whenever I come across the persons of either sex, who are described as being under the influence of the tender passion, they are to me objects of the profoundest curiosity, and I more and more devoutly thank my stars that I have remained in ignorance of what, I believe, continue to be styled by courtesy the affections! Now look at the example before us: here are you, Monsieur le Marquis," (her voice was infinitely contemptuous as she addressed him,) "here are you, who to my knowledge have shared (in some degree I suppose) the attachment that our amiable friend upstairs conceived for you, and here is M. de Moranges apparently caring enough for her to trample upon every other consideration in the world in order to make her his wife, and now that she is visited by illness—a lingering illness, which takes her out of the sphere of your pleasures—you neither of you in reality mind whether she lives or dies. Don't protest against my words, it is the truth! you are bored by the whole thing—nothing more."

"I assure you you are mistaken as to me," replied M. de Beauvoisin; "poor Claudine! I often think of her. Is she much changed? what do the doctor's say it is? but I thought my uncle was tremendously anxious and grieved."

Mlle. de Mourjonville's expression of countenance was altered, as she rather hurriedly said, "Oh; you know the doctors give different opinions—we see so many of them; but the illness seems to be a kind of gastric fever; some of them say they cannot make it out at all, and that it is wonderful she is not yet dead; others again give hopes of her recovery. Fourchon, the new celebrity whom everybody raves about, was called in yesterday, and he gives serious hopes. She is better to-day—much better; though the night was bad, she eat this morning with a kind of appetite; she was not exactly a healthy subject, but she's strong—very strong," and thus speaking Mlle. Aspasia looked musingly into the fire.

"Thank God! poor thing," murmured Olivier, trying to compose an expression of voice and face suited to the occasion.

"And you fancied your uncle was beside himself with grief, did you?" went on Mlle. de Mourjonville in her own strange, peculiar tone. "You thought that because he committed the folly of marrying her he would be inconsolable at her death? Well; it seems you have a good deal to learn, yet. I had something, I confess. Your uncle will marry Claudine when she gets well, and will be a doting husband; but if she dies he will in a few months grow to regard it as a very lucky event, mark my words! and that is what comes of what nine-tenths of the world call Love!"

"But you do not believe that she will die?" rejoined M. de Beauvoisin.

"No, I do not," replied Mlle. de Mourjonville, in the tone in which one comforts a child to whom one refuses what it wants; "but that assurance to your ears means that I am consequently at liberty to attend to you. Now, what is it you want of me?"

Olivier tried, for decency's sake, to appear to attach sufficient importance to the condition of the poor sufferer, who, as far as her knowledge of affection went, had given him all she possessed, and not to seem in the dying woman's house to have no memory for aught save his own concerns; but he was, in truth, wild with anxiety to broach the subject upon which he came.

"I have no time to spare, Monsieur le Marquis," observed Aspasic; "be so good as to tell me what I can do to serve you. Rest assured that our charming friend will be quite well in a week or two."

As she uttered these words, her lip curled with ineffable disdain, while she cast a look at Olivier which he did not perceive.

"Well, I'll tell you," he began. "I am in the most awkward position possible. Last night at the Italiens——"

"You met my brother-in-law," suggested Aspasic.

"You knew?"

"No, no; quiet yourself, pray. I knew that he wished to speak to you for some days past upon business. Bless my soul, there's nothing so very extraordinary in that; what is there in speaking to him? He's the deputy of your department; he hasn't got the plague."

"Yes, but——" M. de Beauvoisin hesitated.

"But what?" asked Mlle. de Mourjonville.

"It is impossible for me to do what he wishes," replied Olivier, in low but firm accents.

"Ah!" drawled out Aspasic, leaning back in her chair, and surveying her visitor from head to foot; "impossible, is it?"

"It is so, and you know it is so," retorted M. de Beauvoisin. "You know that this time it is impossible."

"Then, I think I should tell him so," remarked Mlle. de Mourjonville, forcing the expression of her countenance to be an almost perfect blank.

"Not I," murmured Olivier; "but you—I want you to tell it him."

Mlle. de Mourjonville was pleased to look, as it were, all over her companion, leaving no corner of him unstudied.

"You wish me to take upon myself an unpleasant duty for your sake, my good friend?" at length she said, in a voice that chilled her hearer; "do I understand you rightly?"

"Well," stammered Olivier; "I wish—I hope—it's not so very unpleasant."

"If it were not unpleasant, you would not apply to another person to discharge it; but never mind that, if it were only unpleasant I might consent; but it's unprofitable. All I can say can bring no result. My brother-in-law's interests are too deeply concerned. I cannot help you, Monsieur le Marquis."

There was a dull despair in Olivier's face as these words reached his ear that arrested Mlle. de Mourjonville's attention. It was such genuine utter helplessness that it almost touched her.

"Be so good as to examine the position," she said, as though moved by a charitable desire to explain away her seeming hardness. "You will recognise the impossibility of any help being afforded. Mardonnet has got to be a deputy; true, that is a good deal, more, perhaps, than he had a right to expect: but that leads him to want more; he wants money; he finds the first stepping stone under his feet, the chairmanship of this railway board, a local distinction, a natural introduction to what is termed business—the key to possibilities of money making later—he finds this; and you expect that I can persuade him to give it up. You are young and innocent in affairs, my dear Marquis!"

"No, no; that is not what I mean," urged Olivier, with unwonted energy. "I don't expect that even you can succeed in making Mardonnet renounce his present scheme——" Again he paused.

"Then what do you expect?" retorted Aspasic, driving her dagger-pointed looks into him.

"I don't expect anything," replied Olivier,

diffidently ; "but I hoped that you would help me to extricate myself from the necessity of supporting him in his project."

Her look altered somewhat as she listened.

"You must explain yourself more clearly," she observed, in a tone not altogether discouraging.

"May I do so?" he ejaculated with a, for him, extraordinary degree of animation. "Will it be any use my explaining myself? will you help me? will you annihilate the hold he has——?"

"Hush! hush!" and Mlle. de Mourjonville smiled, as she put her hand upon Olivier's mouth. "You ask from me a proof of absolute devotion—not only the abandonment of my own interests, but the sacrifice of the interests of my nearest relatives. Suppose Mardonnet died: it is obviously my interest that his widow should be able to live without assistance from me——"

"But that is just what I want to propose to you," interrupted Olivier; "it is in your own interest that I came."

"Well, don't over excite yourself, my good friend," murmured Aspasia; "I have, as you know, a most friendly feeling towards you, and we can talk over the matter; but, to prove to you my impartiality, let me tell you, I think you immensely exaggerate the importance of the whole business. What can it matter, in reality, whether you give Théophile your support or not? You may have ideas of your own; you may be of opinion that a democratic deputy, a man of the people, is a good thing; you would not be the only one of your caste. You might——"

"I cannot do it, I cannot do it," interposed Olivier, getting gradually out of himself. "I don't care one straw for republicans, or royalists, or any opinion under the sun. I shouldn't mind Soulouque being Emperor, or Jules Favre, or any body (so long as he ruled hard). I never read a paper; but I must go with my kind; they see and know that I am forced into doing something I can't bear! They'll soon begin to ask why? You don't know what it is to be held in that way! Life's not worth having. Gaston, too, above all!"

"Yes, to be sure," muttered Mlle. de Mourjonville, parenthetically; "the Vivienues! that's awkward! that comes home!"

"Gaston! my God! conceive for one instant, if he guessed! and Henri and Victor! Think how it hangs over me."

"Oh, as to guessing," remarked Aspasia, with a half-comical twist of her mouth; "people don't guess at these kind of things;

they either know them or remain for ever ignorant; there's no guess-work in black and white; but why need any one of them ever know?"

"Only I know!" retorted Olivier; "and I dream of it; and if I had a bad fever, and was delirious, I should tell it all——"

Mlle. de Mourjonville was watching her visitor as a cat watches a bird. "And," suggested she, with a very peculiar look; "if the trace were destroyed, your knowledge would cease to be? you would forget all about it, and be immaculate in your own esteem—that's so pleasant! so fitting in a man of your name and degree!"

"Don't torture me!" cried Olivier; "remember that your hold only rests on a fraud, on a theft——"

"Stop there, if you please," replied Mlle. de Mourjonville, looking dangerous; "that ground is not to be trodden. I have once for all explained, and you know as well as I do that your own inadvertency alone is to blame; it was your own fault if you burned what was of no consequence, and left what was; it was the finger of Providence. Camille was not to blame; she was not brought up to practise the subtle delicacies of honour, such as they are taught in your illustrious houses" (her tone was bitterly ironical), "she found the trace of what had happened, and kept it—that is all; and as I say, that trace destroyed, and your knowledge of any small weakness in the past goes with it—well, that would cost dear, besides, how could I answer to Mardonnet, for——?"

"Never mind Mardonnet!" exclaimed Olivier, in downright anguish, and seizing Mlle. de Mourjonville's hands in his, "I cannot go on in this way. I tell you life's not worth having; I'm afraid of everyone I meet; afraid to go out or come home. Tell me what I am to do—I will pay any price for freedom; but save me, my dear, good Aspasia, you are so clever—save me from Mardonnet!"

As Olivier uttered the last words his voice shook, and there were tears in his eyes.

There was in the agony of this stupid man, whom no one had ever seen moved, and in the loquacity of this dull, silent nature, something that touched Aspasia. She seemed to relent, and after gazing at the fire for a few seconds, biting her lips, knitting her brow, and, in fact, calculating how much each contributor was to furnish—how much the Dowager, how much M. de Moranges, and now how much his nephew,—

"My dear friend," she said, blandly, "you interest me; I will do my best. You know I

like to oblige ; but I am terribly poor—a dependent myself ; and, as I said just now, if Camille were to be left unprovided for I should have to support her."

"But tell me how much," continued Olivier, eagerly.

"Well, I should like to spare your purse, too," answered the considerate Aspasie. "Suppose we said two hundred thousand francs ; you might have what you wish for in your hands this very day—the sum is a moderate one ; yes, for two hundred thousand francs I will agree to take all further responsibility on myself, and you will be for ever free—free even to forget that you ever owed me anything."

But a bucket of cold water thrown suddenly upon his head could not have acted as a more potent refrigerator upon Olivier than did the mention of the sum required. This man, whose every latent energy had been called forth in resistance to what he regarded as an intolerable danger, was ready now to front that danger rather than pay the price that was required from him, in order to avert it. The price took now the form of the intolerable, and the so dreaded danger receded into the background, assuming for the moment a bearable aspect.

"Two hundred thousand francs !" echoed M. de Beauvoisin, considerably perplexed between his innate fear of Mlle. de Mourjonville and his indignation at the (as he thought) outrageous demand on his purse.

"Two hundred thousand francs," repeated Aspasie, mildly. "Ten thousand francs a year at five per cent. It is the price at which I can afford to enter into the transaction you propose, because when I have entered into it, I forfeit all future claim upon my brother-in-law, who will naturally think I have betrayed him, and at the same time I should have to assist Camille if anything happened to her husband. However," she added, rising from her chair, "I have no time, as I told you—I must return to my patient upstairs."

Olivier passed his hand over his forehead, repeating again,—

"Two hundred thousand francs."

"You know I have told you all along," resumed Aspasie, moving towards the door, "that I could not understand your making such a fuss about the matter ; you had far better just do what Théophile asks of you, and keep your money in your pocket."

"It is too dear," murmured he.

"That is altogether another question," retorted Mlle. de Mourjonville, turning round, with one hand on the handle of the door ;

"each one knows what value he attaches to what he purchases. Reckoned by what appeared to be your fears, I should have thought almost any sum cheap—but that's your affair. *Au revoir*, Monsieur le Marquis, I must go now."

As Olivier threw himself into a cab to drive to the club he muttered to himself again,—

"No ! decidedly, it is too dear."

FIGHTING THE ENEMY IN HOLLAND.

III.

IT took thirteen years to accomplish the draining of the Lake of Haarlem, and the total cost of the work was nearly a million sterling. No one who had seen the spot when covered with its sheet of water—and many of the tourists in Holland have described it—but would be surprised at the flourishing industry of which it is now the seat. The surface drainage is kept up by means of the original engines, and the cost per annum for keeping the ground dry is very trifling. Other comparatively great drainage works had been accomplished in Holland long before operations were begun on the sea of Haarlem. So early as the year 1614 "dry-making" works of a gigantic kind were going forward in North Holland. The Beemster, Puriner, and Skermer were transformed by the magic of Dutch industry from water to land—from lakes to fertile polders, for the grazing of cattle and the growing of corn. Indeed, the Beemster, which took four years to drain, is one of the model polders of Holland ; it is fertile in the extreme, and feeds on its pastures the finest sheep of the Netherlands. These polders of North Holland are situated in a beautiful and interesting part of the country, where the herds are extensive and the farmers prosperous.

The dry-making of a considerable sheet of water is usually effected by means of a large joint-stock company. The Lake of Haarlem was drained by such a company, who borrowed their capital from the State. The functions of the Waterstaat do not commence till the water has been taken completely off the land, and the ground so redeemed has been divided among the shareholders. Kavel Waterland is the name given to one of the Dutch water administrations, namely, the Schermerboezem, which I propose to describe, although description is rather difficult in the absence of drawings and maps. Kavel Waterland signifies literally "group of waterland," and the whole

country of Holland is parcelled out into such groups, each having its distinct administrations, the whole, however, being included in the grand organisation of the Waterstaat.

The Schermerboezem is the receptacle or reservoir for the waters of districts lying between West Friesland on the north, and the sandhills on the west, the river Yssel to the south, and the Zuyder Zee to the east. It contains 5000 acres of water, and drains an area of about 240 square miles, a twenty-fourth part of which is taken up with the waterworks. The polders so drained contain about 200,000 acres of fine land. The water on this ground (the Beemster, and other lands already alluded to) was at one time very extensive, four of the sheets covering more than two-thirds of the whole surface. The pumping of this district was commenced about two centuries before the invention of the steam-engine, and had therefore to be accomplished by means of the usual windmills, twenty-one of which began to pump in 1608. Many interruptions took place from inundations and other causes before the work was thoroughly completed; but at length, on the 19th of May, 1612, the dry-making was finished by the forty-two windmills then at work, and the division of the redeemed land took place at Purmerende on the 30th of July of that year, greatly to the joy of the engineer Mynheer Van Oss (whose memory is now held in high esteem as the man who invented drainage on a large scale), and those who were associated with him in the work of the Beemster dry-making.

If the water on the district selected for a dry-making be very deep, then a large number of canals must be formed for its more effectual drainage into the boezem of its system. The outermost of these so formed is called the ringvaart, a dyke which is always constructed in duplicate; and it is into this, the uppermost of the canals, that the water of the system is drained. In Kavel Waterland there is more than one of these ringvaarts, each, of course, enclosing a watercourse, and the whole are connected with the great North Holland Canal, as well as with each other; and by using a series of locks and sluices the water is arranged so as to suit either the navigation or the irrigation of the district. Within the polder, as soon as the ground has been reclaimed from the waters, and partitioned among those who have been at the cost of draining it, the area is divided into parallelograms, many of them not larger than an acre, by small or primary canals, which in their turn are drained into transverse canals at a

higher level, and these again communicate with the boezem of the system, and likewise with the main outlets to the sea, the water being, of course, regulated on its passage by the Waterstaat. In the Schermerboezem polder there are four levels of these canals. The water of the lowest level is pumped into the second level, and so on till it reaches the highest of the group, when a fall is obtained for the superfluous water. The levels are all carefully considered, so as to work one with another. In the eighty-one polders which constitute this system, the ground lies from two to three metres below the boezem into which the water is pumped, which boezem again is one or two metres below the level of the sea.

When a polder is completed, it works, so far as its drainage is concerned, under the entire government of the Waterstaat. At times the want of wind, and at other times too much of it, brings all agricultural matters to a standstill, as I will by-and-by describe, when I come to speak of windmills. It will, doubtless, be supposed that the newly-drained polders will remain for a long time unhealthy, but experience teaches that it is not so, the polder ground being very salubrious, and also very fertile. When thoroughly drained, there is little or no leakage, and although there is a considerable rainfall during the autumn and winter months, the accumulated water is easily pumped out before the early summer requires the commencement of the more particular operations of the farm. All the great polders are densely inhabited, and the people, both children and adults, have a strong and healthy appearance. They have a very pleasing aspect these polders, although rather formally adorned with long rows of trees. Within them lie hundreds of smiling gardens and fruitful orchards, and, as a general rule, the boers who occupy them are wealthy, as wealth goes among these classes.

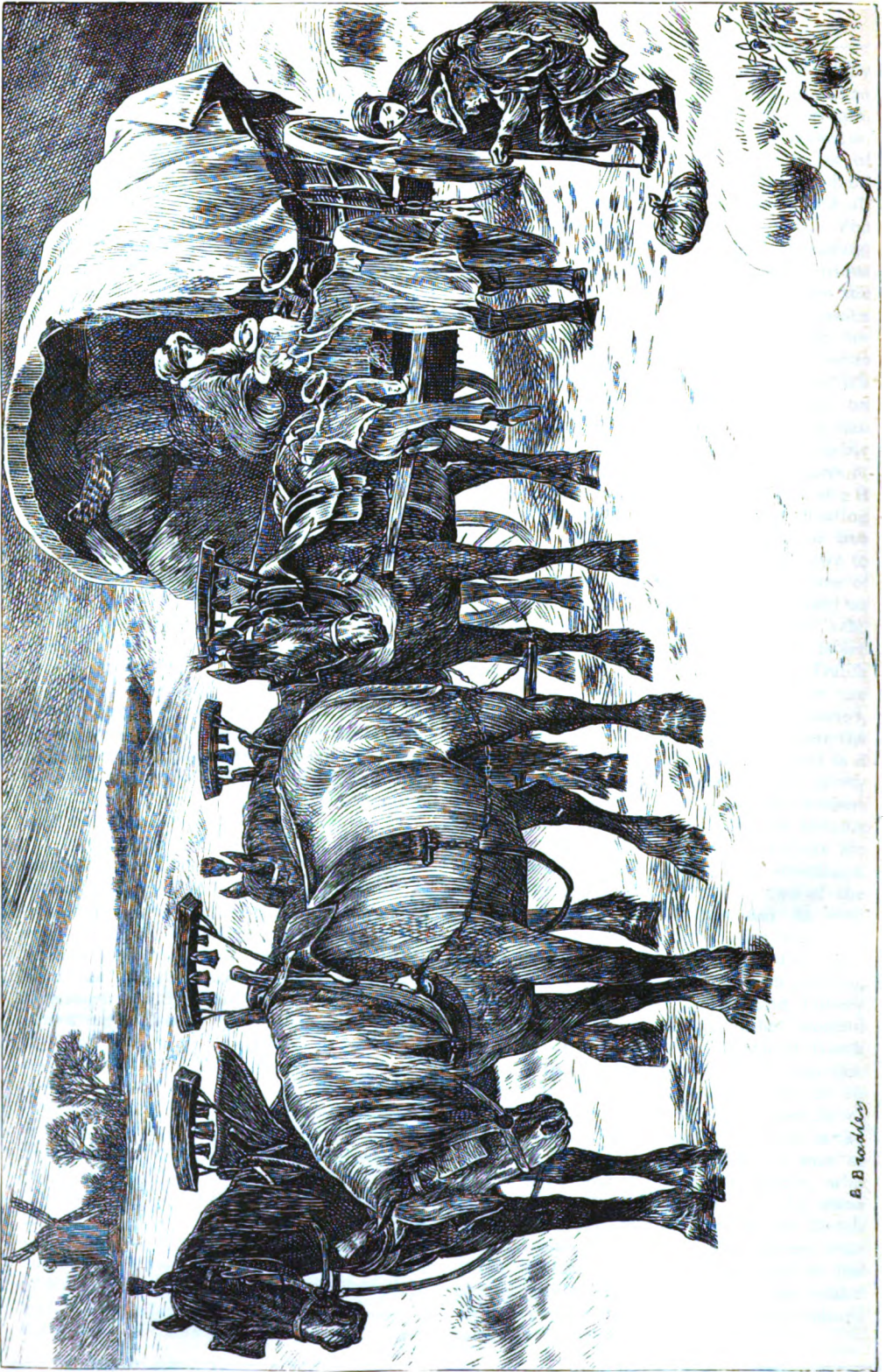
The taxation on account of the Waterstaat is considerable, but when the organisation of the body is considered, and the machinery it has to keep up is taken into account, the amount demanded is not heavy. Where would Holland be if it had no Waterstaat? It would not be able to fight the enemy. The whole taxation levied on account of this important organisation is, after all, only 14s. per acre, but there falls to be added to that sum the man's own labour in constant ditching and dykeing on his farm, but that is not a circumstance that is at all special to Holland.

In addition to what has been incidentally said about the windmills used for pumping, I

may mention that, coal fuel being dear, the wind is the grand force used in Holland for most kinds of hard labour. The Dutch have ingeniously enslaved the wind to saw their wood, grind their tobacco, make their flour, distil their oil, and keep themselves from being flooded! Holland is a land of windmills; one cannot look anywhere, either straight before him or over his shoulder, but he sees a windmill. There must be many thousands of such engines throughout the Netherlands; no less than two thousand, it is said. At Zaandam, for instance, there is an immense number; many grinding corn, numbers cutting wood, and some in the tobacco and oil trades. The mills required for drainage purposes alone must be very numerous. Without, however, venturing to be very dogmatic as to the exact number of mills, it is certain that they play a chief and great part in the economy of the country. In certain states of the weather, and particularly when the winds conspire to blow the outer waters in upon the land, then the Waterstaat issues imperative orders for the mills to stop pumping in the polders, and to be held in readiness for use to relieve the overcharged canals by drowning the land, should that be necessary. Some economists say that they are destined ultimately to fall before the steam-engine, because in the battle of the powers steam must eventually gain the victory; but I doubt that proposition myself: the wind is so cheap. The mills are of all sizes, and range in cost from twenty to two thousand pounds, according to size and fitting.

I wish I could go over the industrial peculiarities of the Dutch provinces, which are more or less connected with the waterworks of the kingdom. Friesland, the peat district of Holland, is highly interesting, from its being a land of calamities, and remarkable as well from the circumstance of its containing a monument to a Spaniard who invented a mode of dykeing! Enemy as he was to the country, the people were so just that they could not overlook his services. Zealand is a very curious part of Holland, and consists of a series of islands—North and South Beveland, the Verdrongen (or sunk land), historic Walchern, and some others. Walchern is protected by the celebrated dyke of West Capelle, which burst fifty years ago, when the district was inundated and many lives were lost. Another of the great dykes of this country is situated on the semi-circular tongue of North Holland, at the Helder. North Holland is a peninsula which divides the waters of the North and South (Zuyder) Seas. The land

which once existed there is now continued by the chain of islands which has already been described. In North Holland is Amsterdam, the largest city of the country; also Haarlem, Zaandam, Brouk, and many other places of interest. In South Holland we find Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Delft, and Dort; and all of these places have no end of canals. The last named town, which, properly speaking, ought to be called Dordrecht, is a very curious place, situated on an island formed by the great inundations of 1416. It is the terminus of these immense rafts of timber which are brought down the Rhine from the great forests of Switzerland and Germany, some of which are of very great value. Having been on board of one of these wooden plains, I can vouch for the extraordinary interest they excite in the visitor. It had whole families upon it, cottages being erected for them to live in; it was neither more nor less than a floating village. A large raft requires four or five hundred persons to navigate it safely down to Dort. Many of these rafts, I was told, are of great value, some of them having realised as much as 37,000*l.* on being broken up for sale. The visitor to Holland should not omit to see Dort; it is an excellent example of a Dutch town, full of canals and sluices. There are also the pools, where the timber is collected, to be seen, as well as the windmills, where the logs are sawn into planks. Guelderland is a very fine district, and contains many pretty places. A little coal is found in the Netherlands, whilst there is plenty of clay suitable for brick and tile making, which, as there are no stones in the country, is of great advantage. There are universities in one or two of the provinces, and each province has its own peculiar art and manufacture. Gin is distilled at one place, diamonds are polished at another. One parish is remarkable for its bulb gardens, another for its cheeses. Leyden and Tilbury are famed for blankets and other woollen cloths, whilst the industrious people of North Brabant manufacture linens and damasks. Sugar refining is also largely carried on in Holland, as is likewise the manufacture of liquor; and on the borders, as well as in the islands of the Zuyder Zee, there is a race of quaint and industrious fisher people, who gather in the harvest of the sea. To some of the other special industries of the Dutch people, I may, if allowed, at some future time devote a separate paper. My object in the present article was simply to give the reader an idea of how the Dutch keep their country from being drowned.



Once a Week.

A LIFT ON THE WAY.—By B. BRADLEY.

[Dec. 5, 1888.]

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

V.

ARTISTS.—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ROBERTS.

WAE'S me, my Stannie, wi' yon ghaistly party
 To find ye noo. Ye lookit weel and heartie,
 When my saul staulkit frae the warld to tak'
 Twixt airth and Haades the sae lanely track.
 Ye maun hae droopit, suddenly and sairly,
 To mak' your journey hither, aye thus airly ;
 But yet, gudeman, I'm unco glad to meet ye,
 And, wi' a Hieland welcome, ance mair greet ye.

STANFIELD (*in a whisper*).

Dinna speak Scotch. They canna bear to hear it,
 It's na the gab that's prawper for a Speerit ;
 For though fair Scotia is aboun a' nations,
 Her language meets with no sic commendations ;
 So, in Elysium, let's drop the brogue,
 And use the speech that here is most in vogue.

ROBERTS.

Hoot mon ! I canna do it. I have na been
 Sae long frae airth as ither ghaists, I ween ;
 May be in time a' languages I'll speak ye,
 As wall as ony chiel frae dear auld Reekie.
 I wadna sit upon a cutty-stool,
 And so I maun gang for awhile to school.
 Aiblins, ye'd like to hae a crack wi' Teetian,
 And ither Bogles of a like condection.
 See, Reynolds comes. He dearly loves to chatter
 O'er paints and varnishes and sic like matter,
 Anent which I have heard enuch on earth.
 Yon's Raffaele too, and mony men of worth,
 Dear brithers whom I honour ; yet, my lad,
 To think o' brushes makes me unco' sad.
 So I'll awa'—It's nae the time for dinner—
 And tak' a bouse wi' Wilson, the braw sinner.

REYNOLDS.

Welcome, my Stanfield to this blessed spot,
 From mortal strife so free. Yon kindly Scot
 With Wilkie, Leslie, and myself oft prate
 About the art of painting, and the state
 It occupies at present on the earth.
 Nor are they dumb in praise of your great worth—
 And so, my brother R.A., prithee state
 How fares the Royal Academy of late ?

STANFIELD.

Thank you, Sir Joshua, for your kindly greeting ;
 Anent that theme there's little worth repeating.
 The institution prospers—but, by Jove,
 Our rulers keep it ever on the move.
 From that famed house wherein you took the chair,
 It first was shunted to Trafalgar Square.
 And now—a spirit told me yesterday—
 To Piccadilly it must wend its way :
 And though to westward we must go, at least
 'Tis said that wisdom cometh from the East.

REYNOLDS.

Now listen. In the language of our art,
 There are some painters who their thoughts impart
 Swiftly, yet clearly, spurning all recourse
 To baser means the world's esteem to force ;
 For labour—without thought—is but a weed,
 And freedom—without strength—is poor indeed ;
 Knowledge alone the mind to wisdom schools,
 Audacity is the resource of fools,
 And fumbling but the language of the weak ;
 Truth never stutters, 'tis her aim to speak ;
 And yet, so simply, that the densest mind
 Can scarcely fail her deep intent to find.
 But thus to laud the voice of truth is vain,
 Fools reign above, and will for ever reign ;
 So tell me, Stanfield, what in art does folly
 To make man—that's the word in fashion—jolly.

STANFIELD.

We have good painters still : but there was one
 Who answered to your picture. He is gone.
 Now to gain wealth alone the painter burns,
 And worldly wisdom higher wisdom spurns.
 To honesty my age had little claim,
 For puffing was the only road to fame ;
 If any work was praised aloud in print,
 No matter what the want of merit in't,
 'Twas sure to prosper. People were beguiled,
 Whilst publishers and painters inly smiled.

REYNOLDS.

But against public feeling who dares run ?

LESLIE.

Public opinion is the voice of one.
 There's nothing too absurd, or false, on earth,
 But some newspaper will proclaim its worth,
 Uphold the falsehood, and pronounce it true.
 For people ever love a lamp that's new,
 And see more beauty in its feeble blaze
 Than in the brightest light of other days.
 In art, especially, are mortals apt
 Their tastes at fashion's mandates to adapt,
 And, so much eccentricity excites,
 Each feeble comet hath its satellites ;
 Who—spurning all the well-established stars—
 Call it more bright than Jupiter or Mars.
 Our critics shape the destinies of art.

TITIAN.

What do you say ? The critics ! bless my heart,
 What race are they ? and, for what purpose sent ?

LESLIE.

The critic is a man omnipotent
 On earth. 'Tis he alone the fashion sways,
 And tells men what to censure, what to praise.
 Of art to have sole knowledge he pretends,
 And on his voice a painter's fame depends.

TITIAN.

In my time no one had the impudence
 To seek the public taste to influence ;
 An artist's fame depended on his skill
 Alone, and not upon a critic's will.

Whence comes it now that people are so tender,
As thus their right of judgment to surrender?
How came this mighty creature into sight?

LESLIE.

He stole upon us, like a thief at night—
Abortion of prosperity—he rose
Just as a fungus, or a weed that grows
On fruitful soil, unheeded at its birth.
Nor till the noxious plant o'erspreads the earth,
And firmly in the ground has taken root,
Do people—of their blindness—see the fruit.
In earlier times, I grant, there were some men
Who studied art before they used the pen
To spread their doctrines and the public teach.
But now, so ready are all men to preach,
Can they but write—no matter their vocation—
They think their mission is to teach the nation
On themes of which they're densely ignorant—
And fools, for gospel, take the windy cant.
In every rank of life the breed is nurst,
But of the learned tribe, by far, the worst,
Is he who made of painting a pursuit,
But failed—from want of skill—to gather fruit.
Foiled in his purpose, he no mercy shows,
But treats successful artists as his foes.
Finding a medium in the public press,
He deals in praise or censure—to excess;
And wisely keeping in the dark his name,
Pours blatant falsehood without fear or shame:
Fawner in kisses—coward in his blows—
To serve his friends, or crucify his foes.

TITIAN.

Such base abandonment of truth is sad.
He who can sing in praise of what is bad,
Or to crush talent is by no means loth,
Must be a knave or fool;—it may be, both.
Easy the voice of censure; smart the lays
Of blame; but ah! how difficult to praise.
Friendship and prejudice our reason mar;
We see men as they seem—not as they are.
The wisest course a mortal can pursue
Is to praise what is good; what is untrue
Or soon, or late, will find its proper level—
Angel to Angels, Devils to the Devil:
And though, for some brief moment, error lives,
To truth its due reward time ever gives.

STANFIELD.

True, worthy Titian, but it makes me rage,
To see the folly of the present age.
Painters, on painting, can alone pronounce
A proper verdict; and, in spite of bounce,
If fame depends upon a critic's voice,
I fear there's little reason to rejoice.
If critics but behold a firm outline,
False or correct, they term the drawing fine;
Nay, let an artist in his pictures show
Reckless audacity—or, what's called go—
And, above all, elaboration spurn,
Those wise men are deceived. They can't discern
The shadow from the substance; nor are keen
To see the mighty difference between

A treatment that displays the strength of will,
And that which merely shows a want of skill.

LESLIE.

That critics know not what is really good,
I marvel not;—'twere wondrous if they should.
Practice is requisite in any trade,
Poets and painters are not ready-made;
Nay, were a critic learned in the art,
I question if his teaching could impart
A healthier tone to public taste—or crush
The constant tendency of men to rush
In blind pursuit of what is new or strange,
And, with a childish joy, to welcome change.
Capricious fashion ever has the power
To make its pigmies giants for the hour.
Some time before I quitted yonder earth,
The love of novelty had given birth
To a strange school, whose doctrines—though not
new—

Were the reverse of what we all think true.
With patient care it laboured to reveal
Much that good taste endeavours to conceal;
And, to such folly can blind zeal decline,
Aught that was ugly, it pronounced divine.
Its pupils thought to represent the features—
In stern and naked truth—of human creatures,
But made poor men from out the canvas stare,
As Van Eyck painted them—not as they were.
Ruskin—chimeras ready to protect—
Proclaimed himself the prophet of the sect;
Which, led by Millais, took a sudden start,
And spread, like locusts, through the fields of art.
It sneered at Raffaele, scorned Correggio,
And spurned the claims of Michael Angelo;
Thought Tintoret, with Veronese, and Titian,
By no means worthy of their high position:
Velasquez was too coarse, Murillo poor,
And Rembrandt, at the best, a vulgar boor;
And showed such slight respect for vigour, that
It pooh-poohed Rubens as an acrobat.
Careless to save what even yet was true,
With the blind zeal of bigots, it o'erthrew
The ancient images; and, in their place,
Set up an idol, whose "d—n ugly" face
Was quite as worthless an embodiment
Of nature's beauty as the one it spent
So much mistaken labour to dethrone.
More of the new school is to me unknown.
What came of it?

STANFIELD.

Oh, Millais, wise as Plato,
Soon dropped its tenets like a hot potato.
Some few disciples yet remain; but they
Can scarcely gather praise, and much less pay.
Though they're allowed to gibber and to squeak
The paltry idols of a paltry clique,
They yet need daily, from the public press,
A deal of puffing to obtain success.

LESLIE.

I can't regret the fall of that same school;
But though its doctrines were too poor to rule

The destiny of art, not all were bad.
 Childish and narrow in its aim—it had
 An honesty of purpose ; which redeems
 Its mighty errors. For to me it seems,
 Your influence, my Reynolds, made men deem
 All care and labour as beneath esteem.
 One wish the painter quickened—to be rapid,
 And art became conventional and vapid.
 Surely, the school we speak of merits praise
 For striving to lead men in better ways ;
 To its poor doctrines I may take objection,
 But though it erred, 'twas in a right direction ;
 Nor could its influence on art be mute,
 The seed it scattered must have borne some fruit.

STANFIELD.

Ah ! there you're wrong. It was an alien weed
 That bloomed and blossomed ; but produced no seed.
 To do too much or little, we may blame ;
 How not to do is now the painter's aim.
 In early youth ambition spares no pain
 The object of its wishes to attain ;
 But, fame acquired, it takes another course,
 And looks on labour as a needless force.
 Gold is the god of human worship now,
 And in an age where all to Pluto bow,
 Think you, if every touch is worth five guineas,
 The artists of the day are such poor ninnies
 To waste one moment more than is required
 To grasp the golden booty, so desired ?
 Slovenliness is master of the hour,
 And critics hail it as a sign of power ;
 Nor fail to find (their vision is so clear)
 A subtle meaning in each filthy smear.
 Why marvel so much artists labour dread,—
 That falsehood reigns, and conscience is dead ?

TITIAN.

'Tis not so difficult to understand
 Why art makes little progress in your land.
 These sudden changes prove you have no School,
 No master-mind the public taste to rule ;
 And no obedient scholars to impart
 His doctrines, and produce a Style in art.
 Each man presumes to follow his own will,
 And though a great diversity of skill
 Results from such a practice, art can never
 Attain perfection by one man's endeavour.
 You smile, dear Leslie ; but if you inspect
 The past, you'll find my verdict is correct.

LESLIE.

Nay, Titian, with all due respect, I say,
 Your verdict will not stand the light of day ;
 And if by Style you mean the imitation
 Of others' excellence, I'm glad my nation
 Ignores the practice : so, each man can find
 The means to show the wealth of his own mind.
 'Tis weak the voice of others to assume,
 Or flutter, like a daw, in borrowed plume.
 As to your system, say, what has it done,
 But sacrificed the Many for the One ?
 Look at your once far-famed Italian schools,
 Though great in masters, plentiful in fools.

A man by force of genius arose,
 And pupils rushed to kiss the great man's toes.
 They strove the master's knowledge to inherit,
 And caught his manner ; but without his spirit.
 The best of these became each one a pastor,
 To propagate the doctrines of the master.
 And what was the result ? Why, even as light
 Reflected, to and fro, soon ends in night ;
 So, of great genius was the downward course ;
 By the transmission it exhaled its force,
 And, wanting fuel to prolong its breath,
 It dwindled to a spark, and then came death.

TITIAN.

Your metaphor's ingenious ; but you can't
 Make me a convert ; and, what's more, you shan't.
 But here is Michael Angelo, the Great,
 You have some faith in him, at any rate,—
 To him the question let us now refer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Don't talk to me about Oil Painting, sir,
 For that pursuit I never cared a bit,
 The work for woman's hand alone is fit.
 A brush may suit the strength of puny fools,
 The chisel and the hammer are the tools
 For giants ; or in painting would man toil,
 Let fresco be the medium, not oil,
 There's something manly in that work, at least.

RAFFAELLE.

Great Michael Angelo, I were a beast
 To speak against the fresco-painter's art ;
 But why can't men in oil their thoughts impart ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

With you to prate on art I won't consent.
 Raffaele ! our ways are widely different.
 To Popes and Princes you may bow the knee,
 I look to them to bow the knee to me.
 Adieu.

RAFFAELLE.

Still in an angry mood ? How oft
 In temper yielding, and by nature soft,
 I sought his friendship, but the task was vain ;
 In pride he stalks, for pleasure or for pain.
 I thought my love might some indulgence claim ;
 Three centuries have passed—he's still the same ;
 And yet his means of pleasure must be scanty :
 He loves Beethoven, and he honours Dante,
 But, save to them, I never heard him utter
 A kindly word to any souls that flutter
 Around his presence in these blest domains,
 Where pure equality for ever reigns.

REYNOLDS.

I honour him ; nor can I think his hate
 Sincere ; for spirits must appreciate
 The rivals whom they never could endure
 On earth.

GAINSBOROUGH.

Reynolds, of *that* I'm not so sure.

PHIDIAS.

Bother the painters ; say, what men of worth
 With works of sculpture now adorn the earth ?

BRAMANTE.

And what of architecture ?

STANFIEDD.

On those themes

I rather would be silent ; for it seems
 That architects and sculptors love to tread
 In beaten paths, and live upon the dead,
 Whose brains they steal. Nay, Titian, do not smile,
 For there you see the blest results of style.
 You ask what works the public streets adorn.
 Our statues and our buildings rouse the scorn
 Of foreign nations ; but the scorn is mild :
 In imitation we are as a child.
 But they are more consistent in their plunder,
 And that's the reason why they seldom blunder.
 One thing to their great credit, I must own—
 They do not *paint* their statues. That alone
 An Englishman was capable of doing,
 And whether other sculptors are pursuing
 That horrid vice, I know not. I'm afraid
 You've found me rather growling for a shade.
 But see, good Roberts beckons me away,
 My worthy friends, I wish you all good-day.

THE VOICE OF A PLAY-GOER.

I AM no critic, I ignore the rules of Art for the same reason that I hate to hear how my food and drink is adulterated ; he who knows too much loses a great deal of pleasure. There are plenty of men whose profession it is to watch theatrical performances in the public interest, and award praise or blame according to their approach to or departure from a recognised standard (I take it for granted there is such a thing), and I am grateful to these guardians of the drama, who probably do something towards elevating my taste, though I do not know how, and hug my ignorance. I am simply one of those rare animals, a middle-aged play-goer, who retains his youthful faculty of unquestioning enjoyment ; whose ears are ever open and his opera glass ever bright ; who would not go behind the scenes or—which is much the same thing—enter a stage box for the world ; who never seeks for orders, unholy because thievish, and who has no wish to become acquainted with any actor or actress in private life, dreading the shattering of illusions which might ensue. For I have been to amateur theatricals where the performers were known to me, and could never manage to identify my friends with their parts ; the words might be the words of Hamlet, but the voice was Smith's. You see that I guard my Thespian pleasures somewhat jealously : yet I wish that I could more often get someone to share them with me. Fifteen or twenty years ago I

was never at a loss for a congenial companion who could sit out five hours' dramatic performance without yawning ; who would laugh with me, pity with me, thrill with me, and chew the cud of what we had just enjoyed during the entr'actes. But alas, my contemporaries have outgrown their theatrical tastes ; one is a slave to his dinner, another to his post-prandial tobacco, a third to whist, a fourth writes plays himself, and cannot be expected to listen patiently to the works of others, while a fifth has turned critic, and goes to see a new English play with the same weary sigh I remember to have heard him utter five and twenty years ago on opening the pages of an unfamiliar Greek one.

So, for the most part, I visit the theatre alone, for I cannot bear dropping in at half-price, or even earlier, after the performance has commenced. I like to dine at five, so as to have plenty of time for digestion and a cigar, and repair in a calm and happy state of mind, and good time, to the doors of the previously selected playhouse. I like the musicians to be settling themselves in the orchestra and the conductor to be raising his fiddle-stick and looking round upon them as I take my seat and spread out my playbill, considering that to miss the inspiring sensations produced by the first notes of the music and the rising of the curtain, is a loss only to be compared to coming in late to a dinner-party, when the soup and fish have been cleared away and the soul-stirring pop of the champagne corks is heard no more. The sparkling wine is open, and you can drink your fill of it ; but the flavour is nothing without that exhilarating sound, for what is fruition to anticipation ?

Why will my countrymen come to the theatre five minutes late, treading on my toes, rumpiling my hat, knocking down my umbrella, intercepting my view, drowning the dialogue ? and why will they rise to go away five minutes before the conclusion of the piece, instead of waiting, as I do, till the black curtain has shut out the world of imagination ? the time they gain for the weary world of reality is so minute, the annoyance they cause to others so great. As for those dreadful people who talk all the time, discussing either the merits of the performance, or treating of things in general, I do not esteem them my countrymen at all, but rank them with organ-grinders, amorous cats ; boys who whistle with their fingers in their mouths, dogs who bay the moon, and other plagues of society, whose horrid mission it is to promote insanity. I had nearly called them outcasts, but, alas, the cry of "Turn him out,"

is for the most part a barren suggestion seldom acted upon by the outraged audience.

I wish the theatres were a little more comfortable; stuffed cushions, velvet and gilt, I am quite indifferent to, but it *is* pleasant to have room for one's legs, since bruised knees and cramps in the calves certainly detract from an evening's enjoyment. The front row in the dress circle at Drury Lane is roomy, so is the back seat of all in the Haymarket pit, so are the stalls of the Lyceum. Indeed the stalls of most London theatres—though by no means of all—are so arranged that a six-foot man can sit with his legs before him; but it is only in two or three that you can get a good view of the stage from that part of the house. The footlights are constructed on the *lucus a non* principle, to hide the feet, and you have to call analogical reasoning into play to feel quite assured that the performers are provided with the usual extremities. When they die, or take headers, or descend into caves, or bury treasures, the disadvantage of sitting below the level of the stage is, of course, much greater. Surely a very slight exercise of architectural ingenuity would suffice to remedy this evil.

Managers may well pardon this murmur of remonstrance from one who is so easily pleased as I am with the fare provided for my entertainment behind the curtain. I am a gourmand not a gourmet with respect to theatrical pabulum. People groan a great deal over the decline of the drama, and they may have reason; I do not know. I know this, that existing generations always think everything connected with them inferior to what went before, and they cannot all be right. Playgoers were not satisfied even in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; and perhaps a future generation may think better of our present comedies than we do. I will not yield to anyone in admiration for Shakespeare; I read him oftener than many growlers, who only make use of his name for the sake of odious comparison, and what is more I go to see his plays acted. The younger Colman and Sheridan always draw me when I see the names of their comedies on the playbills. But one cannot go on hearing the same play over and over again however excellent it may be; I demand novelty, and get it, and generally find it tolerable, sometimes very good. It is true that when I tell my friends how charmed I have been with a new piece, they continually tell me that it is stolen from the French. Well, if the adaptation is so skillfully managed as to disguise the origin, what is that to me? The design of my beloved's bonnet is drawn, I

believe, from the same source, but her head looks just as charming under it as if the idea came from the interior. Of course I entertain a patriotic wish that the English excelled all nations in all things, and would like the French to be indebted to us for plays and fashions, crockery and constitutions; but practically I do not much care so long as I get what I want, which, at the theatre, is entertainment. It is quite right for the professional critics to call that man to order who translates a foreign play and passes it off as his own, but what does it matter to me, so long as the piece is a good one and well acted? There is one remonstrance, however, which I have to urge in this matter, and that is, that a French play is sometimes so hurriedly and clumsily arranged in English dress as to jar upon the audience with a hundred incongruities. English families do not generally live on a flat, and ought not to be represented as doing so; English country gentlemen do not get themselves up in scarlet and tops for a ride with ladies in June, and, what is of more importance, our theories of domestic happiness and virtue are quite different from those of our neighbours, whatever our practices may be. If a man has not time to adapt a French play properly, I do wish that he would content himself with a simple translation, retaining the French names, and laying the scene in France. But this is only a branch of a wider subject, that of keeping up the illusion of the stage. We denizens of stalls, boxes, pit, and gallery, only ask to have our senses cheated, and I appeal to translators, adapters, and original playwrights, to do their best to cheat them. The more truly they hold the mirror up to nature the more perfect is the illusion, and they *will* constantly insist upon marring the effect of a good play with an impossible episode; pouring a cold incongruity down our backs when we are all in a glow. Now there is that interminable duel; lay your plot in the last century, or a foreign country, and have as many duels as you like, but why introduce that obsolete mahogany box of pistols into a modern English scene when you know very well that, if your characters fought the survivor would be hanged, the seconds get penal servitude for life at the very least, and the whole party be ridiculed by *Punch*. What would you say to a comedy treating of the present state of society, the plot of which hinged on a trial for witchcraft? Now the *duello* in this country is quite as much out of date.

There is a play, an excellent one in other respects, the enjoyment of which is, for me at

least, almost entirely spoiled by the means which the hero, a mill-owner, employs to discover the virtue of the heroine, one of his hands. He sneaks into her room and prys into her private diary! True, he learns that she is a calumniated paragon, and marries her off-hand; but in real life a fellow who would do such a thing would be a pitiful scoundrel. Faugh! There is another comedy, also generally meritorious, in which a husband brings his wife to a sense of duty and propriety by telling her, falsely, that her child is dead. Can we imagine a worthy man, as the husband is represented to be, acting like that? Can we imagine his wife forgiving him? For pity's sake, Mr. Author, let him dissipate her property, knock her down with the poker, jump on her; she might pardon all that, we see it done constantly. But such a brutal hoax could never be forgotten.

And then again, gentlemen, I wish that you would not occasionally make your *dénouements* so very puzzling; you cram sometimes events enough for a busy week into the short period which elapses between the break-up of a ball and the dawn of the following day. Two male characters drive off, fight the absurd duel, get wounded, have their bullets extracted, make friends again, and return—not to their own homes, but to the house where the ball has taken place. Thither, likewise, at that very unseasonable hour, lawyers come with missing deeds, and all the guests, dismissed just now, return, the virtuous to be rewarded, the vicious to be punished. Dear, dear, if you have not space for another short act to wind the story up in, drop the curtain a trifle sooner and leave something to our imaginations? They would not make such a tangle of it as your final scene does, depend upon it. I do not allude to any one particular play; I believe that I have seen half a dozen in which all the events of an excised act are crammed in this way into a scene lasting ten minutes.

But I would reserve my most strenuous remonstrances for certain writers of burlesque and extravaganza who sit down of *malice prepense* to destroy the illusions of the stage. Why can they not invent extravagant plots of their own instead of distorting successful plays, and so spoiling them for ever for those who have a keen sense of the ludicrous? Hawks should not pick out hawks' een: the burlesque writer has the whole real world to cull absurdities from, and surely he might refrain from preying almost exclusively on his brethren, undermining the theatrical tastes of playgoers for the sake of raising a temporary laugh, and

so sawing off the branch on which he himself is sitting. This reckless determination to amuse at any price is carried to insanity when the machinery and properties of the stage are dragged before the attention of the audience; when a burlesque king bids his cup-bearer to give him a bowl of nothing from a paste-board bottle, or directs his soldiers to walk round the scenes at the back and come on again to make his army look larger. Of course we all know that actors and actresses do not really take their meals on the stage, and that managers cannot keep up positive regiments, but we try to deceive ourselves for the time being, and surely it is the business of all connected with the performance to help and not to thwart us in attaining a state of mind without which theatrical entertainments must soon become a bore. Courts and camps, history, mythology, politics, science—burlesque it all, but spare our stage illusions; for, ah me! how different is the real world of forced smiles and bitter tears to the mimic life of the theatre, where the mirth is so real and the sorrow all fictitious.

DR. TYNDALL'S LAST DISCOVERY.

THAT ever active physicist, Dr. Tyndall, who has already proved himself a worthy successor of his illustrious master, Faraday, has just added to his other scientific triumphs the discovery of a new kind of chemical experiment, remarkable for its simplicity of idea, and which there is reason to believe will soon open a very large field of inquiry. "It consists," to use his own words, "in subjecting the vapours of volatile liquids to the action of concentrated sun-light, or to the concentrated beam of the electric light;" and some of the results which he records are of such singular, almost inconceivable beauty, that for this reason alone, and putting aside their important application to many atmospheric phenomena, and probably to art, they have a claim to be noticed in these pages.

He uses the *experimental tube*, which those of our readers who attended his Lectures on Radiant Heat will recognise as an old acquaintance. It is connected with an air-pump and with a series of tubes used for the purification of the air, and at one end of the tube, which lies horizontally and is closed by plates of glass, is placed an electric lamp so arranged that the axis of the tube and that of the parallel beam issuing from the lamp are coincident.

The substances whose vapours were passed into the tube and there exposed to strong light

are known to chemists as nitrite of amyl, iodide of allyl, iodide of isopropyl, hydrobromic acid, hydrochloric acid, hydriodic acid. To the great majority of our readers these terms, excepting perhaps the last three, convey no more information than the appalling word, *Hinterladungs-vetterligewehrpatronenhülsenfabricantarbeitschef* (which is quoted in the *Cosmos* of Sept. 26), would do to a person totally ignorant of German. This is, however, of not the slightest consequence, and all that need be known is that they are all readily converted into vapours by the application of a moderate heat. When these vapours are exposed to the above described action, clouds of the most beautiful appearance, and at some points vividly iridescent, show themselves in the tube. When the nitrite of amyl vapour is mixed with a little air the cloud is white; but if air is freely admitted and the nitrite vapour thus attenuated, the cloud varies in colour from a milky blue, to a pure, deep blue. "There could scarcely," says the author, "be a more impressive illustration of Newton's mode of regarding the generation of the colour of the firmament, than that here exhibited; for never even in the skies of the Alps have I seen a richer or a purer blue than that attainable by a suitable disposition of the light falling upon the precipitated vapour. May not the aqueous vapour of our atmosphere act in a similar manner?"

The cloud yielded by iodide of allyl was extremely beautiful. The whole column revolved round the axis of the decomposing central beam, and was nipped so as to have an hour-glass appearance, while round the globular dilations delicate cloud-filaments twisted themselves in spirals. It also folded itself into convolutions resembling those of shells. When hydrogen is made the vehicle of this vapour, the cloud assumes a pearly lustre, such as Dr. Tyndall has often noticed in certain conditions of the atmosphere in the Alps.

The action of light upon the vapour of iodide of isopropyl occasions in the course of a few minutes some singularly graceful developments. The column of cloud is seen to divide into two parts near the middle of the tube, and in one experiment a globe of cloud formed at the centre with axes projecting right and left. Sudden commotions were observed in the nebulous mass, buds of cloud shooting out and growing into flower-like forms. In one case the cloud-bud grew rapidly into a serpent's head; a mouth was formed, and from the mouth a cord of cloud, resembling a tongue, was rapidly discharged.

The aqueous vapour of hydrobromic acid

mixed with air gave rise to the formation of two clouds five inches apart, and united by a slender cord of cloud of the same bluish tint as themselves. After undergoing various modifications of form, both clouds presented the appearance of a series of concentric funnels set within one another, the interior ones being seen through the gaseous walls of the outer ones. As many as six of these concentric funnels were observed.

The aqueous solution of hydrochloric acid yields a vapour which required an exposure of fifteen or twenty minutes to the electric light for the production of a fully developed cloud. It was then divided into several sections, united to each other by a slender axis. "Each of these sections," says Dr. Tyndall, "possessed an exceedingly complex and ornate structure, exhibiting ribs, spears, funnels, leaves, involved scrolls, and iridescent *fleurs-de-lis*. Thus the structure of the cloud from beginning to end was perfectly symmetrical; it was a cloud of revolution, its corresponding points being at equal distances from the axis of the beam."

The aqueous vapour of hydriodic acid yields a nebula which so far resembles those of the two preceding acids, that the process commences by the formation of two small clouds united by a cord; but it exhibits more vivid colours (green and crimson) than the other vapours. Of the various substances experimented on, none gave such astonishing results as this. "The development of the cloud," says Dr. Tyndall, "was like that of an organism, from a more or less formless mass at the commencement, to a structure of marvellous complexity;" and this grand simile is fully borne out by his description of the changing phenomena which he observed. After a time the cloud formed into a spectral cone with a circular base, from which filmy drapery seemed to descend. On this base was an exquisite vase, with a vase of similar shape in its interior, and from the edges of the vases fell the faintest clouds. The anterior portion of the cloud assumed in succession the forms of roses, tulips, and sunflowers; it also presented the appearance of a series of beautifully shaped bottles placed (like the funnels in a previous case) one within the other; and once it positively assumed the form of a fish, with eyes, gills, and feelers. "The *twoness* of the animal form," says the observer, "was displayed throughout, and no disc, coil, or speck, existed on one side that did not exist on the other." For nearly two hours Dr. Tyndall looked in wonder at the extraordinary vision which his magic skill had evoked.

These experiments are capable of almost any degree of modification and extension. They have already revealed to us a new world abounding in images of almost inconceivable beauty ; but it is very probable that they have more than an æsthetic value. The assistants who watched the phenomena with the Professor, and whose minds were probably of a more practical cast, remarked that these reactions "would prove exceedingly valuable to pattern-designers," and if artistic skill can seize these fleeting phantoms, there is no reason why this idea should not be carried out.

The chemical reactions which occur in these experiments are only slightly noticed, and do not admit of a popular explanation ; it is, however, in the highest degree probable that future chemists will make this form of experiment a potent auxiliary to the laboratory, while future meteorologists will find in it the true explanation of various atmospheric phenomena which as yet remain in more or less obscurity.

TABLE TALK.

I MENTIONED, Oct. 24th, that one of the principal objects which astronomers hoped to attain by their observations on the recent solar eclipse, was a more accurate knowledge of the nature of those red prominences which had been seen in previous solar eclipses, jutting from the sun's rim, and extending in some cases 30,000 miles into space ; and we showed that spectral analysis had satisfactorily solved the question. Now, for at least two years past, a well-known English astronomer, Mr. Lockyer, has entertained the idea, that *by fishing*, as it were, round the border of the sun, with a spectroscope attached to his telescope, he might in course of time catch a protuberance without waiting for the rare opportunities afforded by solar eclipses ; and by the aid of a powerful spectroscope which has been provided at the expense of the Royal Society (and which was exhibited in an incomplete state at the August meeting of the British Association at Norwich) he has just succeeded (Oct. 20th), after many failures, in obtaining and observing part of the spectrum of a solar prominence, which he joyfully describes in a note to the secretary to the Royal Society as "a very fine one." By a strange coincidence, the idea which had so long been in Mr. Lockyer's mind, namely, that the prominence might be observed spectroscopically without the intervention of an eclipse, occurred to the French astronomer

Janssen at the very moment when he was observing the eclipse in India, and on the following day (August 19th) he succeeded in carrying out the plan he had conceived (of which as yet we have only partial details). Here then we have the case of Adams and Le Verrier almost exactly repeated. Lockyer's claim to priority of idea cannot be questioned, but Janssen has a priority of a few weeks in applying theory to practice. The news of the English discovery reached the great astronomer, Delaunay, at Paris, scarcely five minutes before he received Janssen's letter on the subject. The fact that the observations of these astronomers do not exactly coincide in minor details is of no importance, for Janssen finds that the appearances are constantly varying. The great thing is the discovery of the new mode of investigating the composition of the sun and its surroundings, without the necessity for an eclipse. They have both taught us how to roast our pig without burning down the house.

I HEARD an election story that is worth the telling. A certain voter, who had a particular dislike to Mr. Blue, walked up to the hustings to record a plumper in favour of Mr. Yellow. Arrived there, a busy attorney, in Mr. Blue's interest, got close to the voter, and, as the question was put to him, "For whom do you vote, sir?" whispered in his ear, "I believe you plump for Mr. Blue?" Now, although the voter could not say with Canning's Knife-grinder,

But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir!

yet, in the spirit of the reply of the Friend of Humanity,

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d—d first !

he answered, with loud indignation, "I plump for Mr. Blue!" and was there stopped with a "Very much obliged to you," from Mr. Blue's attorney, who hustled him away before he had time to recover his speech or faculties.

THERE was a mistake of a common kind made a fortnight ago in these columns : the phrase Forty-parson power was attributed to Sydney Smith. It was Byron's ; and will be found in *Don Juan*, x. 34.

Oh for a forty-parson power to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy !

THE art of puffing has at last apparently reached its *maximum*. Who, after reading the following account of Dr. X——'s "per-

ambulators," would attempt to resist their insidious action? "If you want a purely unsophisticated family pill, buy Dr. X——'s liver-encouraging, kidney-persuading, silent perambulators, twenty-seven in a box. This pill is as mild as a pet lamb, and as searching as a small tooth comb. It don't go fooling about, but attends strictly to business, and is as certain as an alarm-clock." It is needless to state that these perambulating pet lambs are of American growth.

It is a generally accepted doctrine that most sea fishes deposit their eggs at the bottom of the water, and this has been one of the great arguments against the process of trawling. Professor Sars has just discovered that cod, mackerel, and various other fishes, deposit their spawn at the surface of the water instead of at the bottom. These eggs present at their superior pole a drop of oil, which diminishes their specific gravity and enables them to float on the surface. This drop remains visible during the whole development of the egg into the little fish.

THANK Messrs. Jenner and Knewstub for their last invention—the A B C Despatch-box. This is a box with sliding partitions, which are lettered A B C, for the assortment of papers. You will put Baggs's little bill into B; that unanswered letter of Larcombe's into L; and the memorandum about a horse to be sold at Tattersalls into T. The boxes are of all sizes and qualities—some arrayed in cloth, and some in morocco; some with locks, and some without; some with the usual appurtenances of a writing-desk, and some with no attractions but their own clearness of arrangement. Order is said to be Heaven's first law; and surely also it is the first on earth. Blessings on the man who will help us to order! above all, who will help us to order those most unmanageable things—loose papers, accounts, and letters. He will help us to gain time, and to avoid litter, to keep our tempers and our appointments, to save our memories from the care of innumerable trifles, and to save our purses from the losses of bad memories.

ODD things do happen, and not the least singular of these is the circumstance that the Pope is a freemason, so says the *Sicle*, and the Emperor of France is a canon of the church of St. Jean de Latrum. This priestly dignity held by a crowned head is not unexampled. When there was an emperor of

Germany he was by right of his position a canon of St. Peter's at Rome; the King of France was canon of the church of St. Martin de Tours; the dukes of Berry were canons of St. Jean de Lyon. Many canonries have been hereditary in the families of laymen since the time of Pope Boniface VIII., who sold the title when he was in urgent need of money. The Emperor Napoleon III. is not a canon by virtue of his position, nor by right of birth, inasmuch as neither his father the ex-King of Holland, nor his uncle, Napoleon I., was invested with canonries; he must, therefore, have asked for it, though whether he paid for it, or it was given him by the Pope in return for services rendered, is best known to themselves and the persons concerned in arranging the matter. A very curious circumstance in connection with the present emperor is that in his capacity of canon he is entitled to a seat in the Œcumenical council which is to be held in Rome, in which case he would have to sink the title of emperor, and don the surplice and the other paraphernalia which canons are wont to put on on occasions of ceremony. The right of canons to be present at these councils is said to have been acknowledged by the fourth council of Carthage, held in A.D. 398.

THE foulest piece of foul play that I have yet heard of comes, by report, from New York. A wretch, too debased to turn an honest penny, has been imposing upon credulous sensation-mongers by the exhibition of a live but, avowedly and apparently, headless fowl. The prodigy was manufactured with Yankee cunning and heathen barbarity. The bird's bill was cut off, its eyes were pierced out, its brain was partly extracted, its head and neck were skinned, and the skin was drawn up so as to make it apparent that the bird never had a head. It appears that a poor rooster lives for several weeks after this operation, and that the brute of a showman has been practising his cruelty for a considerable time. Now he has been stopped, and is to be punished. His penalty should be an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

A BOLD divine who was called upon to preach before James I. (of England, and VI. of Scotland) gave out his text thus:—"James the first and sixth. Nothing wavering." And it is said that his royal hearer was pleased with the ill-timed witticism. The conceit and pedantry of James is well represented by Mr. Phelps in his delineation of *The King o' Scots*;

and he does not convey to us an untrue impression that the monarch would have been guilty of such a piece of chivalric sentimentalism as has been commonly attributed to him, viz. : that, on coming to the throne, he ordered Fotheringhay Castle to be demolished in order that not one stone should be left upon another of that fortress that had been the scene of his mother's violent death. The author of *Antona's Banks*, in 1797, wrote thus :

And filial justice, with vindictive rage,
Burst on thy princely towers with whelming tide,
Nor left one vestige to relate thy pride.

To the same effect is the statement in the *Leisure Hour* for July 25, 1861 (p. 475), and those made at the meetings of the Lincoln and Northampton Archæological Society, Sept., 1859, and the Archæological Institute at Peterborough, August, 1861 ; although, at the latter meeting, the statement was somewhat qualified by the suggestion that James, having no use for the castle, allowed it to fall to decay. I am surprised to see in such a book of reference as *The English Archæologist's Handbook*, written by so competent an authority as Mr. Henry Godwin, F.S.A., that the vulgar error concerning King James has been allowed to find a place, and that in the brief account of Fotheringhay, its fate is condensed into this statement : "Razed to the ground by James I." (p. 200, Parker, 1867). Nothing could be more erroneous. James I. reigned twenty-two years, and, during that time, bestowed the castle on three successive proprietors and residents. He died on March 27, 1625 ; and, on April 3, 1625, an elaborate survey was made of the castle, which was found to be a "capital house," "the dining-hall well garnished with pictures, &c." This survey is printed at length in Archdeacon Bonney's *Fotheringhay*, published in 1821, and not a word is said in it about demolition. The church historian, Fuller (who was born ten miles from Fotheringhay in the parish adjoining Dryden's birthplace), was seventeen years old when this survey was made, and, perhaps, wrote his account of the castle somewhere about that time. He saw there that pathetic couplet from an old ballad, scratched on a pane of glass by Mary's diamond,—

From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust ;

but he, too, says nothing of demolition. It is probable, however, that the castle was demolished by Mountjoy, Earl of Newport (who died Feb. 12, 1645), because he did not wish the expense of keeping it in order ; and it is certain that this demolition must have been made shortly after the survey of 1625, because

Sir Robert Bruce Cotton (to whom the nation was indebted for the Cottonian Collection, and who was "cousin" to King James), before his death on May 6, 1631, had removed from Fotheringhay its banqueting-hall, in which Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded, and other important parts of the castle, to form the nucleus of his new mansion, Conington Castle, near Stilton, Huntingdonshire, now the residence of Mr. Heathcote. Anyway, Mr. Godwin is certainly wrong in saying that Fotheringhay was "razed to the ground by James I."

I FORGOT, in speaking of fungi last week, to say a word about what they do in Italy. One of their best fungi is *Lycoperdon Bovista*, when quite young, which even in that state acquires a considerable size. These fungi are collected and placed in a cool cellar, and slices cut from them as occasion requires, the same individual yielding a successive supply. Those who wish to make the experiment in this country must first take care that they get the right species ; and, when that is accomplished, they must not venture to use it except the white flesh is free from the slightest yellow tint. Other species have been sometimes substituted, but if not absolutely unwholesome, they are far from an agreeable article of food. It is probable that the poplar fungus of Taretinus is the same with Mauri's *Polyporus corylinus*.

SINCE the war of 1866 left no hope for the Hapsburgs without a friendly Hungary, great has been the joy of that semi-barbarous country. There is a strange mixture of talent and folly, dignity and vanity in the Hungarian nature. The Magyars feel their own importance just a little more than their western neighbours do. One of them stalked into a shop in Vienna the other day, and asked to see some maps and globes. He turned over sheet after sheet representing Europe and Asia, and spun the globes again and again. Wherever Hungary presented herself there was a huge Russia, or Turkey, or Germany indicated if not included in the paper. It was vexatious certainly, this jealousy on the part of the people who designed the maps. At last an idea struck him. Tossing his Banda over his shoulder, and erecting his head like a gamecock, he exclaimed, "Give me a globe of Hungary." Surely national self-assertion could no further go.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 50.

December 12, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER LIX.—FREEDOM WON AND LOST.

FOR the next two days Olivier said to himself that the sum named by Aspasie was "too dear;" but that was simply because the impression made upon him by the price required was more recent than that left by the evil from which he was labouring to escape. M. de Beauvoisin was like a great many weak-minded men; he calculated nothing with precision; but always over or under-rated what he was capable of achieving or suffering. When the wish to shake off Mardonnet was uppermost, he honestly thought that he was capable of giving the world, as people term it, in order to shake Mardonnet off; but then, Olivier's notion of the world to be thus given, was (as is often the case) very circumscribed. When he assured Mlle. de Mourjonville that to get rid of an intolerable annoyance he would pay any price, he had in his mind a vague notion of an exceedingly moderate price. The moment the price was brought down upon him like a sledge-hammer, it did what a blow of that kind does—it stunned him; and his very indifferent faculties were crushed for the moment beyond the power of combining or calculating. He thought he would give anything to escape from a danger, but the "anything" seeming in its turn to be out of the question; he believed he could bear the threatened evil; in which he was utterly mistaken, as he soon found.

He received a note from Mardonnet, which he destroyed and did not answer; fancying that by not answering it he could escape further importunity; but then he had to settle accounts with the other party, and Gaston de Vivienne pinioned him down, and made him pledge his honour that he would go all lengths with his own set in preventing Mardonnet from attaining his ends in the matter of the

railway committee in Savre-et-Merle. Then he got another note from Mardonnet, who seemed prodigiously well-informed of whatever he said or did, and in this document he was certain he discovered the business-like style of Mlle. de Mourjonville. He began to waver again, and to discuss with himself, and his perplexities were terrible. Two hundred thousand francs was a large sum; and, as is mostly the case with men whose education has upon no one single point developed in them the idea of absolute truth, it was alternately larger or smaller to his mind, according as fear or love of money became uppermost. Might Aspasie perhaps be brought to *take less*? No! his inmost conscience said there was no more bargaining with Mlle. de Mourjonville than with Shylock, and that, had she specified a million of ducats, or a pound of flesh, she would relentlessly, and to the last hour, hold to the letter of her bargain.

There was to be a meeting of the Savre-et-Merle landowners at the Duc de Vivienne's on the next day but one, and Olivier was to attend it with Henri Dupont, who was to fetch him at twelve o'clock. Mardonnet was believed to be at Malleray, doing his utmost with the local influences. Olivier breathed more freely.

But the very day preceding that on which he was to meet his neighbours at the Duc de Vivienne's, Olivier was informed by his valet of a fact which, insignificant as it appeared, upset all his calculations. The above-mentioned functionary brought to his master, at his breakfast, a visiting card, on which was printed:—

THEOPHILE MARDONNET,

Deputy of Savre-et-Merle.

"That gentleman called this morning," said the man, "but it had not yet struck ten, and I absolutely refused to disturb M. le Marquis. However, he said he would call again to-day at half-past five, and hoped to make quite sure of seeing M. le Marquis."

"Impudent rascal!" muttered Olivier, be-

tween his teeth; not so low, nevertheless, but that his valet caught the words and fixed an inquisitive glance upon his master.

"The gentleman was very importunate, indeed," continued the domestic; "he came back, after he had turned to go away, and said I must be quite sure to tell M. le Marquis that if he found no one at home at half-past five to-day, he would be certain to be found to-morrow, at twelve, at M. le Duc de Vivienne's," (Olivier started and turned deadly pale), "and he likewise added that M. le Marquis was aware of the business upon which he came. If I might be permitted to have an opinion I should say he was a remarkably vulgar-looking——"

"But I don't want your opinion, Leroux," interrupted Olivier, with a haughtiness to which his own attendants were utterly unaccustomed, his habit being to spoil his servants thoroughly. "You may go."

And the valet departed, needing no further information to teach him that something had gone very wrong with his master.

Olivier had risen late that day, and was breakfasting alone, which happened sometimes though not often to him. He left his meal untouched, swallowing only with unsteady haste a cup of too hot tea. Before noon, he went out on foot, took the first *fiacre* he could find, and drove to his stock-broker's, where he staid not many minutes, then to his notary's, where he staid half-an-hour, and then to the Hôtel de Moranges. It was between one and two when he reached his uncle's house, but there was no one at home; Mlle. de Mourjonville was really out, and Madame Claudine's maid, whom M. de Beauvoisin caused to be summoned, reported, that though exceedingly weak, her mistress was, on the whole, so much better, that Mademoiselle had been enabled to go out shopping, an employment she had been debarred from for some time owing to the indefatigable assiduity of her attendance upon Madame.

Olivier stood for an instant before the abigail as though bewildered by the disappointment caused him by Mlle. de Mourjonville's absence.

"I must see her," was all he went on repeating; and at last: "I see but one way," he said, "I dine here to-day," (the tirewoman observed that she knew there was a great dinner at the hotel,) "tell Mademoiselle that I will come very early—a good half-hour before anybody else—if she will be ready. I will not detain her long, but I have a most important matter to speak to her about."

"Perhaps something connected with the wedding?" suggested archly the lady's-maid, assuming the privilege of her position.

"Why—yes—in fact, that is it," responded Olivier, disjointedly; "and it is of the utmost importance."

How Olivier got through the day he himself hardly knew, but at each stroke of the *timbre*, and at each opening and shutting of the *porte-cochère* he started nervously, and listened with breathless attention. He was so determined not to be at home at half-past five that at four o'clock he despatched his valet to the club telling him to wait for him, as he should dress there. At six o'clock M. de Beauvoisin was dressed, though the dinner-hour at his uncle's was half-past seven; but he had ordered his carriage at half-past six, and meant to make sure of his private audience of Mlle. Aspasia at seven at the latest.

His carriage was ten minutes late, which mattered but little, for he could easily be driven like the wind, and in reality reach the Hôtel de Moranges a quarter *before* seven, even. But this very quick driving it was which nearly ruined his entire combination. In one of the streets in which improvements have rendered traffic more than difficult, M. de Beauvoisin's *coupé* got blocked by an omnibus; the two coachmen waged war with word and whip; an omnibus horse was reputed injured by the wheel of the aristocratic vehicle, and then came the *sergent de ville* upon the scene, and all idea of rapid progress was cast to the winds.

It was not till Olivier had exhausted every form of protest—whether angry, persuasive, or *pecuniary*,—that he got free, and could again reiterate to his coachman the order to "drive like the wind."

It was a quarter *past* seven when he sprang into the vestibule of the Hôtel de Moranges.

"Is any one come yet?" he asked anxiously, as he threw his paletot to a footman.

"No one, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the servant. "Mademoiselle is in the green drawing-room, alone."

Olivier—usually slow of movement as of speech—actually bounded forwards, and was in the middle of the "green drawing-room" before any attendant had had time to open the door for him.

Mlle. de Mourjonville was standing before the fire, with one foot resting on the fender, and her hands crossed before her. At the noise made by Olivier's abrupt ingress, she turned round. He was by her side, and had

seized one of her hands in his before she was quite aware of who it was who had come in.

"I have brought what you asked," said he, hurriedly, and putting his other hand into the breast pocket of his coat; "here it is; now give me what you promised."

"So, Monsieur le Marquis," replied coolly Mlle. de Mourjonville, "you find it at last not too dear, do you?"

"Oh! never mind what I find it!" rejoined he, showing her a very thick pocket book.

"Well! let me see."

"Look!" said M. de Beauvoisin, opening the pocket book, but not giving it out of his hand, as with nervously-trembling haste he counted a certain number of bank-notes, and showed a written order to his notary to pay the rest to the bearer.

Mlle. de Mourjonville followed the operation with glances, the rapacity whereof was hard to conceal; but even then she could master herself, and when she had distinctly seen the sum she had aspired to within her immediate reach,—

"Some days have passed, M. le Marquis," said she, "since I named that price, which *then* you called 'too dear'; suppose I were, now, in my turn, to call it too cheap?"

"Don't, Aspasia!" replied the Marquis—and it was all he said; but the tone, the expression of countenance, the whole aspect of the man were such that even Mlle. de Mourjonville was compelled by it. She no more dared, at that supreme crisis, trifle with that man, than she would have ventured to try her tricks upon a bear at bay.

"Make haste!" added Olivier. "Look—it only wants eight minutes to seven,—for God's sake bring me what you promised, or some one will be coming! go! go quick."

And she did go, though not quickly; on the contrary, she went saunteringly to the door, protesting that she humoured him out of her great good nature; but when she had closed the door she flew.

Olivier fastened his eye upon the clock, and when, at the end of three minutes, Mlle. de Mourjonville re-entered the room, it was to him as though three hours had passed.

"Giving, giving!"* said she, as she held out one hand to receive the pocket-book, and showed in the other the envelope of a letter.

"Here it is," said Olivier; and, as she took it,—

"Let me count, first," observed she, not yet tendering to him the paper she held in her hand.

How he chafed, not allowing himself to snatch it from her.

"All right!" fell at last from her lips, as quietly depositing the little morocco case in her pocket, she offered to M. de Beauvoisin that for which he had paid so high a price.

His fingers grasped the paper twitchingly, and with a sort of convulsion his eyes closed.

"You had better see that all is straight on your side," suggested Aspasia, with a curious smile. "It would be a pity to make for the second time the mistake you made once before."

M. de Beauvoisin drew a slip of paper from the envelope he held in his hand, looked at it for a second or two scrutinizingly, and yet as with a feeling of repugnance, and then advancing towards the fire prepared to cast the slip of paper into it. At that moment a door opened; quick as lightning Mlle. de Mourjonville passed between him and the fire, covering him with the folds of her silk dress and whispering,—

"Your uncle! take care! burn it at home!"

Olivier had hidden the slip of paper in the breast pocket of his coat, before his uncle had had time to perceive anything, and as guests began to arrive at the same time he had leisure to recover his self-possession.

But self-possession was perhaps not strictly what Olivier de Beauvoisin recovered that night. He drank more than usual, and was alternately boisterously gay (as was not his wont) or abstracted; and during his fits of abstraction had anyone watched him they would have seen his fingers steal into the breast-pocket of his coat, as though to be assured of the presence of something very precious.

After dinner his uncle took occasion to inform him, while they stood a few minutes together and alone, that Fourchon had so immensely benefited Madame Claudine that her cure was to be considered almost certain with time and care, and that that being the case, the banns were to be published in a couple of days, the advertisement at the mairie being to be posted up on the morrow.

Olivier expressed delight at the announcement. (Everything delighted him!)

When the last guest was departing (it was between eleven and twelve), "Stay, Olivier," whispered his uncle; "I mean you to shake hands with your future aunt. I wish you to tell her your satisfaction at what I have just told you; it will be graceful as coming from my nearest relative."

Mlle. de Mourjonville objected—said that it would disturb the patient, and was visibly

* A translation of the French, *donnant—donnant*.

annoyed at the notion of the visit. But M. de Moranges, like all selfish men, was not to be gainsaid. He said he had seen Madame Claudine five minutes ago, that she was up and in very good spirits, and that his nephew's act of kind attention would please her far too much to do her harm.

"You are too careful, my dear friend," said, blandly, M. de Moranges, laying his hand upon Aspasie's arm. "If excess were possible in such ceaseless, tender care, I should say your's was absolutely excessive. But I will answer for no harm coming from this little infraction to your regulations."

Mlle. de Mourjonville yielded; but her vexation, nay, distress, was evident.

"Nay, then, I will set you at ease," said M. de Moranges, gaily. "Watch the clock here for exactly ten minutes, and if, at the tenth, we are not back in this room, I authorise you to come and turn us both pitilessly out. Ten minutes' quiet talk can injure no one."

The uncle and nephew went; and, when they entered Madame Claudine's room, they found her seated in a huge arm-chair with her feet upon the fender, and though with all the marks of severe recent illness still upon her face, looking handsomer than usual, and full of peaceful contentment.

M. de Beauvoisin kissed the hand of his future aunt, imparted to her the welcome news entrusted to him by his uncle, and talked with a fluency that his hearers were wholly unaccustomed to on his part.

"You are a good fellow, Olivier," exclaimed M. de Moranges, putting his hand on his nephew's shoulder; "and I shall not forget how you have received the announcement of the event which so nearly touches me: many another would have run sulky, whereas you, on the contrary,—I never saw you in such spirits in all your life."

"Well, I do feel outrageously happy, uncle," rejoined Olivier, looking just what his words described; "and I'm sure I wish you and my aunt every comfort in life."

"Yes, but I dare say, for all that, neither of you thought of drinking my health at dinner," observed Madame Claudine, with gentle reproachfulness. "Confess that that was not thought of."

"I grant the omission," replied M. de Moranges.

"I grant it too," added Olivier; "but I'm so ashamed of my neglect that I'll drink it now in anything you choose! More than that," said he, laughing, "I'll drink it in the glass of physic at your elbow;" and he put

out his hand towards a large glass standing on the table, close to the Sphinx's arm-chair, and filled with a pale red liquid.

She smiled.

"Oh, that punishment you might undergo," she remarked, cheerfully. "It's only my pomegranate syrup which Aspasie has just prepared for me—dear, thoughtful Aspasie!"

"Yes, we may well say that," murmured M. de Moranges.

"Here goes then for pomegranate syrup," cried Olivier, seizing the glass and emptying it at a draught. "To your health, happiness, and long life, my dear aunt."

As he replaced it, empty, upon the table, Mlle. de Mourjonville opened the door.

What her look said it would be impossible to describe, and she stood for one instant motionless and as though transfixed. It was, however, really only the affair of one instant; after which, she came forward into the room, with much of her usual air.

CHAPTER LX.—THE NIGHT OF THAT DAY.

TWELVE o'clock had not long struck, and Claire was sitting in her own room, alone, listlessly letting the hours pass by, not knowing why she had not yet gone to bed, but already wrapt in the vague half-consciousness of a dream.

The night was one of those warm, cloudy, gusty nights towards the end of March, when puffs of smoke issue from the most unexceptionable of chimneys, and the silence is broken by sudden slaps against doors and windows, and by the fall to the earth of tiles or tree branches—a thoroughly uncomfortable night.

The apartment occupied by the young Marquise was on the first-floor, and had no window to the front. It was situated immediately under the nursery of her child, in which we have once seen Claire established during a slight illness of little Pierre's. The apartment consisted of three rooms, a spacious bed-chamber, a tolerably large saloon, and out of the latter a boudoir. All looked into the garden. Claire was seated in the boudoir, but the door into the saloon stood open, and the soft light shed by one lamp showed dimly the blue damask hangings of the larger room, and a beautifully arranged *jardinière* filled with ferns and pink cactus. An inner staircase communicated with the saloon; and any one wishing to reach the boudoir must first come through the latter room.

Claire's seat was by the fire, on a low chair, right opposite to the door in question, which

she had opened on account of the occasional whiffs of smoke that the wind forced from the chimney. How long she had sat there she scarcely knew, taking, as she did, but small note of time.

All was very still, except for the sounds that were now and then called forth by the winds' caprices. It was not the continuous wailing and moaning of the melancholy autumn wind, it was the unequal puffing and panting of young winds awakening beneath the touch of spring, and disporting themselves fitfully in their caves. Long lulls were suddenly broken by whirling blasts, and when they had done their mischief they subsided.

One heavy flap came against the boudoir window, accompanied by a wheezing, creaking noise. It aroused Claire's attention. She rose, opened the window, and looked out. A branch of a very old acacia-tree had been wrenched almost entirely off from the trunk, and rested helpless against the wall of the house. The wind was apparently satisfied with its work, for it had again sunk down to rest, and all was still and silent. The night was an unquiet one, and the heavy masses of cloud tossed about restlessly over the calm depths of the firmament, now showing a patient star in the distant heavens, and now letting a white ray of the moon struggle forth.

The night, as I said, was warm, and Claire was surprised at the mild breath that came to her cheek from such a troubled atmosphere. She closed the window, saddened instead of refreshed by the contact of the air, and once more took her place upon the low chair by the side of the fire. She lent forward, her two elbows resting on her knees, and her head supported by her hands, fixing an intently vacant gaze upon the fire.

It was not that she was a prey to despair, or to even active misery; she was purposeless in life, and she did not know how to fight against that. The torn branch of the acacia seemed to have fallen upon her heart, and to lie there with oh! such a heavy load; and in the vexed rollings of the drifting clouds she saw a kind of image of her own restless darkened years to come. But then, the pure light of the eternal star, far, far away, and patient, patient because eternal—that was her love. That was the resting-place, that the promise and the hope, and tears of mingled joy and sadness gathered in Claire's eyes. She traced home to its source the reason of her being there all alone, watching the fire and listening to the night, instead of sharing in the various revelries to which, at that very hour, she had been bidden.

At dinner at her mother's, some hours before, it had been stated that M. de Lancour was leaving for Algeria the next week. Was not that as she wished it to be? Did not the very secret of her repose lie in his absence? could she be pained by any material severance? and what distance could divide hearts so eternally one?

And yet, in spite of herself, her woman's nature felt that when Victor's presence should have ceased in the place where she dwelt, there would fall a chill and a gloom upon that place. She did not need to see him. No! honestly, no! neither would he seek her—that she knew, and the knowledge pleased her. And yet—yet *what?*—she was on the verge of reasoning, of inquiring, and withdrew alarmed, throwing herself back into her dream.

Again a sound struck Claire's ear: it was not from without this time. It was as though there were footsteps on the inner stairs leading to her drawing-room. There was at the bottom of that staircase a cloth-covered door; it seemed to her that she heard the muffled flap of that door, as when suddenly opened and shut. But at this hour who should open or shut that door? who should want to mount that staircase leading only to her own private apartment?

The young Marquise had dismissed her maid at an early hour, and every one had now retired to rest in the hotel. From her side of the house nothing was heard of what passed in the court, and the *porte-cochère* might swing on its hinges, and carriages roll in and out, and the inmate of the rooms facing the garden be none the wiser.

She had been mistaken; it was only the wind.

And yet she seemed again to hear footsteps, and then the turning of the handle of a door. Claire was brave to excess—naturally brave,—but her mind was not just then attuned to facts; she was wrapt in her dreamy thoughts, or she would at once have risen and walked towards the noise; but her senses dreamt also, and what they perceived was perceived dreamily.

This time, however, there was reality in the sounds. The drawing-room door *had* opened, there *was* some one in that room; and, before this impression had become thoroughly clear to the watcher, a shadow fell obliquely upon the wall of the boudoir, and a figure stood in the doorway leading into the *salon*. It was that of a man.

Claire looked up at him—awed, not frightened, and did not for the first half-second re-

cognise who it was ; then she rose, and went, speechless, up to the unsteady form, stretching out both her hands, and gazed in horror upon the livid face, before her parted lips could say,—
“Olivier !”

He took her hands in his. His were clammy and cold as death.

“Lock the doors,” said he, very low, but with a strange utterance, “and come back to me—quick.”

Claire did as she was bid, and when she had locked all the doors on the inside, came back to the boudoir.

Olivier had sunk down upon a sofa, and lay with his head resting on a cushion, and with his eyes closed. His features were drawn and pinched, and dark blue and violet lines were visible round the nose and mouth and under the eyes. There was a dreadful awe round that head which made Claire sink, she knew not why, upon her knees and draw close to her husband.

“What has happened ?” she said, in hushed tones : “why are you so cold ?”

He opened his eyes slowly, and with an evident effort, answered, while his icy fingers pressed heavily upon her wrist,—

“Pay attention to my words, Claire, now—be quite quiet—I have strange things to tell you—be calm above all,” and his fingers closed upon her arm. “I am poisoned, Claire !”

She uttered no word, neither did she start ; for the words sank down like lead upon her senses, crushing her into silent rigidity.

“I have a great deal to say,” continued M. de Beauvoisin ; “more than I shall have time for : in the first place, mind, that to-morrow, when the man comes to examine the body—”

But the numbness of Claire’s faculties had passed away, and making a sudden movement as though to rise to her feet,—

“What madness it is,” she exclaimed, “to be losing time in this way !—a doctor can be sent for instantly.”

The weight of Olivier’s hand held her down immovably.

“No one must be sent for,” replied he ; “but you must listen to me, Claire, and you must obey me ; for I can waste no words. I know what has happened, but I shall not have time to tell you that—I shall be dead in less than an hour. Don’t shrink so ; be steadfast, and look it in the face. I do, Claire ; and I assure you it’s not at all what I fancied—my lower limbs are dead already, but I don’t feel any fear—it’s far less difficult to die than people think.”

“Oh Olivier ! my poor Olivier !” exclaimed Claire, bending down her head with an uncontrollable sob upon her husband’s knee, for in the face of death there was about this dull inferior nature a solemn simplicity, a plain working-day sort of readiness to go when he was called, that touched her and made her quiver to the very centre of her being.

Olivier laid his hand tenderly on his wife’s head, and, through the thick masses of her hair, the chill of those marble fingers reached her brain.

“The past is past, dear,” said he, “but we must save all we can in the future. I see, as it seems to me, clearly, all the terrible mistakes that it is too late to think of now. I have nothing to forgive you, my wife, and you have forgiven me any harm I may ever have done. I sinned in ignorance, dear, for nothing was taught me that I should have been taught—but I count upon you for help. Don’t cry, but listen. What the world must believe is, that I have died suddenly—heart complaint, aneurism—one man only is necessary, one man only must be secured at no matter what cost. As soon as all is over call Leroux, and tell him to go for the doctor who lives over the way—he is the man who has to report deaths at the mairie—him you must see the moment he enters the house, and mind, Claire, whatever be the sum needed, you must give it to induce that man to report my death as natural—all the rest is easy.”

He gasped for breath, and leaned back.

Claire bowed her head and reverently kissed the hand that hung heavily over the arm of the sofa, but the cold swollen fingers seemed not to feel the caress.

It cost him a visible struggle to open his eyes, raise his head, and begin again to speak, and the glance of the eye was dim, and the speech was thicker than before.

“I have made no will,” said he ; “but all goes to Pierre, and you will administer everything. Don’t let Pierre be brought up as I was,” he added, with a sudden effort of energy ; “my mother has been my ruin ; bring him up like a man—like all the world—like everybody—like his fellow creatures ; send for Henri and Victor directly after you have secured the doctor ; but secure him. If needful, trust both ; trust Victor always—he is your cousin ; consult them always ; mind about Pierre—”

His head fell back, and Claire rose now and bent over him.

“Olivier, dear !” she whispered ; “if it must be—if it is indeed inevitable, a priest should—”

“Raise my head,” he murmured ; and when she had done so with her arm,—“Claire,” he

continued, more distinctly, and with a look she never more forgot, "not even a priest dare enter here. I believe in God with all my soul, and hope in His mercy; but that is in spite of those who taught me. Oh, there too, my wife, mind our child—take care; teach him to love God, and to know why he believes. Untie my cravat, dear," he added, with a kind of earnestness; "and take from my neck a ribbon—a little blue ribbon; there is a medal, a silver medal—there, you have it now."

Claire had followed the dying man's instructions, and held in her hand a medal on which was the image of the Virgen del Pilar of Seville. She knew it but too well; a Spanish lady had given it her at Biarritz when she was a child.

"My God! Olivier," she exclaimed, trembling from head to foot, and forgetting everything in her horror at what seemed this frightful coincidence, "is that woman the—? has she committed this crime?"

He stared at her for a moment vacantly, and then, with a strange smile.

"Poor thing," he muttered; "she!—oh no, poor girl! I understand it all clearly; but there's no time to tell; she was to have been the victim—she was," he reiterated, as though wanting to clutch tightly the sense of his words, "only I instead—I drank—"

Claire let her head droop upon her husband's shoulder and hid her face. He seemed to be uneasily struggling against something that overpowered him.

"No inquiry, Claire," he muttered, "none. My mother must give all her money rather—all; tell Victor that—and Henri—shut it all up—hide it—no noise," and then, suddenly, he made a desperate effort to raise his head, and to force a look from under his heavy eyelids, as he said, "And Gaston!"

Claire could not divine his meaning, for there was an indescribable expression of terror in his glazing eye.

"Gaston," he repeated, "not him—burn—burn—"

Claire vainly sought for the purport of these words; but suddenly the aspect of the features changed, a smile passed over the lips, and in an almost inaudible whisper,—

"No matter," he said; "we were boys together—never mind Gaston."

And, as she watched, she felt the weight of the head that rested on her arm increase, and she knew that clay had returned to clay, the spirit having departed.

A corpse was there where a living man had been.

THE BOSTON SLEIGH.

I WAS awake from my delicious morning sleep by the tinkling of many little bells. At first I thought that all the inmates of the Parker-House were ringing for their boots, ignorant of the ways of servants in that excellent hotel. I gave a smile of commiseration, and was turning round to dose again, when I became aware that the sound proceeded from the street. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle went the bells, now vibrating sharply beneath the window, now dying away in metallic murmurings afar off. The bells were evidently moving, and with rapidity; yet unaccompanied by any other sound. What could they be? Was it an illusion? I became distressed. A ringing of bells in the ears often precedes an epileptic seizure. Perhaps I was going to have a fit. I became broad awake. Jingle, jingle, jingle, chink, chink, chink went the bells. I rushed to the window, and the mystery was at once explained. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, and the streets were filled with sleighs gliding noiselessly along the snow, while the horses covered with bells warned foot-passengers of their approach.

It was a pretty sight, and I gazed upon it for some time trying to remember the first verse of Poe's celebrated poem, till a peculiar numbness of the extremities reminded me of the scantiness of my costume. In a quarter of an hour I was almost ready to go down stairs. But I wanted my boots; and to get them would not be easy. To ring I knew by sad experience was useless. In American hotels the chambermaids do not wait upon *guests*, as the hotel keepers politely call their customers; that office is ostensibly performed by the hall-boys, so called because they herd together in the hall, and show their republican independence by refusing to answer bells. However, I had a resource. Putting my head outside the door, I waited till the chambermaid came by; I had insinuated myself into her good graces by conversing with her upon the wrongs of Ireland, and by agreeing with her about everything she said. This female patriot forgave me for being an Englishman, on account of the indignant manner in which I denounced the treason of my forefathers; and on the present occasion she sent one of the hall-boys, who appeared to be her property, for my boots, which he brought and deposited scowling at my door.

As I sat in the spacious eating-room of the Parker-House consuming buck-wheat cakes,

my friend Pyncheon came in, and cried, rubbing his hands, "I guess this is a deal better than a London fog, arn't it now? It don't snow in England at all, do it?" I replied that it did sometimes. "Waal, you can't raise such snow as we have here," he rejoined. "But then this is a real good climate anyhow. It can't be matched nowhere: that's generally allowed."

"You Americans," I said, "boast of your climate as if it was one of your own patented inventions; and if a man says anything against it, you are much put out, as if he had attacked your glorious constitution."

"Waal," said he, "that's so. And you didn't make your face: but if I was to tell you that it was damnation ugly, you'd feel sort o' riled, I guess,—now wouldn't you?"

I was forced to admit that there was something in that, and asked him what were his plans for the day. For Ebenezer Pyncheon had taken me under his especial charge, and had vowed I should see all there was to be seen in Boston, which he led me to infer would be a stupendous undertaking. In reply he announced that he intended to take me for a sleigh. Now I may here confess that I am by nature excessively timid; but my timidity is not of a vulgar nature. When actually in the presence of danger I preserve an external calmness. What I suffer inwardly is known only to myself. In order to avoid such disagreeable sensations, I abstain from those pleasures and duties which might possibly occasion them. I do not shoot, I do not hunt, I do not sail under amateurs in yachts or cutters, I never enter a sick-room. If I had crossed the Atlantic with the intention of travelling in a country where the sacredness of human life is notoriously disregarded, it was because I was compelled to do so. But because I had now entered a semi-civilised land, because I was encircled by dangers, should I therefore wantonly increase them? On the contrary, I determined to be all the more careful. And I say at once that I am by no means ashamed of my peculiarity—if it is one, which I greatly doubt,—for as other people suppose me to be courageous, I suppose other people to be courageous, and perhaps we all deceive one another. But to return. What is this nervousness, this timidity, this cowardice, if you prefer the word, to which I am subject? It is simply an implicit, unswerving adherence to the first law of nature. It is a delicate, refined susceptibility of the hostile agents of the material world. It is one of those qualities which distinguish man from the lower animals. What is courage, in fact, but blind rage, vile

ignorance, brutal insensibility? The basest beasts are courageous; vermin are courageous. But when we ascend to the intelligent animals, we find them endowed with fear. The horse shies, the dog puts his tail between his legs; Livingstone assures us that even the lion usually deigns to run away.

Before replying, therefore, to my friend's proposal, I carefully weighed it in my mind. But sleighing, I knew, was not considered a dangerous pastime; and I had understood upon reliable authority that there were no wolves in the immediate vicinity of Boston. So I said that I should be delighted to go.

"Very well," said he. "Mike," calling a hall-boy, "run round to Snagg's stables, and tell him I'll want my sleigh here at three o'clock; and 'say, tell him I want my best buffalo."

No sooner had he pronounced these words than the bison of the prairies sprang up before me, as I had read of him in a hundred books, with his huge tangled mane, his small blood-shot eye, his gigantic hoof, his terrible branching horns. I immediately determined to invent a pretext for not going; but to avert suspicion, began to expatiate on the pleasures of novelty, and found it difficult to imagine anything more delightful than driving a tame buffalo. Pyncheon stared at me for some time with a puzzled look, and then, bursting into a coarse laugh, informed me that he had ordered his buffalo robe. Another vulgar abbreviation, thought I. The Americans are always in such a hurry that they have no time to pronounce their words.

The sleigh was brought round at three o'clock, and I proceeded to examine the horse with the jaunty air of a connoisseur, but really to make sure that he was not vicious. More than once a certain look about a horse's eyes, or his manner of laying back his ears, has induced me to simulate faintness, or bleeding at the nose, in preference to placing myself behind him. But Pyncheon's horse appeared to be spirited—nothing more.

"A trotter, I suppose?" said I.

"We all drive trotters here," said he.

"Fast?" I asked.

"Pretty well. 2'45."

Which meant, as he afterwards explained, that the horse could trot his mile in two minutes, forty-five seconds.

The sleigh was very pretty, shaped like a shell, and exceedingly light. It only weighed seventy-two pounds, which, I presume, is about the weight of a racing outrigger. I stepped in; Pyncheon packed the robe round our legs,

making one or two ill-bred remarks on my mistake, and off we went. I had taken it for granted that Pyncheon could drive, and I was not deceived. He was a skilled whip, and there was evidently a good understanding between horse and man that put me quite at my ease. I leaned back in my seat and enjoyed the smooth, swift, gliding movement of the sleigh, which Pyncheon compared to that of a boat running before the wind under full sail. He drove at a moderate pace; but as we approached the outskirts of the city, a sleigh passed us at full speed. At the same time, its occupant turned round in his seat, and cast upon Pyncheon a look half-defiance, half-recognition. This strange look puzzled me. I had a moment of vague uneasiness; my self-preserving instincts arose within me, and I was about to cross-examine Pyncheon about him when, after calling my attention to the fact that a trotting horse at full speed is driven with a tight rein, he burst into a long harangue about trotting parks, the mysteries of which he had not fully expounded when we found ourselves out upon the Brighton Road.

At ordinary seasons there is nothing at Boston which corresponds to the carriage promenades in Hyde Park, Central Park, the Cascine, and the Bois. It is perhaps for that reason that private carriages in Boston are comparatively scarce, and so closely resemble the hackney-coaches. But during the sleighing season, a hill on the Brighton Road is the fashionable or rather the popular, resort; for the ladies present apparently did not belong to the Beacon Street order. But the *jeunesse dorée* of the Somerset Club were there in all their glory; and I was much impressed by observing the dignified manner in which they saluted one another, namely, with short nods, and without moving a muscle of their faces, looking as if some one had suddenly jerked their noses forward with a string. We drove up the hill, which a vast number of sleighs were ascending and descending. I asked my companion why a hill was chosen as the promenade; he told me that I would see presently. I asked him what he meant; he replied by asking me if I liked egg-flip; I said I did. We were now on the top of the hill; he pointed to a tavern at a little distance, and said we could get it there. We did get it there, and it was very good: the beer and egg were harmoniously compounded, and the mixture, instead of being brewed over the fire as in England, was heated by the insertion of a red-hot poker. Pyncheon, having remarked that it made him feel "good," resumed his seat, and

in a few moments we had again arrived at the crest of the hill.

I now observed something very peculiar in my friend's manner; it was not only the vivacity which might reasonably be ascribed to the flip; it was something more than that, it was something different from that. What it meant I could not conjecture. But it was evidently *preparation*. He folded the buffalo carefully under him, looked down his coat-buttons, pushed back his wrist-bands, and settled his cap more firmly on his head. Before us lay the hill; and now I saw that a regular avenue of sleighs was formed; they lined each side of the road, and moved slowly along like carriages at a drawing-room. In the narrow space between these lines a few sleighs were passing sinuously. Pyncheon took the middle of the road and went along at a gentle trot. But now there was something peculiar about the horse: he had his ears pricked up, and his tail stood out like a pointer's. Something was about to happen. What could it be? I became nervous. I spoke to Pyncheon—what about I don't know, the weather, I think. He did not reply, but kept looking round him and behind him, as if expecting somebody. Suddenly the bells jingled, the man passed us again, and gave my companion a look of withering contempt. A diabolical yell sounded in my ears. I started and stared at Ebenezer. It was he. His face, usually so stern, so prim, so Pilgrim-Fatherly, was convulsed with excitement. "Yah! Yah! Yah!" he shouted. "What are you waiting for? Push along the—re!"

"Cock-a-doodle doo!" cried the other, and flapped his arms up and down. Then all around us rose shrieks, groans, Indian war-whoops, cries of every description. In the midst of it all the horse bolted. I gave myself up for lost. But Pyncheon flogged the horse, and then the truth flashed upon me. *We were racing*,—not only the man and Pyncheon, but everybody inside the lines. Imagine a dozen sleighs going at railroad speed down a narrow lane flanked by sleighs, and others coming up. We were saved from collision half-a-dozen times by miracles of skill on the part of Ebenezer; but at length I became unable to observe what passed. The bells clanked savagely in my ears with iron tones. I saw nothing but a maze of men darting to and fro: the sleigh danced under me, and dashed the snow into my face, and continually I repeated to myself "If two sleighs, each going at 245 strike one another, to what distance will their occupants be thrown, and

with what measure of velocity will they strike the adjoining vehicles or trees?" But as soon as we had cleared the crowd my presence of mind returned; I declared that I was so benumbed with cold (I really perspired at every pore) that I must walk home, and rejected Pyncheon's offer to drive me back, protesting that I would not deprive him of his amusement. When we dined together at the Parker-House that evening I declared that I had enjoyed myself excessively. But I can say in confidence to the reader (as he does not know

me), that although since then I have been in some disagreeable situations: in a Mississippi boat with the captain whittling on the safety valve; in a drinking bar at Memphis when a free fight was going on, *i.e.* everybody trying to empty his revolver into his *vis-à-vis*; and shut up alone with a strong-minded woman in a stage upon the plains; yet never have my susceptibilities of danger been so keenly excited as they were in that memorable ride in a Boston Sleigh.

BACK.

BACK to town to-morrow, back to the struggle and strife,
To the ups and downs, and the wear and tear, of the battle-field of life;
Back to the old dull dreary round, in the city's toil and heat,
To the clamour and fret of the selfish crowd, and the rush and roar of the street.

Yes, I must leave it all, this quiet life down here,
The country lanes, and pleasant fields, and moonlight rambles dear,
This lazy river-side lounge of mine, where I've learned to whisper and vow,
And the roguish light of the violet eyes that are laughing at me now.

For I have been here a month, tho' it seems but a day—no more,
So swiftly, alas! in this dreamy life, the happy hours flit o'er,
This dreamy, innocent country life, where perfect rest I find,—
Rest for the toil-worn city feet, rest for the jaded mind.

Shall I ever forget, I wonder, the joy of that autumn day,
When at last, at last, from the hot, dull town my face was turned away;
The flying glimpses of wood and stream, the breath of the fragrant gale,
Or the flavour of that first holiday "weed," as we scampered down by rail?

And they were glad to see me at the dear old farmhouse here,
The jolly farmer, ruddy and ripe as a draught of his own old beer;
And my pleasant, motherly friend the dame, and the youngsters big and small,
And Annie, yes, I really believe Annie was gladdest of all.

For 'twas Annie again, sweet Annie, was my sunny-hair'd, winsome guide
To the "loveliest" walks and shadiest nooks of all the country-side;
And she danced with me at the harvest-feast, and whisper'd, with cheeks aglow,
One little word I'm not to tell—that isn't at all like No.

And 'twas Annie who sat beside me in the old church on the hill,
When the country Sabbath-day came round, so solemn, and sweet, and still:
And a deep, deep sense of calm and peace on my world-worn heart came down—
Ah! the road to Heaven were easier here than we find it up in town!

No "Girl of the Period" Annie, but just a lassie gay,
Merry and frank as the lark i' the morn, and sunny and pure as the May;
Whose whole bright life is a summer song, as sweet as sweet can be,
With a softer glow, and a tenderer trill, that she keeps, dear heart, for me!

O silver stream that has mirror'd so oft her smiles and winsome ways!
O solemn woods where we dream'd away the happy autumn days!
O moonlight rambles under the limes, where the arching branches meet!—
O golden hours!—I had hardly thought that life could be so sweet!

I must leave it all!—But at Christmas-time I'm to come again once more;
And we're to have old-fashion'd romps and pranks, as in Christmas days of yore.
Annie says I'm to come, and I think I shall; for I've a fancy to know
How the lips that I kissed in the autumn lanes taste under the mistletoe!



[DEC. 18, 1888]

PLUGHING.—By C. O. MURRAY.

Once a Week.]

WEST-HIGHLAND SMUGGLERS.

THE West-Highland traffic in mountain-dew, or moonlight, as the contraband spirit was termed, in distinction to the daylight, or Parliament whiskey, that paid duty to Government, received a considerable impulse on the suppression of the famous rebellion in '45. The West Highlanders could not be trained in guerilla warfare without imbibing a strong predilection for predatory excursions and daring enterprises against the constituted authority. The rugged sea-board of Argyleshire, with its innumerable lochs and creeks, afforded unusual facilities to the smugglers, who, in the exercise of their new calling, were enabled to keep up that peculiar training for that particular end which received its quietus in the year 1745. Culloden could not quench the warlike spirit of the West Scotsman, nor could the Duke of Cumberland's cruelties subdue them to a peaceful love for the laws of the Butcher's sovereign. There were hundreds who felt it an outrage against their nature to sink the Celt in the Lowlander, to doff the Highland garb, to renounce fealty to their chief, and to engage in those trades and manufactures which, after the Rebellion, contributed so largely and speedily to their nation's welfare. And until 1756, when the great Lord Chatham devised the happy scheme of transporting 3000 Highland soldiers, with their old national dress, leaders and weapons, to fight the foes of Britain in North America, the Argyleshire men, during those eleven years prior to 1756, preserved their superfluous energies from decadence by expending them on the boldest deeds of smuggling.

Of all the Argyleshire smugglers at this period, there were none more daring and successful than those of Saddell and Skipness, on the eastern coast of Cantire. They had a run from there to Clachan on the western coast, to which place was brought the whiskey that was smuggled from Islay and the southern Hebrides, and from thence conveyed in creels, on the backs of horses, across the hills to Skipness—a rough road of about twelve miles. From Skipness, at the entrance of Loch Fyne, there were ready means of conveying the spirit to a profitable market, and it is said that the Island of Bute was the favoured place for the temporary consignment of the contraband whiskey. I have been told that even in the first ten years of the present century this transportation of smuggled whiskey from Clachan to Skipness was so vigorously

managed that it was an impossibility for the small force of preventive men to check it. The smugglers were all well armed and mounted, and went in bands of from twenty to forty in number. Each man had a keg of whiskey slung on either side his saddle; and woe be to those who endeavoured to stop them in their two hours' ride across the hills and glens and peat-bogs that had to be crossed ere they drew bridle at Skipness, near to that massive fortress on which the Danish invaders looked with envious eyes. Skipness is the Scandinavian for "ship-point," and it was the central station for the fleets of the Norman. Clachan, at the other extremity of the smuggler's run, is also called the kirk-town of Kilcalmonell, being the chief village of the parish that extends from the grassy promontory of Rhunahourine (rhun-a-hourin, "the Heron's Point,") northward to Tarbert. They say that if the Clachan men were interfered with on their ride to Skipness, which was as often taken in the day-time as in the night, they did not hesitate to cross swords or to use their pistols: and the peasantry were always ready to help the smugglers, either by acting as scouts or concealing the kegs of whiskey.

The Skipness smugglers have handed down their fame for daring exploits from generation to generation, almost to the present day. They have been known to attack a boat-load of preventive service men, overpower the whole crew, take away their oars and tackle, and then turn them adrift down the Kilbrannan Sound, while they embarked their whiskey and sailed away with it to Bute. Of late years, although it is believed that illicit distillation is still practised in certain spots on the western coast of Argyleshire, yet the smugglers' trade in mountain dew has received a decided check. Some of the Cantire heritors and their factors have materially assisted in the suppression of illicit distillation by removing from his possession or forfeiting the lease of any tenant or cottar who should be found guilty of the practice. Other motives are also brought to bear upon the West Highlander to keep him from infringing the law, and inducing him to assist in the manufacture of Parliament whiskey. It so happens that the whiskey of Islay and Campbelton is of the first quality; the reason for this was stated by Colonel Barttelot in his speech in the House of Commons on the reduction of the malt tax, April 14, 1864:—"In the manufacture of inferior spirits, sugar and molasses were used; whereas Islay and Campbelton whiskies were made of the best malt only." The Campbel-

ton distillers will give the Highlander more for his little stock of bere or barley than he could make of it by illicit distillation; so that it pays him better to be honest than to run the risk of cheating the revenue. The days when the Cantire smuggler could clear his ten shillings a week are now over; although there is evidence to show that they existed so late as the reign of that King George who, when at Edinburgh, sought to gratify a large majority of his Highland subjects, not only by dressing in the Highland garb, but by asking for a glass of mountain dew, and expressing his preference for it over parliament whiskey. Though the policy of the monarch may be doubted, yet his taste may, perhaps, be allowed, since it has been asserted by connoisseurs in whiskey that the moonlight was decidedly a superior spirit to the daylight, and that one of the causes for its finer quality arose from its being manufactured in smaller worms.

A native of Cantire, whose reminiscences of smuggling dated back to the close of the past century, told me, in the following words

HOW THE SMUGGLER CHEATED THE MAN-OF-WAR.

At the time of which I was speaking, some seventy years ago, smuggling was conducted on a large scale in this peninsula, and with great ingenuity and success. The long, narrow form of Cantire and its extensive seaboard, with the proximity of numerous islands at brief distances on every side, combined to give to this district of the Western Highlands unusual facilities for the dealers in contraband spirits. Despite the hazard and lottery that attend the business of smuggling, yet, like gambling, it had its peculiar fascinations, and hundreds were found to engage in it with the greatest alacrity, while not a few made fortunes by their ventures. At that time the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Man, were free ports, and swift-sailing vessels were prepared to carry to and from those islands tobacco, tea, rum, brandy, wine, and all other articles on which a heavy duty was imposed when they were sold within the bounds of the three kingdoms. So that when a smuggler ran a good cargo and escaped a seizure, he made a considerable profit by it.

The Campbelton herring-fleet, with my father on board one of the vessels, was lying in harbour in a certain loch, when a large smuggling craft came to anchor among them. It was by no means an unwelcome visitor, for the herring fishers had always a fine time of it during the stay of a smuggler, as they got

plenty of spirits and tobacco at a cheap rate. But this was not to last long, for a war-ship got information about the smuggler and came in search of her, and finding that she was with the herring-fleet in the harbour, the king's ship made for it. Now, at the mouth of the harbour was a lofty rocky island, on the northern side of which the harbour could alone be navigated, so that the war-ship had to sail round the back of the island before getting into the harbour. The smugglers saw their enemy standing in, and the war-ship also got a view of what they considered to be their rich prize. But, while the king's vessel was passing out of sight round the other side of the rocky island, the smugglers hove short, taking in their anchors, except one that they could take in very quickly; then they unfurled their sails as if they were drying them; and then every man went below, and keeping out of sight, held himself in readiness.

The man-of-war came round the island and into the harbour, and seeing everything quiet and snug, and no appearance of any living soul on board the smuggler, they thought they should have an easy matter to capture their rich prize. So they went in shore, moored their ship, "handed" the sails, launched the boats and manned them with the ship's crew, well-armed, in order to board the smuggler. But while they were doing so, the smuggler's crew crept upon deck, shook out the sails, hauled up the anchor, and, like lightning, sent their vessel frothing through the deep. She made such way that it was in vain for the man-of-war's boats to give chase, so they returned to the ship with all speed, got up anchors and sails, and made after the smuggler in hot haste. By this time she had got out of the harbour and past the island. The herring-fishers, who had watched all these proceedings with the greatest interest, climbed their masts and viewed the chase so long as the two vessels remained in sight. I need hardly say that, although they drew the king's bounty, their sympathies went with the chased, and not with the pursuers.

The night drew on, and by the time that it was dark the man-of-war had gained so greatly on the smuggler, that its capture was inevitable, unless those on board of her could devise some expedient to mislead their pursuers. And, as they were always ready with their ingenious tricks, they were not much at a loss for a device on the present occasion. As the night drew on, they had fixed a light at the stern of their vessel; and, as the darkness increased, this light greatly assisted the man-of-war in

keeping to the right track. But, although their pursuers thought them very stupid for showing this light, the smugglers had done so for a purpose of their own. They had prepared a tar-barrel and put a flame to it, at the same moment that they dowsed their light, craftily substituting the one for the other. They then quietly lowered the lighted tar-barrel into the sea, and, cutting the rope adrift, altered their course, and steered in the darkness on another tack. The man-of-war sailed steadily on after the light, and, when at last they came up with it, found it to be nothing more than a blazing tar-barrel, and that their rich prize had slipped out of their very grasp.

In a few days, the smuggler was in another loch, disposing of her goods to the herring-fishers, and neither regarding the law, nor fearing the man-of-war.

I have been made acquainted with two other stories—which have not hitherto been published—in connection with this subject of Smuggling in Cantire. The first story shows

HOW THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER TRICKED THE EXCISE OFFICER.

Archibald Macnab was a Custom-house officer in Cantire, in the latter part of the past century. He had a Government commission to seize smuggled goods, which were by no means scanty in those days; and it was even whispered that Archibald Macnab himself had discovered the art of doing a stroke of business in that way on his own account; or at any rate, of appropriating a portion of the seizure to his own private use. However, he was gifted with wit and surpassing ingenuity, which made his success the more sure and certain. In his personal appearance he was peculiar; for, he was considerably under the ordinary stature of man, and was exceedingly broad and round. He wore knee-breeches, with white stockings to his legs which were stout and shapely, and an ornament on any street-path. He was also possessed of great strength, and has been known to half kill a man with the grasp of his fingers about his neck. It was of no use to go to law with Archibald, for he was his own lawyer, and he was so cunning that he could always gain the plea.

At this time Mr. Cameron was an excise officer in the town, and was very keen to apprehend smuggled goods. It was whispered to him, one day, that Archibald Macnab had some rolls of smuggled tobacco in his house;

so Mr. Cameron went there to search for it. Archibald was a master of politeness, and he addressed his visitor in mild and friendly language. "How are ye, this day, Mr. Cameron? Is your wife pretty well, Mr. Cameron? Are your bairns pretty well, Mr. Cameron? And is it well with all your kith and kin, Mr. Cameron? And it's kind of ye to be calling upon me, Mr. Cameron. Maybe, you've some particular business with me this day, Mr. Cameron? If so, I shall be glad to hear it of ye, Mr. Cameron: so, perhaps, you'll be pleased to take a seat, Mr. Cameron." He was always polite, was Archibald Macnab.

Mr. Cameron took a seat, and said, "It is on business that I have come to you to-day, Mr. Macnab; and rather important business, too. The fact is, that I have received information that you have a large quantity of smuggled tobacco concealed in your loft; and I must search it, in order to prevent a fraud on the Government."

Archibald Macnab lifted up his hands and eyes in amazement. "Oh, Mr. Cameron! is it against me that you have suspicions! Me! Archibald Macnab! a man bound in duty to protect the revenues of my country! Oh, preserve me! Surely, Mr. Cameron, you have been sent on a fool's errand. How could tobacco be in my loft, and me not to know it? Preserve me!"

"However unpleasant my duty must be, Mr. Macnab, both to you and to myself," said Mr. Cameron, "still, it is my duty; and I must obey it. I must, therefore, persist in my determination to search your loft; and I hope that you will not throw any unnecessary obstacles in my way. I must request you to furnish me with a ladder and a light."

"You shall have as many as you wish for, Mr. Cameron. But no tobacco will you find. It's a fool's errand that you're come upon," said Archibald Macnab.

But Mr. Cameron mounted the ladder, and had no sooner set foot in the loft, than he kicked against a roll of tobacco; and, holding out the light, he saw a pile of these rolls.

"Ho, ho! Mr. Macnab!" he joyfully cried: "where is my fool's errand now? My information was correct: the tobacco is here!"

"Preserve me!" said Archibald. "It's a trick that some one has played upon me, Mr. Cameron. Are you sure it's tobacco, Mr. Cameron? Is there much of it, Mr. Cameron? Oh, is it not a sinful world, Mr. Cameron? In my loft, too, Mr. Cameron? and me bound to protect the revenues of my country. Oh, what shall I do, Mr. Cameron!"

"For the present, you can take charge of these rolls as I throw them down;" said Mr. Cameron. And he began to pitch them down from the loft, counting one, two, three, as he did so. He counted up to thirty, and then said that was all; and, getting on the ladder, came down from the loft. When he had landed safely on the floor, there was Archibald Macnab standing there, and at his feet was a small half-rotten roll of tobacco.

"Why, where is my tobacco?" cried Mr. Cameron.

"Your tobacco, Mr. Cameron?" replied Archibald, quite politely; "your tobacco is here." And he gave him the half-rotten roll; but took good care to say nothing of the others which he had contrived to put away into a secret place while Mr. Cameron was busied in the loft.

"Oh, this won't do at all!" cried Mr. Cameron, in a rage: "I counted and threw down thirty rolls."

"Thirty rolls!" echoed Archibald; "preserve me! but you amaze me, Mr. Cameron. What should bring thirty rolls of tobacco in my loft? Me! who am bound to protect the revenues of my country! You must have been drinking, Mr. Cameron, and wetting your eyes, Mr. Cameron. Preserve me! but you see more than double, Mr. Cameron, it's lucky that you did not set my loft on fire with that candle. Thirty rolls! why you must be very drunk indeed, Mr. Cameron: and not at all the proper company that a decent man like I am ought to keep."

Mr. Cameron was so beside himself with rage and amazement, and with Archibald's coolness, that he was blurring out his words very much as if he indeed were tipsy.

"I thought you had come on a fool's errand, Mr. Cameron," Archibald went on to say, "but I never thought you were overtaken in liquor, Mr. Cameron. And to fancy that this little packet was thirty rolls of tobacco! I wouldn't have believed it of you, Mr. Cameron. And to try to take away my honest name, and make me out to be no better than a smuggler! Me! who am bound to protect the revenues of my country. Preserve me! But I could take the law at you, Mr. Cameron."

"It's I that will take the law of you, Mr. Macnab, as you will soon find to your cost;" said Mr. Cameron, as he bounced out of the house.

Very soon, Archibald received a summons to appear before the Sheriff, and he obeyed the summons. Mr. Cameron made out a strong case against him; but, as he had no witnesses,

Archibald got the liberty to plead for himself. "Let me hear, Mr. Macnab," said the Sheriff, "what explanation you can give to this remarkable charge that has been brought against you."

Archibald put on his most smiling face and jocular manner. "It was the gowk-hunting day (the first of April) and my good friend, Mr. Cameron here, was to be made a fool of. And this was our plan. He was to be told that I had some smuggled tobacco in my loft, and then he was to come to me on a fool's errand, in search of it. In my house, preserve me! but the idea was amusing. Well, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, never suspected that he was being fooled; so he came to my house, made his demand, and went up the ladder to the loft. There he found that roll of tobacco that is placed before you; it is, as you plainly see, rotten and worthless, and had probably been lying there since the building of Babel. Well, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, threw down the roll and I received it; and he said, 'That's one. Without showing him what I was doing, I threw it up again into the loft, while he was turning about in the dark with his candle. Presently he found it, and threw it down, saying, 'That's two. So I did the same over again; and I was throwing it up, and he was throwing it down and counting, until I thought that I had drawn enough fun out of him for one day; so then I stopped. And, of course, he was obliged to stop; and he said, 'There's no more; that last made thirty,' and came down from the loft. Then I showed him what I had done, and that it was gowk-hunting day, and that I had played him a trick with that worthless roll of tobacco. But, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, took it amiss that he had been put upon a fool's errand, and so he took the summons against me. And that, Mr. Sheriff, is the whole of the case."

Upon this, all the persons in court burst out laughing: and, although Mr. Cameron protested that a false tale had been told, yet there was no witness to support what he said. So, the Sheriff dismissed the case, and Mr. Cameron was ordered to pay the expenses: and Archibald Macnab went home, quite pleased at having won the day.

As a note to this anecdote of a former officer of excise in Cantire, I may mention a published statement regarding the pay of his successors. "The Financial Reformer," for July, 1862, in speaking of the enormous cost of collecting the Customs' duties, said, "at Campbelton, four officers receive £471, for handing over to

the Commissioners of Customs the sum of £17!"

My other story may be called

THE SMUGGLER OF INNISHEON AND THE CANTIRE SAILORS.

Captain Willoughby was the commander of a fine little cutter, which cruised, chiefly, from Lough Foyle to Lough Swillie, round the coast of Innisheon, in the County of Donegal, on the northern shore of Ireland. Innisheon Head, as it is now called, is not forty miles distant from Cantire, and was once the kingdom of O'Connor. There was always a great connection between the Celtic population of these two places; and, just as Cantire, although a peninsula, was accounted an island and reckoned among those Sodorenses or southern isles that gave the title to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man; so also, that old kingdom of Innisheon, which is a word meaning "the island of birds," was accounted an island, although it was really a peninsula; for, the two lochs that bound it on the east and west are nearly thirty miles in length, and, at their southern extremity, meet within a few miles of each other. Thus, Innisheon had a seaboard as extensive as that of Cantire; and, perhaps from this fact, its inhabitants were exceedingly vigorous in carrying on the trade of illicit distillation. It was to prevent the smuggling traffic, that Captain Willoughby's cruiser was stationed off that part of the Irish coast; and, as he had a preference for Campbelton sailors, he had his little vessel entirely manned by them. But, as the sailors were not commissioned to make a prize of smuggled goods, they did not privately seek to interfere with the contraband manufacture of whiskey or to annoy the smugglers in any way, although they were occasionally called upon to accompany their officers and to defend them when attacked.

One day when Captain Willoughby's Cantire sailors were lying off Innisheon, they were ordered to arm themselves and to go ashore with the officers in order to make a search. They did so; and, on entering a lone cabin, they found a man very busy distilling whiskey.

"Ho, ho!" says the Irishman, "come in, my Scotch boys! faiks, ye have caught me very natly at my work, and all the matarials will belong to ye, my boys; all the whiskey, and the still and the worms, head and tail; it'll all be yours, my boys. But, my dear Scotch boys! I am running the precious stuff, and it would be a shame and a wickedness to destroy it. And so, my dear boys, if ye'll rest for a little while until the whiskey is distilled,

then ye'll have all the spirit, and the matarials as well; and I will leave them all outside of the door to ye, and ready prepared for ye to take away. And now, my dear Scotch boys, business is business, all the wide world over; but why should it stop us from enjoying ourselves while we are able? so, instead of spilling the precious stuff, which would be a wicked thing to do, I would advise ye to make yourselves comfortable until the whiskey is ready. And here are nice seats for ye, my dear boys, where ye can sit at ease and watch me at work; and I'll teach ye all the secrets of my trade for jist nothing at all. And, not to be idle yourselves, here's some nice little employment for ye, my dear Scotch boys; so let us be happy while we may, and the business shall be business all the same."

Captain Willoughby and the officers were greatly amused with the man; but, as they were not indifferent to a drop of whiskey after their walk, they sat down, and gave their sailors permission to do the same, while the Innisheon man very politely set before them a large bottle of whiskey, and gave each of them "a refreshment." Very well they relished it; and they sat and drank and made merry, while he went on with his distilling, running off the spirit, and laughing, and cracking his jokes, and telling them queer anecdotes. At last, when he had got his whiskey distilled, he took the head off the still and lifted it to the outside of the door; and he did the same with all the other materials.

"Now, my dear Scotch boys," he said, "I've shown you how to make whiskey, and taught ye all my secrets, just for the fun of the thing. So let us part good friends, and take a *deoch-an-doruis*!" this was "the drink of the door," or the bumper at parting.

So they took their parting glass in a very friendly way; but, when the Cantire sailors went outside, neither whiskey nor still could be seen. "Where are the materials gone to?" they asked.

"Well, my dear Scotch boys, that is more than I can say," said the Innisheon man. "I put them all there, as ye saw; and I left them all there; and, if they are not there now, why then, my dear Scotch boys, they must have been spirited away by the little folks."

By the little folks he meant the fairies; but, in reality, they were the man's own children, whom he had trained ready for the emergency. And, as the Cantire sailors could nowhere find the whiskey or the materials, they had to go away without them, and confess that the Innisheon fairies had got the better of them.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

IF we reflect upon the nature of our intercourse with the brute creation, it is astonishing what an important part they play in our lives, and how much they influence the tenour of our every-day existence. Everyone is, in some way or another, interested in some animal; whether it be through affection, or humanity, from the love of knowledge, or from the love of gain. Indeed, looked at in a purely economical spirit as regards affection, the expenditure, or waste, of that commodity in the direction of pets is a fact worthy of attention.

From the time when I was old enough to maul a kitten, up to the present moment, I have never been without a pet of some sort. In my schooldays I kept many varieties of the species pet; indeed, my room at school went by the name of H——'s menagerie. At one time I had in this room, which was about twelve feet square, a squirrel, two rats, a bullfinch, which drew its own water, a small German owl, and generally a few mice loose about the room. Sometimes the squirrel or the rats would get away, and turn up in unexpected places in other boys' bedrooms, causing great consternation.

I certainly could sleep under any circumstances in those days, for the owl, about midnight, would utter the most harrowing shrieks; the squirrel would commence the treadmill business in his wire wheel, as if he was condemned to hard-labour; and a little later on in the night, the bullfinch would begin drawing water as if he had a heavy bet to decide upon the number of buckets he could draw per minute, or as if he was assisting at a fire. Sometimes, too, the owl, who was chained to the top of a cupboard, would hang himself, and wake me up by his direful calls for assistance; I would then have to get up and release him, generally getting well clawed for my trouble.

I met the other day an old schoolfellow whom I had not seen since I left school, and who is now in the army. After we had shaken hands, before taking a chair at my side, he regarded me with a suspicious look, and at length blurted out, "I say, H——, you haven't got any rats about you, have you?" My recollections as to the rats of other days having faded, I was rather astonished at first; but we afterwards had a good laugh over it, on his reminding me that I used to carry them in my pockets.

One of the most amusing, and at the same time most troublesome, pets I ever had was a magpie, which I bought for sixpence of a boy who had taken it from a nest, of which it was the sole occupant. Whether its peculiar disposition was owing to the circumstances of its birth, in which I believe it resembled that of the phoenix, I don't know; but from its earliest days, in fact, from the moment it was put into my hand, upon which it at once imprinted the grip—not of friendship—until the day of its expulsion from our grounds, its life was one long career of fraud, deception, and crime.

Certainly, at first, Mag, as we called him, simulated a sort of friendship for me, as I fed him, and protected him from the resentment of his numerous enemies; but when he arrived at maturity and was able to provide for himself, he was, I grieve to say, not above pecking at the hand that had cherished him. He was a terror to my young sisters, upon whom, when walking in the garden, he would descend from some tree, and, with a malignant chuckle, inflict severe wounds on their unprotected little legs. He made the life of every dog about the place a burden to him, by hiding himself, and then imitating my whistle, at the same time stealthily shifting his ground, sometimes even calling them by name. He would take bones away from them if left unguarded for a moment, and his favourite diversion was pecking the hairs out of their tails, and by constant torment depriving them of their rest.

Mag had but one friend about the whole place besides myself, but even him he alienated by the most treacherous conduct, after carrying on a long and successful course of deception. This was an impassive old gardener, called John. Him, Mag would follow about most sedulously when planting beans or peas, affecting a good deal of kindly interest in his work; but after John had left the garden, and when he thought no one was looking, he would hop down the line he had seen planted with such care, and pick out the peas, or whatever had been planted, chuckling to himself in an unearthly voice. Of course this was found out, and then Mag was almost friendless, though I am bound to say this did not much affect his spirits.

As he grew older, he became more and more evil-minded and audacious, and he soon evinced a thorough contempt and detestation of every living thing, so much so that many people regarded him as an evil spirit. Mag, however, had one very weak point for so clever a bird. It was this. When he had stolen

anything, he would always put it in one hiding-place. This we easily discovered by watching him, and upon anything being lost, Mag's effects were at once overhauled, and very queer effects they were generally—bones, papers, thimbles, bits of glass, keys—of which he was very fond—apples, pens, pencils, etc., being the chief ingredients.

He had many very amusing tricks, one of which was a habit he had of perching himself upon my sister's aviary, and there, with puffed-out throat, making the air hideous with his ghastly attempts to imitate the canaries. He would sometimes attempt social intercourse with other Mags, who settled in the neighbouring fields, but I invariably noticed that they all fled upon his approach, as if the evil one was among them.

It appeared, however, that Mag had some engaging points in his character, though undiscernible to human kind; for he eventually succeeded in attaching to himself a lady Mag. I expect, though, he came out in his true colours as bully and tyrant, before the affair was settled by her parents, as she disappeared; not, however, before he had let us know what was going on, for one day he appeared at the kitchen window with his fiancée, and introduced her to the servants, saying, "Mag! cook!—cook! Mag!" This, though it may seem improbable, is really true.

I cannot refrain, in briefly biographising Mag, from giving an episode in his life which caused much amusement at the time. My father (who would not hurt a fly), one day driven to desperation, and exasperated in the extreme by Mag's malignant attacks upon him—Mag endeavouring to peck his hands and face—struck him down with his stick, upon which Mag fell over on his back, turned up the whites of his eyes, and giving a ghastly croak, apparently quitted the scenes of his evil doings. My father, overcome with remorse at the deed he had done, came to me, and, in a most penitent manner, admitted that he had given way to his temper, and dealt Mag a foul blow. This news, I am sorry to say, was received with irrepressible delight by the family circle; but their merriment was speedily nipped in the bud, for, on my going out to enter the body, like mother Hubbard, I found no Mag; but was greeted with a diabolical chuckle from a neighbouring shrub.

As Mag got on in years, however, his disposition became so soured, and his conduct and temper so unbearable, that I was obliged to give in to the complaints of every one about the place; and he was banished to a very

remote farm house, where, the last I heard of him was, that he had become gloomy, and misanthropical, and, as his enemies alleged, was indulging his cruel propensities at the cost of some discomfort to sundry small ducklings, by taking them up to the tops of very tall trees, and in a meditative state of mind dropping them. His enemies said this of him; but I still believe that he was carrying out experiments in gravitation.

There is a great deal of character in dogs, as every one knows who has had much to do with them. Some dogs are of a forgiving, others of an unforgiving disposition; some will not bear being laughed at, others will adapt themselves to whatever state of mind their masters happen to be in, whether depressed or in good spirits. I have known dogs very easily bored, dogs of a sneaking disposition, dogs whose every thought was centred in sport, and dogs who would show great discrimination in their choice of companions. One very peculiar feature is common to all dogs, and that is their preference for the society of man to that of their own kind.

I once had a terrier who divided his allegiance between myself and our coachman. This coachman (as we found out after he had left) was in the habit of repairing in the evening, when not wanted, to a friendly Public in the village, which was about a mile distant, and this dog would always go with him. Should, however, coachee happen to go without him, the dog would first look round the stable, etc., have a peep into the room where coachee's missus was sitting, anxiously awaiting the return of her lord and master, and then, apparently, having made up his mind, trot off down to the village, where he would visit all the "houses of call" coachee affected, till he discovered him, when he would walk up to him, lick his hand, and curl himself up under his bench.

I remember being told an amusing story by a Birkenhead man, who went over to Liverpool every day to business, and who owned a very clever little Scotch terrier. This dog, he told me, would constantly cross over to Liverpool—as he supposed by one of the boats—look in at his master in his office, and after paying his respects, trot back again.

The sort of instinct dogs have as to their way home, if lost, is also very remarkable. I remember a dog-fancier, of whom I bought a bull-terrier, (a very highly-gifted dog, and the only dog I ever knew that could purr,) telling me how he had bought it of a navvy at a public-house in Fleet Street, and getting into a

cab with it, drove off. He had got as far as Whitehall, when it escaped. The dog then bolted up towards Charing Cross, and my friend followed it in his cab, telling the driver to "keep his hye on 'im." Cabby, however, lost sight of the dog entirely, somewhere in the Strand, and my friend then paid off his cab and began prowling about the neighbourhood, considerably riled by the loss of his money, and nettled at being outwitted by a dog. Suddenly the happy thought entered his mind, that, if he went back to the public in Fleet Street, he might find either navvy or dog. Sure enough, he found them both, the dog receiving him with a growl from beneath his master's bench. My friend then had a little difficulty in persuading the navvy to look upon him as the dog's rightful proprietor, his idea of meum and tuum being rather limited, and of a one-sided nature; but eventually, either overcome by beer, or influenced by the fact that there had been witnesses to the deal, he succumbed, and allowed the dog to be carried off by his rightful owner.

Another dog of my acquaintance assists in carrying on the business at a café. He begs of the customers for coppers, and then walks majestically up to the counter, and drops the money out of his mouth; being rewarded with sugar, for which he has a great liking. It being nearly midnight when I first saw this transaction, I asked the waiter, who was a Frenchman, if the dog ever went to bed, and received the answer that he "made the day dark;" from which I concluded that the dog, like the waiters, turned the day into night: in fact, adapted himself to circumstances—no doubt finding it very dull in the daytime. This dog is a noble St. Bernard, and the first time I saw him he really gave me the notion that he was oppressed by the consciousness of his social degradation, and that his devotion to business resulted from an effort to drown his recollections of past and more prosperous days.

One of the most affectionate pets I ever had was a squirrel called Scug, which I brought up from its infancy, and which, like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, was a most "amoozin' little cuss." This squirrel was the source of frequent "impo's" to me, at school, as I often carried him in the breast-pocket of my jacket when in a drawing, or some equally unimportant class, where I was not in much dread of the master. On these occasions, unless well provided with amusement, in the shape of nuts, he would escape—generally at an unhappy moment, when a master's eye happened to be upon me

—and create a diversion, by the whole class being set to catch him. He became greatly attached to me, and would, when I called him, jump from one end of the room on to my shoulder in a bound. He was very fond of hiding himself under my pillow and sleeping there. Though anything but timid with me, he would never allow any one else to take liberties with him, and would show great timidity at a stranger coming into the room. When I went home for the holidays, I used to take him out in the garden and let him run wild. The first time I did this, I had my doubts as to seeing him again; but, on my calling him, he rushed wildly down from a tree he was in and sprang hastily into my pocket, as if he knew he had been out on parole, and feared to trust any longer to his good intentions. After this, I let him have his liberty frequently; and, strange to say, he never abused it, for though he would stay away for two days at a time, and be seen nearly a quarter of a mile from our house, he invariably returned, and would welcome me really as if he was glad to get back. This I never could understand, though the same thing happened to me with a brace of wood-pigeons, which, for some time after I had let them fly, would hover about the garden, and come to be fed at my call. In Scug's case, I should not wonder if he found his living hard to get, not being accustomed to it; and that this influenced his returning as much as affection for myself.

Poor Scug, however, went the way of all pets; for, one day, on my calling him, he failed to appear, and I found him quite cold and stiff, having, apparently, died in a fit.

TABLE TALK.

A PARAGRAPH recently appeared in these columns on Liebig's Extract of Meat, which has caused several of our readers unnecessary alarm. So far from regarding the various forms of Extract of Meat, which are now introduced into the English market in the light of poisons (as it has been implied that I have done), I consider that they are invaluable in the sick room, and useful in the kitchen; but finding that a German physician, Dr. Kemmerich, had ascertained, by experiments on animals, that the extract, when given in large doses, might prove a deadly poison, I felt that, at a time when our cooks are daily using it for soups, &c., in thousands of British kitchens, it was only right to diffuse the knowledge of Dr. Kemmerich's results. If these

results are trustworthy, the sooner our cooks are informed of them the better, in order that they may use the extract with caution ; if they are not correct, counter-experiments will soon set the question at rest. As, however, I should feel deep regret if these remarks should induce a single invalid to lose his faith in this most valuable substance, or should in any way tend to diminish the sale of the extract as a judicious aid in cookery, it is right to state that, at all events, for the present, no one need feel alarm at Dr. Kemmerich's results. It appears that the manager of one of the principal companies for preparing the Extract of Meat has written to consult Professor Liebig regarding Dr. Kemmerich's views. In reply, the Professor, apparently not acquainted with the article of Dr. Kemmerich's in Pflüger's *Archiv*, quotes from the author's *Graduation Thesis*, presented to the Medical Faculty of Bonn, on this subject the following satisfactory remark :—"I do not think it possible," says Dr. Kemmerich, in p. 3 of his Thesis, "that beef-tea, in the form in which it is used for household purposes, could be the cause of poisoning." It would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory to physiologists if the Munich Professor had repeated the experiments ; but, by the quotation from the *Thesis*, it is obvious that Dr. Kemmerich is only emerging from the state of studentship, and clever young physicians often do make marvellous discoveries. Let then our readers think no more of Dr. Kemmerich, until, at all events, they hear of any further experiments he may make, and in the mean time listen to the opinion of one of the most brilliant members of the medical profession in England, Dr. Parkes, Professor of Hygiene at the Army Medical School. "No article of food," he observes, "is known to me which contains as much of those salts essential to nutrition. . . . In all our trials at Netley even small quantities produced a feeling of support and vigour, which ensued very soon after it was taken. Those who took it expressed their sensations by saying that it stimulated them ; and one friend, who tried it several times after coming in tired and wet from yachting, compared its effects to that of hot whiskey and water, and assured me that its invigorating effects were superior to those of the spirit. In conclusion, I believe the Extract of Meat to be a very valuable food for giving nitrogen, salts, and lactic acid to the system, and it will, I believe, be extremely valuable in disease. For the military surgeon it is likely to be very useful in active service, not only for the wounded and sick, but for healthy men

Its small bulk, ease of cooking, savoury taste, and great restorative action, would make it most useful in rapid expeditions." I believe that it was largely used and gave great satisfaction in the late Abyssinian campaign.

A CURIOUS discovery has lately been made in connection with gun-cotton which can hardly fail to be attended with important and valuable results. It has hitherto been deemed impossible to effect an explosion with gun cotton, unless the substance were strongly confined. It had a lazy way of burning, merely with a sort of swift puff, and of sneaking out of any channel of escape which might be open to it. So thoroughly established was this characteristic of gun-cotton, that a common lecture experiment has been to ignite a puff of it lying in the naked palm of the hand, or to fire a small quantity resting on one plate of a nicely balanced scale. The hand was not burned, the balance of the scale was not disturbed, and this because of that peculiar property of gun-cotton which impelled it to get rid of its force in the easiest and most harmless manner. Confine the same quantity of gun-cotton in a stout case, give it work to do, and it straightway produces effects equivalent to those of six times its weight of gunpowder. But it has now been discovered, in the course of some experiments at the War Office Chemical Establishment, Woolwich, that by igniting gun-cotton in the same way as Mr. Nobel ignites his nitro-glycerine, viz., by concussion, produced by the explosion in contact with it of a small charge of detonating powder, the full effects of gun-cotton are developed whether it be confined or not. Nay, more than the full effects—if it is not an Irishism to say so—for it appears that gun-cotton fired by concussion exerts a force equal to that of nitro-glycerine, or nearly ten times that of gunpowder. Thus, whereas gun-cotton fired by simple ignition, puffs off harmlessly when unconfined, exerting no destructive force whatever upon the body upon which it may be resting, the same quantity of gun-cotton exploded by concussion will shatter blocks of granite, break up thick iron plates, and blow down or destroy anybody in contact with it. This, we say, is a most important discovery in many ways. In the first place, it seems to strike a death-blow at the use of nitro-glycerine, whether in its pure form, or disguised as "dynamite," or however applied, and nitro-glycerine will be a monstrous good-riddance. In the next place, mining of all descriptions,

military and civil, becomes immensely facilitated, while the dangerous operation of "tamping" is no longer required. For torpedo and submarine purposes the discovery will be especially useful. Gun-cotton had already been adopted as the agent *par excellence* to be employed in torpedoes; but it will now no longer be necessary to enclose the charges in stout, expensive iron cases, as heretofore, in order to develop the full effect, or, indeed, any effect at all; any case which is waterproof will answer all the purpose. For breaking walls and stockades, gun-cotton fired by concussion has been shown by some recent experiments at Chatham to be a mighty agent of destruction, and nothing can be more striking than to see a huge stockade cut clean in two as by a knife by the simple explosion of a long sausage-shaped charge of gun-cotton.

THE following is supposed to be an original poem by Wh*tm*n :

I AM W*lt Wh*tm*n.

You are an idiot.

O intellectual ingurgitations of creeds !
To such I am antiseptic.

I met a man.

Where ?

In a gutter. We were at once friends.

O homogeneities of cotemporaneous antiloxodromachy !

He *would* try to stand on his head. O divinely-crapulent hysteron-proteron !

"Our meeting," he said, "is a palingenesis of Paradise; hast thou, O philadelphian, hast thou eighteen-pence?"

I embraced him—I wept. I have it not, I shrieked
—or—*****

Whom do I love? Whom do I admire? Not two lounging in a carriage, but twelve bulging out of a cart.

I am not respectable. You are an idiot.

I am W*lt Wh*tm*n.

I HAVE just been looking over a list of American music. One of the titles bothers me as to whether it ought to be classed among the sacred or profane. It is, "The Saint Paul Waltz." I've heard of the Saint Vitus's dance, but what will this lead to if it's the first of a series? Perhaps its composer is a Jumper.

LOUD was the clamour a year or two back against the use of arsenic green for dyeing dress stuffs and gewgaws. The echoes of that outcry are now to be heard; the brilliant dyes of aniline are the subjects of defamation. It

is not long since a doctor waited on an alderman at the Guildhall, to complain of the evil resulting from the wear of magenta socks; but more recently, Professor Wanklyn has declared that not only this colour, but also the blues and violets derived from aniline, are dangerously contaminated with arsenic; so that the wearers of mauve shirts and hose, run the risk of infection by poison taken, like Joey Ladle's wine, in at the pores. Let them beware! But if mauve be eschewed, let not yellow be substituted, unless the nature of the dye is ascertained; for there is in use a colouring matter, ycleped artificial saffron, which is a compound of picric acid, and is nearly as explosive as gunpowder. Mr. Crookes asserts that stockings dyed with picrate of potash, are liable to explode on the feet of those wearers who sit too near the fire! The hosiers of Christ's Hospital should look to this.

A FRENCH doctor appears to have taken such pity on the poor animals upon which jeopardous surgical and therapeutic experiments are tried, that he has determined to make his own body the subject of his tentatives. The bold man's name is Lespian. He told the French Academy lately, that he had inoculated himself with the grey matter from the lung of a consumptive patient just dead, with a view of proving whether tuberculosis can be contracted by inoculation. Suppose the experiment succeeds, here will be a martyr to science. Suicides should take the hint and puzzle the crowner's jury for a verdict.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

ONCE A WEEK is published early on Wednesday morning, in time for the Morning Mails, and copies may be obtained through all News Agents, and at all Railway book-stalls on the day of publication.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 51.

December 19, 1868.

Price 2d.

LOVE THE AVENGER.

By the Author of ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER LXI.—BEFORE AND AFTER.
CONCLUSION.

IT is not quite three years since M. de Beauvoisin died; it was in the spring of 1866, and the event would have created a stronger sensation than it did had it not been for the intense anxiety felt touching the war, which everyone knew to be impending, and which, in a certain stratum of society, absorbed men's minds and prevented them from attending, as they would otherwise have done, to the occurrences which happened at their own doors.

It was duly averred that Olivier had died suddenly from disease of the heart, and with that, both the world at large and the so-called intimate friends, rested satisfied.

When Claire found herself in the face of the dead, she wondered at the strange calm that came over her, and at the deep stillness rather than terror that the Dread Presence ushered in. She was not frightened, she was, as it were, hushed, and God himself seemed too near to her for that she should pray to Him. And so she sat, looking at what had, a few hours before, been a living man, with senses upon which so heavy a load was laid that they could not flutter, but were dulled into quietude. She tried to recall each word her husband had spoken, and found that his every utterance was so stamped upon her brain, that the words rose up printed before her sight as though they must always be. She did not know whether she felt grieved or not, but when she looked at the little silver medal which, with its blue ribbon, had fallen to the ground, and lay close to the chair whereon rested the corpse, she felt wondrous pitiful. When the first streak of daylight came the young Marquise got up from the seat whence she had not stirred for nearly five hours, and did pre-

cisely and mechanically what she had been told to do by him who could never more speak to her. She went to Olivier's apartment, rang the bell that communicated with the room where his valet slept, and telling Leroux that his master had had a fit, dispatched him for the "dead doctor,"* and told him, the instant that the latter came, to take a carriage and fetch Count Dupont without delay.

It was half-past six o'clock. The *Médecin des morts* arrived, and Claire spoke to him for five minutes alone. He was apparently satisfied by what she said to him, for he stated in his report that the Marquis de Beauvoisin had died that morning suddenly of an apoplexy of the heart.

Before he had taken his leave, Henri Dupont rushed in, full of genuine and profound sorrow for the death of the man who had leaned upon him through life.

As soon as Henri was with her, Claire, in obedience to her husband's desire, summoned her cousin Victor, who, living only three streets off, was at the Hôtel de Beauvoisin in less than half an hour.

No one thought it necessary as yet to apprise the Dowager.

The dead man was disrobed, and robed anew in the vestments of his eternal sleep by the two who, perhaps, alone cared aught for him in life, and, aided by his valet, they laid him on a couch in the boudoir where he had breathed his last. Claire gave them such womanly help as was needed, folded the cold hands over the breast, smoothed the hair upon the stone-cold brow, moving noiselessly about. All was done in silence, none spake ever a word.

Claire had picked up the ribbon and medal from the ground, and placed them upon a small table, on which, when the body was decently laid out, Henri Dupont proceeded to put by, one by one, the different things that had been found upon the person of the deceased: his

* When any one dies in France, the "*médecin des morts*" must be sent for at once, and no burial can take place but upon his statement.

watch, and rings, and keys, &c. He saw the medal, recognised it, and involuntarily looked at Claire. She answered his look, and he then remembered having told her of this same silver medal.

"Shall I keep it?" she asked in a low whisper, "or will you give it back?"

"I will think it over," he replied in the same tone and with a disturbed air, "for the moment, keep it."

And he went on putting in order what he or Victor took from the dead man's clothes.

In the breast-pocket of the coat, M. de Lancour found a slip of paper, and unfolding it:

"A bill of exchange;" he observed, coming close to Henri Dupont, and in the first moment forgetting all technicalities, "is there anything that should be paid at once?" he added.

"Nay," said Henri, "it is paid, or he would not have it in his possession."

"More than that," rejoined Victor, "it is paid years ago."

"Years ago! what do you mean?" and Dupont glanced eagerly at the long narrow slip of paper, one end of which was now held by either man, and over which both bent their heads with fixed attention.

"Yes," continued Lancour, "look here: 'April 1858'—eight years ago next month."

"Just so," murmured Dupont, turning lividly pale as one who is about to faint, "eight years now—1858—not of age—" and a shudder passed over his whole frame.

"It is for a large sum too," resumed Victor; "sixty thousand francs! and two full years before his majority—he was twenty-one in '60—but it is paid; what could induce him to carry it about with him, at this distance of time?"

A groan escaped Dupont's tightly compressed lips, and he seized the back of a chair in the strong grip of his right hand, letting his end of the paper escape. Victor turned it round in his fingers:

"Here is Gaston de Vivienne's name at the back," said he with an altered accent, "yet it is not like his hand; the G. and the V. are like——"

But here he, too, stopped suddenly, and a paleness came over his features, and then he also let the paper drop, and it lay on the carpet at their feet, with the name—

Gaston Jean Ferdinand, Marquis de Vivienne, staring at them from the soiled surface of the much crumpled paper.

The two men looked at each other, and knew what their common thought pointed to.

"How came it not to have been destroyed

in all these years?" whispered Victor, and what Dupont answered was pronounced in an exceedingly low tone, but low as it was, the name of "Gaston" fell upon Claire's ear. She turned round:

"He was eager at the very last," she said, "for something touching Gaston de Vivienne."

"What?" interrupted, hurriedly, Henri.

"He could not tell—he had not time," she replied, "but as he died he seemed to change his idea, for he told me I must not mind Gaston, for that they had been boys together, and that it was no matter."

Count Dupont passed his hand over his face, uttering some indistinct expression of pain.

Meanwhile Victor was once more holding the slip of paper in his hand and examining it minutely in every detail.

"It had best be destroyed now," he murmured; and, at an approving sign from Dupont, he went up to the fire-place, and, stooping down, put the bill of exchange into the fire. Both men watched until the last trace of the paper had been burnt away.

"Poor Olivier!" groaned Henri Dupont, as, for one second, he leaned both his elbows on the chimney-piece, and covered his face with his hands.

"It is eight o'clock," remarked M. de Lancour, looking at his watch. "You ought, I think, to send to your mother-in-law." These words were addressed to the young Marquise.

"I will go to her, if you will allow me," said Count Dupont.

Claire accepted gratefully; and, in a few minutes, both Henri and Victor took their departure, leaving her to her silent watch over the dead, shared only with the curé of the parish, whom she had summoned the instant the *Médecin des morts* had left the house.

And now, whilst Henri Dupont goes to that hard, wilful mother with the tidings of her only son's death, we will, as briefly as possible, put the reader in possession of the facts which had taken place eight years before.

When Olivier de Beauvoisin, at nineteen, committed the folly of purchasing for Camille Leblond the set of emeralds and pearls for which she longed, he was aware that the act was an imprudent one; but he did not regard it as anything beyond that. He knew he must one day be exceedingly rich—he had heard fabulous tales of the way in which men borrowed large sums, and paid for them when they succeeded to their fortunes, and he signed a promise to pay the sixty thousand francs to the jeweller in three months. Before the time

was up, he had, naturally, to confess the whole transaction to Mardonnet, who, for a "consideration" of a very heavy description, undertook to obtain the money—and failed! That is, that thirty-six hours before the day of payment, he had to inform his youthful client that no money-lender he could influence would agree to advance the requisite sums to a minor unless the bill were endorsed by some man who had already attained his majority, and whose means were beyond doubt or dispute. Olivier's one paramount dread was that of discovery on his mother's part. This was, to a certain degree, shared in by Monsieur Théophile; for the character of the Dowager was so well known, that he thoroughly believed her capable of repudiating the debt and bringing an action against all or any parties who could be convicted of leading a minor into evil courses.

Discovery was, therefore, to both Olivier and Mardonnet, a contingency not to be looked at in the face. The money must be got—and the secret must be kept. These were the two necessities.

In one evening, spent with the young Marquis, Monsieur Théophile contrived to achieve his ends; for, by dint of hearing story after story of what other men had done, Olivier grew familiar with the fatal project that was proposed to him, and (reassured above all by the fatal notion that secrecy could be preserved) he committed a positively felonious act without any adequate idea of its enormity. The discovery would have seemed to him intolerable, but the fact itself was a manner of commercial transaction involving a simple, straightforward appreciation of plain right and wrong, of plain, working-day honesty, such as was adapted to the ways of life of inferior people, traders, men of business, &c., and had been neglected in the education of the Marquis de Beauvoisin. "Nobody on earth would ever know one word of it," declared Mardonnet; and, in two years, the debt would be paid without anyone alive having been one bit the wiser. And so, in reality, it was. Things did fall out just as Monsieur Théophile had said; but punishment came all the same, only came much later.

When Olivier came of age, he satisfied all Mardonnet's claims—which were exorbitant—and he received in exchange all the papers and documents relating to the money transactions of his early youth. These said documents he burnt in Monsieur Théophile's study about six weeks after Monsieur Théophile had taken unto himself the lovely Camille as a wife, and had furnished for himself a home. Olivier

never did recur to this event in thought, but, if he had done so, he would have told you he saw clearly before his eyes the whereabouts of the scene; the delivery of the papers and the burning. And Olivier's conscience was quite at rest; he had never failed in honour, was all that a high-born gentleman should be, and ready to fight, no matter whom, upon the slightest provocation.

Yet, for all that, Nemesis was there; and however much M. de Beauvoisin might be living through life with the conviction that hidden wrong was powerless, and that hidden sin was dumb—or, in other words, that falsehood was as good as truth—the wrong was lying in wait, and the sin would find a tongue. All was not burnt, and what had happened was this:—

When Olivier handed over to Mardonnet the sums stipulated by the latter as necessary to enable him to refund what (in order to cover M. de Beauvoisin) he had been himself obliged to borrow, he received in return certain letters he had written to M. Théophile upon these subjects, and four different bills of exchange, three whereof were harmless enough, and upon one alone of which stood the forged signature. They were all pretty much alike; Olivier gathered them all up together in his hand, counted them, but laid them for an instant down again upon the table, whence he took a letter, a coach-maker's bill, and an envelope addressed to Mardonnet in his own handwriting; all these various papers he then consigned in a bundle to the flames, and took his leave of M. Théophile, lightened of the sole burthen he thought he should ever have to bear in life.

That same evening the lovely Camille, as was her wont, came in her husband's absence (Mardonnet mostly passed his evenings at some minor theatre), prying into his drawers, and hunting, ferret-like, among his papers. She found, covered by a sheet of foolscap, under which it had slipped, the bill of exchange with Gaston de Vivienne's name upon it, the importance of which was well-known to her. This she put into her pocket, and the next morning at breakfast showed it to her spouse.

Mardonnet, to do him justice, was for returning it at once to M. de Beauvoisin, "for," said he, with a lingering instinct of original honesty, "I'm paid."

"Nonsense!" retorted his wife; "it is Providence puts it in our hands; it may be of use some day, and one should never throw away a chance of keeping a hold over those grandees," and so she kept it for six years, and only gave

it out of her keeping when, on their return from their Moldo-Wallachian exile, her husband asked her for it, and she saw that a sort of ambition being aroused in him, he would be a safe guardian of the talisman.

The man would have restored the document to its rightful owner, the woman prevented him; the man, when once more in possession of it, would have made, after all, but a clumsy use of his treasure; but a woman again got it from him, and transformed it into a deadly weapon.

The wily Aspasia had not talked over his plans for half an hour with Théophile Mardonnet before she was convinced of the existence of a mystery, and determined that the clue thereto should be delivered over to her.

And so it was, as we know, and the fatal bill of exchange once possessed by Mlle. Mourjon, the rest was but an affair of time and of detail.

Olivier lived for some months in utter ignorance of what had occurred, and cradled in the persuasion that of the past there endured no palpable trace of any kind.

The sight of Mardonnet on the Easter Sunday when the latter accosted him in the street, was disagreeable to Olivier as recalling unpleasant memories, but these were vague, and pointed to no danger.

He did not like the electoral contest with Monsieur Théophile, because he felt the latter had it in his power to state ugly things concerning him; and he, who had committed the act of falsehood, was uncertain of the amount of assurance with which, if put to it, he should give forth the false utterance—the denial of the true fact. Mardonnet's presence was uncomfortable to him—nothing more.

But when, in the midst of the electoral struggle, he received Aspasia's letter (of the 6th July) his drowsy conscience re-awakened suddenly, and he knew that real danger threatened him. From the shock that he received when the fatal bill, bearing Gaston de Vivienne's signature, was shown to him, Olivier never entirely recovered. He was, from that hour, degraded in his own eyes. So long as the trace was lost, the doing of the deed itself was effaced from the tablets of his mind; the instant the trace re-appeared, the deed was, anew—it seemed to him as though he had done it but yesterday.

With all the rest the reader is acquainted.

When the death-angel's wing first touched Olivier's brow, he knew, by some preternatural revelation, by whose hand he died, and felt that he took Claudine's place in dying. But

what the purpose had been, what was to be achieved by the Sphinx's death, and by whom it was combined, or what interest Aspasia had in her demise?—these were things beyond his lights, and the more he thought during the short time left him on that terrible night, the dimmer his faculties became, and, at last, there remained only the consciousness of a strong, stern necessity for concealment. He felt that any research into the dark event must inevitably stain the honour of the whole family, that guilt lay on all sides, and that, instead of being lifted, the veil must be drawn tighter than ever over all.

He died like a gentleman, meeting his end calmly, and, for one brief second before resigning life, fathoming the depths of error and misery into which his timid, narrow, would-be-practical, and wholly heartless trainers had betrayed him.

They had feared most for this poor soul the dangers love brings to youth, and so they had, to the utmost of their power, guarded him from the weakness of loving, and had saved him, as they esteemed, because they had so fashioned his nature that it should be loveless. And now, how stood their account summed up in the face of this corpse? What were the dead man's gains, reaped at the cost of a wizened heart? Null. No generous impulse would have led him to give aught of what he had or what he was to a woman nobly loved and worthy—from all such imprudence as that he had been secured—but, budding into youth, he had for one woman forfeited honour, and another woman cost him, in manhood's prime, his life—only he loved neither.

Was there any consolation in that?

When Count Dupont found himself in the presence of the Dowager he told her, bluntly and without any preparation, that her son was dead. He could not explain to himself why, but he felt pitiless towards this mother; and before her startled senses could take in the horrible news—

"I believe," said he, looking steadfastly at her, and weighing each word,—"I believe he did *not* die naturally; I believe he was poisoned."

A hoarse, guttural cry burst from the Dowager's lips, and throwing up her clasped hands over her head—

"Oh! the monster!" she shrieked out. "I will tear her limb from limb!"...

"Who? Madame la Marquise?" asked coldly Henri Dupont; and even in this hour of desolation she could conceive the terror of the

situation ; and resting her tight-clenched hands on the top of her head, she stood glowering wildly at her visitor, whose hard, steady gaze never detached itself from her features.

After a pause of a second or two—

"Remember," whispered Count Dupont, coming close to the Dowager, and laying his hand upon her arm,—“Remember that, were the crime proved a hundred times over, and were it only required that a finger should be raised, or a word spoken, to secure the punishment of the criminal, the finger must *not* be raised, and the word must *not* be spoken ; but there must be silence for evermore, and the guilty must go scatheless, whoever they may be. Remember that well ;” he added, pressing her arm in his hand, and speaking with solemnity. “Wail as you will, for the son you have lost : mourn over him, and refuse to be consoled ; but seek no solace in revenge—for it is forbidden you. You must be silent.”

And so saying he left her, and then she sorrowed for her child.

The death of his nephew caused M. de Moranges to postpone his marriage for a few weeks ; but at the end of that period the Sphinx became Marquise de Moranges ; and a very short time after, people ceased to talk of or to wonder at the event. A fair, pale, handsome woman, richly dressed, drove about the Bois, in a well-appointed, emblazoned landau, and the answer given to those who enquired her name was,—

“Oh ! you know that is the *famous* Madame de Moranges : she is not *received*, but they say she behaves very properly.”

And that was precisely what, at the end of a year and a half, the Dowager began to remark. For a whole twelvemonth after her son's death she shut herself up at Beauvoisin, seeing none, writing to none, but in her hard way mourning for him whose death lay indirectly at her door. At the end of that time she crept out of her seclusion, and occupied herself with life's business as though she could still find interest in it.

She came again to Paris, conferred with lawyers and notaries, bought, and sold, and bargained, and traded for the undeniable good of her grandchild's property ; and was heard, several times, to opine that it was neither wise nor right to exclude so completely the new Marquise de Moranges from all communication with the family.

“She conducts herself perfectly,” she would observe. “She is, after all, my brother's lawful wife ; she will probably have no chil-

dren, and little Pierre's interests ought to be taken into account. *He* might be sent to see her,” she usually concluded with.

Mlle. Mourjon was many months before she got over the impression of what had happened. She lost her sleep for more than a year out of sheer watchfulness over herself ; for her chief terror was lest she should, in a moment of weakness, avow the whole, and incur the penalty due to her crime. However, she ended by surmounting her nervous depression of spirits, and is now a rich woman, married to a building-contractor, who, mainly with her help, is making a very large fortune. She lives very retired, but is much esteemed by the people who frequent her, and thought a very remarkable woman.

As to Madame de Mottefort, she is welcomed everywhere ; her husband has been appointed to a command in the neighbourhood of Paris ; and hers is regarded by all genuine *dévots* as a beautiful case of repentance—a sort of recommendation, indeed, to go and sin in order that the sin may be thus retrieved.

And Claire ?

The day following her husband's burial, she left the Hôtel de Beauvoisin, and, for two years and a half, lived with her little son in her father's house, neither paying nor receiving visits—shut up totally from all contact with the world, and living exclusively with her father and mother, and Aunt Clémentine.

One day this autumn I was lounging upon the asphalte of the Champs Elysées, when I overheard some persons before me talking of the marriage to be solemnized next day between some man, whom everybody knew, and a widow.

“It may succeed,” said one lady ; “she is such an icicle ! But he will never forget the episode of his youth. That is what these romances mostly come to : a man runs away with another man's wife, and has all the love out before he's thirty, and then comes in reason, and he makes an end and marries.”

“Well,” replied another, “you see the love-matches don't answer somehow ; for I've always heard her first marriage with M. de Beauvoisin was quite an affair of the heart, and it certainly did not turn out successfully.”

“There may be some hope, then, that this second marriage, being an affair of convenience, may turn out better,” observed a young gentleman ; “it re-unites all the Clavreuil and Lancour property. Victor does a good thing for himself.”

“And she is very lovely,” said an elderly man.

The lady who had first spoken smiled.
 "I shouldn't think that mattered much," she remarked; "however, as you say, it may succeed."

And thus the world judged.

The next day I went to the church where, in the quietest and most private manner possible, the marriage was celebrated. As the new husband and wife left the sacristy together, I remarked them well, and thought I saw that upon the face of each which made me augur well of their future.

Claire was, as I was told, to leave that night for Algeria, whither she accompanied her husband—a sharer in his toils and dangers, in his joys and success—a true, brave soldier's wife.

A bright grave light shone in the eyes of both, an earnestness of purpose sat upon the brow of each, and as they went forth I thought I saw a promise of happiness that would not deceive; and as they passed me by, I murmured from my innermost heart:—

"God speed them! they have been in the thick of life's battle, and know that *that* fight never ends, but must be fought on always unto death."

NOTES ON PARROTS.

MR. DARWIN, in his recent work on *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, devotes a good many pages to prove that animals and plants, when removed from their natural condition are often rendered more or less unfertile, and that the former often altogether cease to breed when in captivity.

Amongst the many illustrative cases which he brings forward in favour of this view is that of the parrot. Many as are the parrots that have been kept in Europe for some centuries past, they breed, he observes, so seldom that the event has been thought worthy of record in the gravest scientific publications, such as the *Reports of the British Association*; and in the nine years' report which Mr. Darwin obtained of all the little strangers who appeared in the Zoological Gardens, no parrots, excepting three species of paroquet, are reported as having produced young. Sir R. Schomburgk informs him that in Guiana parrots are taken from their nests by the Indians, and are reared in large numbers, becoming so tame as to come to be fed when called; yet he never heard a single instance of their breeding. Mr. Hill gives similar evidence regarding the par-

rots of Jamaica, and asserts that "no instance of a parrot breeding in tame life has been known."

Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., in a very interesting paper on the acclimatisation of these birds (which he read to the British Association excursionists to Northrepps Hall, Norfolk), has shown that with due care parrots may be bred in this country, notwithstanding Mr. Darwin's views to the contrary; and some of the facts recorded are so interesting in more than one point of natural history, that they deserve a wider circulation than they are likely to obtain in the valuable pages of *The Annals of Natural History*. At one time nearly fifty parrots might be seen about the grounds of Northrepps Hall; the number is now reduced to twenty-four, the reduction being mainly due to the guns of their enemies whenever they left home. Unfortunately, they are occasionally seized with a desire to see the world, and will then take flight to a distance of ten or fifteen miles, or even more, and from these flights the flock seldom returns in its original force. In one case a flock flew to a place full twenty-five miles away, and eleven of them were shot. The history of their breeding is thus graphically described by Mr. Buxton:—"A pair of cockatoos led the way by most unsuccessfully attempting to make a nest in one of the chimneys; before it was half-finished it gave way, and the nest and cockatoos fell to the bottom. It being summer-time, they were only discovered after spending a day and a night amongst the soot, and when they were brought out they looked like two dwarf chimney-sweeps." Nothing daunted by this catastrophe, they made a next attempt in a box which had been hung outside the gables of the house, with the hope that it would be thus used. Two eggs were laid and carefully sat upon; but, alas! the eggs turned out addled. Then came a pair of green parrots which, making their nest in a box, succeeded in bringing up one young one; but long before it was fledged it was cruelly murdered by a cockatoo. "The year after," says Mr. Buxton, "this pair brought up two children, and it was really a beautiful sight to see the family party flying about, always together, and living on the most loving terms. But the mother and her eldest son were both, unhappily, shot." This must be regarded as the first real success. Afterwards a common white cockatoo, who had selected a very large rose-coloured cockatoo of a different species for his bride, scooped out a nest in the rotten branch of an acacia-tree, and this pair brought

up two live young birds; and the following year they repeated the experiment even more successfully, and brought up three young ones, thus making up a family party of seven. Unfortunately, when the next breeding season occurred (the past summer), the old birds found their nest preoccupied by a pair of gray parrots, which kept possession and brought up two young birds. These are the only cases of breeding mentioned by Mr. Buxton, and probably all that occurred in his large number of parrots, and they may be summed up as follows:—one pair produced one young bird on one occasion, and two the next year; another pair brought up two and three young birds in two successive years; and one pair produced a couple of young—the sum total being ten young parrots.* This must be regarded as a great success as compared with the observations made by or communicated to Mr. Darwin. The reason why a young parrot is a prodigy in the Zoological Gardens, and is of comparatively frequent occurrence at Northrepps Hall is probably due to the fact that the birds enjoy a far more natural life at the latter place than at the former; and as a somewhat parallel case, it may be mentioned that while tame elephants never breed in India, their breeding is of daily occurrence in Ava, not very far eastward, “where the females are allowed to roam the forests with some degree of freedom” (Darwin, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 150). For the free and unconstrained life which Mr. Buxton’s parrots enjoy, they are indebted to a large Amazonian parrot who has been at Northrepps Hall for twenty years. Having escaped from his cage he remained in the oak and beech trees for nearly three months, and only came back when the winter came on. He looked so magnificent on his return that it was resolved that the effects of liberty should be tried on the parrots generally. As long as they are well-fed, the dense mass of down beneath their feathers seems to protect them sufficiently against our cold winters. There is a house of shelter provided for them, but, excepting the gray parrots, none use it, and they prefer living in the woods throughout the whole year. These gray parrots are able to foresee a storm, and often take refuge in this house before it comes. Like man, the parrots have their vices, virtues, friendships, and delusions. Two cockatoos are recorded as guilty

of murder, two young birds are described as having “awful tempers,” and they all seem to fight over their food. As a set-off, we are told of an old cockatoo who befriended a young bird with a broken wing and leg, and treated him as her own son; and of a magnificent parrot who devoted himself to a Carolina hen-parrot who had lost both her legs by frost-bite in the hard winter of 1860, defending her from the attacks of other parrots, cleaning her feathers, and making a regular pet of the old cripple.

The cockatoos which for two years made their nest in the acacia-tree were objects of great interest during incubation to the cockatoos at large, who used to sit on the branches just above the nest, and to accompany the parent bird when she flew off, “screaming horrible acclamations in her honour.” Whether they were applauding her as a benefactor to her species, or what their views on her conduct may have been, is hard to decide; but the pair of birds who, not having a family of their own, adopted some kittens, and kept a perpetual watch on them even when the mother was at home, must have been harmless monomaniacs. Mr. Buxton notices the curious friendships which some of his birds formed. A paroquet and a green parrot were perfectly inseparable, and when, out of a flock of eleven gray parrots, there was only left one survivor, he took to associating with some cockatoos, and for the last few years he has never left them.

It is to be regretted that more information is not given regarding their food. We are told that “in the morning and evening they come to feed on hempseed and bread and milk, which is hung in a basket from a tripod,” and in the next page we read that “variety of food is not less essential to them than quantity.” Seeing that some parrots live upon the nectar of flowers, others on grain, and others on fruits, both soft and hard, it is not possible to supply all kinds with their natural food. Some, with their powerful jaws, can crush to a pulp palm-nuts which are so hard as to be difficult to break with a heavy hammer (see Bates, *The Naturalist on the Amazon*, 2nd ed., p. 80), and, if such birds as these are kept on a soft food, the upper mandible has been known to grow to such a length as to begin to penetrate the throat.

Mr. Wallace, whose explorations of the River Amazon and of the Eastern Archipelago are known to all naturalists, describes certain ingenious methods pursued by the Indians for improving and modifying the colour of their

* It should be mentioned that Mr. Buxton’s success has once been exceeded. A case was recorded in the *Field* newspaper, a few years ago, in which eleven Australian paroquets (grass warblers) were hatched in one season at Fareham from a single pair. This instance seems to have escaped the eagle-eye of Mr. Darwin.

parrots. The natives of the banks of the Amazon feed their common green parrots with the fat of certain fishes, which renders the feathers beautifully variegated with red and yellow colours; and this fact has been confirmed by Professor Agassiz, who has more recently explored that great river. The effect is not transitory; they become "beautiful for ever," and in an analogous manner certain Malays can obtain King Lories from the Talking Lory. We conclude with a single fact, more singular than any of the rest, for which we are also indebted to Mr. Wallace. Certain South American Indians change the colour of many birds by the following curious process:—They pluck out the feathers from the part which they wish to paint, and inoculate the fresh wound with the milky secretion from the skin of a small toad. The feathers grow of a brilliant yellow colour, and on being plucked out grow again of the same colour without any fresh inoculation.

A SONG OF AGINCOURT.

"HOW many," quoth King Harry,
 "How many may there be?
 Who is there that can tell aright
 The number of the men who fight
 Beneath the *fleur de lis*?"

"Near three score thousand warriors,
 No less, my liege, are they."
 "A goodly show to our thin ranks;
 And yet I give high Heaven thanks
 That I am here this day;

"For greater is the glory
 If victory be won,
 And proud will be the man can say,
 'I fought when on St. Crispin's day
 The gallant feat was done.'

"My heart doth surely tell me
 We have not come thus far
 To be turned back by any host
 Distracted France, with pain and cost,
 Can summon to the war.

"We are enough for glory,
 We are enough for death;
 And could ten thousand men be brought
 By one short word, I'd have no thought
 To give that one word breath.

"And no faint hearts we'll harbour
 To share to-morrow's feast,
 If there be those who dread the fray,
 Let them turn back before the day
 Shall redden in the east.

"And you, brave hearts, be cheerful!
 'Tis not so hard to die
 When the shout of war is in the ear,
 And the cry rings resonant and clear,
 'St. George and Victory!'"

Brave words to brave hearts spoken,
 And trust begetting trust;
 Their faith was plain, that they were strong,
 No matter who was right or wrong,
 Who just or who unjust.

So passed the night in watching,
 So came St. Crispin's day.
 "Now let the Frenchman, if he dare,
 Come forth to seek us in our lair,
 The boar will stand at bay."

Proud in the might of numbers,
 Proud in their chivalry,
 Proud in the thought of France and fame,
 The Dauphin and his warriors came
 To pluck their victory;

With blare of trump, and thunder
 Of horse-hoofs on the sod,
 With flash of sword, and martial strain,
 Tramp! tramp! they rushed across the plain,
 And shouted as they rode.

"Now do your devoir, bowmen!
 Let fly with heart and will!
 Shoot, as your fathers shot of yore,
 And let the Frenchman know, once more,
 That we are English still.

"Think of your wives and children,
 Your homes in England dear,
 And let your souls go forth to battle,
 Remember, as your arrows rattle,
 The fond hearts that will cheer

"And kindle with the glory
 Of your undying fame;
 Think of their pride and glowing wonder,
 Shoot, bowmen! glory lieth yonder,
 Behind your death and shame."

With a will they shot, those bowmen,
 With a will 'twas good to see;
 The flight of death came hurtling down,
 Horseman and horse were overthrown
 Beneath the *fleur de lis*.

With a will they shot, those bowmen,
 With a will 'twas good to see;
 The headlong charge was stayed and spent,
 The huddled ranks showed many a rent,
 And surged confusedly.

The cry arose:—"They're broken!
 Upon them, sword and bill,
 Leave shooting, bowmen, and make way,
 Charge, knights and billmen, charge and slay!
 Charge for St. George! kill, kill!"

Then 'gan the rout and slaughter,
And France's pride was shorn ;
Before the shock of sword, and lance,
And cleaving axe, woe then for France,
Her warrior ranks were torn ;

Were torn and scattered wildly,
Like leaves before the wind
That swirls them o'er the open plain,
And even as they fled amain
The hot foe pressed behind.

And so, by victory girded,
King Harry and his train
Swept on through weeping France, and bore
The glory of the deed, no more,
But glory worth the pain.

Ay ! France had cause for weeping
For noble blood then shed,
For her pride and power shattered,
For her forces wildly scattered,
For her captive, and her dead.

But the shout of exultation,
When that day's work was known,
Ran on from English shire to shire,
As pealing bell and leaping fire
Told of the victory won.

And after-generations
The story kept alway,
Of how King Harry and his few
So bravely met and overthrew
The hosts of France that day.

MY FIRST ESSAY AT FICTION.

IN most local papers there is a column devoted to advertisements with a certain specialty about them, in which the useful is blended with the marvellous. They have a dash of the philanthropic, which tells us that man is not the selfish brute which he is commonly supposed to be, and we rise from the perusal of them with a conviction that there are those among us who delight in proclaiming the merits of others, which of all things is assuredly the most unselfish. When people are ailing they generally take advice or medicine, and sometimes both. The advice, if they are wise, they seek at the hands of a regular practitioner. My experience, however, leads me to the conclusion that the local paper is the Adviser-General of a larger class than is commonly supposed.

I became a writer of the class of fiction which I shall presently describe at a comparatively early age, when I was reading with a private tutor at Blackacre. At that time the Prince of Wales's Theatre was not

open, Marie Wilton must have been in long clothes, and Mr. Robertson had not written *Society*; so the world, or at least the stall-going part of it, was ignorant of the blessings which Mr. Chodd is there told a cheap daily paper is capable of conferring upon the masses, "down even to the lowly lucifer seller." In the local newspaper which represented our weekly literature, I was much struck by the many wonderful cures which were reported as having been effected by the use of the medicines which were regularly advertised. To judge from the extraordinary statements it contained, which mostly took the form of letters written by the individuals benefited, detailing their sufferings, the treatment, and its happy results, there was scarcely an ailment known to the College of Physicians for which there was not a specific remedy, and curiously enough, though generally averse to their names appearing in print, the writers felt bound under the peculiar circumstances of the case to overcome their scruples, and to make known the facts as widely as possible. If true, the medical profession for miles round Blackacre must have been in the same hapless position as the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. But they were not. I could not understand it. I was determined to fathom the mystery, as it then appeared to me, and I soon found there was no mystery in it; so I resolved to become a writer of fiction.

At that time Blair, by means of his Pills, was beginning to comfort all those who were afflicted with gout or rheumatic affections. Here was a capital opportunity for me. I immediately transformed myself into a coachman to a fashionable physician, who kept three pairs of horses, but only one man to drive them. I represented myself as being on the box day and night, exposed to all weathers, or, as I expressed it, "to all the trying vicissitudes of this ever changeful climate." It did not occur to me then, nor to Dr. Blair either, that this was rather tall writing for a coachman. I had good wages, but they all went in what I called doctor's stuff (on reflection, I now think the change of style was too sudden, but Dr. Blair did not seem to think so); I became almost incapacitated, and was on the point of relinquishing my situation, when fortunately—and here was a strong point for the local—I happened to see a report in the — *Chronicle* of sudden restoration to health of a man, who for years had, like myself, suffered martyrdom from a similar complaint. I immediately bought a box, and in less than a fortnight I had recovered the use of my limbs, and was

as well as ever I was, &c. The next week the — *Chronicle* informed its readers that, "from among a mass of letters describing the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills, the following had been selected;" and then appeared my first essay in fiction, in bold and legible type.

What a horrid shame! I think I hear my friend at The Intellectual say as he reads this. Perhaps it was; but it opened my eyes to the credulity of mankind, and it was more amusing than Pliny's correspondence, which was my tutor's favourite Latin author, so I tried my hand at it again. This time I was a widow, left with two children, each of them suffering from whooping-cough in its most aggravated form. They were treated in the regular way by the regular family doctor, but got worse instead of better. It almost broke my heart to see the poor little things. Fortunately, my eye rested upon an advertisement in the — *shire Chronicle* of Mrs. Johnson's American Soothing Syrup. I rushed to the chemist and got a bottle. Wisely selecting one child only for the experiment, I tried it for a couple of days. The effect was wonderful. The child who had remained under the care of the regular doctor sank under the attack. The other, after a few doses, recovered. I went on to say that "I thought it my bounden duty to make the fact as public as I could; and though very averse to allowing my name to appear in print" (I thought this would tell, and it did), "they were at full liberty to make any use of my letter they might think fit. Indeed, it was a thing no mother should be without." Again I was gratified by reading my second work of fiction the following week as an elegant extract "from the many letters received, &c."

Still I was not satisfied. The medicines I had up to that time patronised were of a limited nature, suited to one complaint only, and I felt there was room for a third work of fiction in a wider and more exhaustive field. So I called to my assistance Mr. Frampton and his celebrated Pill of Health. Now, as a matter of fact, I enjoyed excellent health at the time. Gout might be looming in the distance, but the whooping-cough was a thing of the past. How was I to propitiate Mr. Frampton? His pill was a fine conception, aiming at making mankind healthy, if not beautiful, for ever. There was a universality about it which was its chief recommendation. To say that I had never known what it was to have a day's illness, and that I was in the habit of taking his pills, I felt might be considered inconclusive

reasoning, cause and effect were not being sufficiently connected. So I represented myself as one who, blessed with a good constitution, had done his best to ruin it. I laid to my charge every known form of excess. Result, utter prostration. One foot in the grave, the other about to follow. Doctors at fault, friends and relations in despair. I blew my friend Frampton's trumpet with no uncertain sound. Who was it who recalled me to energy of mind and activity of body? Frampton! Who was it I blessed as my deliverer? Frampton! Was it fair towards him, or considerate to the world at large, not to proclaim the name of this great benefactor of the human race? Clearly not. I had a duty to perform, and that was to inform the readers of the — *shire Chronicle* of the great change that had been wrought in me. Frampton must have thought so too, for a week only elapsed before his secret of health was as widely diffused as the others. This letter must have been deemed sensational, or, to borrow an expression of Chief Justice Cockburn, in the Risk Allah Bey trial, picturesque; for shortly afterwards, as I was calling at a chemist's in the town, waiting to be served, a gentleman came in, and showing my identical letter to the assistant, asked him if he was acquainted with the writer, and his position in life, as he had been sent down by his employers in London with instructions to offer me an agency on very liberal terms for the sale of his pills.

Encouraged by this flattering attention, I became a sort of literary chameleon, and, looking back, I am almost ashamed to think of the amount of imposition which I practised. That estimable woman the Widow Welch, and her Female Pill, were not suffered to escape; nor were the wonderful effects of the Pulmonic Wafer overlooked, while those who had coughs coughed no more after taking a few of Bainbridge's lozenges. But enough. *Dies aderat* when the eyes of the patent medicine vendors were opened. I never knew exactly how it came about; but I subsequently learnt that there was one central dépôt in London, and that all the testimonials ultimately found their way there. Perhaps the clerk whose duty it was to collate the MSS. was absent on his holiday, and on his return he may have been struck with the similarity of the writing. Perhaps I grew rash with success, and overdid it. Be that as it may, I never lay down a local paper after reading a testimonial without thinking of my first essay at fiction, and hoping sincerely that what was sport to me was not death to others.



[Dec. 19, 1884.]

A FROSTY MORNING.—By HENRY WOODS.

Once a Week.]

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

VI.

AMONGST THE MUSICIANS.

BACH.

WHENCE comes it, Handel, that we hear no news

About the doings of the tuneful Muse
On Earth? Since Mendelssohn came down below—
And that seems ages long ago—I know
Of no Musician, worthy of the name,
Who deigns the honours of this place to claim.
Is the race quite extinct? Your men of song,
In general, don't live so very long;
The common fate of Genius they share,
Whose inward fire the strongest frame will wear.
Beethoven, true, was rather prone to riot,
But, possibly, his deafness kept him quiet;
And thus it was his fate on Earth to labour
Longer than Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Weber.
I speak not of myself, nor yet of you;
We never quarrelled, as musicians do;
And so, of earthly life, enjoyed a span
As great as falls to any common man.
But though a shade all mortal passion spurns,
I'm not indifferent to what concerns
The progress of my Art; and so 'twere pleasant
To hear what's doing in that line at present.

HANDEL.

That wish you easily may gratify.
Amongst yon troop of spirits passing by,
You see that lean shade with a fallow face?
He's not been long a dweller in this place.
His name is Meyerbeer, and I was told
By Mendelssohn that many people hold
His operatic works in great esteem,
Though Mendelssohn, 'twixt you and me, don't seem
To care about them. See, he comes this way,
Let's hear what the lean shade has got to say.
You, Gluck, shall question him.

GLUCK.

Herr Meyerbeer,

Welcome to Hades; nay, good sir, draw near,
We all are followers of the gentle Muse,
And, to be friends, you, surely, won't refuse.
See, Bach and Handel, mighty men, I trow,
And gentle Mendelssohn—but him you know—
Lo! here Beethoven comes, with brow o'erladen,
On one side Mozart, on the other Haydn,
Eager to give—on earth the task is hard—
A kindly welcome to a brother bard.

MEYERBEER.

I know you all. Think not, oh mighty Handel,
Because I am not fit to hold a candle
To such as you, that I am blind to see
The light in others which is not in me.
Ye mighty Monarchs of the realms of Song,
Whose genius men have worshipped—aye, so long—
Low at your feet in reverence I fall.

HANDEL (*aside*).

Bless me, the Shade's no donkey after all.

MOZART.

Rise up, my little ghost.

MEYERBEER.

Little! forsooth,
I'm quite as tall as you. To speak the truth,
Methinks I am the taller of the two.

MOZART.

Nay, don't be angry, friend, but tell us who
On yonder Earth is king of music now?
When Mendelssohn was taken from the plough
In manhood's prime, he told us that Rossini,
With Auber, Donizetti, and Bellini,
And Weber, were the idols of the day.
To them do nations still their homage pay?

MEYERBEER.

Verdi has kicked Rossini from his throne;
There's no great love for Donizetti shown;
Bellini's simple strains begin to pall;
And as to Weber, he's no where at all.
Gounod and Flotow are the heroes now;
And great Auber to Offenbach must bow.
The *Traviata*, or the *Travatore*,
Of *Il Barbiere* have eclipsed the glory.
As *Margarita* Patti fills the stage;
And *Marta*, sung by Nillson, is the rage.
To see *La Belle Hélène* the people press;
And throng in crowds to view *La Grande Duchess*.
You think I'm joking; nay, I'll tell you more,
Mozart won't wash, and Handel is a bore.

HAYDN.

This change in taste applies to France alone,
Not Germany and Italy; the tone
Is surely purer in those lands of song?
And what of British taste? is that, too, wrong?

MEYERBEER.

The sweeping censure I have dared to lance
Applies to Germany as well as France.
As for poor Italy, I'm loth to chuck
A stone against a nation down in luck;
And British taste is past my comprehension,
To its vagaries I pay no attention.
But here's a shade from England just arrived,
And he can tell you what has now survived
Of ancient predilections.

SHADE.

Well, not one;
Aught that is old the British people shun,
To novelty alone they homage pay.
The Barrel Organs—

MOZART.

Stop, sir; what are they?

SHADE.

A Barrel Organ's like the public press,
It echoes music which has most success.

MOZART.

What a strange instrument !

SHADE.

Sir, from your land
There comes a stranger still. Your German band,
With cornets, creaky, and with trombones, blazy,
Infests our streets, and makes all people crazy ;
But though the curst discordance rouses passion,
It's not because good music is in fashion ;
On worthless shows we love our time to waste,
We've lots of money, but have little taste.

HANDEL.

Nay, friend ; methinks the truth you have disguised.
My Oratorios are surely prized ?

SHADE.

Well, the *Messiah* draws ; but don't be proud,
A missionary gets a greater crowd ;
And tuneless hymns roared out with voice sonorous,
Create more rapture than the finest chorus.
Or would you learn to what a depth of folly
Mortals can sink, in striving to be jolly ;
Know that a set of men, with blackened faces,
By means of antics, and of foul grimaces,
Whilst singing strains (of which to say, I'm curst,
If poetry or music be the worst)
Attract an audience, which, in every sense,
Is more productive, both of praise and pence,
Than that which gathers in the well-known hall
For *Israel in Egypt*, or *St. Paul* ;
Or that which may be drawn the strains to hear
Of Haydn, or Beethoven, or Schubert ;
Or sweet Mozart, and birds of such like feather,
Or—in a word—the lot of you together.

MOZART.

You crush the hope my fancy loved to cherish,—
I thought my Operas would never perish.

SHADE.

Nor will they. There are still some people left
Of judgment and good taste not quite bereft ;
By them your works will ever be preferred,
And rouse fresh rapture every time they're heard.
But other strains excite the beery crowd,
And vulgar nonsense wins applause most loud ;
In music halls—erected for the sale
Of Spirits and Tobacco and Pale Ale—
The people throng to hear the puling strain
Of *Champagne Charlie*, or *My Pretty Jane* ;
My Pretty Seusan gets its three encores,
And *Not for Joseph* draws the crowd by scores ;
Nay ! Princes think it no disgrace to honour
The Jolly Nash or Vance the Great.

BEETHOVEN.

Oh Donner
Und Blitzen ! Tell me, do the upper classes
Frequent these hovels of the lower masses ?

SHADE.

Well, no. They have their places of resort,
Where they pretend the tuneful Muse to court ;

But if unto the Opera they go,
'Tis not to hear the Music—but to show
Themselves. Nor is their taste a bit superior
To that shown by the class they deem inferior ;
In Melody alone delight they find,
Nor care for Music that enchains the mind.
Verdi's loud brass the largest audience draws,
And Gounod's patchwork wins immense applause.
Yea, though they listen when the Diva Patti
Warbles *La ci Darem*, or *Batti, Batti*,
To sense of beauty they are yet so lost,
That *Don Giovanni* pleases less than *Faust* ;
As to *Fiddio* 'tis shunned—

BEETHOVEN.

What, what !
Has Music so far fallen ? Ach, mein Gott !
Is *Adelaida* scorned ?

SHADE.

Not by the few.
And even from the idle, thoughtless crew—
Should Sims Reeves have the noble condescension
To give it utterance—it wins attention ;
But, even then, I fear, the people throng
Rather to hear the singer than the song :
For sentimental ballads far surpass—
In favour—Music of the highest class.

MENDELSSOHN.

There was a time when Music had the power
On feeblest verse immortal fame to shower.
Take anything which you Libretto call,
The words are nothing—and the Music all.

SHADE.

The times are altered ; and the words, if strong,
Will often make the fortune of a song.
Your Lieder ohne Worte made men bow
Their heads in gratitude ; but Music, now,
To Poetry is such a wretched feeder,
'Twere best to hear the Worte ohne Lieder.

BEETHOVEN.

I fear the British taste is scarcely sound.

SHADE.

'Tis not for want of Critics ; they abound.
No foolish modesty their valour awes ;
In perfect freedom they lay down the laws.
On them, alone, of Art depends the fate ;
They teach us what to worship or to hate :
And loudly boast, in terms impertinent,
They, only, can tell what the artist meant.
In Music, specially, are they profound ;
They know the hidden meaning of each sound.
And not content that Music should express
All mortal feelings, even to excess,
They strive to prove that sound can represent
Of Nature's aspect the embodiment.
To every piece they must a title set :
This is the Ocean, that a Rivulet.
With you, Beethoven, they are pleased to take
Especial liberty, and nicknames make

For your Sonatas. How could they be finer
By such addition? That in C sharp minor,
Which opens with a sweet and plaintive wail,
Is called The Moonlight now—

BEETHOVEN.

Beasts! 'twas a tale
Of unrequited passion. To this hour,
Immortal as I am, I feel its power.
Slave though I was, I scorned to be a slave;
Nor stooped, in maudlin misery, to rave.
Though ruined hope will raise a storm of grief,
The fury of my passion was but brief,
I breathed no sound of anger; rather strove,
To show the holy tenderness of love.
Midst all its bursts of madness, ever kind,
And though crushed by despair, for aye, resigned.
But let that pass; I fain, good sir, would learn
If, in the present day, you Britons spurn
My music.

SHADE.

Nay; spurn is too harsh a word.
Your works, with pleasure, by some few are heard;
But though they draw an audience, they are,
By no means, with the public popular,
Nor suit the taste, which Fashion daily lowers,
Of concert-players, and of concert-goers.
Men ever take delight in feats of skill,
And fools, by tricks of Art, are tickled still.
Aught that is monstrous will attention claim,
What's merely natural is far too tame.
Poets and Painters, and Musicians, too,
Foster the madness of the fevered crew,
And pander to their vain and foolish cries.
Since Thalberg took the public by surprise,
Playing as if he had a hundred fingers,
His influence has flourished, and still lingers.
Performers strive each other to excel,
In manual feats which seem impossible.
Some pound the piano; some again will do
With one hand what another does with two.
For Style—the violent is most in favour,
A modest utterance is poor in flavour.
So, Feeling is, in general, neglected,
And Execution is alone respected.
Moreover, there's a school sprung up of late,
Whose followers are noisy, if not great.
From common prejudice they are exempt,
And melody regard with deep contempt,
As a poor gift the vulgar only prize,
A means to please that Genius should despise;
The laws of Harmony they quite disclaim,
To be most incoherent, is their aim.
And they profess to find the most profound
And subtle meaning in chaotic sound.

SCHUMANN.

You rate too high the power of melody:
The music of the Future will be free
From that at least.

BEETHOVEN.

I have not heard it yet,
And if I never hear it, I shan't fret,

Considering how very brief the span
Of mortal life; 'tis passing strange how man
Will deign to listen to the voice of fools
Who preach that Genius is above all rules.
And worship novelty, in any guise,
Far more than excellence that never dies.

MEYERBEER.

The love of novelty no doubt betrays
Man's judgment, and he oft bestows his praise
On works which scarcely can outlive their day.
Not all are pearls we gather on our way.
But yet 'tis scarcely wise or just to blast
The present, in our reverence for the past;
For if Investigation we decline,
Who shall say what are pearls and which be swine?
Such prejudice would only take the bread
From living mouths, and not enrich the dead.

GLUCK.

The world is slow to recognise true worth;
All that excites the sluggish soul to mirth
Is hailed with gratitude; but the appeal
To nobler feelings must possess Time's seal
To be at all successful.

MEYERBEER.

True, oh sage;
When you were writing for the Paris stage,
One called Piccini shared the people's praise,
And, for awhile, produced a mighty blaze;
But Time corrects the errors of the past,
And Genius receives its due at last.

MOZART.

We know where Gluck is now; but where's
Piccini?
Some, too, outlive their fame. Why poor Rossini
Must grieve to see his works laid on the shelf,
Whilst Verdi, Gounod, Flotow and yourself
Usurp the throne he filled with so much grace—
I don't mind saying it before your face—
But you, Herr Meyerbeer, are much to blame
For all the degradation and the shame
On sweet Euterpe fallen. For I'm told
Your faith in her divinity is cold;
You dragged the gentle goddess through the mud;
And made her chew, of bitterness, the cud;
You scrupled not to break her holy laws,
And, to obtain the vulgar mob's applause,
You stooped to means an Artist should despise,
Nor blushed to take your audience by surprise.
Your monster drums and trombones rent the air,
And fools believed that Genius was there;
In pomp and pageantry you loved to flaunt.
Think you the tinsel could conceal the want
Of solid worth, for any length of time?

MEYERBEER.

It answered for the day. Is it a crime
Of worldly wisdom to obey the rules,
And give to fools the food that's fit for fools?

Though Genius, no doubt, from Heaven is sent,
 The Spirit of the Age directs its bent ;
 And that wherein I made my pilgrimage
 Was a loud-talking, and dust-throwing age.
 Who made the greatest noise was sure to win,
 And, Reason deafened, get at Folly's "tin."
 All mountebanks a rapid fortune made,
 And Spirit-rappers drove a thriving trade ;
 With Time would Woman her acquaintance sever,
 By Art she could be "beautiful as ever ;"
 Where all was Humbug—cannot you forgive
 The humbug I committed—Man must live.
 If Verdi puts six trombones in his score,
 How can I beat him without using more ?
 With public taste my works were on a level ;
 I'd no commission from a saintly devil
 To write a solemn Requiem, as you,
 My Mozart, had ; if the report be true.
 So, 'tis not fair to cover me with shame
 For what I did. You might have done the same.

MOZART.

Well, well. I'm almost grieved for what I said ;
 Let us shake hands, "I war not with the dead."
 Moreover, it is said above, that we
 Musicians cannot live in harmony ;
 That Envy, Hatred, Malice, are the feelings
 Which ever regulate our mortal dealings ;
 Whate'er our earthly squabbles, let them cease ;
 For here, at least, should songsters live in peace.
 You, Handel, will agree with me, I ken.

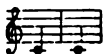
HANDEL.

I'm not so certain ; but I sing, Amen.

BEETHOVEN.

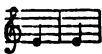
Fools call me grumpy ; but I join that cry,—

BACH.



And I.

HAYDN.



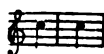
And I.

WEBER.



And I.

MENDELSSOHN.



And I.

MEYERBEER.



And I.

PLENTY OF MONEY.

WE have made forty million sovereigns in the last ten years—lots of money!—and thirteen million half-sovereigns ; leaving out a few hundreds of thousands as of no account. Altogether, those beautifully formed pieces of gold, so nice and round, so neatly stamped, so revered by tinkers and tailors, and dukes and dustmen, number nearly fifty-four millions, weigh twelve million ounces, and are worth forty-seven millions sterling. Who can imagine forty million sovereigns ? Who can realise to himself such a mountain of treasure ? It is said that the late Mr. Crawshay, the ironmaster, left seven millions sterling ; we do not know how this may be, but, if it be true, even then we are talking of a six Crawshay power. Forty million sovereigns weigh nearly three hundred tons. If piled one upon another (supposing them not to topple over, which, however, is a hopeless supposition,) the golden column would reach seven times as high as the loftiest mountain on the earth's surface, and would be able to look the moon very boldly in the face. If spread out as a square carpet, they would cover a floor ten times as large as that of Westminster Hall. If made into a golden pathway six feet wide, fit for empresses and princesses to walk upon, they would reach from Victoria Station to the Crystal Palace—be it High Level or be it Low. Better than golden pathways, if they were laid out in quatern loaves, they would buy a loaf for each and every man, woman, boy, girl, and baby—white, brown, yellow, olive, red, and black—in the whole world.

But we are making plenty of money in silver also, less costly but equally well finished. In the ten years, we have sent forth into the regions of commerce—(prepare yourself for some good round numbers)—nearly thirteen million florins, thirty million shillings, twenty-two million sixpences, twenty million three-penny bits, and a few of those little odds and ends known as *Maunday money* ; altogether, about eighty-five million silver coins. We have coined no fourpenny-bits since 1856, no half-crowns since 1851, no crowns or five-shilling pieces since 1847. But who amongst us have seen the *three-halfpenny* silver coins ? There have been nearly half a million of them struck at the royal mint ; and very pretty little affairs they must be. We have a surmise that they form a special coinage for one of the colonies. The silver coins, all included, weighed thirteen million ounces—just about as

much as the sovereigns and half-sovereigns ; but, of course, only one-sixteenth part of the value.

We have also done something in the bronze and copper line. Until 1859, the coin that we gave to a crossing-sweeper or to a shoe-black was a "copper;" but in 1860 we began to substitute bronze for that metal : and, from that time till now, bronze has been in the ascendant. The change was an excellent one, and seems to have met with general approval. Knocking off the first two of the ten years, and confining our attention to the eight years during which bronze coinage has been issued, we have sent forth into the world nearly a hundred and fifty million penny pieces, rather more than that number of halfpence, and forty-six million farthings ; the prodigious number of three hundred and fifty million bronze coins altogether. Their value is only about a million sterling ; but what do they weigh ? Forty thousand cwt.s.—as much as an army of 30,000 men, boots and all ! One advantage possessed by the bronze coins over those of copper is that they are harder, better fitted to bear the wear and tear of counter and till life ; another is, that they are lighter, less liable to force a hole through one's pockets. A bronze penny is exactly the weight of a copper half-penny. (both being new and unworn), to the hundredth part of a grain. If you wish to go into your decimals, and revive the memories of schoolboy days, perhaps you may feel interest in knowing that the weight here mentioned is 145·84 grains ; and, if gold and silver interest you as much, here are two more weights to remember : a sovereign 123·27 grains, a shilling 87·27 grains. If you wish to measure an inch and have no graduated rule in your pocket, bear this in mind : that a new bronze halfpenny is precisely an inch in diameter ; rigidly so, beyond the power of any of us to detect an excess or a defect. Even the penny and the farthing are equally exact, though not without something in the shape of fractions : a penny being one inch and a fifth, a farthing four-fifths of an inch. None of the gold and silver coins are useful for measuring, being too much hampered with decimals. As to weighing, do not rest on the supposition that a bronze penny weighs as much as two bronze halfpennies. The mint authorities, for reasons good and sufficient, (though we need not stop to explain them,) deviate from their usual rule in this particular ; five bronze halfpennies being made equal to three bronze pennies in weight. But let not any cunning fellow try to make a profit by causing

twopence-halfpenny to "go" for threepence, either into the melting-pot or anywhere else ; he will simply have his labour for his pains.

The minute accuracy in all these matters is almost inconceivable. The Master of the Mint is bound to give a number of new coins equal to the quantity of metal placed in his hands ; if he does not, the deficiency comes out of his own pocket. Hence the amount of weighing and testing is something extraordinary. Let us take the case of golden sovereigns as precious examples of our coinage. The Bank of England, as a representative of the commercial world generally, sends ingots of gold to the Mint ; these ingots, weighing about 180 ounces each, are previously assayed by the Bank assayer, to determine the exact quality of the metal, the exact degree to which the gold is alloyed with silver or copper. They are then assayed by the Mint assayer, who will not allow his brother expert to vary one shadow of a shade from strict accuracy. Then the weighers come in ; the Mint weigher, with a balance of great sensibility, weighs each ingot separately to test the weighing which has already been effected by the Bank weigher. All being right so far, the chemical and mechanical operations begin. All the ingots of gold are brought to a uniform quality to produce *standard* or *sterling* gold, consisting of eleven parts of pure gold to one of copper. (Pure gold would be too soft and wasteful for coinage ; it requires to be hardened by the addition of a little copper or silver, usually the former.) Those who have seen the making of sovereigns at the Mint will remember how numerous the processes are ; those who have not, must take the statement upon trust. The meltings, castings, rollings, stampings, millings, hardenings, temperings, scourings, and so forth, are more in number than most readers would care to follow in detail. But the point we are dwelling on is this—that whenever the precious metal passes from one department to another, it is rigorously weighed or otherwise tested ; and no superintendent of a department can obtain his receipt or acquittance until he has given up as much as he has received. After the casting of the standard gold into bars, there is another assaying, and another weighing. When they enter the rolling-room, they are again weighed, in a balance so delicate that it will turn with one grain, even when containing 1200 ounces in each scale-pan. After being rolled into fillets, the width of each fillet is tested to the thousandth of an inch, and another weighing takes place.

But now comes the wonder of wonders, the more than Houdin-like dexterity of the Mint. After the stamping out into blanks, each blank for one sovereign, they are separately weighed in one of the most exquisite machines ever constructed. It was invented by Mr. Cotton when governor of the Bank of England, and has since been improved by some of the Mint authorities. Golden blanks are put into a kind of shoot at the rate of about twenty a minute; they sink down into the heart or centre of the apparatus; they are taken up one by one by invisible steel fingers, and placed upon a little balanced pan or ledge. If the blank is exactly the proper weight, it tips over (no one can see how) into a receptacle marked "medium;" if it is deficient in weight, it tips over into a "light" compartment; and if too heavy, into a "heavy" compartment. And the beauty of the thing is that a difference of a hundredth part of a grain, or less, will determine into which receptacle the blank shall fall. The Master of the Mint is allowed a certain margin of error, called the "remedy," because absolute accuracy is unattainable in practice; but this margin is a very minute one, and anything beyond it is instantly detected by Mr. Cotton's most sharp-witted machine. Human fingers are only employed in feeding the apparatus with blanks—its golden provender; all else is done by the machine itself, the blanks being flipped out into the three receptacles by the marvellous magic of wheels, pinions, levers, inclined planes, sliders, clips, and excentrics. Into the three receptacles, we say; but, in fact, the "heavy" and the "light" compartments receive very few, owing to the great care and accuracy with which all the operations are now conducted. The "light" blanks, which fall a little below the permitted limit, are consigned again to the melting-pot, while the "heavy" are placed in a beautiful filing machine, where the edges are filed down at the amazing rate of 250 per minute.

And so on from first to last—assaying, weighing, and gauging are never lost sight of, until at length the sovereigns are placed in bags, 701 in each, weighing 180 ounces, and sent to the Bank of England. Sometimes a precious waggon—the waggon of all waggons—will roll its way along from Tower Hill to Threadneedle Street, laden with more than a hundred thousand sovereigns. The Bank, the Mint, and the Treasury have minute debtor and creditor accounts one with another, in which all transactions relating to the coinage are scrupulously entered.

All is not even yet over. The sovereigns

get into circulation, carrying the usual admixture of joy and sorrow with them; and the Bank has received from the Mint just as much sterling gold as had been transmitted thither to be coined. But the account is not yet balanced between the Mint and the Treasury. The Queen pledges her good name to her subjects that the current coin of the realm shall be what it professes to be, in quality, size, weight, and value. True, she cannot quite prevent the rascality of smashers, sweaters, and other ignoble tamperers with sovereigns and shillings; but so far as concerns the original issue from the Mint, the crown has been scrupulously honest to the nation ever since the time of the Stuarts, if not that of the Tudors. To make all safe on this point, the Master of the Mint is put upon his trial once in every few years. The ceremony is called the *Trial of the Pyx*, but it is really the trial of the Master; and as this trial is one of the most curious known to our authorities, we may as well describe briefly in what it consists, and how it is conducted.

When one hundred bags of sovereigns, each 180 ounces, are ready at the Mint, the bags are taken to the Mint-office pyx-room, and the sovereigns counted and weighed. Two sovereigns are taken from each bag, and scrupulously weighed; one is assayed at the Mint to see that the quality is right, and the other is laid carefully aside. When many hundreds have been thus laid aside, a hundred are selected for official trial; they are folded in paper, sealed with the seals of three officials at the Mint, docketed as to contents and date, deposited in an iron pyx or chest having three locks, and the three keys of these locks taken possession of by the three officials. The persons thus conversant with the secrets of the pyx are the Master, Deputy-Master, and Assay-Master. And thus it goes on; the pyx becomes gradually filled with specimens of the coinages of successive years—all so scrupulously treated as to present fair averages of the quality of the whole. At a time chosen as being suitable, the Treasury orders a trial of the pyx. There is at Westminster, under the control of the Treasury and the Exchequer, a room called the *Pyx-chamber*, containing plates of standard gold and silver, called *trial-pieces*, representing with minute accuracy the exact alloy for the two kinds of coins. The Lord Chancellor takes part in the matter, and summonses "his loving friends" the Goldsmiths' Company to form a jury of their members, to try the pyx.

On a particular day there assemble, in a particular room in Old Palace Yard, represen-

tatives of the Treasury, of the Exchequer, of the Chancery, of the Mint, and of the Goldsmiths' Company. The goldsmiths are sworn to act as a jury. They witness the cutting off of two small pieces, one of gold and one of silver, from the trial pieces in the pyx-chamber; and take those cuttings into their possession. There is also opened in their presence the Mint pyx—or rather two pyxes, one filled with sample gold coin, the other with silver. The three officials produce their three keys; the two pyxes are unlocked and opened; the jury unwrap the papers in which the coins have been placed, and count and weigh all the gold and silver. These are, as we have said, representative or sample pieces; the one pyx containing one coin out of every 180 ounces of standard gold that have been struck at the Mint, and the other pyx one coin out of every 720 ounces of silver. The jury take as many pieces as they think proper, assay them with all the refinements of the goldsmith's art, and compare the standard with that of the two Exchequer trial-pieces. All being right (and the Master of the Mint takes care never to be far wrong) the jury consider their verdict.

Now for this verdict. The most recent trials of the pyx were in 1847, 1851, 1854, 1861, and 1866. On the last occasion there were five years' accumulations in the two pyxes or boxes, during which time there had been a hundred and sixty distinct meltings or processes of coining. The jury found in one pyx 45,482 sovereigns and 4348 half-sovereigns; in the other pyx 2936 florins, 3367 shillings, 1006 sixpences, 545 threepences, and a few specimens of the tiny Maunday money. The value of the one boxful was £47,656; of the other £494. The jury of twelve goldsmiths (headed by the well-known name of Garrard) announced in their verdict that they had melted and assayed 224 of the sovereigns and 39 of the half-sovereigns, and found the quality to agree well with the standard gold trial-piece; in like manner, that they had found the silver coins to agree with the silver trial-piece. So far good. Then as to total weight; they found that the whole of the £50,000 worth (nearly) of gold coins were so accurate as to be only half an ounce overweight altogether; while the whole of the silver coins collectively were about half an ounce underweight. The public were losers, in an infinitesimal degree, by the silver coins, but gainers in about an equal degree by those of gold—showing the perfect honesty of intention on the part of all parties concerned. The jury found that the error was far within the "remedy" or

margin allowed; and gave a verdict in all respects favourable to the Master of the Mint. The Lord Chancellor pronounced this verdict in the presence of the assembled Mint, Treasury, Exchequer, and Guild officials; and then—what did they all do? They did the right and sensible thing—went to Goldsmiths' Hall, and partook of a sumptuous banquet, under the hospitable auspices of the Company.

The cunning workers in gold and silver (the reader will thus see) infer that certain samples are fair representatives of the whole; and there can be no question that they are justified in this inference. The contents of the two pyx boxes (about £48,000) were samples of the whole of five years' coinages (about £36,000,000): about one in eight hundred. Then, out of this £48,000 of value in the pyx boxes, the jury melted and assayed to the value of only £250, about one in two hundred. Combining these two ratios, the quality of £250 was taken as a fair test of the quality of the whole £36,000,000. And it *was* fair. The buyers of corn at Mark Lane, of spices in Mincing Lane, of coals at the Coal Exchange, of cotton at Liverpool, of copper ore at Truro, of iron at Wolverhampton, all content themselves with a test by sample; relying confidently that this sample is a fair exponent or representative of the whole bulk of the commodity sold. If it is not, woe be to the seller; he would be treated by the trade as a welcher would be treated by the ring.

There is one of the numerous tests applied to the coin so very curious as to excite unfailing wonderment on the part of those who witness it for the first time. This is the *ringing*. After the blanks have been cut out by stamping, and weighed in Mr. Cotton's marvellous balance, they are handed over to boys, who sit in front of a large flat stone slightly inclined. Each boy takes double handfuls of blanks, and dashes them down one by one on the stone, with inconceivable rapidity. To a stranger, the ringing sound is always alike; but the sharp ear of the boy can detect the slightest difference of tone, due to bubbles of air which have become enclosed in the bars at the time of pouring the fluid metal into the mould. Such blanks are "dumb" or "cracked," and are consigned to the melting-pot; but they are very few in number.

TABLE TALK.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* recently called attention to some very ludicrous blunders made at a Cambridge middle-class examination

in the answers to a set of questions on English History. Equally absurd errors might be adduced from the replies of university undergraduates in their various college examinations. Most people have an idea of Italy being represented by cartographers in the form of a boot; yet I remember a university-man who mapped it out as a square. Another being required to draw a map of Judea, put a big dot for Jerusalem, and a smaller one marked, "Here the man fell among thieves," and was satisfied with that exposition. "An island in the Ægean Sea," is a stock answer to any question as to the situation of a place not known. Of course, in construing Latin, greater "shots" are made; and I remember an unfortunate man asserting that *clam* was an adjective, accusative case, feminine; and that *etsi* was a verb, preter-perfect tense from *etio*. Two instances are given by Mr. Bristed in his *Five Years in an English University*, where "Cæsar captivos sub coronâ vendidit" was translated "Cæsar sold the captives for less than five shillings;" and where "Est enim finitimus oratori poeta; numeris adstrictior paullo verborum autem licentia liberior," was translated, "For a poet lived next door to the orator, too licentious in his language, but more circumspect than numbers." The man who translated γῆν καὶ ὕδωρ as "gin and water," probably did so designedly; like Porson with his "neither toddy nor tallow," and his "a liquid" in reply to the question what would he drink. The jocosely clever answers are, however, somewhat hazardous; as the Cambridge man found when he was asked by Mr. Payne, his examiner, to define happiness, and replied, "An exemption from Payne." And I knew another man who came to trouble by answering the question "What did St. Paul do at Troas and Rhegium?" "He left his cloak at Troas and fetched a compass to Rhegium." The answers to questions in Divinity papers would cover a wide field of absurdity; but so many of them (unconsciously) border on the profane, that they can only be briefly referred to here. All that one man could say of David was, that he was "a person very fond of music;" while another could tell nothing more of the most remarkable circumstance in the office of the High Priest, than that "he only washed his face once a year." Another man thought that St. Paul was "a teacher, brought up at the foot of Gamaliel, a great mountain in Cilicia;" while another gave as the substance of his sermon at Athens, that "he cried out for the space of two hours 'Great is Diana of the

Ephesians.' " There are many recorded answers to the question as to the connection between the Old and New Testaments: one was, "Prideaux's connection;" another was, "When Peter cut off Malachi's ear." The following is probably an ingenious composition. *Question.* What animal in Scripture is recorded to have spoken? *Answer.* The whale. *Q.* To whom did the whale speak? *A.* To Moses in the bulrushes. *Q.* What did the whale say? *A.* Thou art the man. *Q.* What did Moses reply? *A.* Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. *Q.* What was the effect on the whale? *A.* He rushed violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the waters. Here is a verse in which two stupid answers are embalmed:

A small snob of Baliol had an idea
That Joseph was loved by his Arimathea:
And, coining a word in the fashion of Grote,
Said that Herod held office as Scholekobrote.

This last word was his idea of σκυληόβρωτος, "eaten of worms."

STATUTE-FAIRS, like rank weeds of foul growth, cannot readily be exterminated. Those recently held in Yorkshire—the Martinmas hirings, as they are called—were as numerous attended as usual, despite the efforts made by the establishment of Servants' Registration Societies to bring the employer and employed in contact, without their being dragged through the contaminations that attend upon the statutes. In Yorkshire they are a terrible hindrance to all agricultural work, no less than a fruitful source of crime and immorality. As they are there held for three weeks, terminating on December 1st, and, as the open weather of the past month made it so favourable for ploughing, the absence of the farm-servants for ten or twelve days at such a time, caused great hindrance and loss. But, until the hiring holiday is given in some other and healthier form, it can hardly be expected that Hodge will relinquish his bird in the hand for the uncertainty of capturing the birds in the bush. The same bad custom obtains in Scotland, where, at the Martinmas and other feings, the hiring market is quoted as "brisk" or "dull," and dairymaids and ploughmen are bought up, as at a slave sale. A statute-fair in reality is as unlike as possible to the stage representation of the same in the opera of *Martha*, or in Isaac Bickerstaff's *Love in a Village*, or in General Burgoyne's *Maid of the Oaks*. It is a senseless, stupid scene of drunken revelry. "Sittings" is a name locally

given to the statutes in Yorkshire ; and "Mop" is a very common name for them in the midland counties. The word is identical with "Mapp," by which name the Worcestershire hirings were called in the first quarter of the last century ; and Mapp is merely an abbreviation of *mappa*, the title given by the Romans to their *ludi circenses*, and other public games, the signal to commence which was given by Nero dropping his *mappa*, or handkerchief. As charts were then printed on linen, the *mappa* also gave its name to our familiar word "map."

THERE is no fair play between fighting nations as there is, such as it is, with fighting men. Explosive bullets, torpedoes, and all kinds of ingenious barbarities, seem to be legitimate articles of war. That is a clever method of spotting a vessel passing over a torpedo which the Belgian engineers have been practising on the Scheldt ; but it is very cowardly. When the infernal machines are laid, a camera obscura is rigidly planted on shore, by which an image of the watery field is thrown upon a screen, also firmly fixed. The depositing vessel goes forth with her deadly cargo, and as she brings up over spot after spot to sink the machines, an attendant at the camera puts a mark on the point of his screen where the image of the ship falls at each place of deposit. Numbers are written against the marks to tally with those borne by the separate electric wires leading from each torpedo into the camera. Thus things may rest for months. When an enemy's ship approaches, the sentinel goes to the camera ; he sees her tiny image cast upon the screen, and when this image comes up to or near one of the numbered dots marking a torpedo's lurking place, he connects the wires corresponding to the particular dot, and so explodes the machine immediately beneath the ship. The system has a weak point, though—it is useless at night.

THE Patent Office ought to bless boobies for the revenue they bring it. It would be instructive, yet humiliating, to the boasted genius of our country, if Mr. Woodcroft would make known the proportion of patents that are obtained for inventions and proposals manifestly useless and absurd. What think you of a genius who seeks protection for a scheme for utilizing the weight of passengers or goods in carriages to propel or assist in propelling the said vehicles along rail or tramway ? Doubt-

less this wiseacre could sit in a basket, and lift himself by the handle ; his light head might help him, balloon-wise. Another talented individual patents improvements in paving streets ; one among his brilliant suggestions being to form flues beneath the flagstones, leading the pipes into the sewers, that the warm air exhaled therefrom may heat the pavement, warm the feet of the passengers, and, mark the foresight of the inventor, "provide against the effects of frost and snow." These two specifications appear in one week's list. No wonder the Patent Commissioners have more money than they know what to do with.

OLD chronicles and histories make frequent mention of certain darkenings of the sun, not eclipses, nor yet mere obscurations by atmospheric clouds, but strange and unaccountable diminution of the solar light, sometimes accompanied with changes of the colour of the sun's disc from its normal white to blue or red. There was the Julius Cæsar darkness, and the Crucifixion darkness ; those which happened during the reigns of the Justinians, first and second ; that of the year 626, when half the disc was cut off, apparently, for eight months ; that of 1547, on the day of the battle of Mülhausen, about which Charles the Fifth said that the sun was always obscured when he went forth to fight ; and many others. These phenomena have sorely puzzled cosmicists. Kepler suggested that the sun did not, as we should say, consume his own smoke, but became enveloped in his own soot, or else that some matter, to which he gave the name of *materia cometica* floated about in space, and occasionally intercepted the luminary's beams. Humboldt favoured a theory that the light-evolving process of the photosphere was disturbed or retarded for a season. Chladni and Ermau proposed rings or clouds of meteors passing between us and the sun as the obscuring cause. But the mystery was that stars were on some occasions said to have been visible, which could not have been the case if any general screening had taken place. Just now the whole question has been re-opened and thoroughly sifted by Professor Roche of Montpellier, and his examination has tended to throw discredit upon the old reporters, and to support the sun's character for perpetual lustre and immutability. Many of the alleged obfuscations he finds to be only eclipses, whereof the duration has been grossly exaggerated by excited spectators. The stars said to be visible he resolves into occasional

apparitions of the planet Venus in full daylight; and the whole of the better authenticated cases of darkening he declares to be due to the occurrence of dry fogs in the regions of the earth where the obscurations were observed. But the dry fogs are mysteries. They resemble an ordinary mist, but do not affect the hygrometer, and they are, sometimes, so obstinate that wind and rain cannot dispel them. Some have asserted them to be phosphorescent. Are they smoke, or meteoric dust, or plutonic vapours, or, as bolder speculators have fancied, the tails of comets whisking the earth? These are the ideas on probation. Decision has yet to be formed. There is no fear of physicists having to cry for work; the more they do the more labour they make.

THE artistic photographic compositions of Mr. H. P. Robinson are so well and widely known, that, in speaking of his most recent picture, I am merely indicating a forthcoming pleasure to those who delight in the productions of the camera when they are the outcome of refined taste and manipulative skill. The photographic picture just completed by Mr. Robinson is of large size, twenty-four by sixteen inches, and represents a Kentish landscape. A wide breadth of country is irradiated by a gleamy sun, with the threatening of a passing shower. A girl, bearing a gleanings of corn, artistically and most naturally posed and dressed, is in the centre of the foreground (a rich study of ferns and wild vegetation), and gives importance to the composition. It is a thoroughly English picture in the fullest sense of the word, and, I doubt not, will win the popularity it deserves. It is of the same size as Mr. Robinson's picture of "Sleep," published last Christmas, in which a moonlight effect was so well given. This picture, by the way, illustrated some lines in Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*.

WAS it not Bishop Blomfield, who, when asked as to the nature of an archdeacon, replied that he was "a person who performed archidiaconal functions?" The Chief Justice, in the Court of Queen's Bench, last November 24th, gave his own definition thus: "It seemed that the chief functions of the archdeacons were to scold the clergy." And Archdeacon Allen, in the *Times* for December 2nd, states that archdeacons are now expected to examine candidates for Holy Orders, to see that the fabrics of the churches are kept in repair, and to consider the matters reported on in the

answers to the Articles of Inquiry issued by them from time immemorial. What would Archdeacon Grantley say to this?

I SEE that the French claim to have discovered, or, at any rate, to have defined, a new disease, to which they have given the name *La Crampe des Ecrivains*, or Scribblers' Cramp. But this has long been known to our own English doctors; and I who write these lines, went some eighteen months since to one of the most eminent surgeons in England, to consult him as to a certain contraction of muscles in the thumb and fore-finger of my right hand, that made me powerless to guide a pen. Said the surgeon, "You have got Writer's Cramp." I had never heard of the term; but he explained to me that it was well known, and unfortunately, too common, and that he had then under his care a clerk who wrote for lawyers, and who was totally incapacitated by Writer's Cramp, for providing for himself and a large family. The French say that their Scribblers' Cramp arises from the use of steel pens; to which, I say, with Mr. Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "Fudge!" They will find that the same effect may be caused by the use of the gray goose quill.

M. VICTOR HUGO has changed the title of his new story, *Par Ordre du Roi*, into *L'Homme qui rit*. It is difficult to find a good equivalent for this in English, and perhaps it will be advisable for the English translator to retain the original title, which indeed applies to three out of the four volumes of which the story consists. The story will be divided into two parts. The first, consisting of a single volume, will be published in Paris under the name of *La Mer et la Nuit*. The second, consisting of three volumes, will be published in Paris about a fortnight after the first volume, and will bear the name originally intended for the entire work of *Par Ordre du Roi*.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

All communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bowyer Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 52.

December 26, 1868.

Price 2d.

A TALE OF THE BUSH.

I.

I ARRIVED in Melbourne in June, 1852, at which time scenes were to be witnessed such as, I believe, were never witnessed in this world before. Not very many months had elapsed since the discovery of the Victorian Gold Fields; but these months had sufficed to crowd the harbour with noble vessels, all of which were almost entirely deserted, and to crowd the city with a colluvies of vice, of ruffianism, of horrors, beyond all that the most active imagination could have previously conceived. Every third or fourth person you met in the densely packed street was either drunk or nearly so. Every twenty or thirty yards you would meet the Tasmanian felon with his hellish scowl, and the Californian digger with his ready bowie-knife at his belt.

Having lately come from home, where I had been accustomed to associate with the better class, it could hardly be expected that I should at once fathom the depth of villany contained in the breasts of those by whom I was surrounded, and I fell an easy victim. I was robbed of every penny of available money by the son of a post-captain in the British Navy, whose family and mine had been reared together. He had preceded me by a few years to Australia, and he had certainly taken a first-class in the branch of moral philosophy to which he had restricted his studies from the time of his arrival. I may as well let the reader know one trifling fact about him, ere (as Carlyle says) he vanishes from this history at present—he was hanged in Melbourne a few years after, under a feigned name. “*Sic transit fur mundi*,” said a Trinity College man to me, on the day of the ruffian’s execution. “Off he goes, *the thief of the world*.”

While staying at the Royal Hotel, Melbourne, for a few days, waiting for an opportunity to leave for the gold-fields, I was struck by the appearance and manner of a tall

young fellow who stayed at the same hotel, and slept in my room, which contained two beds. He was about six feet two, not well filled out, but with bones of enormous size; his wrist was prodigious. It was evident that he had received a superior education, and it was equally evident that he was Irish, although he had apparently associated so much with Englishmen that his accent was greatly modified. His face was like one I had seen before; but, for the life of me, I could not tell when or where. His complexion was dark; he had curly black hair, and a half-dissipated expression was in his voice, gestures, and general appearance. He told me his name was Renwick; “but,” said he, with a loud laugh, “of course that is not my real name. None but a fool would give his real name here.” “Why not?” said I, “unless a man has done something to disgrace his family.” “My dear new chum,” he replied, laughing,—“my dear unsophisticated importation, wait a few months, and you’ll know why. It’s all very well for a man who comes out for a good billet, or is furnished with a saddle-bag full of letters to friends; but a fellow who comes out like me—like me, my boy, with a loose foot and not a stiver, has to turn his hand to everything, and chum with men lower than the lowest fiends of hell. A nice thing for them to know the address of my people at home, isn’t it? Fancy a Van-Demonian entering my mother’s drawing-room, and hailing me as his mate, with a volley of curses!” He shook his black curly head, laughing as he said this.

He either liked, or affected to like me, very much, and we passed most of our time together. He had been, he said, at the Bathurst diggings, where he had done well; had left them for the more prolific gullies of Victoria, had been up at Forest-hill and Bendigo, and had gained at the latter place an enormous amount of gold. At present he was down “for a spree,” but would return in a few days. We went to the theatre together on many occasions, and I noticed that several very bad-looking men spoke to him now and then in a familiar way, but at

the same time in a low tone, as though their mutual knowledge was of the furtive kind. I did not like this at all, and I bluntly asked him who these fellows were. "Old mates, my innocent," he replied, gaily. "Mates on the diggings. Lord bless your happy bosom! before this day twelvemonth, you'll be as thick with them as I am." I was dissatisfied, and still more so when, on entering our common bed-room one day, I found him earnestly conversing with a low-browed, ruffianly-looking man. They stopped abruptly as I entered, and then began to speak of the weather, the state of the roads to Bendigo, and so on.

Next day we were walking up Collins Street, which was greatly crowded by bustling pedestrians. As we were passing the spot where a magnificent hotel now stands, several people passed between us, separating us about a couple of yards from each other. At that moment I heard a voice on my left say: "That's him, I tell ye. Blood an' 'ouns! d'ye think I don't know him?" I turned and saw a hideous, middle-aged, noseless man, speaking to a steady-looking, sharp-eyed person, whose glance was directed *towards* Renwick, although I could not, of course, say it was exactly *to* him. The temporary throng just then allowing us to close up and walk once more side by side, I stole a look at him to see if he had heard the words, and if they had annoyed him. I was sure at once that he was unaffected by them (whether he had heard them or not), for he preserved the same jaunty, reckless swagger as before, and with a loud laugh called my attention to the antics of a drunken Irishman who was singing and dancing in the middle of the street. Now, unsuspecting as I was by nature, and inexperienced in the extraordinary colonial world by which I was now surrounded, yet I could not help harbouring grave suspicions, in consequence of this incident and of others which had preceded, each of them in itself trivial, but, taken collectively, important enough. I could not help fancying that the sharp-eyed man was a detective-officer, and that Renwick was the man alluded to.

That evening we dined together in a private apartment, which had been vacated that day, and he informed me he was going to start for the diggings early next morning. He left before I awoke in the morning, and I was not sorry for it. On looking over the columns of the *Argus*, at the breakfast-table, I found the following paragraph:—

"BARBAROUS MURDER.—About half-past ten o'clock last night, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, who reside near Collingwood, were greatly alarmed, when retiring to

rest, by a loud cry of murder, which seemed to proceed from a point of the road not more than a hundred yards distant. Mr. Downey, with exemplary courage, hastened to the spot, to which he found many individuals speeding, the cry having been heard to a great distance. On arriving at the spot, they discovered a man in the agonies of death, pierced through the body by a large, sharp weapon. The unfortunate man strove frantically to speak; something like 'wick,' or 'vick,' was all that could be heard. The bystanders took him up and bore him to Doctor Walker's, but he expired before they reached the house. Deceased was middle-aged, had strongly-marked features, the entire cartilage of his nose was gone, evidently through disease. An inquest will be held to-day (Tuesday) at Carton's public house, where, it is to be hoped, some light will be thrown on this awful transaction."

The cartilage of his nose was gone! Renwick did not come into his hotel until half-past eleven last night. I shuddered with horror at my connexion with him; however, I went to the inquest to make sure of deceased's identity. Yes; there was no doubt of it. There lay the man, stark and stiff, who, as I suspected then, but now knew, pointed out Renwick the day before to—What! As I live and breathe, there, looking *me* through and through, stands, in the inquest-room, among the crowd, the very sharp-eyed man I had seen with the deceased! "Constable," said I, to one of the officers, as I was leaving the room, giddily, "who is that person standing next to the man with the tower hat?" "That is Detective Burton, sir, who was sent over from London."

Not having time to write to a neighbouring colony for a remittance, I sold a valuable gold watch and chain, and left Melbourne for Bendigo. On the evening of the first day a heavy rain set in; and, as a previous rain had soaked the ground, in twenty-four hours the creeks were "bankers," and the flats were literally lakes, in some places a mile across. I spent one night in a public-house (a flourishing township now surrounds the spot), where I met a very agreeable companion, who was on his way to the diggings. He was at first reserved, as all responsible men then were; but he became more communicative during the evening. He was going up to purchase gold, which was being sold on some of the gold-fields so low as two pounds seven and sixpence per ounce. His trip was not to exceed in duration two months; at the end of which time he was to return to Melbourne and marry a young lady to whom he had been long engaged. This, and much more, he communicated to me in a comfortable sitting-room, separated from that of the roughs. "Do you travel alone?" I inquired. He looked sharply at

me, and replied, "Yes; quite alone. But," he added, hastily, "I carry two revolvers, and I have another protector. Here, Rover!" At this a magnificent Newfoundland dog approached him from a corner of the room. "The best dog in Australasia," said he; "just you pretend to strike me." "No, thanks," I replied, laughing. "You are right," said he, laughing also; "I could tell you queer tales about that dog. But it's time for bed. Good-night."

It rained all that night, and next morning it was some time before I could find my horse, so that my acquaintance had gone off long before I was ready to start. The road, if road it could be called, was fearful. Dead bullocks and dead horses were lying about in all directions. At length I came to a creek which at first made me grow pale. It was rushing along with fearful rapidity, and was at least a quarter of a mile in width, although its proper channel was not more than fifty yards; this, of course, I learnt afterwards. A considerable number of horsemen and foot-travellers was congregated on the near bank, but none wished to venture the passage. I inquired if that were the crossing-place. Yes; a causeway of large, loose stones led across. How broad was this causeway? Oh, about fourteen or fifteen feet. How high was the water over the stones? About up to your chest. But the (something) creek was running so strong that no man or horse could keep his feet.

I dismounted, and cut a pole between eight and nine feet long, and resolutely urged my unwilling horse into the water. He was a very strong beast, but it required all his strength and all my manœuvring skill to take him one third of the way over. I was beginning to repent my rash proceeding, and to feel dizzy with the constant whirl and rush of waters, when my horse trode clumsily on an ill-bedded stone, stumbled, and in an instant he was off the causeway. I don't think I ever made such a sudden movement in my life. I flung myself off on the weather-side, had my pole planted at an acute angle between the stones, and was breasting the waters on foot, all in one second. I looked around to see what my chances were. Go back? No; the rush of water was greatest in that direction. The only chance lay in advancing, and I *did* advance, the stream nearly chest high. Slowly and cautiously I proceeded, firmly inserting the pole between the stones; nor did I fail in one step, or make one false cast, until I reached the bank, breathless and panting.

As I was pulled up the bank by eager arms,

a dismal howl sounded in my ears. On turning round I perceived Rover, his face upturned; and Landseer's inspiration, The Shepherd's Mourner, came rushing to my mind. Within ten yards of me lay my acquaintance of the previous night, ghastly and grim, the dark beard wofully contrasting with the pallor of the dead man's cheek. "Good God!" said I; "how did this happen?" "This morning," was the reply; "his horse slipped off the ford, and swam out safely half a mile down. *Your* horse will be all right, too. Jim, run down the creek and see him out. Do you know him? Poor fellow, he couldn't swim." "I met him only last night. Does no one here know him?" "Oh, yes; his brother was here, took his horse away, and rode off to Mr. Corbet's station to get a coffin made." "His brother?" I said; "was *he* with him?" "Yes. His brother had crossed long before him, and gone on; but he came back, he said, thinking that something was wrong."

I was greatly struck by this information. "What kind of looking man is his brother?" I asked. "Nothing like this poor fellow, who is short, and stout-built. The brother is tall, and rather lanky, with black, curly hair." "Does he ride a chestnut horse with a star in the forehead, and a snip?" "That's the very man," said my informant; "I mean, that's the horse." Nothing more was wanting to convince me that Renwick was the personator of the dead man's brother to obtain possession of his saddle-bags, which I well knew were filled with sovereigns for the purchase of gold-dust. I resolved to go to Mr. Corbet's station, and see if he had called there. Having reached the station, and sent in my card, I was received kindly and politely; and, as I had foreseen, Renwick had not called there. I kept my own counsel, however, merely informing Mr. Corbet of the tragical occurrence. He told me he would hold a magisterial investigation, and see the body decently interred; so, after a cordial good-bye, I proceeded on my upward journey.

II.

I NEED hardly say that the years '52 and '53 formed the Augustan era of bush-ranging, the first year especially, as the gold-escort was not yet properly organised, and the robber was altogether sure of plunder from the return stream of diggers, and even from the better mounted travellers going upwards, most of whom carried sovereigns. I was destined not to reach Bendigo without gaining a little personal experience of bushrangers' amenities,

which made a strong impression on me at the time.

One afternoon, I was walking my horse along a portion of the road which was cut through a dense scrub; the numerous stumps made it dangerous ground for cantering. I was thinking of dear ones far away, when a horseman, masked, presented himself before me, and cried out loudly: "Bail up!" He held a revolver, which covered me true. I let the reins fall, and held up my hands, for I had emptied my revolver an hour before in shooting at some wood-ducks. He rode forward to me, took my revolver out of its pouch, and then pointed to a somewhat open place in the scrub. "Ride on there," he said; "one movement to right or left, and you're a dead man." We proceeded through the scrub about a mile, when we emerged into an open space upon a ridge. There I saw three men, likewise masked, and three others, evidently prisoners. "Take charge of this cove, Tom," said my captor. One of the masked men came forward, and held my horse while I dismounted. He then kept guard over me with a pistol. The two others in the meanwhile were searching the swags of the captives. Two of them were young men in diggers' garments, as I knew from the clay that encrusted them. One wept piteously when he saw his bag of gold triumphantly held up by a searcher; the other was a cur, who kept up an unceasing prayer to spare his life. "Take everything, mates; but don't kill me! oh, spare my life!" The third was an old man, and his turn soon came. They searched in vain for gold in his blankets, and on his person. "By G—, Tom, he has planted it!" exclaimed one. "I did not, I swear to you," said the old man. "I sent it all away by my son, a week ago." "Have you nothing about you?" inquired the other; "nothing whatever?" "I call God to witness," replied the old man, "that the half-sovereign in my trousers pocket is all I have between this and Melbourne." A deep execration from the ruffian followed this speech. "Hold up your hands, you old impostor," he shouted. The old man obeyed. The bushranger snatched up a carabine, and fired a ball through the old man's hands as they were joined together palm to palm.

The shriek of the maimed being maddened me. "By the Lord of Heaven!" I exclaimed, "you shall be hanged for this." The villain turned, made a rush at me, and that moment would have been my last, had his hat not come in contact with a branch, which knocked it off, together with his mask. What was my as-

tonishment in recognising the low-browed miscreant whom I had seen in my bed-room with Renwick. "I know you," I exclaimed, utterly reckless; "I saw you in the Royal Hotel with—" but before I could pronounce the name, he had bounded to my side with the spring of a leopard, and had clapped his hand over my mouth. His words when he addressed me came hissing through his clenched teeth. "One word from your lips, except to answer me, and I will scatter your brains over these bushes. Does he know you are here, on the road?" "He does. And I know that *he* is on the road." He grew pale, either with fear or passion. "Stand quiet there," he said, after a pause. "Come with me, mates; lead his horse away from him, Mat." They withdrew about twenty yards, still watching our movements, but holding an animated conversation. At length they all approached me. "We have resolved to let you off," said my last assailant, "on condition that you never breathe a word, at least, for years, about what has occurred this day. It would be wiser to quiet you at once; but you are a swell, and we think you'll keep your promise."

I had become so excited that it was with difficulty I could reason on this offer; but the thought that the happiness and welfare of others were bound up with my existence could not fail to produce the natural effect. It was well I came to a conclusion soon, for I am now convinced, from the movements of two of the party, and from what I heard long after, that I was close upon my last moment. I made the promise, and was allowed to depart without the loss of anything. I looked back to see if the other prisoners were permitted to go; but they were still surrounded by the bushrangers; so, in order to reach the end of my stage before nightfall, I rode sharply away.

Renwick! Here he was cropping up again, then. With what loathing I contemplated all that had passed between us. Good Heavens! was it possible that I should have for many days associated intimately with a murderer? with a leader of bushrangers? Was it a dream? Was I myself? To get rid of reflection, I spurred my tired horse over the boggy road, and arrived in good time at the public-house on the Porcupine Creek.

I hobbled out my horse, and carried my saddle and saddle-bags into the house, forcing my way through the bar-room; and what a room! and what a scene! A crowd of the most desperate-looking characters I had ever seen literally filled the place, all of whom were, more or less, the worse for drink—I should

rather say *better*, for I am convinced that worse than their natural selves they could not be. Oaths, obscene songs, shouts, shrill yells made the din terrific.

"Hullo, you swell!" exclaimed a grizzly ruffian, as I was pushing my way past him; "where the blazes are you a shoving a cove to?" This called the attention of the others to me. Cries of "New chum," "Swell cove," "Look at his hands," and peals of drunken laughter assailed me on all sides; and I was not sorry to reach a quiet though dirty room after a few more determined but not rude efforts. The host came in. I ordered a fire to dry my clothes—it was cold, too—and refreshments. Damper and cold mutton were soon brought in, also hot water, and a bottle of pale brandy. By this time it was dark; so I lit my pipe, drew my chair to the fire, and strove, by concentrating my thoughts on friends far distant, to distract my attention from the horrid sounds that swelled so loudly from the tap-room. I had sat thus for more than an hour, when a momentary cessation of the uproar took place, succeeded by a ringing laugh. Could I believe my ears? As sure as death, it was the laugh of Renwick! My blood ran cold, and before I had time to rally my senses he stood before me in the room, and held out his hand. This last movement acted upon me like electricity. I sprang from the chair, and exclaimed, "How dare you offer your hand to me?" "What the devil's this?" said the villain, actually laughing! "What's wrong, old man?" Trembling with rage, I replied, "I know you, Renwick, or whatever your name is. I know you to be a murderer, and a bushranger! I *know* it, although unfortunately I have not such proof as would empower the law to hang you." I paused for want of breath and language. "Upon my soul, you're coming it rather strong, old man," he replied, with perfect coolness, "especially as you say you have no proof." "*Legal* proof, you monster," I returned; "I have proof enough to satisfy my own mind. Leave the room." "Not yet, my balmy new chum," said he; "nor shall you either, until I have a few words with you." So saying, he quietly drew a revolver from its case, and said, "Make one movement towards that door, my friend, and you'll get slops, and no mistake. You won't? Well, I am glad to see you have some sense. Now, take your seat again, and I'll take another, and we'll have a rational chat." Had you but seen his genial smile!

I obeyed the order. He lit his pipe, stretched

out his legs, and puffed away in silence for some time. Reflection showed me I was at his mercy, for how many of his brigands might there not be in the adjoining room. Accordingly, I preserved a sullen silence. Suddenly he took his pipe from his lips, looked me in the face, and with one of his gay, reckless laughs, he said, "New chum, you are not so innocent as you pretend. That wasn't a bad plant of yours by any means." "I don't understand you," I replied; "what is your meaning?" "Why, your accusation of murder and of bushranging. Proof, indeed! Ha, ha, ha!" And so consummate an actor was the man, that positively his mirth seemed real. This worked me up so much, that I replied, "Yes, you murdered the man without a nose in Melbourne; and, as to the fellow whom I saw you with in my bed-room, I—" but here I stopped; I was very near breaking the promise I had made that very day. "Well," said he, "go on. Why do you stop?" He eyed me very keenly as he said this. "I will speak no more to you," I returned. "I wish I had never seen you."

He smoked again for some time silently, now and then regarding me with a scrutinising glance. At length, putting his left elbow on the table, and bending forward, he said in a stern and altered voice,—

"Who are you, who speak to me in this way? How do I know that you are not as bad as myself? I have only your own word to rely upon; I know nothing about you personally, and yet you dare to accuse a man of murder, who, you confess, as far as the law goes, is as innocent as you or any man can be. Damme, but I believe you to be an impostor; and I don't feel sure that I ought not to denounce you as being in league with bushrangers yourself."

"You infernal—" I growled, through my shut teeth.

"Take it quietly, my good friend; and don't call too many names. Why did the bushrangers not rob *you* to-day, as they robbed the other three?"

I was astounded at this question, and before I could reply he resumed,—

"I tell you that the unfortunate men that were robbed believe you to be in league with the robbers, and perhaps at this moment they are speaking of you just as you have spoken to me. I wish you good-night, my friend; you had best keep a calm sough, as your friend Tom would say. You know Tom—you saw Tom to-day, you know. Good-night;" and the bushranger went out of the room whistling,

leaving me in a state of mind which I leave to the reader's fancy.

III.

I ARRIVED at Bendigo in safety, stayed a day or two in the township, and passed on to Eagle Hawk Gully, where I took up my quarters in the tent of a gentleman from Adelaide, who had come to the gold-fields more through curiosity than from a thirst for gain. It is not my intention to break the continuity of my story by giving a description of the amazing place in which I found myself: let it suffice to say that I purchased the requisite materials and worked every day in a hole close to my friend's, obtaining on an average about seven ounces per week.

Mr. Jacob (the Adelaide gentleman) and I were sitting at breakfast, the first Sunday after my arrival, when he informed me that he expected in an hour or so a person who spent with him a portion of every Sunday. "He is," said he, "a most singular man. He was originally a convict in New South Wales; acted as a shepherd during his probation, or whatever they call it; used to do strokes of bushmanship when he was shepherding on outlying stations; served his time; came to Victoria a few years ago, and if there ever was a character truly and thoroughly reformed, he is the man." Now Mr. Jacob was a person of experience, and knew what he was saying. The man came in due time. He was thin, yellow-haired, and middle-aged, with a most determined expression of face; but the clear, wide-opened blue eye made it a difficult matter for one to believe that he had lived the life of a desperado.

He deeply interested us by recounting at our request passages of his eventful career. It was clear that he regretted his misspent life, but his regrets never assumed the maudlin form; on the contrary, he seemed determined to atone for the evil he had done, by devoting the remainder of his existence to honesty and *active* good. We walked a few yards from the tent with him as he was going away.

"Mr. Jacob," said he, as we stopped, "if I shouldn't happen to visit you any Sunday, would it be too much to ask you to make inquiries after me? You know my tent in Peg-leg Gully."

"To be sure I know it," said Mr. Jacob. "But what is wrong, John? Have you not been well?"

"Don't think I'm easily skeered, gentlemen," he replied; "but there's a bad lot about me, and they knows I have made a pile, for I works very hard."

"Do you think they would strive to make away with you?"

"I am sure on it, sir, if they got the chance; but I don't drink now, and so I keeps as much as I can out of danger."

"Who are the parties you fear most?"

"A man and his wife as is in tent next to me. She be a rale bad 'un. Some ill-looking chaps has got in with them last week. They'se nobbut loafers and no good."

At that moment Renwick passed us not a dozen yards away. He had the coolness to nod to me—of course I took no notice—and then, to my surprise, he nodded familiarly to John, who bade him cordially good-day.

"Who is that man?" said I.

"Oh, he be a chap as comed here last week. He be a funny chap, that?"

"Is he a digger?"

"Well, I dunnow. He be looking about him, like." This was all the information I could obtain from him. Now Mr. Jacob had mentioned to me that the last few days had been more prolific in thefts and robberies on the diggings, and within a circle of ten miles round, than any similar period during his residence there for months. A large batch of prisoners had been marched down within the last twenty-four hours. In profound perplexity as to where my duty lay, I rambled into the bush and sat down under an iron-bark tree.

"Good-day, mate!"

I looked up, and there, transfixing me with his keen eye, stood Detective Burton, in a digger's very dirty dress!

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"What's the matter, mate?" said he, his sharp eye going through me like a gimlet.

"You are the very man I want to see," said I. "You are the London Detective."

"Humph! Eh? Well? And you want to see me?"

"Yes. There is a poor fellow, called John Singleton, in Peg-leg Gully, who is in fear of being murdered. I think his fears are well-founded."

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to give me a reason for these fears of yours?"

"I believe there are some bad characters who live close to him—*very* bad characters."

"Do you know the men?"

"The men who live near him? I do not."

"Do you know *any* person of evil repute who keeps company with him?"

"Officer," I replied, "I can only speak from suspicion. I will *not* be more explicit."

"Indeed! You entertain nothing but a vague

suspicion of a certain hopeful youth known by the name of Renwick? That's the case, isn't it?"

"It is the case," I said, "and I won't be cross-examined any longer. When the proper time comes, I shall not be slow in doing what I owe to society."

With a bow, which to my mind seemed more akin to mockery than politeness, he departed. I don't think I ever felt more dismal than I felt all that evening. For the life of me I could not help thinking that I was in the Detective's bad books—that, in short, he believed me to be wrapped in the ample folds of Renwick's dark mantle of guilt.

At length, after long meditation, I resolved to tell everything to Jacob. I did so that night, without, of course, referring to the adventure of the bushrangers, further than by the observation that a circumstance had occurred to me on the way up, which confirmed very strongly my suspicions, but that I was not at liberty to describe it. He listened attentively, and paused a long time before he made a remark.

"There is something in this," he said at last, "which we neither of us understand. I confess it smothers me. Do you know now," he added, "the most singular thing of all is, the demeanour and language of the Detective towards you. I can make nothing of it. Nothing."

"I don't believe in the Detective at all," I said. "I think him a humbug."

"Possible, possible," said Jacob, "but I tell you what—don't you think it would be well for us to constitute ourselves special (private) constables, for the defence of poor John?"

"Agreed," said I. "Peg-leg Gully is only three miles away, you tell me. We might take a walk over there in the evenings."

"Be it so," replied Jacob; "we will go over next Saturday. We can carry our blankets, and spend Sunday with him. Saturday night is the time for violence and outrage."

IV.

A DAY or two after this I rode into Bendigo for letters, and was within a mile of Eagle Hawk on my way back when I met the commissioner with his two orderlies. He pulled up his horse and asked me had I come from Bendigo? Yes. Did I know if the two men had been arrested who were suspected of the murder of Cleary? Yes. They had been arrested that morning. He then directed his orderlies to return, and inquired if I had met a gentleman on a white horse? How far might

he be in front by this time? About a mile. He then rode off.

I had not ridden a hundred yards when I met Renwick on his splendid chestnut. He bowed to me, his face expanded in a genial laugh, which I answered with a prodigious scowl.

"Commissioner gone on?" said he. "Plenty of tin on him, I hope."

I wheeled my horse round at this, half resolved to follow him; but, I blush to confess it, his genial and hearty laugh when he saw my movement made me pause. I could not resist the idea that he was humbugging me. Besides, I thought, the commissioner is well armed, he will have overtaken his friend. Renwick will not think of sticking up two. Accordingly, I turned my horse's head homewards once more, and proceeded at a slow pace. In less than ten minutes the commissioner overtook me, wild with excitement. He had been stuck up and robbed of his gold watch and a few sovereigns.

"You were robbed," said I, as he pulled up his horse for a moment, "by——"

"Yes, by three masked men—damn them. I am going for my orderlies and the constables."

"Stay, please, for one moment," I broke in; "did you meet a young fellow on a chestnut horse?"

"I did: he came up just as they had started off. He galloped after them like a Briton. A plucky young fellow that."

"Oh, yes; very plucky," I thought. Good heavens! what a clever ruffian! How beautifully he had timed it! I told the affair to Jacob when I came home, and I am sorry to say that he laughed so heartily that I also was affected, and we laughed it out. Two days after that, I am glad to say, two of the bushrangers were apprehended, and afterwards sentenced to transportation for life. It was the possession of the watch that convicted them. Renwick was not suspected, and his guilty partners made no sign.

On the evening of Saturday, at sun-down, we left Eagle Hawk for Peg-leg Gully, with our thick blankets on our shoulders. It was long after dark that we came in sight of the tents, from which we kept a wide offing, as it was not very safe to come up to a tent after nightfall. Two tents stood at the further side of the Gully, far removed from the crowded mass of canvas, but separated from each other about twenty yards. In one of these lived John Singleton. It was almost surrounded by thick bushes, to which it was in close proximity; but we could

well discern it by the strong light of a mutton-fat lamp within. The night was cloudy, and intensely dark; the numerous fires along the Gully on both sides were too distant to illuminate the spot. Suddenly, Jacob called my attention to the shadows of several figures that appeared through the thin corners of the tent.

"Very strange," said he, in a low voice. "John admits no one into his tent. We must be careful here. I hope nothing is wrong."

We advanced carefully through the bushes, but we could not avoid making a slight noise.

"Is that you, Mat?" said a whispering voice.

I pressed Jacob's arm. He answered, "All right," and we moved forward again.

But, all at once, there was a shout, and a stamping of feet in the tent, and a man sprang up beside me, whom I seized and threw to the ground.

"Here, Jacob," I exclaimed, "help me to deal with this fellow."

"Let me go, you damned fool," said a voice—the voice of Renwick; "let me go at once, or it will be too late."

"Not too late for you to be hanged," I replied. "Murderer, I would not let you go for the Crown of England."

He gave a whistle and up came a man.

"Whom have you here?" said he. It was the Detective.

"Renwick, the murderer," said I.

"I'll take charge of him now. Morris."

"Here, sir."

"Bind this man and keep him safe." So saying, he rushed to the tent, followed by Jacob and me.

A curious sight was there. John was standing at one side of the tent, which was a very roomy one, with a triumphant smile on his grim face. Five men with scowling brows, and hang-dog looks, were standing at the end of the tent farthest from the entrance; while inside the entrance stood six constables, five of them with their carbines presented, each of them covering a man—dead. The sixth held his carbine half-raised. Burton entered.

"Tom Evans," he said, in a loud and stern voice, "advance to the front!" Not one of the five stirred.

"I ask you but once more," said the officer; "you are armed to the teeth, and I should be justified in shooting you dead or crippling you at once." He deliberately cocked a pistol and raised it in the direction of the fellow's breast. "Tom Evans, advance to the front. One, two.—"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the other, stepping forward with trembling limbs. He was at once handcuffed and secured, as were all the others.

John informed us that two of the men had met him the day before, and pressed him eagerly to join them the next evening in the other tent, as they had got some good grog. Feeling certain that something was up, he communicated this to the Detective, who had seen him after his interview with me; and, by his advice, went to the appointed place, pretended to grow drunk, reeled with them and three others who had joined them, to his own tent, fell down apparently insensible, and saw them tearing up the ground under his bunk until they came to his gold; watched them as they greedily snatched at it; heard them debating whether they would throw his body into old Larkin's hole, or sink it in the red water-hole with a big stone round the neck. They had finally resolved on this last course, when he gave the concerted shout that brought the officers upon them.

"I need hardly tell ye, gentlemen," said he. "that I did not taste their grog, as I know'd it were *hoccussed*."

V.

TIME went on; several months elapsed. Jacob and I were resolved to see these prisoners tried; so we went down to Melbourne. It was not without much difficulty that we could gain admittance into the court-house, so great was the interest excited by the deeds of the bushrangers, against all of whom true bills had been found for numerous crimes. They stood side by side in the front part of the dock, dressed in respectable clothes; but nothing could tone down their hardened, ruffianly features. We looked in vain for Renwick; he was not amongst them.

"He is dead, I presume, Jacob," said I.

"It is most probable," he replied; "I almost hope he is."

The indictments were read, the pleading ("Not guilty") recorded, the first witness was called, when—heavens above!—who should enter the witness-box but Renwick!

He was sworn.

"Your name?"

"Samuel Haughton."

"Your occupation?"

"INSPECTOR OF THE VICTORIA DETECTIVE POLICE!"

"Give me a devil of a hard pinch, Jacob," I whispered; "I am dreaming very hard."

"Egad, my boy," he replied, "I have seen *some* sells; but I shall dry up after this."

But only to hear the evidence of that young man! Never did sleuth-hound pursue trail, as he had followed up the murderers' tracks. His perils, his escapes, his deeds of daring, his vigilant sagacity, his perseverance through obstacles that would appal, one should think, any mortal being; finally, his triumph crowned by the extirpation of a gang of the direst miscreants that ever cursed this earth—all this was told with a modesty and calmness that frequently caused a hum of astonishment and admiration throughout the heaving mass of hearers. The prisoners were condemned to death, and were soon after executed.

On the evening of that day, Burton, Haughton, Jacob, and myself were sitting at a table in a snug room in Scott's Club Hotel. Over our walnuts and old port, Haughton condescended to answer a few questions which I put to him.

"Poor Old Nosey! He was killed by Ludwick, a German. He confessed the murder two days after. That bushranger that was in our bed-room with me? He was one of my most useful men. Through him and two others I was believed to be a pal. I had often suspected him of doing business on his own account, but I wasn't sure, until the day you were led into the scrub. How did I know about that affair? Bless you, I knew the tracks of that fellow's horse, that led you off, as well as I know the sign-board of Scott's Hotel. I followed them until I met the three poor fellows that were robbed. They told me all I didn't know."

I felt that everything could be as easily explained; therefore, I asked no more questions; but I noticed that Jacob was fidgety and restless, a circumstance which could hardly escape the quick eye of Haughton.

"Have you nothing to say, Jacob?" he asked, with his old laugh; "no question to ask?"

"I? Oh, no; that is—nothing. Only—yes, nothing whatever." His confusion was very odd. Haughton and the Londoner laughed heartily.

"I think something yet has to be said," remarked the former, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out some papers. "Read this aloud."

I took the paper, and found it to be a letter from the governor of a neighbouring colony to the chief of the police at Melbourne, in which it was stated that the police must have made a great mistake, as Mr. A. B. C. (*my* name at

full length), had brought him letters of introduction from Earl Grey, and several leading members of Parliament, who had known him from childhood.

"Now read *that*," said he, handing me another; "this only arrived by the English Mail yesterday."

It was a letter addressed to the Governor of Victoria (whose guest I had been), from the Lord Lieutenant of my native county in Ireland, expressing his great surprise at the contents of his letter of such and such a date. The family of So-and-so (me again!) was an old county family, and the member who had emigrated, bore the highest character. It ended with the expression of an earnest wish that the originator of a story so injurious and so groundless should be exposed and punished.

"In the name of heaven!" I exclaimed, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"It means," replied Haughton, "that your friend, the son of the post-captain, denounced you secretly as a dangerous man, who was striving to renew the treasonous deeds of '48; that he accused you of forging to the amount of £5000, and said that you had bolted to avoid arrest."

"But what could be his motive?" said I.

"Revenge for your exposal of him, and perhaps to obtain your well-stored portman-teaus by a forged order from your prison. Who knows?"

"Ah, who indeed?" said Jacob; "however, all is cleared up now. Haughton, your hand, old fellow. You're a regular unmitigated, unmistakable brick. That's the size of it."

"I think," I broke in, "that I could give a tolerable guess why you personated the brother of the dead man."

"Well, new chum, out with it."

"Why, you teared that the rowdies there would have appropriated the horse and swag."

"Right you are, Innocent," said he, gaily; "you'll become an eye-opener in time. There were three men there who would never have permitted a single officer to carry off the spoil; while *his brother* carried with him the sympathies of the mob. I left the horse and saddle-bags with Sergeant Carroll, who was at a neighbouring station. But, new chum, one final word about yourself. I had to keep my eye on you until we should hear something. I did not require your personal identification as I knew you myself, but that was long ago, and you *might* (don't be angry) have gone to the bad in the interval."

"Where did you ever see me before?" I asked.

"At the old school of Portorn. I joined it shortly before you left for college ; but I have never forgotten how you saved me from the hands of that bully, Hedgethorn, and the awful hammering you gave him for beating such a small boy as me."

"I recollect it well," I said ; "you see my knuckle has never been quite right since."

"You will now understand the awkwardness of my manner to you," said the London inspector, with a merry glance.

"Yes," said I, shaking him heartily by the hand, "for a very great authority has said : The bearin' of an observation lays in the application on it."

MY LADY.

MY Lady's house is sweet and small,
The greenest ivy drapes the wall,
And through the little casement peeps ;
Acacia branches singing bend
Above the thatched gable-end,
And lull my Lady when she sleeps.

My Lady's fairy house doth stand
In bosom of a fruitful land ;
Deep fields of amber-coloured corn,
Green glooms of woven forest trees,
On either hand my Lady sees,
Fired with pied lights of eve and morn !

Against the slumbrous noontide heat,
My rustic Lady hath a seat
Beneath a trellis cool and green ;
The lavish scarlet-runners blow,
Like frailest wreaths of crimson snow,
And caged canaries sing therein !

And if she dream a waking dream,
The silvery gurgling of the stream
Among the water-flags, which grow
So tall and green along the brim,
Is mingled in my Lady's dream
With music heard long years ago.

My rustic Lady's lily hand
Hath planted all her garden-land
With all the sweetest flowers that bloom ;
She hath full many a motley plot,
And painted porcelain flower-pot
Of fuchsia and geranium.

Her gravel walks are edged with box,
Large store she hath of pinks and stocks,
And gold-besprinkled mignonette :
Her flower-sweet name is also wrought
In saddest flowers of sweetest thought,
Broad, purplest pansies freaked with jet !

At intervals my Lady rears
The loveliest of red rosiers,
With lilies in the interspace ;
But all the lily's delicate white,
And all the rose's blushing light,
May vie not with my Lady's face !

She loves each weak and gentle thing ;
The shy, small bird will sit and sing
Beside her ; not a bird in air,
Nor timid creature in the land,
Is fearful of my Lady's hand,
So tender is her face and fair !

Books, music, painting, rhymes, and flowers,
Beguile my Lady of her hours ;
She hath no toil, no grief, no care !
She takes no thought of anything,
But singeth as the song-birds sing,
And fareth as the lilies fare !

Against her little chamber wall
There shines a mirror broad and tall,
Pure crystal in a silver frame ;
And there my Lady loves to dream,
Before her mirrored charms which gleam
And flush its depths with rosy flame !

The golden meshes of her hair
Curl down her pearly shoulders bare,
And trail about her naked feet ;
Her comb hath fallen on the floor,
She sits and dreams for evermore,
Some vision marvellously sweet !

And in my Lady's sitting-room
Stands a rare web from Indian loom ;
From green to blue, from blue to green,
The colour swoons like shoaling sea ;
Till many a gracious fantasy
She paints with brilliant threads therein.

The sweet of flowers, of stars the light,
Delight of day, repose of night,
Are mingled in her blood and face ;
No breath of God's pure gift of air
Doth compass anything more fair
To look upon in any place !

No man, I ween, hath ever yet
His lips upon my Lady's set ;
No man but me been kissed of her !
The sweetness of her name when heard
Is as the singing of a bird,
Or music of a dulcimer !

But she shall live unnamed, unseen,
In solitary places green,
Unsung, unsyllabled by Fame ;
Mine, ever mine, and all in all,
No lips shall e'er grow musical
With breathing her bewitching name !



Dec. 26, 1898.

SNAPDRAGON.—By F. W. LAWSON.

Once a Week.]

WOMEN'S FACES.

WITHOUT its quaint prejudices and delicious prepossessions, without its foolish impulses and illogical likings, without its comic contradictions and absurd idealisms, human nature would be a dull and stupid blunder. The worst type of man is he whose actions you can always predict. A man without an obvious weakness is a dangerous character. And yet there are such men—men whose notion of heaven is that of a sort of translated Carlsruhe, with very straight streets converging to an accurate geometric centre. Cold as a jelly-fish, with no more human sympathy than a cat, moving as mechanically as a hydraulic engine, such men pass through life in an orderly and precise manner, filling respectfully the office in church or state to which they have been called, leaving the world in front of a fashionable funeral, and commemorated by a prim monument which does not mention their failings, for they never had any. These are the men whose criticism of a woman's face may be depended upon for its superficial accuracy. The odd blunders which ordinary men make in judging and speaking of women's faces are very amusing. The scientific spirit, which ought to approach cautiously a careful definition, sets to capering and dancing like a harlequin, and finally flies off into the pure empyrean of idealism. Bold scrutiny of a profile gets transfixed by a glance from a pair of eyes, and dangles helplessly there, like a scarecrow in the rain. We have all noticed the absurd transition in the look of a man who has inspired laughing gas, when, advancing with a prodigious and pugnacious frown on his face, he suddenly bursts into an idiotic giggle, and stands puzzled by his own sense of the humorous. That is the ridiculous plight in which criticism suddenly finds itself when about to scan a pretty woman's face. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed that no man (except he be of the jelly-fish order) can perceive that a woman who has a wonderful pair of eyes and a wonderful smile has also an awkwardly bent nose. Were he to take her photograph, and trace with a pencil the outline of the face, his reason might compel him to acknowledge that, certainly, the nose was not *quite* straight. Another reference to the original, however, and lo! he has no more power of artistic scansion than the shepherd who first saw the face of Aphrodite burst laughing through the white froth of the sea.

In this matter, love is out of court. The

freaks of idealism committed by him are too prodigious to form the topic of an intentionally sane essay. The odd criticisms which men who are not in love pronounce on the faces of the women whom they meet are, without any extraneous help, sufficiently curious. There can be no doubt of the fact that what might be supposed to be the chief criterion—accuracy of outline—is held to be of very secondary importance indeed. The grand protest of Mediævalism and even of the Renaissance against the tyranny of the unapproachable antique types affected at least this one good in our notions of the human face—it gave value to individualism, and freedom to the choice of art. Henceforth there were no supreme forms, to approach which all the specialities of individual portraiture had to be smoothed away. Prominence and proper appreciation were given to specific characteristics; and the human face, with its infinite varieties of form and expression, with its innumerable artistic graces, was made a law unto itself. This tendency to recognise the beauty and artistic fitness of actual forms, in preference to a slavish obedience to certain sublimated “universals,” was but the reflex of a sentiment which has run through, in many directions, all our modern life. Men no longer sigh for the perfectly beautiful woman. Regularity of the most faultless kind in physical form is held to be of lesser account than those variations which are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to indicate special emotional or intellectual characteristics. When a man thinks over the beautiful women whom he knows—that is to say, the women whose profile is correct, whose head and figure are admirably in accordance with artistic types—does he not invariably find that the handsomest women are also the dullest? Does he not in trying to decide which is really the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance, choose out her whose irregularities of feature are lost in the movement and light of the face, in the glow and colour of the eyes, in preference to the woman of cold and formal accuracy of outline? It may be said that we are begging the question in assuming that women of classic regularity of features are generally expressionless and formal; but we demand the premise on the ground of common experience. Somehow or other, the women whose life and grace of face are remarkable—so remarkable as instantly to attract and fascinate—almost never approach either the ancient or modern types of beauty. We do not at all mean to echo the vulgar

belief that pretty women are invariably stupid. We leave mental qualities for the moment out of the question. The dulness of which we speak is not the dulness of mental vacuity ; but that of conventional form. If you were to take one of the women out of the pages of *Le Follet*, and give her twenty times the genius of George Eliot, she would still look a fool. No power of brain could conquer the simpering stolidity of the perfectly regular face. Yet if pressed for an answer as to what they consider the perfect type of modern beauty, most men would think of one of these women in a book of fashions. There are the clear outlines of nose, mouth, and chin ; the smooth high forehead, the small ear, the rounded cheek, and the accurately placed eyes. It is given to some men to know one or two women of this stamp in private life. Sometimes these outwardly angelic creatures are fools ; sometimes, though rarely, they have mental qualities considerably above the average. In either case the result is the same. A man suddenly confronted by such a face, admires it ; he is not moved by any instantaneous sympathy towards it. Perfectly beautiful women (there are not many of them, even if we accept the low type mentioned above) are much caressed by society. They adorn dinner-tables ; are magnificent at balls ; and make good matches. But they do not break hearts ; and the memory of their face, tortured with parting or glowing with the quick joy of meeting, does not haunt a man's life.

Intellectual graces do certainly add to the chances of a face being beautiful ; and, without intellectual graces, the most charming face can never be quite satisfactory. Emotional variety and expression, however, is the true key to the inexplicable influence of the most irregular faces—a key which suggests considerations as to the origin of this free emotional display which cannot be entered upon here. The possibilities of tragedy and comedy which lie in some women's eyes are sufficient to make the face strongly and strangely suggestive—you know that with the slightest application of the proper touch, the whole mine of concealed emotion would fly up. Even the suggestion of a fierce temper (as a brief artistic study, be it understood) is better than the helpless dulness of the faultless and inexpressive face. Not unfrequently this indication of a fiery temperament lies in the eyes of a face which is otherwise unutterably soft and dove-like. In such a case the *piquante* contradiction is irresistibly charming if the woman be tender, and fragile, and

winning, with a discreet and delicious veil of mildness tempering the powerful eyes. Such a woman invariably lends herself to any passing mood with an *abandon* which is either wonderfully seductive and confiding or repellent and terrible. She is either affectionate with a sort of kitten-like, tantalising playfulness, or she is a revengeful Juno with eyes of anger and words of sharp fire. There are other faces which express powerful emotion under powerful restraint—with all its suggestions of strong, enduring constancy and irreproachable delicacy of conscience. There are others that only speak of emotional weakness—of a certain infantine want of principle, joined to a want of will, and a prevailing misapprehension of surrounding relations chiefly arising out of vanity. We may most easily find types of such women in fiction, although they are common among us. As a representative of the last named section take Hetty Sorel ; of the previous class take Nina Balatka—surely one of the most perfect figures ever conceived by a novelist ; and for the first Cleopatra may be taken as the one perennial type. The list might be indefinitely expanded.

It is this suggestion of emotional power which gives the wonderful glamour to faces which are far from being strictly beautiful. Who is to define it, or mark its limits ? No two men are affected in the same way by the same face ; because it depends on themselves to seize the full suggestiveness of the face—to catch the stray lights of the features—and construct unspeakable sympathies out of the raw material of features. The man who pronounces a woman plain or beautiful according to certain canons of form is either a hypocrite, a pedant, or a donkey. A face is beautiful in proportion as it says something to you which you are desirous of hearing. Different men have different methods of hearing ; and there are some to whom only the coarse message of health—conveyed in fresh colour and plump cheek—is intelligible. There are others, to whom such a face is blank and meaningless, who are willing to give away their life to win a smile from a certain pair of eyes, even although the eyes are green. Of course it is easy to see that a man with strong powers of idealism will construct a beautiful face out of unpromising materials ; but this is not to the point. What face is that which appeals to the sense of beauty of the majority of men ? Not the plump inanity of the coloured lithograph. Not the buxom country lass, who has all the beauties of which poets sing, but whom poets do not marry. Not the pinky doll of the book

of fashions. Men love long eyelashes, because they seem to hide a secret. Men love those eyes which are transparent and yet deep, because there lies in them something of the unknown and the discoverable; and so men love faces that tell stories, and are coy, confiding, tantalising, with vague and grand emotional possibilities hidden somewhere about their expression.

We have not said a word about the desirability of marrying a woman with one of these tantalising faces, nor of the desirability of marrying a woman with a pretty face at all. It is almost impossible to touch upon this branch of the subject without repeating the commonest of commonplaces. This may be said, however—a plain woman who has a cultivated brain, and good taste, ought always to be able to hold her ground against pretty women. Emotional variety has so much narrower limits than intellectual variety. You can run over the gamut of a woman's loves and hates much sooner than you can measure the circle of a cultivated intellectual sympathy; and, once you have exhausted the possible chords, their repetition is likely to become a trifle wearisome. With good taste, come the charms of artistic dress, pleasant, fresh, amusing conversation, and a graceful manner, which does far more execution than the victims of it imagine. Through her intellectual sympathies a woman enlarges the horizon of her life, borrows a new lustre for her own use, and gets the credit of all the wit, and grace, and brilliancy which her extended vision embraces.

LA RUE DE JERUSALEM.

IT appears that, according to the last official police returns, the number of thieves, tramps, prostitutes in league with malefactors, professional swindlers and suspected rogues, that infest the towns of England and Wales, alone amounts to 141,000; of whom 26,000 only are in prison, and the rest roaming about at large. To cope with this predatory army we keep up a police force of about 24,000 men, which costs us £2,000,000 a year, and a collection of jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories, for which we are taxed to the extent of a million more. This makes a total of three millions. But as the number of criminals under lock and key is not one fifth of the number at liberty, we must compute how much the 115,000 malefactors, who are going about unhindered, cost us; and if we fix the estimate

at the lowest average sum upon which a man can manage to live, viz., about £25 a head per annum, we arrive at a reckoning of £2,875,000 which represents the *smallest* valuation of the property stolen in our country during the course of a twelvemonth.

To these figures we might add a pretty column of statistics as to the number of cracked heads, smashed faces, and ribs broken in by hob-nailed boots, which society pays as a tribute, over and above its pecuniary losses, to the pugnacious instincts of our native brigands. But this would be interpreted into sensational pleading. It is one of the most happy characteristics of our eminently practical English spirit, that we like to see everything reduced, in a business-like way, to a question of pounds and shillings. Arguments penned in blood often leave us indifferent; reasons urged in gold, never.

Therefore, once again, there exists in the British isles a desperate host of 141,000 men, having no other trade but theft, no other occupation but violence. These scamps cost us at the lowest computation, five millions sterling a year. They are a terror to the kingdom. They swarm in our cities. They lie in wait for us in our streets. Whether as burglars, garrotters, pickpockets, or roughs, they are a source of constant vexation, intimidation, and annoyance to us. Indoors, the fear of their nightly prowlings will hardly allow us to sleep; out of doors they have become such a pestilent nuisance that we talk of it as a providential fact when we can come out of a crowd unharmed by them. Furthermore, they are not as one might suppose, a mysterious brotherhood like that of the carbonari whose members are unknown to the community and consequently unseizable. There is nothing secret about them. They ply their avocations under the very nose of the police. They are so well known to Scotland Yard that, were the authorities thus minded, they could easily compile a sort of thieves' directory, setting forth the names, addresses, ordinary business, and judicial antecedents of perhaps a hundred thousand of them. And this being so, we should like to ask what is the reason of our inexplicable listlessness in the matter; since the evil is so patent and crying, why do we not suppress it?

Well, that is the question. We do not suppress it, because with all our vaunted shrewdness and love of order we are as blundering and routine-ridden a people as any existing on the face of the globe. We have such a stupid veneration for old, mouldy, and

worn-out institutions, that we allow them to stand until they crumble about our ears into a heap of disreputable ruins. We are so thoroughly averse to reform in every shape, that we tolerate the most vexatious nuisances until they fester into plagues, and then, when forced to act at last, we do so in the same sort of spirit in which a pig takes killing—because we cannot help ourselves.

A few years ago, when London had become about as safe a place to walk about in as the mountains of the Abruzzi, Parliament opened its eyes one night to the incontestable fact that Her Majesty's lieges were being choked at nightfall in a way that did no credit to civilization. A few half-hearted and shillyshallying measures were passed. A dozen or so of garroters were whipped, very much to the dissatisfaction of a large class of philanthropists, and after a while things fell into the old groove again; the only difference being, that whereas in the first instance garroters went about with their faces bare, they took from that moment to wearing masks; a change which added considerably to the romance of the thing, but very little to the facility of identification.

Now in considering the real peril in which we stand by reason of the alarming spread of crime and its comparative impunity, cannot we be persuaded for once in our lives to take example of our neighbours and see how the criminal classes are dealt with abroad? When a friend has cured himself of a disease from which we are suffering, we make no difficulty about asking him for his recipe.

We have headed this paper "La Rue de Jerusalem," which is the name of the street corresponding in French parlance to Scotland Yard; and if we would know how it is that professional theft is so much less prevalent in France than in England, why it is that we hear so much less of pauperism, vagabondage and ruffianism on the other side of the channel than on this, and why it is that the streets of Paris are so safe and orderly when compared to ours, it is to this Rue de Jerusalem that we must come for the secret.

Paris, which numbers as nearly as possible two millions of inhabitants, is divided into twenty municipalities (*arrondissements*) having each a mayor, an *adjoint*, and a council. All that relates to paving, lighting, repairing of roads, water supplies, local rating, registering of births, deaths, and marriages, and poor relief, falls within the province of these mayors, who are responsible to the Prefect of the Seine—a sort of permanent lord-mayor and lord-lieutenant rolled into one. For police purposes

each *arrondissement* is divided into quarters (*quartiers*), having every one of them a police-office presided over by a commissaire and his deputy. To each office is attached from a hundred to a hundred and twenty policemen (*sergents de ville*), and a certain number of detectives, varying according to the nature of the quarter and the occasional requirements of the service. The eighty commissaires and their *adjoints* are all responsible to the Prefect of Police, who holds his seat at the Prefecture in the Rue de Jerusalem.

Whenever an individual, native or foreign, hires apartments in an hotel or private house in Paris, he is asked to fill up a paper stating his name, age, birthplace, profession, or means of existence. The same thing is asked of any man hiring a house all to himself, or making a change of residence. Within three days of the arrival of the lodger, the landlord of the hotel or apartment is bound to notify the fact to the commissaire, who immediately forwards the *bulletin d'arrivée* to the Prefecture of Police. Here the name, profession, &c., of the stranger are inscribed in a ledger, along with any additional remarks which the landlord may have made upon him. For instance, if he have no passport, if his linen be marked with a different name to that which he has given, if there be anything mysterious or suspicious in his appearance, all this is noted down. It was in this way that the Greco-Trabuco conspiracy was discovered in 1864. Greco had been eating more sumptuous dinners than his means seemed to warrant; moreover, he had received a few visits from some very ill-looking fellow-countrymen of his. Upon hearing this, the commissaire of the quarter set a watch upon him, and this timely prudence was probably instrumental in preventing another attempt like that of Orsini's.

Upon the departure of travellers the same formalities are observed as upon arrival; a *bulletin de départ* is forwarded first to the district office, and thence to the central office. By this means the police authorities are informed of the goings and comings of all the strangers who visit Paris, and are able to exercise an occult supervision upon any gentleman who may change his hotel too often for illicit purposes. It has often surprised British swindlers, ill conversant with the French mode of doing business, to find with what unerring certainty they were tracked and arrested. When a foreigner departs from a French hotel without paying his bill, or carrying with him a few silver forks by way of mementoes, the fact is known at the Prefecture

the very same day. The name of the delinquent is entered in a sort of "black" book, and for the next week or fortnight the *bulletins d'arrivés* of the different hotels and lodging-houses are carefully examined to find if any one answering the description of him has put up at some other place. If the thief have changed his hotel without changing his name, his detection is inevitable. If he has taken the precaution of altering his style and title, he, of course, stands a better chance of getting off; but even then he cannot hope to continue his freaks very long. At the third or fourth report of his doings that is forwarded to the Rue de Jerusalem it will certainly be guessed that the tall, thin (or the short, stout) Englishman who has been victimising the Hotel A., the Hotel B., and the Hotel C., are one and the same person, notwithstanding that a Mr. Brown may have been the depredator in the first case, a Mr. Jones in the second, and a Mr. Robinson in the third. This fact once admitted, the depositions of the three hotel keepers are compared, a tolerably graphic description of the thief is arrived at, and the same is at once despatched to all the hotels where it is thought most likely that he may put up. If this fail—but it does not often do so—and if the robberies continue, the case is put into the hands of a special detective, who is never long running down his man in one of the cafés in the boulevards at Mabilly, or at any other place where foreigners most do congregate. This is why the light-fingered fraternity of England look upon Paris as a poor sort of place, very much over-rated, and not at all a fit dwelling for a man of genius.

When the foreign thief is caught, he is handed over to justice as in other lands; but the French are less tolerant of offences against the purse than we are. A pick-pocket seldom gets off with less than two years of imprisonment; and in some cases the penalty amounts to a great deal more. When the man has served his time, however, he is not let loose again upon society according to the plan usually followed in England; being a foreigner, he is conducted to the frontier between two gendarmes, and shipped off for his own native land, with the laconic warning that if he returns again he will be locked up summarily for twelve months, by virtue of a clause in the alien act. This system of expulsion is pursued in France with regard to all foreigners who have no settled means of existence:—Italian organ grinders, white mice boys, and bag-pipes men; German band players and jugglers; English sharpers and

thimble-riggers; Indian banjo minstrels and conjurers—all are categorically told to begone as soon as ever they are proved to be in a state of vagrancy. The French hold with great justice that they have enough to do to take care of their own paupers without adopting those of other nations. It is quite impossible to keep order in a large city when to the misery of an enormous native population of beggars are added all the vagabonds who choose to come from abroad. We, in England, who seem to make it a point of honour to welcome all the human scum and refuse of our neighbours, would do well to imitate this axiom.

But it is not so much in the handling of foreign rogues as in the dealing with native scamps that the vigour of the French police system is apparent. No one ever saw in the streets of Paris a Frenchman go about barefooted, bawling "I've got no work to do," or cynically exposing his sores to tempt the compassion of the unwary. Such a man would, before he had gone ten paces, be stopped by a policeman and led off to the station-house. Here, the first question put him by the commissaire would be: "*Où sont vos papiers?*" (Where are your papers?) If the man be honest and reduced to beggary by misfortune only, and not by crime, he has nothing to fear. All he has to do is to produce the *livret*, with which all servants and working people are required to be provided. This *livret* is a small book issued by the Prefecture in Paris, or by the mayors in the departments. On the first page is set forth a full personal description of the recipient, together with his name, age, birth-place, and condition of life; the remaining pages contain blank forms to be filled up by the people in whose service he is employed. It is a penal offence punishable by a fine of 500 francs for a first offence, and 1000 francs for a second, to engage any servant, workman, or workwoman, unprovided with a book of this kind; and the master is furthermore bound under penalties to fill up the blank forms in the book, stating the day upon which the man or woman entered his service, and the day on which he, or she, left it. As, however, a rogue so disposed might occasionally forge a few signatures, and fill up his *livret* with names of fancy employers, servants and workmen are required to present themselves before the commissaire of their quarter when they change their situations, and obtain from that functionary an official visa to their *livret*. The commissaire detains the book four-and-twenty hours; and, in the interval, sends round to the

servant's late master to find out if the signature purporting to be his be genuine ; if it be, the visa is given ; if it be not, the forger may count upon a year's imprisonment, and five years of police supervision.

One cannot too highly commend this system of *livrets*, which renders greater services than can ever be supposed. By it masters have an almost certain guarantee of their servant's honesty ; for as it is always customary for the employer to detain the *livrets* of the men or women in his service until the day of their departure, anything like a sudden flight with the plate or linen becomes out of the question. What could the fugitive do without his *livret* ? It would be utterly impossible for him to obtain a new situation ; and if, pretending that he had lost his book, he applied to the police for another, he could only get it upon furnishing satisfactory evidence as to the manner in which he had been spending his time for the last two years ; which, under the circumstances, he would not be able to do.

Again, the necessity of being provided with a *livret*, makes professional thieving and vagabondage a thing unheard of, as we can show, by reverting to the supposed case of the man wandering about barefooted. At the question of the commissaire : "*Où sont vos papiers ?*" he produces his *livret*. If it be in order, he is asked in a kind manner how he comes to be out of work ; and, after hearing his explanations, the commissaire remands him for a fortnight, in order that enquiries may be instituted concerning him, and also that his relatives may be officially communicated with to ascertain if they are able and willing to help him. At the end of the fortnight he comes up again, having been comfortably cared for in the meanwhile, and is disposed of according to the merits of his case. If he be a native of Paris, he is told that he may apply at the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, at the *Mairie* of his *arrondissement*, and receive so much a week until he finds work. If he be infirm, he is placed in the *dépôt de mendicité* (workhouse) of the Department of the Seine, and boarded there for the remainder of his days, or until such time as he can either find easy work or relatives to support him. In the same way, if the man be a native of a country town or rural district, he is despatched to his birthplace to be either relieved by the *Mairie* of his home, or placed in the *dépôt de mendicité*, of which there is one, at least, in each department. Should, however, the mendicant be a tramp, and have no satisfactory account to give of

himself, the manner of dealing with him is much more sharp and summary. To begin with, he is imprisoned for six months, for the bare fact of being a vagabond and without a *livret* ; after which, he is sent under escort to the department where he was born, and put into the way of obtaining employment in some government works. At the same time, he is warned that Paris and its vicinity are thenceforth closed to him, except on the condition of his obtaining settled employment there. In this case, he must apply to the prefecture for a *permis de résidence*, which is sure to be granted him if he have not misbehaved himself anew.

By this means Paris, and all the larger cities where the same plan is pursued, are preserved from the dangerous agglomerations of vagabonds for which London is noted. Indeed, there are very few vagabonds at all to be found in France. Vagabondizing is too precarious a trade. When a man knows that an hotel keeper dare not lodge him for more than a single night if he cannot produce his *livret* ; when he knows that the first gendarme he meets on a country road may call upon him for his *papiers*, and lock him up for a whole week, pending inquiries, in case they should not be forthcoming ; when he knows, in short, that wilful idleness is sure to bring him to jail, and subject him for a few years to the close supervision of the police, he minds what he is about, tries to find honest work, and does his best to stick to it. Such few incorrigible tramps as there are spend an enormous percentage of their lives under lock and key, and are at last sent off to Algeria or Cayenne, where they work in penal settlements and are encouraged to become honest by the promise of an eventual grant of land.

Of course, however, there are thieves in France as elsewhere, but we cannot repeat too often that the class of professional thieves as known in England does not exist : firstly, for the reasons we have already given ; secondly, because of the immense difficulty that exists in getting rid of stolen property ; and, thirdly, because of the deterrent fact that, after a fifth condemnation for felony, a criminal is deemed incorrigible and shut up for life.

With regard to the getting rid of stolen property, nothing is easier in England. The first pawnbroker will answer the purpose. The question that is asked as to name and residence is a mere idle formality, for, as no guarantee is required, there is nothing on earth to prevent the possessor of a stolen gold watch from giving a false name. In France the case is

different. Let us take Paris for instance. All the loan offices (*monts de piété*) are in the hands of the Government. There is but one to each *quartier* (making eighty in all), and they are each connected with a central office, to which all articles are sent within twenty-four hours of their being pledged. In order to pawn anything, a man is obliged to produce satisfactory evidence as to his name, profession, and dwelling place. The *mont de piété* clerks make no difference in this respect between a gentleman in kid gloves and a man in a blouse. If a person present himself without having the necessary papers with him, he is requested to go and fetch them, but, meanwhile, the article he has offered in pledge remains at the office, so that, if he be a thief, the fact is at once known by his abandoning the property, and not putting in a second appearance. If the man, however, be stupid enough to give his real name and address whilst pawning stolen goods, he may rely with perfect certainty upon being arrested within the week, for when a commissaire de police receives notice that anything has been stolen, he sends the complainant to the central office of the *mont de piété* to see if he can discover his missing property amongst the objects lately pledged, and, if the stolen article be identified, it becomes a very easy matter to trace out the culprit.

In the case of individuals offering articles for sale, the law is still more exacting, for dealers are vigorously prohibited from purchasing things from strangers except on the condition of accompanying them to their dwellings and paying them there. It is needless to remark that the penalty entailed by the knowing receipt of stolen property is exceedingly severe. In the case of a shopkeeper it is ruin; for his establishment is closed and his *patente* (licence to sell) is withdrawn from him.

One word now as to liberated convicts. A man who has been once condemned to penal servitude in France remains more or less under the supervision of the police to the end of his days. Upon leaving the hulks he is given a sum of money collected from his earnings whilst in confinement, and is despatched to a provincial town, where he is enjoined to reside for five years under pain of being locked up again if he ventures to leave it without permission. Should he happen, however, to have friends or relatives, he may, of course, return to them; but in this case all change of residence on his part must be notified to the police until such time as he shall be proved to

have been established at least six months in some honest situation, and have done nothing during that time to merit punishment. He is then freed from the obligation of communicating with the police, but may be called upon at any moment to account for his means of living, and is dealt with as being in a state of vagrancy if proved to be without work and living an idle life.

These brief details will serve to give an idea of the manner in which the French government protects the honest members of the community against the dishonest. Certain parts of the police system of France might easily be found fault with, and would no doubt tally ill with our English ideas as to personal freedom. But the main principles of the system are good, as the results afforded by them can testify; and, if we should not be prepared to advocate the entire remodelling of Scotland Yard on the plan of the Rue de Jerusalem, we should yet be very glad to see our authorities cast their eyes across the channel to see how the "*flippant, unpractical*" French can give a lesson to the "*wise and practical*" English.

MY LOVERS TWAIN.

MY lovers twain—my lovers twain,
I pray you let me be!
To wed you both I would be fain,
Only that may not be.

One lover is like music sweet,
That steals my heart away;
And one is like the trumpet-blast,
Which calls me to the fray.

One is of gentle, courteous mind,
To low and high degree;
And one is stern and harsh of mood,
And melteth but to me.

One is so strangely loveable,
That but to touch his hand
Do women kneel—before the one
Do men uncovered stand.

And if I this one do not wed,
He never wife will seek:
And if that one I do not wed,
He sorroweth a week.

My lovers twain—my lovers twain,
Ye should have let me be:
I love the one with all my heart—
The other loveth me.

TABLE TALK.

WHAT was the Star of the Magi? is a seasonable question; but it is a difficult one to answer, because the little information we have about the phenomenon will not tally with the only theories that can be offered to explain it. The length of time that we are to infer the star remained visible precludes the supposition that it was a meteoric appearance, and the recorded motion of it goes far to invalidate the evidence that it was a celestial one. Feeling the want of a physical explanation, many have fallen back upon the belief that the apparition was a miracle. But if a star appeared, it must have shone in accordance with natural laws; and it must be accounted for by a rational hypothesis. We can hardly accept as such that which referred the bright body to an angel clothed in luminous vestments—the exposition offered by an old divine. The more reasonable solutions are those proffered by the astronomers, the Magi of our time, who have suggested that the star may have been a comet, or the bursting forth of a new fixed star, or a conjunction of the brighter planets, Jupiter and Saturn, or a luminous meteor, a shooting star or bolide. The planetary-conjunction theory was that which found most adherents, till a late Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society proved it untenable. The meteor explanation, as I have said, appears fallible, because no atmospheric light or meteoric body has ever been known to last as long as the star in question is judged to have remained visible. New stars have been known to appear for a season, and then fade away; only two years ago a tiny star suddenly blazed forth with the brightness of one of the second magnitude, and declined in a few days to its former insignificance. So the new fixed-star theory comes well within the limits of probability, only the movement of the wise men's guide is an impediment to it. Perhaps, after all, a comet best satisfies the conditions, but the compilers of comet catalogues have hesitated to set down the date of the Saviour's birth as the year of a comet's appearance; in other words, they have not felt justified in calling the strange star a comet. If, however, any future body of this class should visit us, whose orbit, when it comes to be computed, indicates an apparition at or about the accepted *annus domini*, the cometary theory, if it be not completely established, will at least be rendered highly probable.

I HAD no letters the other morning at the usual time for their delivery, and, strolling out an hour after, I met the postman, an old hand, going from door to door with a weary trudge, and a fagged-out look. I suggested that he was late, and he said, "I am, sir; and I've got good cause to be: I'm done up, and so are all my mates. Thousands and thousands of election circulars have we had to deliver *and never an hour's assistance given us*. I hope to — I shall never see another general election." Considering the over prosperous condition of the Post Office, is not the postman's complaint an argument in favour of private-circular delivery companies?

ANY of our countrymen who, from rheumatic gout, or any other ailment, may be sent to Vichy, would do well, as soon as they have sufficiently recovered the use of their legs, to pay a visit to the Villa Belvedere, where a very singular mode of fattening poultry has for some time been successfully pursued. A large circular building, admirably ventilated, and with the light partially excluded, is fitted up with circular cages, in tiers rotating on a central axis, and capable of being elevated, depressed, or rotated, which are so arranged that each bird has, as it were, a separate stall, containing a perch. The birds are placed with their tails converging to a common centre, while the head of each may be brought in front by a simple rotatory movement of the central axis. Each bird is fastened to its cell by leathern fetters, which prevent movement, except of the head and wings, without occasioning pain. When the feeding time comes, the bird is enveloped in a wooden case, from which the head and neck alone appear, and which is popularly known as its *paletot*, by which means all unnecessary struggling is avoided. The attendant (a young girl) seizes the head in her left hand and gently presses the beak in order to open it; then, with her right, she introduces into the gullet a tin tube about the size of a finger. This tube is united to a flexible pipe, which communicates with the dish in which the food has been placed, and from which the desired quantity is instantaneously injected into the stomach. The feeding process is so short that two hundred birds can be fed by one person in an hour. The food is a liquid paste, composed of Indian corn and barley saturated with milk. It is administered three times a-day in quantities varying according to the condition of each bird. The food seems to be very

satisfactory, for if any chances to fall they devour it all as soon as they are released from their paletots. The poultry house is well ventilated; but of course it is impossible for any place in which six hundred fowls are confined to be entirely free from smell. It takes about a fortnight to fatten a bird by this method. Before being killed the birds are left in a dark but well ventilated chamber for four-and-twenty hours without food. Each fowl is then taken up by its feet, is wrapped up so as to prevent all struggling, and then bled so adroitly in the throat, that its death seems instantaneous. The blood is then allowed to flow from it, and finally, after being plucked, washed, and cleaned, it is wrapped in a damp cloth, and is ready for sale. From forty to fifty fowls are thus killed and sold daily.

THERE is a story told in the *People's Journal* which gives a good idea of the drinking style of the last century, and which ought not to be overlooked. This was what our grandfathers took for humour. The Lord Panmure here spoken of was, I believe, the father of the present Lord Dalhousie. "Two young English noblemen were paying a visit to Lord Panmure at Brechin Castle. One day he wrote a letter to Panlathie, a tenant of his, to come and dine with him, and at the same time he ordered him to bring a sum of money. Panlathie was aware when he got that order that something was to be done. After dinner, Lord Panmure gave the first toast, which was 'All hats in the fire, or £20 on the table.' Four hats were immediately in the fire. One of the English noblemen gave the next toast, 'All coats in the fire, or £50 on the table.' Four coats were committed to the flames. The other English gentleman gave the next toast, 'All boots in the fire, or £100 on the table.' The whole of the boots were committed to the flames. Panlathie's toast came next, which was, 'Two fore-teeth in the fire, or £200 on the table,' when Panlathie pulled his teeth out and threw them in the fire. The English noblemen looked amazed. He had ivory teeth unknown to them, and Panlathie went home without hat, coat, or boots, but he had £600 in his pocket. Lord Panmure thought much of his tenant after that."

THE Swedes are promised a native brandy. Strange, considering theirs is not a wine-growing country. Neither is ours, for the matter of that; yet have not we aqua vitæ of home production? Spirit is obtainable from sugar, and

sugar from well-nigh everything vegetable. Iceland moss, thanks to the chemists, is to be the base of the Swedish brandy. Sweden abounds in the lichen, and the lichen is full of starch. This, by digestion with an acid, is convertible into grape sugar—the sweet crystalline matter found in raisins and outside dried figs. The Swedish moss is reported to furnish seventy-two per cent. of the glucose, the fermentation of which, while in a liquid state, and subsequent distillation, yields a spirit pungent and aromatic as that which trickles from the stills of Cognac. At least, so says report.

THE utility and convenience of stored-up force, such as that of compressed air-springs, and the like, have yet to be fully developed and appreciated. Why should locomotors be hampered with the cumbrous apparatus necessary to generate the power that is to drive them, when they might, in many cases at all events, carry the power ready prepared and bottled? This thought has occurred to many mechanics, but hitherto no one seems to have been sufficiently impressed by it to make a practical trial of the principles. Now, however, the idea promises to be speedily consummated. An American has made a locomotive car, which is to be propelled by compressed air. The car station is to have an ordinary sixty-horse engine to compress the air into proper reservoirs, two of which are to be attached to the car for each journey. The air, delivering up the power which the steam-engine gave it, works another smaller engine, and impels the carriage. The reservoirs carry enough air for a ten-mile run. How long before London omnibuses are thus driven?

I HEARD the other day of a lady whose new house was elaborately decorated with parquetry, and every fashionable novelty; and, with no little pride, she was pointing out her parquetry floor to a bosom friend, when said this bosom friend (who, of course, was not in the least envious), "What a very good imitation of oil-cloth!"

THALES said that water was the best thing; and, perhaps, the hydropathists may claim the Grecian sage as an advocate of the water-cure system; though Charles Lamb said that it was neither new nor wonderful, but was as old as the Deluge, which, in his opinion, killed more than it cured. I have just met

with a copy of a scarce work, published in 1707, and entitled, *Account of Wonderful Water Cures, with advice to the Water Drinkers at Tunbridge, Hampstead, Astrop, Nasborough, &c., with the usefulness of Cold Bathing to the Lovers of Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Brandy, &c.* It is written by Dr. Browne; and his account of hydropathists at Hampstead is curious. The other day, too, in reading that quaint repository of folk-lore, Martin's *Western Islands of Scotland*, (published in 1703,) I lighted upon the following: "John Campbell, forester of Harries, makes use of this singular remedy for a cold: he walks into the sea up to the middle with his clothes on, and, immediately after, goes to bed in his wet clothes; and then laying the bed-clothes over him, procures a sweat, which removes the distemper; and this he told me was his remedy for all manner of colds." And, in that curious work (by Captain Burt) the *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland*, first printed in 1754, it is said that "when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills in cold, dry, windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or bourn; and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. Then they lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff and keeping the wind from penetrating." So that, after all, the wet-sheet packing undergone by the Malvern patients of Drs. Gully, Wilson, Marsden, Stummes, Grindrod and Johnson, is no very new thing. Horace complained that his doctor, Antonius Musa, made him tub in cold water in the middle of winter (Ep. I. xv.); though he does not particularize the addition of hydropathic packing.

SOME ingenious person has invented and patented a piano and organ key warmer, the design of which is to keep the keys of the

instrument from chilling the fingers of the player. I can tell him of a piano and organ key warmer which is very simple and effective, though I am not aware that it has ever been patented. It consists in a roasted potato. For many winters past I have known it to be used by many ladies in divers places. The roasted potato, wrapped in a bit of flannel, is taken to church in a small bag, from whence it is brought out when needed to be held in the hands of the fair lady who acts as the unpaid organist or harmonium player. Fingering the icy keys of an organ in a cold church on a winter's day is certainly a chilling performance; and there are some who read this who may thank me for the hint of the roasted potato. It will retain its heat during the service. One trial will prove the fact, as the advertising grocers say.

THESE lines are about some of the election petitions which have been lodged in the Court of Common Pleas. If they should all be granted, what a change there will be!

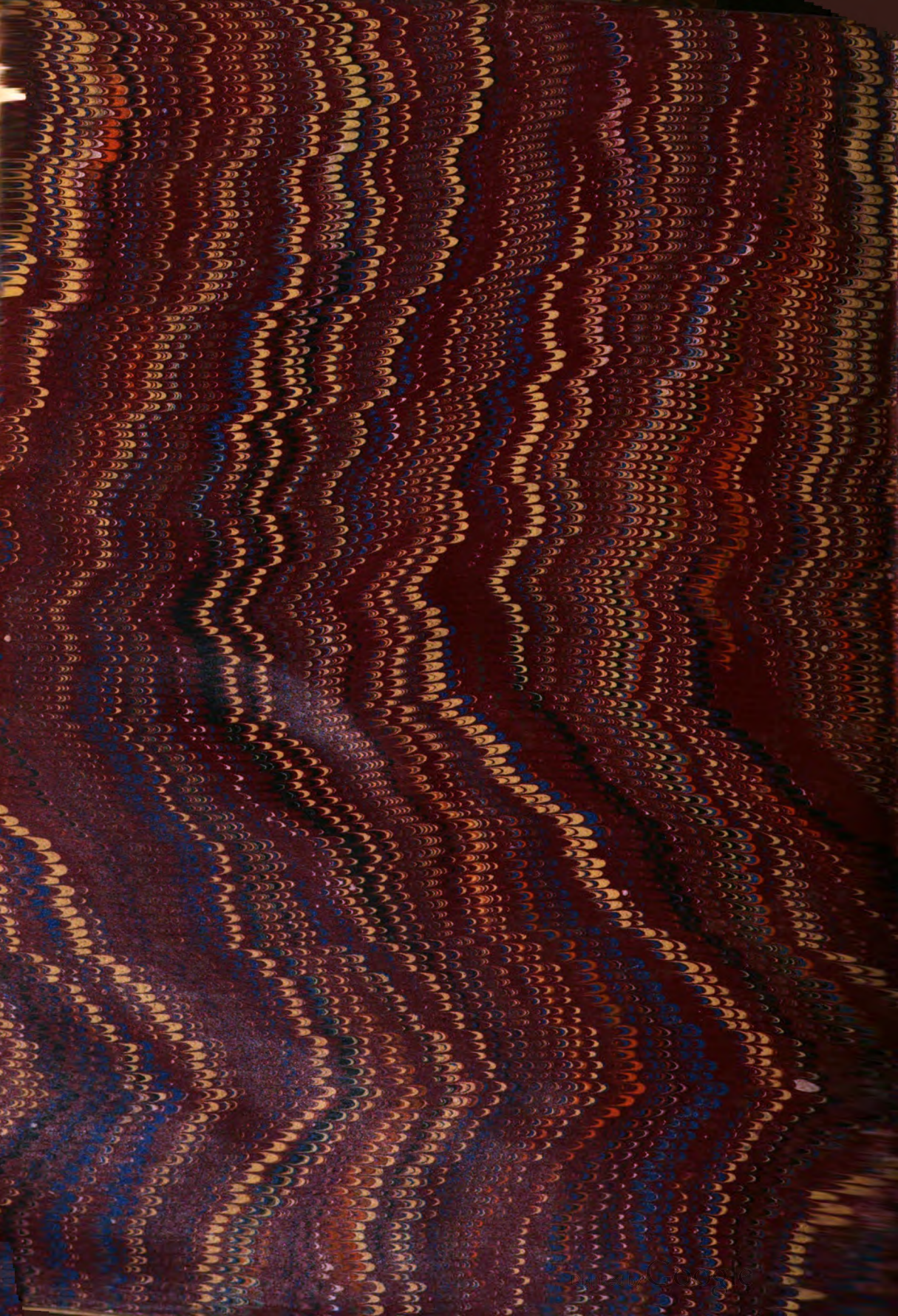
We shall see, if all malcontents manage it cleverly,
 Edwards and Kennard unseated at Beverley;
 Voters dissatisfied will, in a crack, burn
 (Metaphor only) the member for Blackburn;
 'Twill be proved that election returns are a mull,
 And that Norwood and Clay must be hurled out of Hull;
 Poor Mr. Smith will be driven to lock port-
 Manteau, and take the express train from Stockport;
 Monk be unfrocked, Price proclaimed an impostor
 Sans price, neither one of them member for Gloucester;
 Figgins they'll say has been playing old gooseberry,
 When he was trying to get in for Shrewsbury;
 Hostile electors will quick put a check on
 The transports of Gwyn, now established at Brecon;
 While those who make puns, and will flourish them
 rudely,
 Say Glass is transparent, and won't do for Bewdley.
 Now, to end up my song, which has grown quite a big
 'un,
 They're trying to quash the election at Wigan;
 And as, when folks are savage, there's no hope of melt-
 ing 'em,
 Similar games are proceeding at Cheltenham.

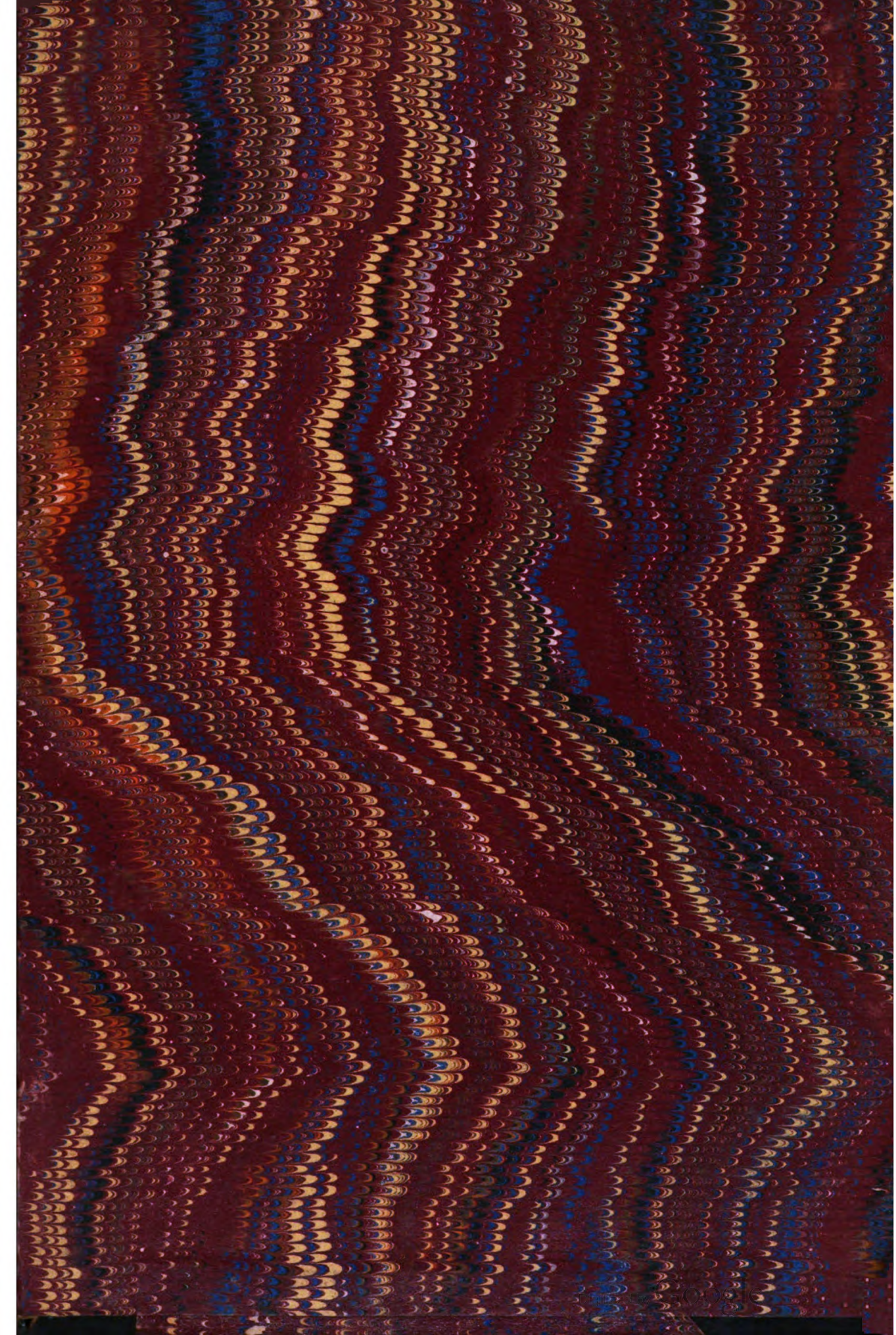
*The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK
 reserve to themselves the right of translation.*

Collected: Oct. 6/91. Perfect.

Digitized by Google

28th.





UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
walt,cls ser.3:v.2

Once a week.



3 1951 000 900 582 2